

Rikers Island: Looking Through Bars at Hell

Since September Martin Kent has been visiting Rikers Island on a regular basis as a part of his course in Criminology. What follows are sections from a larger work in progress in which Kent hopes to describe the sights and emotions he encounters within the walls of the prison. The excerpts which follow describe homosexuality among the prisoners at Rikers and a prisoner's group therapy session.

By MARTIN KENT

The norms of homosexual culture within Rikers Island are quite different from those in the outside world. The most obvious contradiction lies in the fact that within the prison culture, one who takes on the male role in a homosexual act is not considered "queer" in any degree by the other inmates. It is the one who assumes the passive or female role who is beaten on, raped, and ostracized.

Often, if a heterosexual appears weak, or in any way effeminate to the other inmates--i.e. long hair worn in a pony tail, he becomes the object of homosexual mistreatment. Within the prison culture at Rikers, gang rapes are not uncommon. After being sodomized, if an individual is emotionally ignorant, he will tend to accept the label of "homo" and usually conform to it. But if the inmate is already a homosexual when he comes here, the conformity is severely enforced by the other inmates.

RONELLE

Ronelle is a homosexual awaiting trial for the last seven months at Rikers Island. Like many others of his kind, he is segregated from the general population of inmates--for his own protection. Within the "quad" Ronelle feels free to express his personality and lifestyle without fear of being raped or ostracized by the other inmates. He expresses his attitudes in the way he speaks, acts, and dresses. At this point in his life, Ronelle appears to be well adjusted to being a homosexual within the confines of Rikers Island.

I first met Ronelle when he and a group of about eight other homosexuals were walking along the corridor of the annex to P.S. 189 in the Adolescent Remand Shelter at Rikers. "Come along girls," said the guard who was escorting them. I walked into the ENGLISH classroom, once they had been seated, and one of the femmes said to me, "Hey, whose dealing around here anyway?"

"O.K. class," the teacher said, "This is Mr. Kent. He'd like to talk to any of you who feel like talking. He's a writer." Raised eyebrows and a bit of whispering but no one responded. They began the lesson and I sat down, waiting for something to happen.

It was strange sitting there--I felt like I was in the zoo. But none of them seemed uncomfortable with me there as an observer so after a while I didn't feel so strange... or foolish. They referred to one another by their last names with "Miss" preceding them. One other, who turned out to be Ronelle, sat there, staring blankly into space with the open book face down on his desk. "What's wrong Ronelle?" the teacher inquired. "I have a headache," he responded meekly.

"Would you like to talk to Mr. Kent?"

"O.K." he said, getting up.

I mechanically stood up, not quite knowing what I was going to do. "Uhhh... maybe we could find a vacant office," I said.

"O.K." he said, smiling.

I walked out of the room and Ronelle followed. Outside the door, the guard stood closeby, looking very bored. "We're going to use that office down the hall," I said, pointing.

The guard looked at Ronelle, then at me, and asked, "Who are you?"

"It's O.K." I said. "I spoke to Captain Caldwell about it. 'Oh,' he said mechanically, as he followed us to the vacant office and unlocked it.

Now I felt even stranger. Here I was--alone with this weirdo, with his hair all teased up, and one of those low-neck skinny-rib pullovers. Not that there's anything wrong with wearing them, (I even own a few) but on him it made me nervous.

In an attempt at getting things together, I began by asking him his name (which I had forgotten) and writing it down. "Listen," I said, "I want to know what your whole trip of being a homosexual is like here at Rikers Island." He looked at me, and then away--then he looked at me again. "I want to know the history," I added. (At that moment I felt I was asking too much of this guy. Why should he even bother to talk to me at all? But there I was, with my pen held over my notebook, waiting for Ronelle (RONELLE for crying out loud!) to spill the beans--to a total stranger.)

"The first time I came here was two years ago. I was sixteen then. I was scared half to death because you hear stories about rape and sodomy and that kind of thing. I was a closet queen then but it was getting noticeable because there was this homo I knew off the street who came in one day and when she saw me, she called me 'Miss Thing' and put her arms around me. After that the fellas approached me. 'What are you going to do for me?' they said and I always said, 'Nothing.'

"This one boy, Louie, he used to talk to me and I started

to like him because he said nice things to me. He was real nice to me. As time went on, when I used to take showers the fellas would make remarks and sometimes they tried stuff but I was very resistant. One day I went to 'lock-in'--I'll never forget it--this boy who locked in with me said 'What are you gonna do for me?' and I said 'Nothing' so he hit me. I was frightened--he said if I called the officer he'd kill me, so when the officer came around to take the count I didn't say nothin'. After he left, this boy told me to take my clothes off... so I had sex with him."

At this point I stopped writing and looked up at Ronelle. "What was your reaction," I asked.

"It was enjoyable," he continued, "but I really didn't want to do it. Afterwards we talked about it and he told me why. He said he'd been in here a long time and he was tired of masturbating. After that we locked out for chow. The others found out and so they started to get more persistent for me to have sex with them.

