

Southern University: A Tragic Replay

Two students are slain at Southern University and 168 people from City College turn out for a march in their support. The period of student activism, it appears, is over. Styles come and go with the seasons, and so apparently, do our conceptions of justice.

We seem to have fallen into a habit of allowing the media to determine the extent of our responses. This is a serious error, and the mistake is compounded as the administration comes to exert more and more control upon our information services. If we are to deal with issues on a more serious level than we do with fads, we can't gauge our reactions according to a sliding scale that corresponds to the amount of space allotted to the incident by the Times or the ratings on the current chic-ness charts.

In May of 1970, four students from another school most of us had never heard of before were shot and killed. Life magazine ran a cover story on it, and everybody was out in the streets. We marched and protested and spoke about it in hushed tones of disbelief and outrage. But these days there doesn't seem to be any of that kind of electricity in the air. It has been replaced by a calm expectancy.

In the aftermath of the climactic Columbia strike of 1968, the tenor of student/administration relations nationally underwent a shift. Whereas the tone before was one of backing the students down from confrontations through the use of threats of expulsion, administrators of various colleges now began using a soft-sell technique that is best characterized as token appeasement.

When students felt that some injustice grave enough to warrant a strike or demonstration had occurred, the administration would respond by granting unsolicited permission to boycott classes or hold a moratorium, thereby co-opting the action and gaining control of any possible effects. This minimization of the student role in protest action had the effect

of strengthening our dependency upon the establishment-controlled media to inform us of what was a bona-fide issue and what wasn't.

What this shift in strategy didn't accomplish in the way of killing activism on campus the petty and divisive politics of New-Left rhetoricians did. And the results? Nixon is overwhelmingly re-elected and says in an interview that the

American people are children that must be told what to do. And that the "rampant permissiveness in this country must be curtailed."

Haven't we heard these words before, somewhere else?

Fascism is not something that happens when you wake up one morning and find a proclamation from the supreme leader pinned to the door. It is a slow and steady

process that consists of the erosion of the personal freedoms coupled with a credo of every man for himself. First the man busts me and you do nothing, then you get busted and I stand on the sidelines and watch. It gets easier for the Man all the time, and it's happening right now.

Every time a student is killed, every time the integrity of our information services is threatened, we move a little closer to surrendering our lives to some Orwellian Big Brother, and more significantly, closer to losing our humanity.

If we do not find methods of incorporating our ideals into our lifestyles, we lose those ideals. We must learn to live in a manner that reflects those things we believe in, because if we don't, there will be someone to tell us what to believe in and how to live.

We have all been subjected to the numerous exhortations for action against injustice. In fact, in the last few years, there has been avalanche of calls to action. There has developed, as a result, a certain amount of desensitization to this kind of thing, a certain resistance to going out of our way for someone else. This is something that each of us must struggle with, because as we lose touch with each other's calls for help, we lose touch with ourselves.

It is a fatal lack of vision that prompts us to deal with things on a basis of their immediate effect upon us. Involvement beyond our own immediate, personal borders is not some nebulous, karmic action that is simply a "nice" thing to do. It is essential insurance against oppression; not of "those people," but of ourselves. If we are not willing, at some point, to recognize our complicity, and to accept the responsibility for gaining control over our own lives, there will surely be someone else to undertake it.

And tragically, to a degree, it may already be too late.



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observation post

Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame,
Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947.

Bobby Attanasio, Bruce Berman, Piotr Bozewicz, Bill Bywater, Jeffrey Flisser, Peter Grad, Igor Graef, Jeanie Grumet, Tom McDonald, David Mendelsohn, Robert Ness, Larry Peebles, Bob Rosen, Gale Sigal, Steve Simon, David Solet, Barry Taylor, H. Edward Weberman, Kenneth Winkoff.

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Letters

This is just a short note on the OP article regarding the story of the woman caught using slugs on the subway. Being a user of slugs for about seven months now, I thought there were a few things I could add that might help anyone trying to survive in New York.

Even though the woman who was using the slugs got caught very soon after starting to use them, this is definitely much more the exception than the rule.

A conservative estimate of the number of slugs I've used in the past several months would be about 300. In that time, two have jammed and I wasn't caught either time. I've used them mostly at three or four different train stations that I use regularly. In my neighborhood, I know of at least a dozen people who use slugs as regularly as I do. That would be about 3600 slugs in four or five different stations. Their failure rate has been about the same as mine, and only once was someone caught.

The way all this relates to the OP article is this: the article made it seem that as soon as one person started using slugs, the police immediately set a trap and lay waiting in ambush. I think this is very exaggerated. What probably happened to Marie (the woman) was that a whole lot of people were using slugs at her station and the police decided to try and catch someone.

From what I can tell, I think they tighten up the machines so they jam on slugs and some tokens. I'm fairly sure they don't tighten them up when they're not trying to catch anyone.

Because the use of slugs is so widespread in New York (much more widespread, I believe, than anyone's wildest dreams), most police traps have been set at stations in midtown Manhattan.

A police trap basically consists of three plainclothesed cops (who really can't be mistaken for anything else), standing next to the token booth waiting to catch someone. Anytime I use a slug, I always hold a real token next to it. If I suspect something (which is very rare), I just drop the token in. In the subway stations around my house, I've never once seen or heard of anyone suspecting anything, and remember, that's using three to four thousand slugs. I can imagine how many slugs were used in Marie's station.

In the few instances of a slug jamming, there were no cops around. In the one case where someone was caught, it wasn't a station in our neighborhood, and the person saw three men in workclothes standing around before he put the slug in, but decided to chance. He paid a \$10 fine, and still uses slugs.

Here are some helpful hints for would-be outlaws:

1. Always keep a real token with you.

2. If you see people hanging around the token booth (in plainclothes or workclothes), put the token in. It's no big deal. If there's a uniformed cop in the station, it's probably cool. I've never seen or heard of them working on catching slug users.

3. Take the amount of slugs you'll be using for the day and no more. If you get caught, just say you bought them from someone on the street. It's easier to say you bought two of them than to say you bought ten of them.

4. If you live near a few subways, try to use them all. Switch off every few days. If your subway station has two entrances, use both of them. Use different turnstiles. Be creative! Don't be lazy.

5. Chances are, that besides midtown stations, cops will set traps at stations near colleges. This shouldn't stop anyone.

With a little care and revolutionary knowhow, it's hard to get caught.

P.S. In terms of economics, I pay ten dollars for 100 slugs. That's a dime apiece. That saves 25 cents every subway ride and \$25 every hundred rides. If I've used 300 slugs that means I've saved \$75. If I get caught seven days in a row, and have to pay a \$10 fine each time, I've still saved money. Not bad.

Finally, as far as getting contacts to buy slugs, you will unfortunately have to find your own.

Respectfully yours,
REM

To the editor:

Re your article last week on the "cafeteria crisis."

I don't think "fiscal training" was proper grounds for replacing Mr. Bartolotto with Mr. Doersam as Food Services Director. Good food ought to be the first priority of the director, and the food in both cafeterias this term has declined in quality. The variety of hot dishes Mr. Bartolotto offered each week has been reduced; those that remain are almost pure starch.

We now nearly always dine on proteinless beans and franks, stewed seaweed ("chow mein") and whipped (not mashed) potatoes, where before we could often get chicken, lamb and broccoli. Morning sausages have shrunk, the milk is usually tepid, and soft drinks are flat. As for prices, the new practice of including tax in the cost of each item is just an artifice to boost the bill, since tax on the total would generally come to less.

Mr. Bartolotto may have run a rotten cafeteria, but despite his superior "fiscal training," Mr. Doersam does worse.

Robert Rubinstein

Fantasy News

By TOM McDONALD

New York 33 - New Orleans 13
Oakland 21 - Buffalo 10
Washington 26 - Detroit 9.

One of the principal reasons for the haphazard publishing schedule for OP has been the distaste for news stories. With one notable exception the majority of the staff can no longer bring themselves to write news stories. Most college news stories are only read by the people who are named in them. However, for you few unfortunate suckers who get trapped each week, think of us, if those stories are so boring to read; think of what it's like to write them.

This is not a trend that can be isolated to the campus; the news is broadcast during the dinner hour because you are supposed to shovel it in with the rest of the crap. The mountain of unimportant facts, numbers, names, places which is passed off as "what's happening in the world today" is only swallowed by those weak old liberals who still believe "it's our responsibility to know the facts."

The alternatives are many. "Gilligans Island" is on opposite the news, but on the other hand you don't have to watch the tube at all. These two choices limit you, though, because once in awhile there is something really great on the news, like Rose Ann Scammardella doing a story about Leni, the Vietnamese war bride, getting her first cross-your-heart, long-line bra.

While you're waiting for Rose Ann to come through again you can do the only thing which will help you preserve your sanity. In the midst of all those stories about Mrs. Indira Gandhi being eaten alive by a rabid yak, or how the famed Egyptian bandleader Abdul Hula Hula has announced he is adopting his religious name and will now be known as Sam Shapiro, take real news items and make up your own stories.

Item 1: Two Chicago doctors have found that pure heroin cannot cause death to a human, and that most deaths attributed to overdoses of heroin are actually caused by the quinine which pushers used to cut pure heroin.

Fantasy 1: Famed soda magnate, Commander Alfred Schweppes was found dead today in his Los Angeles mansion. Doctors report that the apparent cause of death was from an overdose. The upstairs maid found Schweppes slumped on the floor in his bedroom; an empty bottle of Schweppesveresence and apparatus were found nearby.

Item 2: British Archeologists who unearthed the ancient ruins of Foquir Wat have published their findings. According to the two Britons the people who inhabited the forbidden city over 3 thousand years ago were well advanced for their times. Diggers found evidence of sophisticated methods of farming and warfare.

Fantasy 2: Scientists who uncovered the ruins of the ancient city-state of New York published their findings. According to the two doctors, the culture of the primitive New Yorkers around 2,000 AD was one that glorified war. One of the first pieces of evidence that was found was a part of a newspaper story that read:

Miami 37 - New York 21
Green Bay 14 - Philadelphia 0
San Francisco 9 - Kansas City 7

Guest Columnist

Who were you when you oozed out of bed this morning? Who were you between the spit stains on the bathroom mirror? The prototype City Kollege student: cool and totally oblivious to everything. You're the compleat urban animal, man.

Maybe you're the jive "brother." You've got soul and you've got cool, but that's it. When your brothers were murdered down in Louisiana, you could have raised your angry Black voices in protest. But, oh no, you tucked the whole thing between your James Brown records. You got the power man, but it's shoved up your ass.