"So one day I was taking a shower--this Spanish boy who they called 'Mad Dog' came up to me. He wanted to have sex with me in the shower--he kept talking and talking but I resisted. Then he grabbed me around the neck and threw me down on the shower floor. A boy in there came over and stopped him, and then told me to dry off and come out of the shower. After I did that, the boy went away. Then the Mad Dog came back with fifteen or twenty boys and grabbed me in the choke hold again. I was struggling to get loose but I couldn't because there were so many of them grabbing me. They took me over by the slop sink and they ripped me off (raped me). There were about ten or fifteen of them. I don't know how long it was... it was a long time. Finally Louie and this other boy came along and stopped them. Louie told me to take a

me. After that they asked me if I would do it and I still said no, so they left me alone.

"After I locked back out, I went up front and told the officer what had happened. I told him I wanted a transfer to the other side. He said, 'No--either you sign homo papers or I'll put you back.' So after I signed the papers I asked him what he was going to do about the boys and he said 'Nothin'--he said I should have told him that I was a homo in the first place. But it was my first time in jail and I didn't know 'hat they had separate quarters for homos.'

"How are things now?" I asked. "This is my second time here but... It's all right. I suppose it's pleasant in the quad... I'd rather be in general population, though--with the fellas. This way you can hook up with a husband and have a relationship. You can hook up in the quad but you don't have a large variety to choose from. I have one now... he's nice but I never have sex with him because he's on the sentenced side and I'm on the trial side. He's a great conversationalist though--I admire him a lot. I have two others outside the quad but I would characterize them as associates. We're supposedly having a relationship... they bring me cigarettes and stuff that I need. But I'm not in love--the man I love went upstate to a different institution."

At this point the guard came in and simply said to Ronelle, "O.K. let's go." Ronelle got up and walked to the doorway and said to me as I was making some last minute notations, "So long gorgeous."

THE WALLS OF HELL ARE PINK AND YELLOW

The hospital was what the cut-ups and hang-ups longed for. It was supposedly a better place to be. Frankly, it was a great place to rot.

They were filthy, ugly, profane, they were mad. I was sick. I couldn't bring myself to talk to them. What could I



shower. Later he asked me what happened and I told him.

"After that day I got tighter and tighter with him because he was protecting me from danger. He used to come to my cell every night and talk to me and nobody would bother me anymore. And so one day I had sex with Louie on my own free will.

"One day the block locked in and this officer stopped by my cell and asked me if I was 'stuff' (homo). I told him 'no' and he said, 'Are you sure? Because if anything happens let me know.' A few weeks passed and I was getting along until one day this boy Al locked in my cell and I had sex with him on my own. Then the rumor got around that I had oral sex with him, which was a lie. At that time I wasn't into that. Now I do it occasionally but I have to be deeply, deeply involved.

"One day I locked out and this boy approached me and told me to suck his... heh heh... you know--so I said 'No I don't do that.' He said 'You did it for Al.' So I said, 'No that's a lie!' After that I got in an argument with Al. I said, 'If I did that then I'll say that you ate my ass.' So then he wanted to fight me. He told me when I locked out that he was going to throw me off the tier. When I locked out everyone told me to fight him... and I was going to, but Louie stopped us. After that me and Al made friends and started conversing after that.

"After that, boys would come to my cell, telling me to suck their dicks, but I would always refuse. One day a gang of boys came to my cell when I was locked in. Louie was in court. This short, bald-headed boy named Larry told me I had to do it or he would hit me with the mop handle. So I said no and he started poking at me. I managed to scratch the stick from him and I called the officer, but he didn't come. Then they got a bucket of hot water and they threatened to scald me. I still said 'no' so they threw the hot water at me, but I didn't get burnt because I held up a blanket to protect myself. They did it again and this time some of it got on my back and burned

expect them to tell me that their faces and gestures didn't already show? Then there was the guy who lay there on his steel cot--dreaming, plotting. A copy of "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" lay on his table. I was told that the week before he'd finished reading "Eva Braun--Hitler's Girlfriend."

"He's been fightin' again?" I heard a guard say, as he hustled a creature past me. The guard whispered to the fighter and gently prodded him on--his arm around his waist.

They extended their hands, snakelike, out of their cages--requesting cigarettes. They all seemed to be missing most of their teeth. Those who had cigarettes would smoke until they ran out, inhaling deeply, not bothering to exhale before taking the next drag. One man, straight out of a William Castle movie, smoking a rolled cigarette, began saluting me, saluting the bars, saluting the smoke, as it came fuming out of his mouth.

Some of the cells were larger than those in the general housing units, accommodating three inmates. These cells were painted yellow, pink, lavender, tangerine, and raspberry--raspberry bars! One would think that you could eat your way out of jail!

In contrast to the cells, the men wore green prison fatigues. The reason they weren't allowed to wear their street clothes was that they would mess themselves up and consequently have nothing to wear to court. These people were misfits among misfits. None seemed to take any pride or care in the appearance of their cells. The cots were not made and there were dirty pieces of white bread piled on their shelves. But up here in the hospital things were quieter than downstairs in general population. These men played cards, or watched t.v. and paced... back and forth, back and forth. These men were burnt.