Maybe you're the Hip Jewish kid who's got plenty of good shit and plenty of bad shit, too. Hip-ocratical. You made your contribution to Amerika: you voted for McGovern. And you'll show up again in four years. But in your everyday existence at City Kollege, you just don't give a shit. And that's why it's merely an "existence" for you. There's no coming to grips with reality because you're immersed in an isolated fantasy which keeps you high for the time being. Well, that's all right for you, baby.

Camus wrote that modern man will be remembered for having fornicated and having read the papers. What will be said of you? In fact, when was the last time you read a paper?

What would you do if Martin Bormann was extradited to the U.S. and given an appointment in Nixon's cabinet?

It's like they're shooting novocaine into the Chicken Salad sandwiches in the cafeteria. The only ones doing anything constructive for themselves

The doctors speculate that the list recaps the status of the various wars between the city states that made up the civilization of the time. The fact that New York was at war with two other city states at one time sheds further proof on the doctors' second speculation that New York began to decline when the residents split up over who was the true leader.

The Archeologists speculate that the split developed when Joe 136 challenged Taki 183 for the title of ruler. Workmen uncovered countless walls on which the citizens had scribbled the names of their respective leaders. Carbon testing showed that as the years passed the chaos increased as more and more people challenged for the role of leader. The doctors found newer writings indicating that Carmine 101, Rican 58 and Caribou I also tried to win the title of ruler.

Chaos increased when the traditional religious customs were also challenged. The scientists believe that the New Yorkers worshiped a primitive religion called "White Castle." Various "White Castle" houses of worship were found throughout the city; however, the religious stability was undone in later years when new religions, whose houses of worship were much similar to "White Castle's," sprang up all over the city. The doctors speculate that these phantom religions, called "Wetsons," and "Burger and Bun," were creations of the challengers to Taki and Joe who sought to confuse the people.

Item 3: The President checked into Walter Reed Hospital today for what doctors called a routine checkup.

Fantasy 3: At 3 A.M. this morning the first lady was overcome with what can politely be called a case of the hots. Since the commander-in-chief was in a similar mood, America's first couple were soon engaged in some heavy petting. The couple gravitated to oral sex. Their passions surged forward as their tongues darted in and out. Seconds before reaching a climax the first lady got so carried away that she bit the President's dick. The pain was so excruciating that the commander-in-chief sat bolt upright in the bed. The sudden movement tore the muscles in the President's lower back. He is expected to be hospitalized for about three days.

Item 4: Martha, the mongoose at the Central Park Zoo, gave birth to a baby mongoose, the first of its kind born in captivity. Mother and daughter, who will be called Judy, are both doing fine.

Fantasy 4: Police report tonight that a wild caribou is on the loose in Manhattan. A young coed was sexually molested by the caribou as she was selling books of poetry along Bogardus Place in the northern end of Manhattan. The coed, whose name is being withheld by the police, told detectives that she didn't get a good look at her assailant. Asked if she was sure that her assailant was a caribou she remarked, "Of course, he was fresh and new, like a young Caribou."

are the Gays. Meanwhile, the rest of you sit idly by and listen to the middle-of-the-road sounds of WCCR, preparing for a bigger fantasy world: the microcosm of which you have created right here.

The other day, I took a walk up Convent Avenue, weaving between the Sabrett snakemeat stands and under the #3 Bus. And in between the gray haze that has come to be known as City Kollege, I saw the twisted, contorted faces of the students. A black dude came up to me and asked me for a dime. A white kid with carefully coiffured afro asked me for a light and the bus honked for me to get out of the way.

I proceeded to the South Campus cafeteria, but found that it was closed (at the ungodly hour of 2:30 P.M.). I walked by the morbid red structure known as Wagner Hall, and beyond the back gate, I noticed a gypsy cab, hoisted up on four empty milk crates. It was then that it occurred to me that City Kollege was the epitome of the world which lay ahead. And it was so by choice; because you are too decadent and lazy to make it anything else but what it is.

There is hope, but I doubt if you give a shit one way or the other. You have one last chance. That's all. And it's not guessing my name, which isn't Rumpelstiltskin. You've got to respond. Respond to this column immediately. You've got to respond to this publication, which has been so kind as to offer me space towards the salvation of City Kollege, and, will do so to anyone else who wishes to continue this dialogue.

Let them know how you feel about City Kollege. Do you dig it? Is it groovy? Do you despise it? How far will you go to change it?

Sad Recollections of Doping in the Cafeteria

By RUTH PRICE

It's been a long time, five years, since my first term at City College. For myself, and for all my other underachieving friends, there had been no doubt that this was where we would end up. Bright, restless, we'd been turning on since our junior year at Science. Our fifteen year old minds had been instructed by a range of experience far broader than the limited vision taught in high school.

Our psychic lives had been full; our academic performances, however, were frightful. The guidance office had done all the paperwork on the applications for the City University, and on our brief forays into Science, we'd checked and signed the box marked CITY. No great decision to be made, a minimum of energy expenditure—we figured we'd sign up for four years of the same.

And so here we were, the bottom quarter of 1968's high school graduating class, assembled in South Campus Cafeteria in the fall of 1968. The classes themselves were superfluous; it was at the tables on the left hand wall of the cafeteria where everything took place. The walls were painted vomit peach, the food was awful and too expensive, but it didn't matter. The energy was there and City College was about to be turned on.

In two's, three's and five's, work shirted, bell bottomed, construction booted bodies left their posts by the left hand wall and climbed the stairs of the adjacent tower to get high. They went there frequently, and they started bringing their new friends. Often, when they finished in the tower, they forgot to go to class, and concentrated their energy on the walls of the cafeteria and tower, which began to bloom with psychedelia and graffiti. Love, acid and Mr. Natural reigned. The walls became community bulletin boards; "Roberta, I love you-call 589-1007," "Trixx-cool your buns-see you at three-Stacy."

As people became higher and higher, they found it more and more difficult to make the climb up all... those... stairs. In the Spring of 1969, people started coming out. Joints "secretly" smoked in the tower, appeared more and more openly at the tables themselves. The Burns guard on duty smiled unconsciously, his gun set backwards in his holster. The cafeteria workers were happy. They were getting constantly turned on by the students at City.

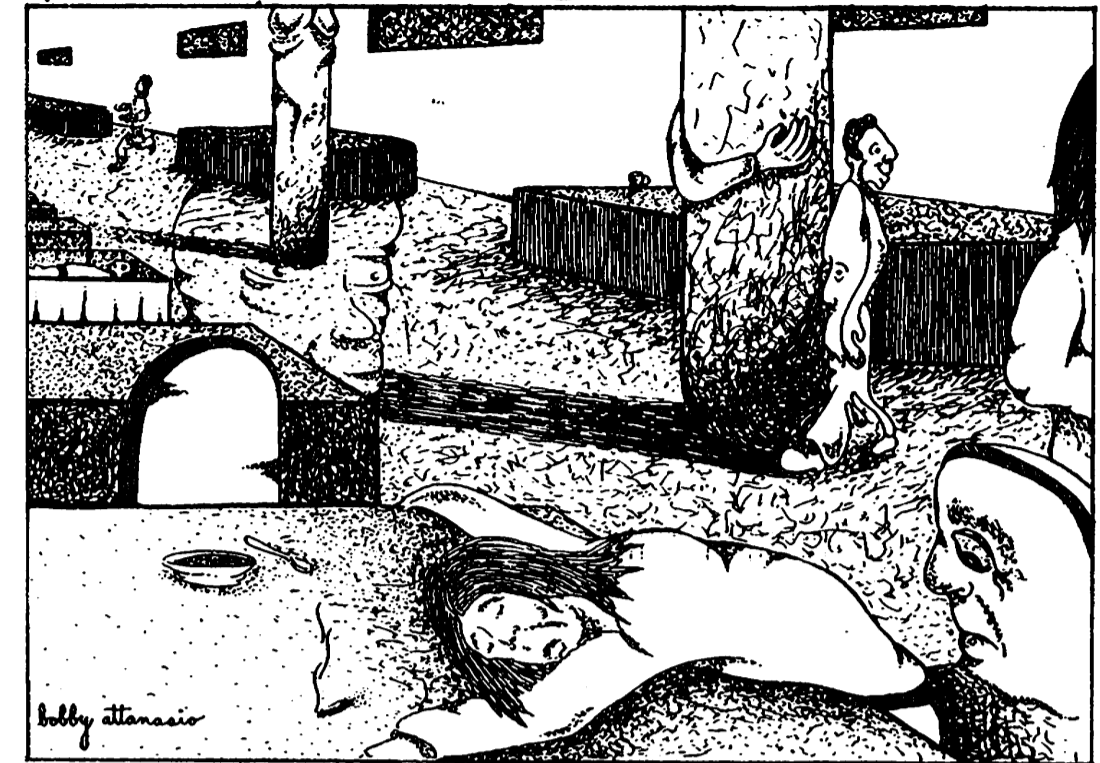
There was a political table on the left hand wall for the City College Commune, a loose group of older Science graduates, and a few full time West Coast drop-outs who preached a curious philosophy of "Armed love," but fought their revolution with guns made from bananas. They gave out free food on the Thursday afternoon breaks, and got to know the biggest breasts on the left hand wall, because mainly they were into getting laid, and getting stoned.

The right hand wall of the cafeteria



Hampton Film to Be Shown

Today marks the third anniversary of the assassination of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton by the Chicago police force. In his memory, and as a benefit for the Southern University students killed recently, there will be two showings of the documentary, "Murder of Fred Hampton," at the College this week—on Wed-



nesday from Noon to 4 P.M. in the Finley Grand Ballroom and on Thursday from Noon to 5 P.M. in Room 330 Finley. Contributions will be solicited for the families of the Southern University students and campus workers who are out of work, as well as for the H. Rap Brown Defense Committee.

simply did not exist. It was left for transients, professors, and students who only had an hour to eat lunch in between classes. We on the left hand were devoted to an ideal; we rarely went to class. By the end of the spring term, some people had taken leaves of absence in order to be continually posted from opening till closing of South Cafeteria. There was a strike for open enrollment and classes were temporarily dissolved. The hard core of cafeteria regulars expanded and absorbed former students. The cafeteria became a life style, a way of being, once there were no classes to interrupt the process. Relationships among the familiar faces began to emerge, and conversations left unfinished at closing time the previous day were able to come to natural resolutions the following morning. Various hallucinogens and amphetamines, as well as the now familiar grass and hash, were ingested as people realized that from the time they walked in at 8 A.M. to the time the cafeteria closed at 4 P.M., there was sufficient time for a complete drug experience. When they took the train home that night, Mom and Dad never knew.