TOUCH THERAPY--THE ONLY KIND

Out of curiosity and fearlessness (stupidity), I asked

(Continued on page 9)

Nixon Names New Cabinet



In his constant reshuffling of the cabinet, Nixon has named two new cabinet executives. Angelo Boccaccio (l.), has been named Assistant to the Attorney General. Angelo ("Fat Angle"), alias, "Angle the fat," has been active in community-police relations in New York. In the mid-thirties, Angle was a liquor distributor in Chicago. It was here he met Nixon, who was the local distributor at Whittier College.



Arlo Fugue (r.) has been named Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Fugue has spent the last forty years travelling across the country by rail and is said to be the world's foremost authority on woodgrain alcohol. "A quart a day," said Fugue at his first press conference. "Though you can't get the good stuff anymore," he added.

All artists, friends of artists, people who once dreamed they were artists, straight line drawers, crooked line drawers, and people who want to learn to draw should come to the Live Model Drawing sessions every Thursday from Noon to 2 P.M. in Eisner 101

The Art Students Society would love to have other programs going on, but we have a problem. We need ideas! We want anybody, no matter what their major is, to come down and say hello, and talk about their interests in the art field. Be it crafts, painting, printing, architectural design, doodling (beginner and advanced), ad infinitum, there are other people who like the same things as you, and who would probably love to, and are just waiting for you to work with them. We all know how isolating the artistic concerns can become, so why not come looking for fellow soul mates to create with.

A general meeting will be held the second Thursday of the new term to discuss plans for the coming term. Plans for a possible art magazine will be discussed. do you have any drawings, graphic designs, or print of any sort lying at home, just waiting to be reproduced? Then maybe you should come to our meeting. We cannot have a magazine without work to put it.

Come and see for yourself. Maybe you'll even discover where Eisner Hall really is.

Madelein Trachtenberg

Mr. Porn Knows His Audience

By JAMIE FRIAR

Mr. Porn was eager to have me come. He met me at the door of his studio and ushered me in. His studio was a single basement room, in a dilapidated brownstone along the waterfront. His set—a semen soaked double bed.

I was here to interview the man who transforms the act of creation into a flicker on the screen, travelling at 24 frames per second. Now I was here in the studio; in the same room where hundreds of porno films were consummated.

Either he was late or I was early for the interview. By the time he arrived, I had to shit so bad I could taste it. Festering in the back of the studio was the discarded set from one of his films—a toilet. Mr. Porn, thirtyish, with long thinning hair and an overindulgent belly, apologized for lack of proper toilet facilities on the set. We sat down and he told me about his first job.

"The first fucking thing I did was still pictures, you know. It was five people, three girls and two guys and-uh i was really excited about the idea. I just had a fucking hard-on thinking about it for days beforehand. I was gonna get five people in there, I would tell who to fuck who, and the girls were going to do things together and there was gonna be an orgy. I knew one or two girls. I remembered I had fucked one of them before, so I figured I'd get turned on and get in there and fuck her afterwards or something. Too much work for me to just get in there and fool around. I was very aroused by the whole idea. I shot it in an apartment, and it was five people, and for the most part, it was five people crowded into one wide single bed. Strange, laying kind of width-wise, just a mass of clutter, and it really was really interesting because I was innocent in those days."

"I got into patterns of shooting the same things over and over again, the same way, so I was inventing each shot and finding really amazing combinations of mouths to cunts, cocks to asses and everything and-uh--I found what the great challenge in pornography is, and that's nothing... uh, the great and most important thing to a pornographer is a stable of studs--it's the essence of doing these events--guys with big cocks who can get it up, keep it up and come once, two or three times, at least twice, in a shooting. That was my first



lesson, and I'll tell you in those days it didn't matter whether you had a hard-on. It was pornography if they were touching and eating and putting fingers in, we got some fucking and we faked some. It didn't matter if it was good and dirty and raunchy, and I could get away with it in those days. Watching people fuck, it's an arousing thing except when I'm having to worry about exposures and angles and things: making sure the guy doesn't come too fast so I can get it on camera, and footage and background and getting expressions out of them that even though they may be enjoying themselves. Well, sex is a very private thing and to get them to express the fact that they're enjoying themselves on camera is work and prodding and directorial and,—and it's doing it all with your head, and your words and you're not really able to just sit back and enjoy it. Sometimes I'll find I've shot a session that's really wild and after it's over, I'll think about it, y'know, and I'll get really turned on and I'll fuck my old lady or something, and it'll come back to me what I'd seen that day, you know people doing all kinds of great things, you know, and then I'll get turned on remembering an old erotic experience."

What do you think of your audience? Do you have a person visualized in your mind that you try to make your films for?

"I respect my audience to this degree that I, you know, it's coming about finally that masturbation has been always psychologically respectable. Secretly, all of us men are still at a point where we are ashamed of masturbation, and still I don't think we've been able to break that great parental shame. Well, none of us think we're going to go blind from it anymore. No man can ever experience completely his sex fantasies. I don't care how handsome he is, or you know, a movie star of stuff. Still in your entire relationships you have complex things. Each of you have the opportunity, the time, where if you can open up a book or look at a movie and see 20 people and you can vicariously go in and see another movie, you can have orgies without commitment. Maybe you can only come once or twice, but if you can watch a movie in which there is five or six or ten climaxes and all kinds of things, well you can feel as if it's happening to you. You can extend your sexuality way beyond—in the fantasy world—way beyond what you are capable of, even if the opportunity was there. And

you don't have to worry about making the girl come. You see all these things—voyeurism, removes you from all the shit that girls pour into your fuckin' head about how you have to love them, because that's still going on. You know, we're still fuckin' animals. If we had our way, uh, we'd be on our knees, sniffin' around the dresses of the women as they go by, instead of just making remarks and shit, you know? I think the closest thing to the truth is, unfortunately, what we're all about is the PR on the street or the lower class truck driver who says "Hey, you wanna suck me off?". It's an extension of dogs sniff' each other up and we still got that. We can deny that we're not like that, but that's what we're like because we're animals too. Sex is an animal instinct. It's not, as the Bible would have us believe, something of a god-like nature. It comes right from the fucking groin."

How do your fantasies differ from those of your audience?

"I fulfill them."
The floor bell rang and a couple walked in. They had come to audition for one of Porn's features. He looked at them and said that they should do very well. A black guy fucking a white chick is always a profitable commodity.

The couple said they were from Stony Brook, and what a hassle it was to drive all the way into the city, but they were lovers and needed the money. Mr. Porn explained their duties. They told him they would only have coitus with one another, but would engage in simulation with other people. Porn told them it was to their economic advantage to do it with others. He looked at the guy, smiled, and said it might be fun too.

Porn asked the guy if he could get it up and keep it up. "I think so," he replied. Porn then told them to take off their clothes so he could take some Polaroid shots, as a screen test. I asked if I could leave the room, and Porn said, "Sure, but they got to get used to doing it in front of people."

I thanked Mr. Porn for the interview, put away my microphone. As I left, I said good-bye to the naked couple, but they didn't hear me. They didn't even know I was there.

"Six Months, No Parole..."

BY TOM McDONALD

Dear Friends:

I was riding through the black and filth of the New York underground on the D train; barely noticing the other people around me, lost deep in the effort of psyching myself up for my course in Modern Fiction 89. Most Profs get to see my face about two times a semester, but old Fred Karl was actually entertaining, and I graced him with my presence for a record six times.

However, as entertaining as old Fred was, attendance was a supreme effort. If the teacher doesn't bore you to tears your fellow classmates will usually do you in. This class came complete with one disgusting "A getter" who never shut up about the lapping waters on the Lake Isle of Innisfree, and "the heavy William Butler Yates." Lord, where did I get the strength?

Walking up the stairs from the train I was fogged out in thoughts of what I was about to go through. Being in such a condition, I was a little slow of feet and mind, which soon got me into trouble.

"Hey dig man, I'm lost, how do you get to W. 8th Street?"

Now, normally, when two guys give you that kind of line, it's time to leave, but being dumb, I fell for the trap. In the midst of a clear and concise explanation of how to switch to the IRT, the first Black, who shall be referred to as Mugger #1 from here on in, grabbed me by the shoulders while mugger #2 stuck a knife in the throat of mugger #1 (that's me).

I had always told myself that when the time came to get mugged, I would simply hand over the money and forget about it. No need getting killed for a few bucks and a Timex. Well, that plan didn't work too good. Immediately upon seeing the knife, the mugger tried to jump out of his own skin. Mugger #1 attempted to maintain his firm grip on the shoulders of mugger #1 and a melee was soon in progress.

The action being described happened on the steps of the subway, not the best place in the world to hold a main event, but it would have to do. The two junkies who tried to take me off were so spaced out that their reflexes were about nine seconds behind their brain impulses. The guy holding the knife was so wrecked, that when he attempted to follow the movement as I grappled with his partner, he fell flat on his face. His friend didn't do so well either. In the midst of an exchange of some heavy lefts and rights he went down, and being on subway stairs he didn't stop going down until he hit the bottom of the landing. End of what Polie Commissioner Murphy refers to as a minor street crime.

The whole thing took less than a few seconds, and within a few minutes the station was full of policemen who were busily taking down notes and rounding up the survivors.

"Any injuries to your person sir?" Cops say funny things like that all the time. Before I could answer no his partner said, "Yea look at his arm." Looking down I was surprised to see that my forearm was gashed wide open.

"They must have cut you with the knife; you better have that looked after."

The City College medical department is about as efficient as the French army was in Viet Nam. All I got was a dash of peroxide and two band-aids. What the hell I thought, I can wait until I get home.

The class was beautiful, in fact everything in the next few hours was beautiful; so fantastic that it took me a long time to realize exactly what was going on. The two people who tried to mug me were junkies, everything they touch gets some heroin on it: the knife had heroin on it, and somehow the stuff had gotten into my bloodstream. Here I was a junkie.

Never having been a heroin addict before I panicked. All I could think of was cold turkey and having to go to Phenix House. Who would want to sit around and have some other junkies tell you you're

shit for a few months and then send you out to sell chances to the next jamboree on Harts Island? I could really see myself in Phenix House.