Drug dealing, first on Friday afternoons, and soon on every afternoon, became a means of support for many regulars. They sauntered up and down the aisles of the cafeteria, offering their merchandise and samples to all but the Burns guard, and there were running jokes about turning him on, too.

A table was set up for a revolving group of bridge players with nervous fingers and tobacco cigarettes. Frequent cries for

"fourth" echoed from the left hand table near the center.

Spring dissolved into fall. Some cafeteria regulars never made it back into City again. They remained on permanent summer vacation in Berkeley, Woodstock; a few more stayed in India and Morocco. When they others trooped back, the immediately sensed a change in the ambience. Charles and Tony, who remained in New York for the summer, had Bic pen caps in their hands and little glassine envelopes. The city, it seemed, had had a severe grass shortage that summer, and dope was cheap and easily accessible.

The bridge game was easily re-established and conversations picked up from where they'd been left in the late spring. The tables in the middle aisle had more black faces than previously—the strike had been successful. But dope was the biggest change on the left hand wall in the cafeteria. Students nodded in their chairs, only the whites of their eyes showing. They still sat next to the grass and acid heads; the group was the same, but dope made the trip very different. Snorting dope was probably the briefest fad at the left hand wall of South Cafeteria.

By November, John and David and many of the quieter guys were shooting up under the tables. Girls stopped wearing belts to avoid waiting until the cafeteria closed to get them back.

At lunch time, green salads and whole wheat bread sat side by side by trays of Coca-Cola, Devil's food cake and chocolate bars. People began losing their pocketbooks. By winter of 1969, people were losing their coats, books, and anything else they didn't sit on.

Eventually the junkies claimed the last table on the left hand wall, the table closest to the door (so necessary for a quick escape). It was not too difficult for them to replace the frightened little teenyboppers who came seeking refuge from Music and Art on Fridays.

Copping was done on the fourth floor of Finley, so the rest of the tables easily saw the parade of shining new black leather jackets on itching white bodies, from that last table in the left hand corner, across the cafeteria to the fourth floor and back. The tower, once filled with acid graffiti, was now littered with empty glassine envelopes, hardening vomit, and the remains of ransacked pocketbooks.

By late winter, South Cafeteria even had a cocaine table, but that proved too expensive a habit for the likes of City College. The slick black hustlers who'd come weren't into giving free tastes, (a characteristic found even among South Cafeteria's most hardened junkies) and they soon gave up.

Besides, the cafeteria was beginning to get hot. Paranoid fantasies of narcotics agents dressed as handymen and cafeteria

workers were proving true as the first few drug bust stories began circulating.

Dope had divided the regulars into a "we" (the smokers) and a "they" (the shooters) and the destruction of the scene was rapid. For "them", the path was simple; cop and shoot and cop and shoot again. For their friends who weren't shooting, the situation in the cafeteria was more difficult. Do you turn in the guy who has stolen your pocketbook twice, but still says hello to you every morning? I couldn't, but some people could, and it got City in the papers and on T.V. several times in the fall of 1970.

By that time, things in the cafeteria were really polarized. Those people aspiring to be full time hippies had dropped out by now, the junkies who weren't dead or in jail (or court) were totally incapable of attending classes and the rest of the regulars had realized that, shit, they were upper classmen now and sooner or later they would be leaving. Maybe if they stopped smoking before going to classes, or if they just went to classes more, they would be able to graduate.

The kindly Burns Guards had been exchanged for Wackenhuts; mean, big toughies who wore their guns pointing in the proper direction. At one point early in the fall of 1970, six Wackenhut guards were assigned to cover South Cafeteria during the peak hours. Signs were posted on the walls saying, "Watch your books and bags. Junkies steal them for quick cash." Worst of all though, the cafeteria was now closing at 3:00, one hour less to linger in the company of people who understood (whatever your trip) before the harsh reality of the subways and buses led to more hostile environments. The scene was disbanding, for nothing could bloom in this atmosphere.

However, the people on the left hand side of the cafeteria continued to hold court. Though drugs had become taboo for the time being, the long standing conversations went on, more out of habit, perhaps, than desire. People moved away from home. Those with little money moved to the north Bronx; those with social security or welfare checks moved to Manhattan, and the need for the cafeteria itself diminished. Many couples, by the spring of 1971 spoke of getting married. "It's less of a hassle." Programs were big talk for the junkie regulars; medical school became an obsession.

OBLA DI-OB LA DA And so it came and went. Nothing lasts forever. Those of us who hung on will be graduating soon, getting married, going to graduate school. Some regulars are even said to be "working up to their potential," since they stopped smoking so much pot. As for me, to paraphrase a paraphrase, "It hurts too much to laugh but I'm too old to cry."

Jack Newfield: A Working Class Hero

by DAVID MENDELSON

When political discussions come up, I'm the type of person who will invariably grow more and more pessimistic about poverty in the midst of wealth, the disgraceful war in Vietnam or the outrageous corruption in government. I finally end with a cry of hopelessness because Mr. Average American doesn't seem to understand anything except fear of Blacks.

A few years ago I thought I was pretty clever to know that the inhuman conditions in the jails would soon become a major political issue; just as I'd known woman's liberation would be too. When I heard that there was nothing being done about the Ghetto babies who were being poisoned by lead paint peeling off tenement walls I was angry, but it also confirmed to my idea that no one seems to care about anything that doesn't directly effect them.

And now, evidence that Judgeships are being bought and sold confirms my fear that it will be impossible to make things better in this country through traditional political channels. These are the days of the Godfather, not St. George.

While most of us were wallowing in the mud of Nixon's America, and as we cry in our beers over "Four More Years," Jack Newfield kept the jail issue alive in New York when it would have died as people forgot Attica, made us aware of lead poisoning in paint, and is now leading the drive to get rid of judges on the take.

Anyone who doesn't care about the suffering and frustration other people have to live under won't give a damn about his work, but for those of us who are concerned it has a very real sorrow and pity. I'm painfully aware that this world is one in which children suffer. Jack Newfield is one person who has the "hubris" to act to lessen the number of suffering children.

Being late, I ran ten blocks to his office at the Village Voice. "He's late. Jack's talking to an old friend at home," a young man who serves as the fourth floor receptionist, secretary, and administrative assistant informed me.

"I have to set up my tape recorder. Can I go in his office?" He laughed.

"Sure." He led me to Jack's "office," which was five feet by seven feet. His desk looked as though it had been bought second hand on Canal Street for twenty dollars. It has two filing drawers which were uselessly small. Papers covered the surface of the desk twenty layers thick, trailing off the edge, onto the floor, and across the room. An old style typewriter, which Jack Newfield says is never used, lay in the path of the papers, looking as though it had been there for months, perhaps moved from side to side by whoever cleans the place, if anyone does. Jack's memos for the day are simply placed on top of everything else. He had no trouble finding them as he entered the cubical.

"Hello?" said Jack Newfield as he approached his office, sensing someone's presence in his home away from home.

I was caught in the act of recording my description of his meager office and was feeling guilty about my allusion to the cost of his desk.

"Oh! Hello, I'm David Mendelsohn," as I shyly stuck out my hand.

He looks more like Robert Wagner, the politician, than Robert Wagner, the actor. I could not classify his style of dress except to say that it doesn't seem to be important to him, and that probably each piece of clothing is chosen on its own, aside from how it will go with everything else



Steve Kris/Pace College Press

chosen for the day. His striped shirt is open under a dark plaid, wool jacket. Although there is still some youth in his face, at 35 Jack Newfield's eyes appear to have aged under the weight of having to witness the defeat and burial of a few too many good men and sensible ideas he had hoped to see to fruition.

As his leathery bottom lip dropped down further than usual towards the memos he was reading, I was building self-confidence by reading over the questions I had prepared.

My interview began with him asking me about my New Journalism class. "Are there any girls in the class this year? When I spoke last year there were none. It seems New Journalism is a male phenomenon."

I mumbled back something about "Yes there are two, and they write about Women's Lib and sexual encounters." I hadn't thought of them as women before, or rather as female New Journalists, just fellow classmates.

Fumbling with my notes, hoping to find a question to ask in order to stay on top of things, I blurted out the first one on my list.

"I know you've been investigating judges, and as I see it, you've proven that a few of them are outright salaried employees of the Mafia, but what will come of your work? Can a few muckrakers cause any real changes?"

"Well, for one thing, one of those judges is already being questioned by the higher courts. You see, you're right, any politician or bureaucrat can make it through a week's bad publicity, but when they know you're going to keep coming back, and coming back, like Joe Frazier, then something will happen. We got Lindsay to finally fire McGrath. If they know you're gonna get on TV and radio, lecture in Colleges, and work until you've created a con-

stituency, then something happens. A couple of mayoral candidates are using judicial reform as an issue. Nader is a muckraker, and so is Jack Anderson. So I'd say all of us together are causing some changes."

We were interrupted by a phone call from a woman with a story about a corrupt judge.

"Everyone knows a judge who's doing something under the table and they call me up. People understand that something is wrong, and they're willing to help. It doesn't take an intellectual to see that if the guys are taking fixes to let heroin dealers go, then that is making a contribution to street crime."

His apparent faith in the people launched me into my next question. "Why did McGovern lose? I think he lost because everyone saw the convention and associated him with the freaks, blacks, longhairs, women's lib, gay lib..."

"Yes, but it is understandable that they should fear these people. McGovern had the quota system for them but not for old people, poor people or the Irish, and Italians who voted for Nixon. Look, Nixon was the incumbent, he was a known quantity, and McGovern kept changing his mind. People haven't always agreed with the Kennedys but they do feel they know where they stand with them. Not McGovern, and anyway, it seemed that the war was over. Nixon went to China and Russia, the stock market was up. There's no great swing to the right. More liberals were elected, and Kennedy leads Agnew by seven points in the polls."

The subject of McGovern brought back all the hope I'd had that maybe, just maybe, he could be elected, that America would finally see what a liar Nixon is and how good and honest a man McGovern was. I'd then be relieved of having to see more pictures of napalmed people. "Throughout the campaign Ron Rosenbaum was writing stories for the Voice which gave his personal view of McGovern, and it wasn't flattering. I wish he wrote pieces to get more votes not fewer."

"It's not the job of the journalist to be a propagandist. I did a critical article on McGovern at the Convention. The first responsibility is to tell the truth. If you're going to propagandize then you go into his government, and end up like Schlesinger and Sorenson. This is no time for people to have illusions. Tell them the truth... also you'd lose your credibility if all you say about McGovern is that he is a saint and a hero and a savior just because he's much better than Nixon."

He was right about that but when he put down the leftist disinterest in the hard life of the lower middle class I realized I had never really cared to listen to them through their Bunker-esque style and academic ignorance. Newfield made me feel for the working stiff who makes \$6,200 a year, comes home tired every night and hears that McGovern has a plan where welfare families get

McGovern would've been a good liberal president, but he's a fuck-up

\$6,500 for doing nothing. That's not to say that they shouldn't get it but for once I wasn't overlooking their outrage completely. He also thinks liberals have been wrong in missing the importance of violent crime as a genuine issue.

I was left with little to love about McGovern except my belief that the ex-minister would have done as promised, and pulled us out of the war. I asked my next question with trepidation, fearing that I was a fool, not those average Americans who were so traumatized by ten years of politicians' lies about the war that they didn't believe anyone could have us out in ninety days.

"Do you think there was no chance, that if elected, McGovern would have had us out of Vietnam immediately?"

"Yes, he would have done that." Aah, at least he would have been our savior there. I was relieved that Newfield's perception of Lonesome George's sorrow over the war conformed to mine.

"McGovern would have been a good liberal President," he went on, "but like Lindsay, he's a fuck up. They both, unfortunately, give good intentions a bad name."

Jack Newfield was the sports reporter for the Hunter College newspaper. Then he went to Mississippi as a civil rights worker. Afterwards sports no longer seemed a serious enough subject. He believes in writing about what you know best, so when he started being more of an activist than a ballplayer that is what he wrote about.

"Why did you get involved? Was it because you reacted emotionally when you saw these people were being fucked over and so you wanted to help? Or was it more of an intellectual decision? I mean, do you see right and wrong in the world and feel that you should do what you can to make the good win out?"

"Yes, I suppose there is a moralism involved."

"Why is it that nobody gives a damn about poor people and you do?"

He answered quickly. "I grew up poor. My family is poor."

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Women's Revolution

a class journal

The text and photographs in this section are taken from a book created as a class project of the Women's Revolution course given last spring by the Planning Program in Humanistic Studies. The book was conceived as an expression of the strong and persistent feelings generated by the class. Each person contributed something that expressed how she (or he) felt about the class and about being a woman (or man).

At the beginning of the term, there were four men in the class of 20. After a series of events involving the women's reaction to the presence of the men, two of the men left, with two remaining for the rest of the term. It was generally felt that the best atmosphere for the class would be one in which women would be able to freely discuss their common experiences and problems.

The class continuously struggled with the idea of seeing itself as a collective group when the required individual projects were discussed. In the end, it decided that the only valid project would be a group effort, and these pictures and writings are the result.

**I'm a woman,
these women
are women...**

I have to write, why? So I don't lose the nearness of some knowledge? So I don't lose this feeling? What is it? IS IT ANYTHING? I cried for the women at the meeting who groped, I cried for the women in the whole world, I cried for me, but I don't know if I have this pain. Why do I feel lesser of a person than them because I have never gone near that edge? That edge of madness, suicide, full sense of the hopelessness. I may be healthier, maybe I can avoid the edge, because I'll be more together? Why does that sadden me? Is it because it will still be there but hiding?

I wanted to comfort Regina, yet she didn't need my comfort. I wanted to be interwoven with these women, for there is a common ground for us in such a despair, in such a hope for happiness. Yet I felt alone, not wanting to be alone, yet not wanting to say something which would be meaningless, not wanting to break the spell, the pulsation of women feeling. I'm feeling, yet not feeling. Feeling like I will work it out, yet feeling so goddamned lost.

I can't talk to anyone, yet I want to speak.

Waiting, (wailing?) waiting, till I can sit down, be in my capsule, write clearly, thinkly. I want to explode, I want to see everything, I want to understand what I am looking for. All these people are making me nervous. I don't look at the men's faces as they walk back and forth near me. But I sense they're looking at me, and I hate them for it? Why the question mark? Because I may be manifesting in my head, & usually I don't feel nervous of them. Shall I look at their eyes? Their eyes will tell... I looked, but they're afraid to meet my eyes. I know that a lot is in my head, but most of the time it isn't. They are ugly people, I don't like them. I don't like that they are men who ogle at women, raping with their eyes, thinking that it will thrill you that they mumble something in your ear. Where are they at? Why is it as it is?

I think back to the women's meeting. I



Photographs by Kathleen Rohan and Iris Zmorah

with all the intrigue and mystery but minus a Peter Pan. I was never to go out alone, Never talk to strangers—especially men, Never let a boy touch me, Never let a girl touch me. Oh, Captain Hook was always there lurking on the corners, pinching and slapping my ass, grabbing and pulling my breast, jerking off in front of me in subways, following me through the street with ugly stares and secret grins. I confused anxiety and shame, guilt and fear. I learned to hate myself, my body. I wanted to feel full, complete, proud and satisfied—but how? At the age of fifteen, I was ready to be rescued—ready to admit to my heart a confused contemporary in the guise of boyfriend, protector, fulfiller, lover. And with society's endorsement, the final stages of fucking me over began.

—Regina Wdowiak

**Pa, I'm going
to tell you
something...**

Dear Dad,

Now that you have moved to Florida, and it appears as though you are attempting to start a new life for yourself as a man and husband with only a minor in fathering. I've had a funny reaction to it all, reaction that genuinely surprised me. I miss you and really do feel alone now; in spite of the fact that we have quarreled consistently and cut each other off over these many years. It is funny but now I want to investigate our experience together and apart over these past many years.

I think the reason for this sudden need is because your action of moving to Florida, and your attitude toward it, is finally allowing me to relate to you as a person but mostly allowing me to find myself as a person. I went back to Connecticut for a visit just two weeks after you left to look up old friends and talk to Annie about her memories of me as her sister and about her in relation to our family. I never had this desire before. I have this desire intensely now to find my memories and relook at my beginnings. I want to feel this out with you in this form, the letter.

While visiting for the first time in eight years Janet (Baker) Young, Lynda (Spencer) Hutchins and Kathy (Williams) Ropa, three of my best friends at one time in my life, it was so overwhelming that these girls, now women, were: start MARRIED stop. I wondered why I wasn't married; not only not married but in New York; how had I escaped the boundaries so apparent in their lives.

I remember when I was about five or six, I often played in the garage and hammered scrapes of wood together and made boats—later, you made boats, 16-foot, fiberglass motorboats. I recall playing cowboy in the basement on your wooden horses, and you got me a cowgirl's outfit

(Continued on next page)

saw her traveling into depths of dark terror, of womanly terror. Why did I feel that only a woman feels this way? This despair that is at the core. This despair of aimlessness? selflessness? In my terms, not having identity, confusion. I may not have experienced full depression that renders me helpless or frightened for my life, yet why do I become depressed so easily. Sometimes in wisps of moments? From one minute I can change. Do I know? Rip away levels, yet each one just as near to the top as the previous.

I know I can be happy, I think my core is happiness. Yet where is my core? Core seems to say something, something secret, magical, near yet far.

Beth Bailis



**I grew up,
hoping to find
Peter Pan...**

I know of a society where the men are fucked up and the women are fucked over. In fact, I have known this society intimately as I've experienced it since the time I was born.

Things weren't too clear in the early days, but fundamental rules—sexual and otherwise—for the propagation of this society were somehow communicated. For instance, mommy presented me with a baby brother when I was four. I could play with him—but I wasn't allowed to play with his "distinction." There was a respect I had to learn for "it." But it was thought "cute" when I would give him his bottle, change his diapers and kiss his pink ass.

Although I learned my lessons well and was praised for being so easily indoctrinated, I was, at the same time, victim to an insatiable curiosity. Why wasn't I able to play with Jee's added "attraction"? I'd have to find that out from my three-year-old cousin. Of course, this wasn't done with calculated planning, but one day I managed to kidnap Larry into a corner in the kitchen where I told him quite fairly, "I'll let you touch me if I can touch you." He didn't know what was going on, as I quickly undressed him and

for a few delightfully rebellious moments my fingers rubbed, squeezed, and pulled at his penis. In return I led his hands to my very flat chest and didn't quite understand the bewilderment in his face. (I find it curious that my "attraction" should be connected with my chest.)

Indeed the birth of my brother opened a world of sexual fantasies which I not only thought about but acted out—like rubbing asses with my sisters and "accidentally" touching my brother's penis as my participation in diaper-changing suddenly increased. But that fateful day was approaching—the day in which the fucked-up men would attempt to fuck over still another woman.

But I wasn't anywhere near being a

woman when I encountered my first perversion. I had turned five, it was summertime and my sister and I were spending a week at Grandma's house. Grandma lived in the woods around the corner from Thompson Square Park and the Big Bad Wolf was on his way. He stood before me in his white workman's suit.

"Excuse me," he said. "Do you know where so and so lives?"

"Oh, that must be us," I exclaimed. "We have a funny Polish name." And as I led him up the first flight of stairs, I told him how to say our name. And as I led him up the second flight, I asked if his name was funny too. And up the third flight, he became quiet and seemed to be looking for something. And up the fourth flights, he told me my grandmother was going to surprise me with a dress and he was going to measure me for it. She lived up the next flight, but he wanted to stop in the hallway.

He became tense, forceful. "Turn around!" "Face the wall." "Give me your hand." I obeyed, confused, annoyed. In my hand, he placed something long and round, sticky and spongy. He held my wrist and moved my hand slowly, then tighter and faster. The sponginess was all gone. Footsteps—"Someone's coming upstairs." Quickly he drew away and insisted I not turn around. He was flying down the steps when I called out, "Hey, mister, what about my dress?"

The years went by, and reluctantly I grew hoping to find a Peter Pan and a Never Never Land in which to retreat. I found that the streets of the South Bronx were to become my Never Never Land

"I'm going to tell you something..."

(Continued from page 5)

with two guns and vest and hat and I was photographed in a side pose with one leg up, and my head turned cutely toward the camera. I remember once at about seven being allowed to play baseball with kids about my age, and the game slowed down and catered to me, the little girl; there was a delay in the ball reaching the bases while I was making the home run. Later as a young teenager, I turned out to be a good pitcher on the kickball team at the playground and actually beat out Andrea Kaminsky, a girl older and more popular than me, for the position of pitcher on our girls' team because of my "heavy" curve ball.