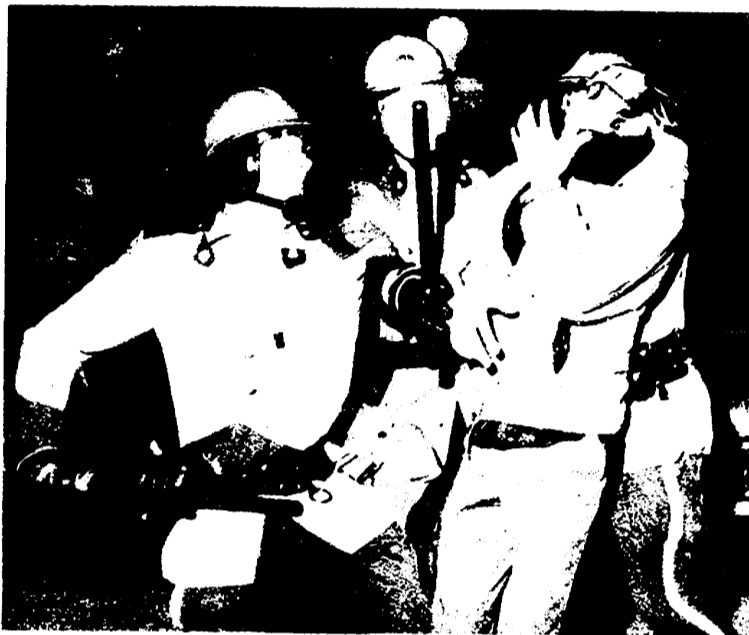
"Dig yourself junkie you ain't shit, you just took smack to be cool like all your faggot friends."

"Now wait a minute, you got it all wrong. I was on my way to my Eng. 89 class minding my own business and..."

In my own confused state I didn't think the whole thing out too clearly and opted for the easiest choice. I sought the teenage pusher in my neighborhood and bought a

Who to rob was the problem. Old ladies are easy, but the old bitches usually drop dead from fright. White people on the whole are so goddam paranoid that you can never tell if they have a collapsable machine gun stuffed down their pants, so they should be avoided at all costs. Then it hit me. The two guys who got me figured it was the easiest way because I could never identify them, I mean they all look the same. Well, we all look the same to them, so why not? Hold up blacks and Puerto Ricans.

The first day on the job I held up an



few decks of white lightning.

There is no need to bore the reader with the sad tale of how a respectable English student slipped all the way down into being a hard core junkie (I won't even be a typically boring junkie and blame it all on the man), but in short time the money was gone and I was a prisoner of the street.

When all the green was gone, I was stupid enough to think that my teenage junkie would be nice enough to give me credit. He was standing across the street from the local highschool, his usual hangout, when I approached.

"Listen Wendell, I'm a little short today can you trust me for a few decks?"

"I don't give credit," Wendell said "and besides I clean right now."

The last statement was total bullshit, Wendell was never clean. I figured he was just a punk kid and if I got tough with him I could take some stuff off him real easy. I soon found out that the junkie life had taken something off of my fighting ability. I actually surprised Wendell to the point where I had gotten my hand into his coat pocket and locked my bony fingers around some of that precious powder, but Wendell wasn't about to let me take off with the shit.

As we were rolling around in the gutter, two of the New York's finest pulled around the corner in their kiddy car. Wendell and I were so freaked out that we both let go of the heroin at the same time. Neither one of us noticed that at this point, we had rolled right in front of a storm sewer, and, well... at least the rats got stoned.

Wendell was pretty sharp, but not sharp enough, or better yet, I wasn't quite fast enough myself. When the two cops got out of the kiddy car to see what was going on, they were confronted by two wild men pointing to each other and screaming "He tried to stick me up."

The cops couldn't deal with the stereo accusations. "Take a fuckin' hike you two degenerates," they said.

At this point I became a junkie without a place to score and nothing to score with. Oh! how I hated the black guts of those two bastards who put me into this position, but now I was faced with the same problem: steal or sweat.

assortment of fourteen blacks and Puerto Ricans in various parts of town. My net result was \$4.15 in cash and eleven portable AM/FM radios. I spent the \$4.15 taking the radios to various hock shops all over town.

I was a little desperate so I kept pushing on. Late in the afternoon I found myself in the 137th Street station of the IRT.

This Puerto Rican was leaning against a pillar with a radio headset on. I waited until a train pulled in on the other side, so that any shouts would be drowned out, and then I moved in.

"This is a stickup man." "HEY. I said this was a stickup."

"La la la la Never, no never in my life, la la la."

"What's that man, you know Malo's on you'll have to speak a little louder."

"This is a stick up!!!!"

"WHAT?"

"I SAID THIS IS A FUCKING STICKUP."

I had gotten so carried away that I hadn't noticed that the train, which was supposed to cover me, had long since pulled out and my voice was now booming all over the station.

What came next seemed like a dream. From one end of the station to the other all these little punk white kids from Music and Art and City College were laying down their handbags and wallets and backing up against the wall. "Just don't hurt me, that's all, just don't hurt me."

There was so much shit to pick up that I never thought I would get away with the thing, but I did. I had to borrow one kid's book bag to put all the stuff in. When I hit the street I made it for Riverside Park to count all the loot.

When I was done counting I had turned over four thousand dollars in cash, twenty-two different credit cards, a pound of smoke, five different brands of birth control pills, two diaphragms, and a years supply of Cotex.

The four thousand helped to remove the paranoia that forever surrounds a junky's constant search for the money to buy dope. Fun filled, sky-high days followed, but the easiness of my escapades at the 137th St. subway went to my head. Jesus, if I could

get money that easy why not get more; as much as you can? Why just steal to support your habit? Get money for new clothes and a stereo and anything else your little heart desires.

So, with that thought in mind, I decided to become a professional street mugger. I learned my lesson, the hell with blacks and Puerto Ricans, hold up white chicks; it's easy.

My first venture was along side of Central Park in the 70's. If you're gonna mug someone, mug someone who has a pretty good chance of having some money on them.

I was standing over by the park and keeping my eye out for the uptown bus. The basic idea was to wait for a likely looking prospect and follow her home from the bus stop. I didn't have to wait long; a bus pulled in a fat little chick got off. She looked around for a few seconds and then she slowly crossed the street and headed towards Columbus Ave.

This is just too easy to believe, I thought to myself, and I began to follow her at a distance. The best place to mug someone in the open street is about half way down the block, that way you can run in either direction when you have to make a get-away.

I picked up the pace of my walk so I could cut down the distance between us. My prey continued to walk along seemingly unconcerned. She had a big ass and very fat legs. She almost looked like an elephant waddling along.

When the moment of truth came, I pounced on her; I tried to grab her around the shoulders, throw her to the ground, and yank the pocketbook off her arm.

Immediately after I placed my arms around her shoulders there was a ringing sound in my ears. I soon realized that the ringing had a direct relationship to the fact that the back of my head had just been slammed against the cement of the sidewalk. My head was slammed against the pavement because my fat female pigeon turned out to be a three foot, two hundred pound, male, Italian cop in drag. "Hello, 100 Center Street?"

100 Center Street is the Manhattan lock-up for anybody arrested that day. At Center Street the judge sets the bail and a trial date. If you make the bail, you go home, if you can't, you cool your heels on Rikers Islands until your trial comes up.

After the paper work and red tape of being booked each arrestee gets a dime for one phone call. I could make bail pretty easy, but all the money was at home; so I had to get hold of someone and have them show up at night court with the money.

With this in mind I called my good friend Arthur who lives in Manhattan. There was some static in the line and a cacophony of dialing sounds, hums, squawks and the like. Finally the phone rang. "Come on, Arthur, be home you bastard," I pleaded with myself. The phone rang three times before someone picked it up.

"Hello? Who is this?" said a little old lady on the other end of the line.

"Is Arthur there?" I asked.

"Who?" "What number do you want?"

"Is this TW 6-7172?"

"No, it's not, this is Phenix 3-4059."

By any chance, am I speaking to someone in Phenix, Arizona?"

"Yes, you are."

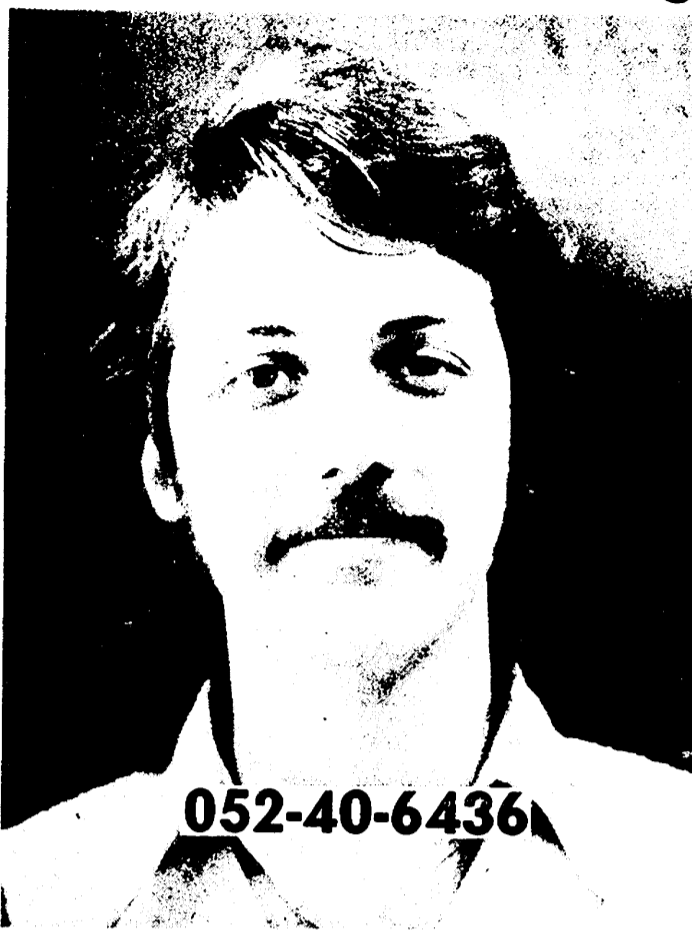
"Well listen, I'm in jail right now in New York City, and I was trying to reach a friend of mine to come bail me out. The only problem is that I got you on the phone instead. We only get one phone call so could you please do me a big favor?"

"What?"

"Well, if I give you the phone number of my friend in New York, could you call him and tell him what happened? If you give me your name and address, I'll promise to send you the money for the call when I get out of jail."