In eighth grade biology class, I did a report on goldfish, and I wanted a wooden model of a goldfish and you made it for me. I appreciated that then. I don't appreciate it now. It is evident that because I was a girl-child that it did not occur to you to encourage me in my interest in wood-working. As a child, it was okay to play with wood, but if I were a boy-child, I know you would have been teaching me then, and I would have been building your boats with you later, and you never would have done my work for me by making my model goldfish. Not that you were a negligent father, I did have dancing and music lessons.

As a teenager, there were repetitive situations. The main point, however, was that there was no maturation point in my upbringing. Whatever had to be taken care of, you always took care of it: helping with homework, taking care when I'm sick, rewards and punishments setting rules. So, of course, I learned to depend on your judgments. You were always my answer. I never developed any real sense of responsibility. I always did my housecleaning duties (the upstairs and the bathrooms). I never knew anything about your work or your feelings about real issues, and besides that, I never saw your weaknesses. You were just a man who could take care of everything. I guess you assumed there would never be any need for me to assume responsibilities because my knight in shining armor would come to the rescue, and then I would be taken care of forever and ever and ever and ever and ever. And my life at this point was really just to prepare for the big event... Do you see my point? You socialized me as you were socialized. You were my guide, even in my rebellion, you were my answer.

My rebellion, what was that and why? I was unhappy with something beginning at age nine or ten. What that was, I don't know yet. It wasn't the socialization then, because I got into it all the way. It paid off for me. I was pretty and attractive. What else was there anyway? I had very little interest in school, just in a social way; as a place to meet people. I was a real organizer and leader, started a girls' club, secretary of class, campaign manager, lots of extra-curricular clubs, in variety shows and fabricated a "univac" machine to match up people for the prom. I was a good catholic because the church was another place to meet boys and also to shine in that community. I always was seen receiving communion. My credits

there were Secretary of CYO, captain of the cheerleaders for basketball team, organizing dances, baking cookies for fairs and in their shows. I was extremely competitive. I didn't even compete fairly. If I didn't get asked for a date, I usually arranged one so as not to embarrass myself on a Saturday night to my friends but mostly to you.

You see, I think my engaging in this whirlpool of social life was to prove to you that I was the best girl in town; I'd surely live up to the woman you wanted me to be, but it was all such a hoax. I couldn't really do it. I made everything revolve around me, no matter by what means. You may not remember, but I can recall dying of shame because I got stood up on Saturday night. I just could not admit to you the unpleasantness I was feeling. I felt like a total failure. There was no other way of proving my worth to you or to myself except by this guy showing up for this date. I kept up my crust pretending that he must have mistaken the day of our plan or that his car broke down and he lost the address and the phone number and my name and and and I was so hardened to your sensing my lying exterior. There was no way I could have shared this experience with you. It was exaggerated because of you.

What good was all this? There wasn't even any communication between us.

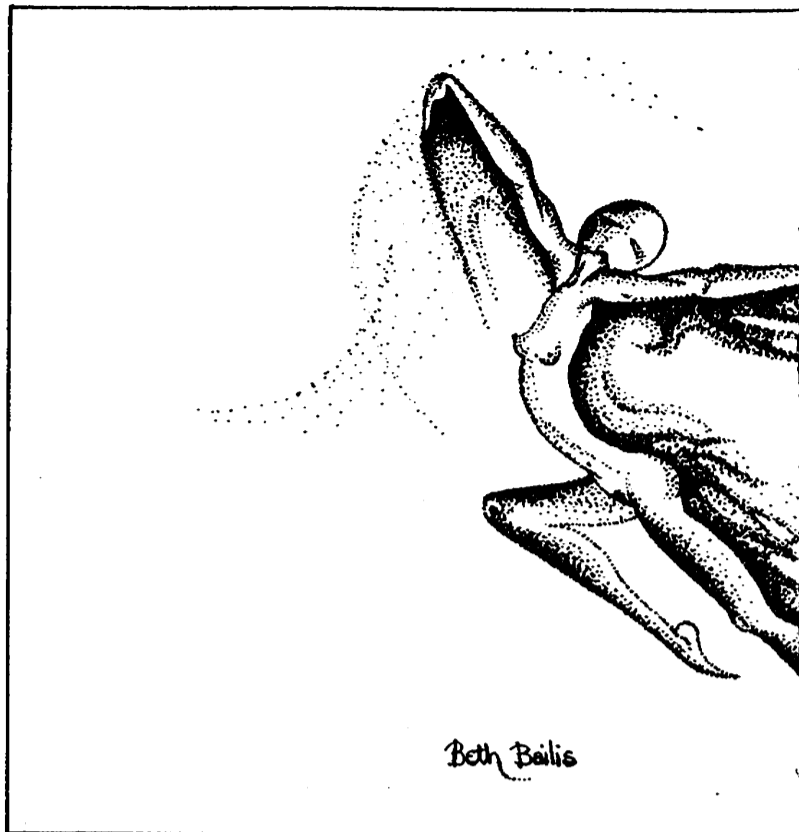
I think the main difference between me and my earlier girlfriends, who are now married to one of the guys on our town's eligible list and still live in the same vicinity, is that I was too good at my game. I got too caught up in it and I got tired of it fast. I also went through a good majority of the list of guys then and I KEPT ON SEARCHING (naturally because no man could satisfy what you had set up for me—there are no Prince Charmings, I'm slowly finding out). I was not very easily satisfied with the people I met or the places I went because I could not get any sense of myself. That my dear father is what we still don't know, who is he? And I don't know when you will know me because it is still awfully hard to define myself to you except as a girl with lots of date, a husband or a future husband.

You won't approve of other things. You don't want to know what my interests are, why I am going to school and how much it means to me. Do you want to know what my friends are like—male and female? Well, I'm going to tell you something, Dad. My life isn't going to begin and end with marriage. My life is going to incorporate many, many, many people, places, ideas and anything else I can manage. I am going to try not to be pleasing for your safe or someone else's anymore. I want to know what I like and try to do what pleases me. I owe that to myself and believe it or not, I owe that to you.

I can't justify this letter to you. I obviously still want to prove a point. All I can say is that you're a potent influence on my life and I have to deal with you in order to see myself clearly.

I've just rejected about seven final remarks. I really can't think of an appropriate one, so...

—Patricia (Decker)

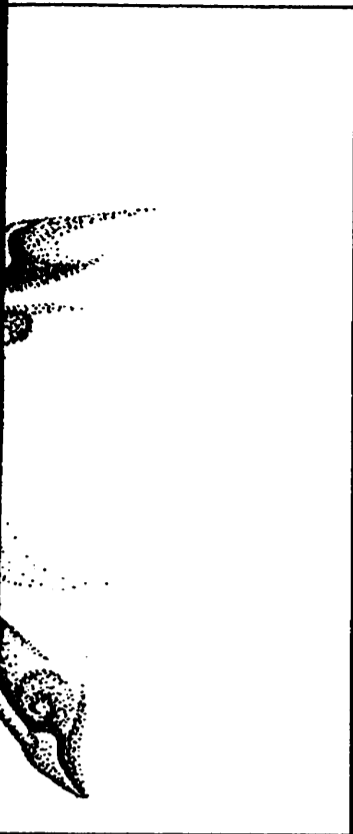


I have this contract

two in the morning for a change I had this contradiction tonight about whether to go downtown and visit Michael who I never seem to find time to see, have a conversation with, make love with, or much of anything or stay home and try to get it together with what has taken on all the dread aspects of writing a paper. Well, I decided to be right-on and virtuous and stick to my typewriter but then I was so neurotic and frustrated that I couldn't do anything and so I sat up and watched a ridiculous sexist Cary Grant movie about some woman who marries a Nazi baron and gets saved by Cary Grant and the Pledge of Allegiance. So here it is much too late at night and I want to go to sleep and I feel this obligation to write something absolutely brilliant just to prove that I took this whole Woman's Revolution class very seriously and that it was very important to me and I was very glad it happened. Well, let me say this about that. I have nothing very heavy to say because it has all happened already and I have no great confessions to make because I think that I have been at least vaguely upfront about myself even if I don't talk about politics enough or not in a good way and even if I did want to tell all of you that the whole problem about being political aside from the fact that it means you have to talk a lot is that you also want people to like you and think that you are a good and sincere person and that always causes lots of problems. So what I mean to say is that I dug the class. It made me happy. I looked forward to the class, sometimes I even craved it. It was a sort of refuge. Sometimes I even got to be quiet and listen and that was very nice and educational. I also liked reading the books even if they mainly freaked me out and depressed me and made me wonder about whether it was a good idea to struggle with one's societal destiny because probably the process would make you crazy and end up with your head in the oven. Except that I don't really believe that which is why I got into the women's movement in the first place and also because I didn't have any choice because I never made it on being pretty and a delight to be with and nobody ever invited me to the sixth grade prom even though Murray the K's son told me all about his problems in finding a date. I also used to play nurse to his doctor on the steps opposite PS 87 until I realized that I didn't want to be a nurse because that wasn't as good as being a doctor but I really didn't want to be a doctor because I hated science and never learned how to divide so I better think of something else to do with: my life fast. Since it was clear that I could never

be just a mommy because I was always afraid that I would drop the kid and then my husband would be mad at me for killing his child and I would hate myself for the rest of my life for not being a good mother. So I had to come up with something else. Which brings me back to the women's class. Or maybe it doesn't. Maybe I should start with my life. I had this crazy mother who took off for Nepal at the age of 57 about two years ago all by herself because she'd never been there and she wanted to see Mount Everest and this crazy woman who always wanted to be liberated but never had or really admitted to wanting a movement to relate to, taught me all about being independent and not relying on or trusting men, totally fucked up my life and made me afraid of sex because that meant that you were giving of yourself to a man and that meant that you were giving away of yourself and oh my god, she forced me into the women's movement. Because there was no place else to go and I was just very glad that it was there for me even though it hadn't been there for her and she doesn't think she needs it because she was liberated riding a camel in Persia thirty years ago and now she spends her time being the perfect secretary to an arch male chauvinist pig at Columbia University who I used to think she was having an affair with because she spent so much time at the office until I realized that she was just fulfilling her role as perfect secretary, and feeding my father grotesquely overcooked Porterhouse steaks. My mother is the only woman in the world I know who would put a steak in the oven at eight o'clock in the morning, turn on the flame and feed it to her family at eight o'clock at night. My mother you see was very important in my life. She wanted me to be all free and on my own but she also worried all the time and kept sticking her head behind closed door and following me with her eyes wherever I might go and warned me never to sleep with a man until I was old enough to pay for my own abortion. And in those pre-legalization days that was a lot of money which I could never see myself having until I was at least thirty and probably never. Politics comes into it again. Then one day I went off to college at the University of Chicago, got expelled for sitting in an Administration Building and eating tuna fish sandwiches and being hoarse for two weeks, got a job in a hospital, stopped asking for money, at least for long enough for her to realize that I was a big person and she hardly ever bothered me again. I still don't understand it. Though she did go off to Nepal and





fiction...