"Are you crazy? I'm living out here on my late husband's social security checks, god bless his soul. I'm sorry, sonny, I can't

(Continued on page 9)



Bill Bywater



Bill Bywater

By BRUCE M. BERMAN

thir'ty col'umn (thur'ti kol' um), n. (AS. thritig, thrittig, OF. & L.; OF. columnne, fr. L. columna.) 1. Military. A formation of ships, soldiers, etc., consisting of thirty articles. 2. Journalism. (From "thirty": Final, end, finish, kaput, finis.) The final column of a journalist's sojourn with a given publication. A concluding article especially given to appreciation, nostalgia, and the author's farewell musings.

APPRECIATION:

(1) To Dan Leary, Richard Goldstein, "Crazy" Irving Malin, and the rest of the "mental mobsters" over at M-4 (sounds like a rifle, doesn't it?). Thanks for the bullets and keep up the front. Good field generals are as difficult to locate as printer's editions of the Old Testament.

(2) To Fred Tuten, artist (first), gentleman, and scholar extraordinaire. Thanks for the vision and strength, you who have given more to my spirit and mind than Jesus, Buddha, and Bob Dylan combined. To my eternal teacher, the J. L. Godard Memorial Citation for excellence in the communication of insightful experience and inspirational tirades. A fine man. An instructive instructor.

(3) To Steven (Charles Foster) Simon ("Rosebud! . . . Rosebud! . . ."), who occasionally saw fit to allow my alter ego to run wild in the pages of O.P., (and the Peters, and Kenny, and Tom, and Ed, and the rest. . .)

(4) To Miss Ollie Hubbard and Mrs. Clara Payne, two of the sweetest people and secretaries the world has to offer. A kiss for the supreme humanity they display every day, and for the loving way in which they pass it on. . . .

(5) To Laura, from M-4: Thanks for being so pleasant. . . .

(6) More. . . .

"The boat will be pulling out soon. Time to say goodbye. Will I too miss this land that has made me suffer so? I answered that question before. Nevertheless, I do want to say goodbye to those who once meant something to me. What am I saying? Who still mean something? Step forward, won't you, and let me shake you by your hand. Come, comrades, a last handshake!

"Up comes William F. Cody, the first in line. Dear Buffalo Bill, what an

ignominious end we reserved for you! Goodbye, Mr. Cody, and Godspeed! And is this Jesse James? Goodbye, Jesse James, you were tops! Goodbye, you Tescaroras, you Navahos and Apaches! Goodbye, you valiant, peace-loving Hopis! And this distinguished, olive-skinned gentleman with the goatee, can it be W. E. Burghardt Dubois, the very soul of black folk? Goodbye, dear, honored Sir, what a noble champion you have been! An you there, Al Jennings, once of the Ohio Penitentiary, greetings! and may you walk through the shadows with some greater soul than O. Henry!

"Goodbye, John Brown, and bless you for your rare, high courage! Goodbye, dear old Walt! There will never be another singer like you in all the land. Goodbye Martin Eden, goodbye, Uncas, goodbye, David Copperfield! Goodbye, John Barleycorn, and say hello to Jack! Goodbye, you six-day bike riders. . . . I'll be pacing you in Hell! Goodbye, dear Jim Londos, you staunch little Hercules! . . . Goodbye now, you members of the Xerxes Society! Frates Semper! Goodbye, Elsie Janis! Goodbye, John L. and Gentleman Jim! Goodbye, old Kentucky! Goodbye, old Shamrock! Goodbye, Montezuma, our last great sovereign of the old New World! Goodbye, Sherlock Holmes! Goodbye, Houdini! Goodbye, you wobbles and all sabateurs of progress! Goodbye, Mr. Sacco, goodbye, Mr. Vanzetti! Forgive us for our sins!

"Goodbye, Minnehaha, goodbye, Hiawatha! Goodbye, dear Pocahontas! Goodbye, you trail blazers, goodbye to Wells Fargo and all that! Goodbye, Waldon Pond! Goodbye, you Cherokees and Seminoles! Goodbye, you Mississippi steamboats! Goodbye, Tomashevsky! Goodbye, P. T. Barnum! Goodbye, Herald Square! Goodbye, O Fountain of Youth! Goodbye, Daniel Boone! Goodbye, Grosspapa! Goodbye, Street of Early Sorrows . . . everybody . . . goodbye now! Keep the aspidistra flying!"
Goodbye! . . .

LAUNDRY:

- 3 underwears (shorts)
- 4 pairs of socks (with holes)
- a "T" shirt (I think)
- one half of one handkerchief
- a partridge in a pear tree. . . .

NOSTALGIA:

- The Cafeteria

- Buttenwiser Lounge
- The Mott Huts
- The O.P. Office
- Saint Nicholas Terrace
- April, 1969. . . .

"Greaser's Place, unlike the primitively logical and painfully competent melodramas that have flooded the screen since the realization of the commercial potential of "The Western," is fresh. Drawing, if not consciously, spiritually from such innovations as Fellini's Satyricon (image, characterization, pacing) and Resnais' Last Year at Marienbad (plot presentation), as well as from the prose of satirist Donald Barthelme, Greaser's Palace is every bit a contemporary effort; a cinema that lends itself more readily to inference and intuition rather than linear logic.