...tally blew my mind because she didn't tell my father until the day before and was very worried that he would starve to death because he could never see beyond the apple juice in the refrigerator and then she would feel guilty for having killed her husband but it was all OK because she came home and took him with her to Nepal the next time around. And then just to complicate matters further, I had to go off to Nepal also just to make sure that my mother wasn't having more adventures than I was which hardly seemed fair since I was the one who was young and adventurous or so they always told me it should be. Also, I got involved in politics and discovered the women's movement and met lots of new people who finally after a long time became my friends and who now I love and live with and care about except that they present a problem because I'm very possessive of them and can't figure out how to fit them in with the rest of my life and my other friends who are now also sometimes political except that they're not the same because I knew them before I went to Chicago and met all the heavies and got expelled and busted and all sorts of weird things that happen to people when they do politics. So there was this whole part of my life which was very mystical and also very important and informative but it was hard to talk about to everybody who hadn't been there because I would always sound elitist and self-righteous and make it sound like I was some kind of heavy or something. Which I really wasn't because I would always freak out at giving up my white skin privilege and my monogamy and my trips to Nepal and I didn't want to spend the best of my life in jail or dead even for the sake and so I split and came to City College where I tried to organize the teams and instead they kept me stoned all the time and tried to teach me how to play bridge except that I'm very bad at games except for monopoly which I don't play anymore because Michael always beats me and then usually he teams up with Cat and beat me and that makes it worse. So here I was at City College and I remembered that I had always been very smart in school and City was very easy because they didn't ever talk about Wittgenstein like they always did at Chicago so I still don't know who he is and I got lots of As and felt very bright. And then I came to the women's class and it was the first class in my life where it was no longer sufficient just to be smart and that was very important and enlightening. Also, by the time I got to the women's class I was feeling better about politics and less guilty

about not being super heavy and taking vacations and going on actions with people who were my friends and who I could talk to about being scared and nervous and know that they would bail me out and I wouldn't have to call up my mother to save me. But somehow I couldn't communicate that feeling good about doing politics even though it always disrupted my life and didn't give me enough time to be other things and other people, to the women in the class because I wanted everybody to like me and not objectify myself as a politico and it seemed after the first week of class where I had been very right-on and that doesn't mean I don't think that I was right about what I said and wouldn't do it again in some fashion or another, as though that would be a long and uphill struggle. Though I sort of feel as though some of that has happened and like I discovered some very far-out people who I never might have begun to talk to under other circumstances. But in the process I didn't say a lot of things I should have said like that I'm really worried about the women's movement having a passive reactionary potential and that it freaks me out that I can have this far-out discussion about orgasms with a sister but when I talk about going to a demonstration they have all these reasons about why they don't want to go. And that now that they have assimilated a lot of stuff about the women's movement they can even use the rhetoric of the women's movement to justify why they don't want to get involved in male oriented politics and explain away not being militant because that means being macho and that's what we're all against anyway. Also not only was I uptight about being political and that had another side to it because since I was so uptight I wouldn't talk about it and then I would feel very self-righteous about how much more right-on I was when I never even really gave anybody else a chance to talk about their politics very much and maybe they would want to be political also, but also I was uptight about being intellectual and talking about the books because that would mean that I was copping out on all the personal stuff and creating a shield around myself and all my fuck-ups. And some of that probably is true except that I liked reading the books and they freaked me out as much as some of the personal discussions we had and made me think about myself. Sylvia Plath scared the shit out of me because here I was, bright, talented, scribbling in notebooks, about to graduate from yet another academic womb and there was this woman who wasn't all that different from those categories and look what



happened to her. A lot of me didn't want to read all that stuff about the mechanics of going crazy because I was afraid that I might get some ideas. And Zekda too, although I recognized that she was totally different from me but I wondered hard and long about why it was that women who seek to be creative and compete with their men so often seem to land themselves in institutions where shrinks ask them about their sex life as if that explains anything. Which it probably does though I am not sure how much. I loved Lillian Hellman for her integrity and mainly I suppose because she survived. And that seems to be a very important thing for women to do. The thing about reading books is that I'm always looking for models and heroines because I'm tired of only having heroes and I think that in certain ways exemplary people are important but the thing I

learned from the books is that the female heroes and models never seem to be as perfect as the male ones which may have something to do with women being more honest about themselves and also with being oppressed and hence always unsure about their essential legitimacy as creative beings. Only women after all are made to worry whether their creative drive or their ambition is merely a sublimation of repressed or unfulfilled sexuality or motherhood. I loved Adrienne Rich for being strong and human and a poet who can express her rage and her outrage and for explaining to us that she had had three kids and no, it hadn't been a particularly creative experience at all. Also I loved her for being forty three years old and skinny and beautiful and struggling everyday. I loved her for making the leap to politics and transcending the personal while hanging on to her individual anger and explaining how much of what made her angry was in the world and not necessarily only in herself. And for coming to a pitifully small rally at City College and demanding of us that we take political action, that we not become what she called Nixon's Army of Zombies. For being a poet who could use her poetry to say what needed to be said. For thinking about things, for facing the world and not succumbing to the desolation and despair of so many of us and for not being like my friend who is so busy organizing women's groups for the Radical Feminists that she explained to me she couldn't read the newspapers anymore because it just upset her too much and so it was best to ignore the madness around us and just keep on with her daily life. I loved Adrienne Rich for being a woman I could fall in love with. I dug on Betty Dodson for having the guts to be totally weird. I dug on her for being so sane and eminently reasonable and reminding me to wash myself under the folds of my clitoris in the midst of being so far-out and totally freaking me out when she retreated to the bathroom in the Shanghai Cafe to vomit. And I didn't like her male lover at all because it seemed to me that Dicky was exactly all he was and that made me wonder about Betty Dodson too. Also I questioned the totality of her commitment to sexual politics to the exclusion of all else which seemed also very important. Also I couldn't help but thinking that the prints of her drawings looked a little like socialist realism which didn't seem to make any sense at all given everything else. I loved Elise Young for helping me with the Teach In and not giving up and telling her class to come and listen and for having made a political commitment out of her life style and being

happy about it even though I couldn't really see it working out in practice in my life. I generally dug on the women who came to talk to the class even when they were saying all sorts of opposite things because I generally dig on women who are very up-front and have made decisions about their lives and are willing to take responsibility for that. Women who can be independent and collective at the same time which is what I think we all have to learn. In other words, I never felt totally bad about the class, in fact sometimes felt guilty about my positive enthusiasm because if everybody else was feeling so down and alienated and frustrated, then there must be something I was missing. But maybe it's that my experience with having gone to too many political meetings makes me have less high expectations about what a group of people together who

don't know each very well and ultimately may have very different notions and priorities can accomplish together in a group. So it seemed that whatever did happen and whatever could come out was a step forward. I felt that our minds were blown a lot in the class, that a lot of people were confronted with and tried things that they had never dealt with before. I think that next time we should not do what Joan called aiming for the center and copping out and I feel also that that means that there will be a lot more violence next time, a lot more of the angry voices that Ann was so terrified of. And I think that we should learn not to be so terrified of that violence and that anger and that intensity. I think we learned that there is no such thing as instant sisterhood, that we will be furious at each other and even perhaps go our separate ways a lot but that there is a common vocabulary of being women that we can and do share and that we should attempt to go absolutely as far as we can with that and not be afraid of expressing our own sense of being right and knowing something. I think that there are some objective realities in the world, I believe that there are certain things I believe that are correct and are not just a matter of listening to each other with sensitivity and understanding or rather that that is all a sham unless we can be free to say, I think you're wrong. I mistrust artificial warmth and forced attempts at tolerance of things that we don't want to be tolerant of and I guess that's why in a certain sense I kept staring at Lois all term and in some weird way respected her for glaring at us and keeping her mouth shut until she had something totally real to say. All this doesn't mean that I think that people were artificial when they tried to be understanding of what other people were saying; it just means that I don't think that intolerance is necessarily a bad thing and that we shouldn't be afraid of it and should be able to trust to our own perceptions of what we believe to be right and wrong and to trust in our own ability to make fine distinctions between macho elitist just not being willing to listen intolerance and righteous anger. I think that I learned a lot about those distinctions and how I can learn to make them in this class and hope that I'll be able to put all that into practice, as they say. I think by the way that I learned a lot and want to use the new word I learned from Joan which is that I'm very grateful for all that. And one of these days we're all gonna figure out how to have a personal, intellectual and political women's class all at once which probably means examining and redefining all those terms and how we relate to them. I sort of think it has to be possible and I do think that reading books and talking about them and not being reluctant to talk in abstractions, and not feeling like anything we say that isn't directly personal is somehow not legitimate, is part of the process. I think that we have to be able to deal in terms of concepts as well as experiences and I think that we failed in that. But I also sort of think that we were all exploding with experiences and with the newness and craziness of having found women to talk with about that and so it wasn't surprising that we weren't able to do everything at once. I just think that we should remember that talking about our selves and our individual experiences and how specifically we relate to each other at any given time is only part of what we have to do to figure out how to be liberated. Things are bigger than that and somewhere along the line I guess there is a dialectic which means I suppose that there is a tension between the specific and the general, between the personal and the political and we have to be able to use that tension and move off of it. In other words I have to learn not to use the generalities of politics to hide from explaining myself as a person and dealing with my fuckups but also I have to be able to express the generalities because they're important in the world and affect me in my life. I guess it means being conscious all the time. This last seems very rhetorical but it's the germ of what I want to say and I'll try again some other time. Shit. I have to go to sleep so I can see you all tomorrow which will be very nice.

love.
atina grossmann



Mountain fountain.

BOONE'S FARM, MODESTO CALIF.

Students to Vote on Concert

The Student Senate Concert Committee will set up tables this week to distribute a referendum on students' preferences for next term's major-name concert. Among the performers presently being considered are Argent, the Carpenters, Chicago, Mother Night, Eddie Palmieri, Stevie Wonder, Ramsey Lewis Trio and Roberta Flack. The concert, which is being paid for by the extra one-dollar student activities fee, is scheduled for April.

Paula Lewis, the committee chairwoman, said that students will also be asked how much they would be willing to pay to see a second major concert during the Spring term. She explained that there was still money left over from last term's performances which could be used to partially pay for a second concert.

The concert committee is also sponsoring a series of concerts by local groups. The folk-rock groups, Fantasy Street and the Second Wynde, will be playing in Buttenwiser Lounge on Friday, Dec. 15. Admission is free.

Bail Fund Established 'Money for Freedom'

By DAVE SOLET

The College will be the focal point this week of a drive intended to raise money to bail out inmates of the city's overcrowded prisons.

Students in "The City" course offered in the Planning Program in Humanistic Studies initiated the drive in the hope of helping inmates awaiting trial get out of jail.

"They're innocent until proven guilty," said Steve Byrne, one of the student organizers, "and the bails discriminate against poor people by putting them in jail without trials."

According to the Bail Fund group, 40 per cent of all persons in the city's jails are awaiting trial and have not been convicted of any crime. Many wait six months to two years before their cases are tried. "If you're middle class, you have the chance to get out," Byrne added.

Norman Becker, another organizer, termed the drive "money for freedom."

The group will send out a letter

to the faculty soliciting contributions. "The professors are always talking about the university becoming involved in the community," said Byrne, "and now we're giving them a chance to do so."

Additionally, several tables will be set up around campus to collect money from students. Guerrilla theatre is also being planned for the cafeterias to dramatize the issue.

The money will be turned over to three prison chaplains who work in the Bronx Men's House of Detention and the Riker's Island prison. Susan Stechenbeig, another group member, explained that the women's jails already have a similar fundraising group on the outside, called the Women's Bail Fund.

The group eventually hopes to turn the bail fund into an ongoing project with inmates borrowing money and paying it back before their trials. They realize that some money will probably not be repaid, but they hope that the funds will last as long as possible.

Tax Bureau to Probe 'Illegal' Food Pricing

The slow trickle of money flowing into the barren coffers of the College's food services may be further reduced soon if a promised probe by the state's Sales Tax Bureau concludes that

the cafeterias and snack bars have been bilking students of a few pennies on every sale.

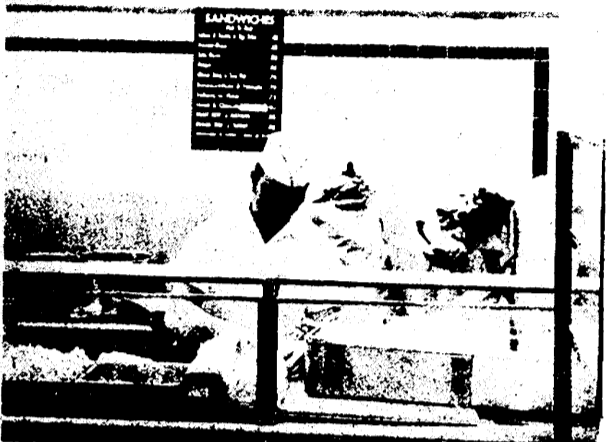
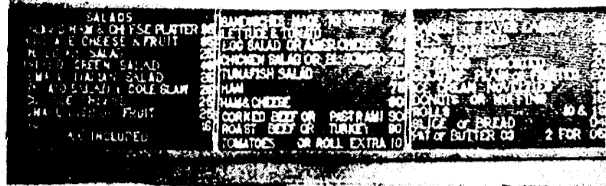
Both the Finley snack bar and the cafeterias in Shepard and Finley have been adding the tax to each item before totaling all purchases—thereby inflating prices by an estimated three percent. According to a spokesman for the Sales Tax Bureau, the seven percent tax can only be added on the total cost of all purchases in a sale.

The spokesman indicated that the bureau would investigate the matter this week.

Theoretically, the College's food operations, which are currently running in the red, can gain an additional \$17,000 from juggling the sales tax. But the real figure is probably closer to about \$10,000, based on last year's combined gross sales.

The most that a student can lose in the transaction is three cents on the dollar. For example, ten items priced at 11 cents, tax included, will be \$1.10. But the same items purchased sans tax will total \$1 plus seven cents—three cents less than what the College has been charging.

Piotr Bozewicz.



Jeffrey Tauscher

Hillel to Relay Torch

A relay of runners will carry a burning torch, flown here from Israel, through the campus, Wednesday to mark the Jewish festival of Hanukkah.

Ziedan Atashi, an Israeli consul, will be on hand to speak at noon, when Rabbi Arthur J. Zuckerman, the last torchbearer, reaches Hillel House, 475 W. 140th St. The arrival of the

torches also marks the start of the observance in the U.S. of Israel's 25th anniversary.

The torch's flame will light a menorah at the Hillel Faculty-Student Dinner at 6 P.M. that night, following the annual Faculty Dreidil Spinning Contest. Among the runners will be Israel Kalman, Hillel's president, Celiane Levy and the College's

long-distance champion, Jerry Egelfeld.

The last mile in the torch relay will be run by Rabbi Zuckerman, Hillel's director, who ran on the College's cross-country team in his freshman year in 1924.

The runners will stop at Hunter College at 11:15 A.M. to offer flame from the torch to light a menorah built by Hillel students there.

Newfield: "Tell them the truth"

(Continued from page 4)

At once I was no longer doing an interview with a "famous man," who had sophisticated ideas. Jack Newfield was all of a sudden very real to me. It struck me that here was an integrated being, who simply did his work because it came naturally out of his past and present experience.

"What makes anyone left-wing? I think it's a moral outrage over injustice."

"Yes," I said, "but for me, I was always mid-declass . . ."

"But you're literate" which somehow didn't explain my being left wing to me. At times I waver and then give up the hope that politics will be my answer. My moral outrage perhaps stems from guilt about my privileged position, and so is off again on again, whereas his is a constant lowgrade, but concrete reaction to a lifetime of both reading about injustice, and more importantly living through it. His family is poor so he has no doubts about what he's doing.

The hypocrisy of some Liberal do-gooders who talk about things in the abstract and who get self-righteous disturbs him. "Lindsay shouldn't tell people who are earning \$5,000 a year to send their children to integrated schools when he sends his to private school. The same goes for journalists. You should have experienced what you're writing about."

"What kind of art do you like." This was one of my off-beat questions designed to get to the real person.

He didn't understand exactly what I was looking for. "Well I enjoy music . . . Dylan, the Band."

"How about painting, sculpture?"

"No . . . not at all. Photography, realistic photography."

That made sense to me. "Do you ever go to an art gallery?"

"No I don't . . . that's a good question." No, he wouldn't go for the nihilistic abstract sophistications of modern art which I enjoy. No, realistic photography. Concrete images of a real world.

So I tried another "insight" question. "Do you write poetry?"

That one drew an audible chuckle. Of course he didn't write poetry, not with a whole world out there in which to act. He wouldn't be attracted to pushing around and dwelling on personal anxieties.



Last weekend I was visiting my parents, who were entertaining about fifteen people. Among them was a man who I'd always thought to be a pretty decent guy. As we talked he revealed some ideas that were so silly to me I couldn't become angry even though they were contrary to my beliefs. He actually subscribes to the theory that blacks are genetically inferior, and that the lack of industrialization of Africa is proof of it. But what's more he, and those who agree with him, which he often reminded me is most of America, are "preparing to fight if it comes to that." When I left the party he was especially warm and friendly.

Although I had made very clear my reasons for thinking his views barbaric and absurd there was an understanding on both sides that our philosophies would not change so why not get along on other matters. However, the problem remains that our society suffers from racism, and are a people "following orders." They proved that by re-electing Nixon.

I'm sure Newfield could talk the language of this man. He feels the impotence of the white who owns his half of a 19,000 dollar two family house which is "threatened" by a

changing neighborhood. Perhaps he could get through to them that the problem is not the blacks, but rather a system out of everyone's control, except for a few who are rich. Certainly his specific issue orientation and those of other "muckrakers" cut across the philosophical eccentricities of nearly everyone and that means there could be some progress and hope for improvement of social problems. Not a glorious second coming which I hoped to see springing whole-hog out of the Woodstock Nation, but a society a little more humane, a little fairer.

I asked him whether he thought things have been getting better or worse for the average person over the last 500, 50, or 10 years, and what about the future?

"I'd have to say that things have gotten much better. Life expectancy is way up, and of course, workers have the right to trade unions. They work fewer hours and the jobs are less dangerous, but at the same time we've had the Bomb, and Aushwitz, My Lai, and a terrible rate of heroin addiction here in New York. There is also the contemporary phenomenon of people who are afraid to go outside."

"I am a pessimist. Camus writes about Sisyphus accepting the burden placed upon him to hopelessly push a large rock up a mountain only to see it fall back down, over and over again. In his hopelessness he is satisfied to accept the process of struggle as his own way, the best choice in an absurd universe."

Newfield, seeing a troubled world and knowing there is no one great answer to the diverse problems, expects no great change for the better, or for the worse. He feels the responsibility to do his share, seeing himself in a privileged position as journalist, to helping pick away at the unending mountain of human distress. Unlike most of us who are content to "slouch towards Bethlehem," hoping everything will be all right, because we think we've learned the absurdity of trying to make sensible change, and have therefore given up, Newfield believes, in the words of Bobby Kennedy:

"One person can make a difference." And so he does.

"Do you still like sports?"

"Yeah, I'm crazy about the Knicks."

"Who do you like most?"

"De Busschere."

"Why?"

"I like his attitude."

"How would you characterize it?"

"Determined."

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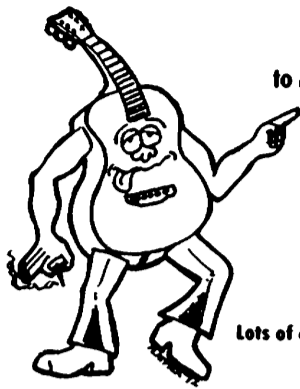


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S.U. March Draws Few

By **LARRY PEBBLES**
Slightly less than 200 people marched from Harlem down to the Board of Higher Education offices last Monday in support of the two students slain at Southern University.

In a wind that was apparently enough to discourage all but the stalwart few who turned out, a crowd of curious onlookers gathered to hear what it was about this time.

As the lead banners moved out,

a few of the marshals suggested that we form into ranks of three and fall in.

The march was on.

Somewhere around 120th Street, we passed the Panther storefront. The door was closed and looked as if it had been for some time. Out of the windows on either side of the street, you could see faces peering down. A few marchers raised their hands in the clenched fist salute. There were no responses.

We turned east as the pace

picked up. Chants of "Stop the Murders: Right Now!" and "Same struggle, same fight; Third World People must unite!" echoed crazily back at us from windowless and sagging rows of condemned, deserted buildings.

We turned south again at Third Avenue, just as some neighborhood school let out for lunch. Twenty or thirty kids stood on the corner and watched us march past. Some of the City students began to shout for them to join us. One of the kids pointed to his crotch and suggested that one of the female marchers join him. She declined, crushing any hopes of student community relations any of us might have been holding.

As we continued along Third Avenue, a few of the passersby smiled or made some gesture of support. Somewhere around 100th Street, a truck was attempting to pull away from the curb before the marchers could come abreast and delay its departure. Two of the marshals ran over and instructed the driver to wait until we had passed. As we passed by, I caught a glimpse of his expression. It did not suggest that he appreciated this self-sacrifice that we were making on behalf of the workingman, among other things.

By the time we had reached 86th Street, the chants had given way to a disorganized growl. We just couldn't seem to get it together.

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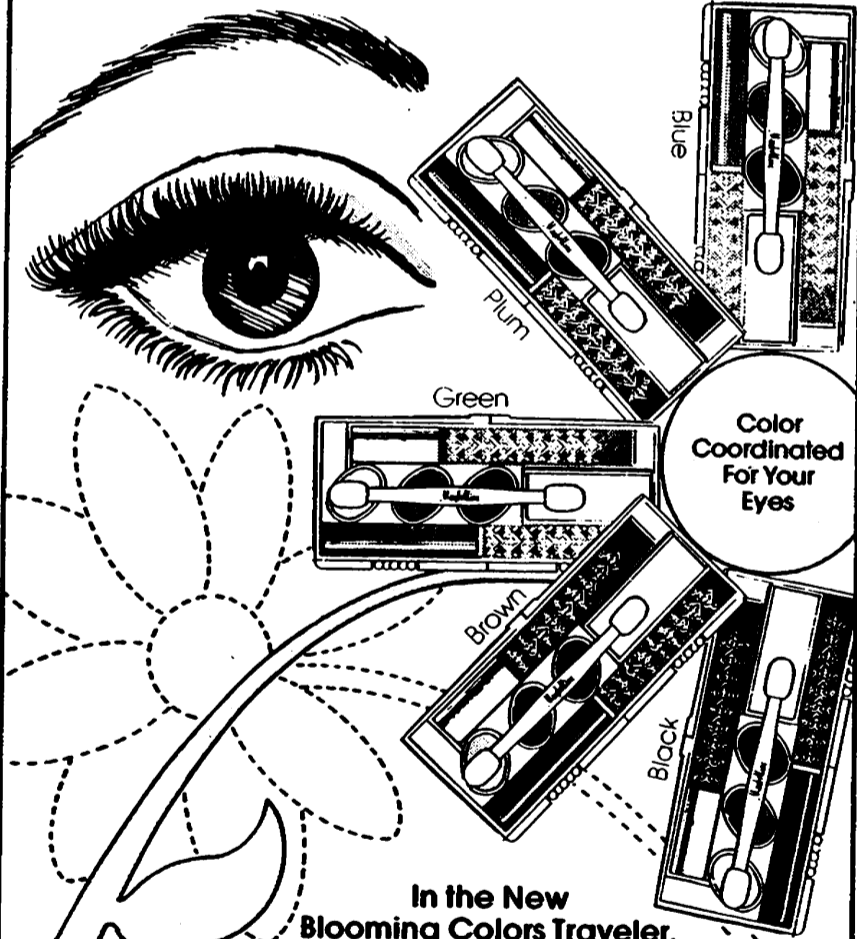
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Joni Mitchell: Back to the Rose Garden

Joni Mitchell is familiar to many as a lyricist rather than as a performer. She managed to do one show at Carnegie Hall last May and even showed up at a McGovern benefit this summer, but lately she has restricted her appearances to that of spectator. On rare occasions, she would be invited up on stage to join a friend like James Taylor or Neil Young, but of a multitude of established solo artists, Joni has the singular distinction of not going "on the road" each year. Her latest album, *For the Roses*, is in part, an explanation why.

For the *Roses*, Joni's fifth album and the first on the Asylum label, reveals a lot of Joni Mitchell—more than any of her earlier albums, though it's just a matter of degree. Where her songs once centered around friends and lovers and the illusory trips they weaved so carefully, *For the Roses* is Joni coming to terms with Joni:

Well I'm learning
It's peaceful
With a good dog and some trees
Out of touch with the breakdown
Of this century

—Electricity

For the roses. *Roses*. That's what they place around a horse's neck after he's won the big race. And more roses and more roses until the horse is played out and then they shoot him.

The rock circuit is too much. It can break your spirit and your heart. Three songs on the album deal with the necessary abuse which accompanies fortune and fame. A sort of anti-Top of the Pops. And Joni Mitchell has been watching it from both sides of the stage. And America's virgin groupies who have been hunting rumors about Joni and Neil or Joni and David or Graham or Steven or Jackson or James now know:

"... You can't hold the hand
Of a Rock and Roll man
Very long
Or count on your plans
With a Rock 'n' Roll man
Very long

—Blond in the Bleachers

Ironically, Steven Stills plays the part of the rock 'n' roll man in this song. But thankfully Joni doesn't lament about broken love. Beneath it she is self-resurrected.

"Let the Wind Carry Me" is Joni's portrait of life at home. It seems some situations can't be resolved. So you eventually leave, but one eye is always on the house. Joni's song is an open letter to Mother, who just couldn't understand what



was happening.

There are songs of love, of love over, of love on the lookout, but mostly of trying to get it together, independently, far from the rock and roll breed.

Don't make the same mistake I did, that is, interpreting this record as a sad record. At first listening it may seem somewhat morose, but the key to the album is in the last crucial cut, "Judgment of the Moon and Stars"—the underlying optimism which follows every bummer. The secret is discovering it before you go under.

Joni sings 12 beautiful songs and the lyrics are printed inside the cover. Her voice is as versatile as it is beautiful. Incidentally, the songs flow very well with the music, as well as with each other. I could discuss the album in empirical terms, track by track, but I've stopped doing that to music. Besides, if you weren't curious, you wouldn't be reading this.

Kenneth Winkoff

Gays' 'Coming Out' in Lounge

The scene is June 27, 1969; men and women, laughing, talking, dancing, touching, happy; when all of a sudden two policemen arrive at the club. It's a raid at a Gay club, the Stonewall on Christopher Street in the Village. The cops are brutal and beat a number and arrest all of the people inside. There are words of bigotry from the cops, "Faggots, queers." A number of people band together, and for three days there is tense confrontation between police and Gays. A new consciousness is being born. The Gays have decided not to take the shit society has been handing them for so long. The oppression by the dominant culture has reached the point where resistance is necessary. The Gay Liberation Movement has begun.

This opening scene sets the tone of the play, "Coming Out," by Jonathan Katz,

which was performed November 17 in Bittenweiser Lounge, and was sponsored by Gay People at City College. A troupe of five men and five women, all members of the Gay Activists Alliance of New York, comprise the cast. The settings are informal with just a backdrop with an American flag and a flag with two conjunct male and two conjunct female symbols hanging from it. There are ten black cubes used as props. The actors dress casually, and the audience sits in couches and on the floor.

The speeches are fiery, and the performers give their all to them. The author, Jonathan Katz, compiled the material from fiction, poetry, autobiographical and historical material. He has chosen incidents and poems that clearly show the cultural fear and prejudice of the society, and also, the loving, aware side of Gay life. The contrast is electric and makes for good theater.

—Richard Goldman

Yes Roundabout Nassau

The quickest and easiest way to review Yes in concert is to say their show is spectacular and their music is undefinable. But somehow this seems to be journalistically lacking and well below the usual high level of merit most of my reviews retain.

Yes performed Nov. 20 in a misplaced airplane hangar commonly known as the Nassau Coliseum, deep in the heart of a new phenomenon known as "urban suburbia." The show started approximately ten minutes early with the playing of the new rock classic, "The Star Spangled Banner," a tune obviously written by the late, great Francis Scott Hendrix, on the house-organ.

The English group Lindisfarne opened the show and exited early due to an audience which responded only between trips to the Coliseum's modern, clean toilet facilities. Lindisfarne is a top English band, and their agents and managers shouldn't have allowed them the indignity of a trip to Long Island. The group's music is subtly beautiful with many traditional rhythms flowing through their music.

If traditional rhythm flows through

thesizer! All they know is Rod Stewart and his imitators.

It's also a matter of conformity. I consider myself a non-conformist. I consider 90% of rock today a rip-off imitation contest. In a recent article by yourself, you said that Mott the Hoople borrowed many sounds from the Rolling Stones; and a great deal of vocals in rock today, I feel, are alike. The only group, it seems, with a truly beautiful vocalist is Emerson, Lake, and Palmer; all other vocalists seem to have an unnatural accent to them. Remember when the Beatles first came out? Almost all the groups (spineless jewelers that they were) seemed to get into bubblegum music with bubblegum vocals.

In closing, I hope that I have made the point that I hate conformity in music (one group "sounding" like another) and that you should try to get your hands on those Audience albums.

Gary Stein

Lyrical and musically, Audience is a very Bizarre group. Unfortunately, they recently split up. Besides the two albums that you mentioned, they released two earlier albums in England only. The only way to get them is through a shop that carries imports. A group with a similar style that is worth listening to is Genesis. Their second album, *Nursery Cryme*, has a very strange tale to it, and their new one, *Foxtrot*, should be released next week.

Also recommended from the bargain bins: Slade's first, *Play It Loud*, anything by the Small Faces on the Immediate label, and *Love Is All Around* by the Trogs.

BT

Comin' Down That Road



Happy and Artie Traum, who rate high among the College's all-time favorite folksinging duos, will be making a triumphant return on December 15 to Cafe Finley, where they have performed to resounding huzzahs several times in the past. Tickets for their latest one-night

stand are now on sale at two dollars each in Room 152 Finley. The Friday night concert is scheduled to begin at 8 P.M., and on-campus parking will be available to those who show I.D. cards at the gate. Free coffee and doughnuts will be served.