"Downey wrought Greaser's Palace with a rhythm inherently perfect for the texture of the film. By relying on a minimum of dialogue as a vehicle to progress the narrative from one image to the next, and thus creating a visually articulate tempo, subdued yet integral to the film's development, Downey has escaped many of the cliches. . . ."

READING

- The Satyricon (Plutonium)
- Season in Hell (Rimbaud)
- Mein Kampf (A. Hitler)
- Mindy's Seven Sultry Sins (Dr. Climax)
- The Voyeur (A. Robbe-Grillet)
- some Dostoyevsky, Gertrude Stein, Milton, Dante, etc.
- reread: The Bible, ZAP #2. . . .

QUESTIONS:

- (1) Typewriters:
 - a—generally type
 - b—oc cass ionally sk skip
 - c—are better than pencils
- d—may be interesting and/or more persuasive than television
- e—none of the above
- (2) Questionnaires (ceers):
 - a—tend to be the decadent
 - b—may cause vioent nose bleeds
 - c—are mainly for octogenarians
 - d—2 & b
 - e—a & c . . .
- (3) This column is:
 - a—artificial
 - b—another one of O.P.'s distasteful pranks

- c—grounds for a separation
- d—taxing
- e—colorful

(4) Relief pitcher Luis Arroyo's replacement might have been:

- a—Mickey Mantle
- b—Ezra Pound & T.S. Elliot
- c—a knuckle-balling Albanian giraffe
- d—Miguel The Hot Dog Boy
- e—Norman Mailer (on alternate Sundays)

"I worked for newspapers. I worked for newspapers at a time when I was not competent to do so. I reported inaccurately. I failed to get all the facts. I misspelled names. I garbled figures. I wasted copy paper. I pretended to understand things I did not know. I pretended to understand things beyond my understanding. I oversimplified. I was superior to things I was inferior to. I misinterpreted what took place before me. I suppressed news the management wanted suppressed. I invented news the management wanted invented. I faked stories. I failed to discover the truth. I colored the truth with fancy. I had no respect for the truth. I failed to heed the adage, you shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free. I put lies in the paper. I put private jokes in the paper. I wrote headlines containing double entendres. I wrote stories while drunk. I abused copy boys. I carried favor with advertisers. I accepted gifts from interested parties. I was servile with superiors. I was harsh with people who called on the telephone seeking information. I gloated over police photographs of sex crimes. I touched type when the makeups weren't looking. I took copy pencils home. I voted with management in Guild elections."

HENRY MILLER:

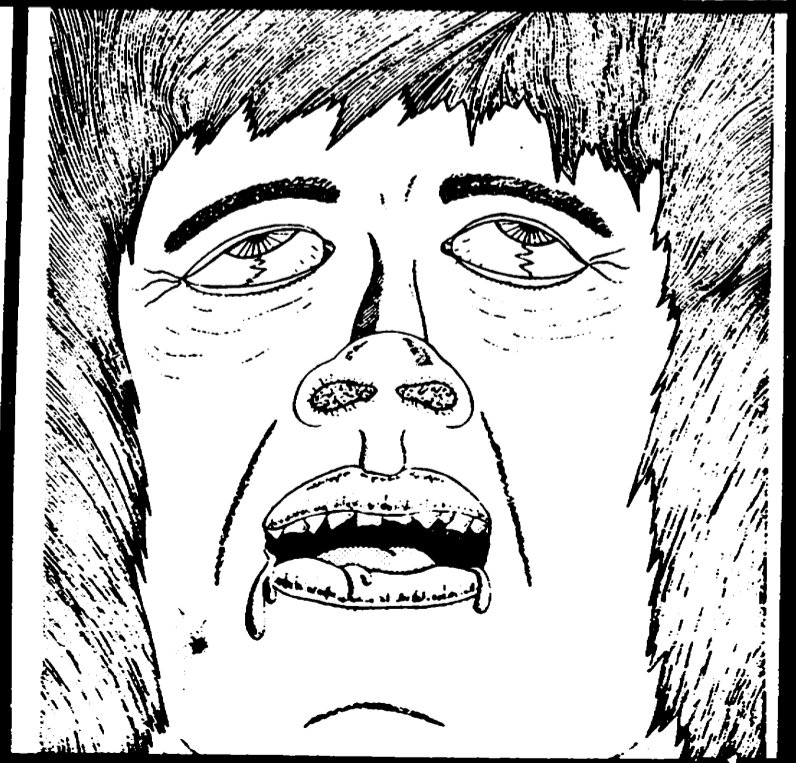
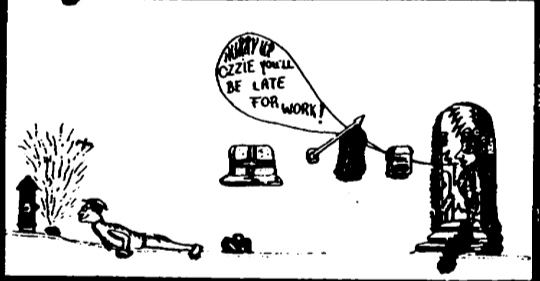
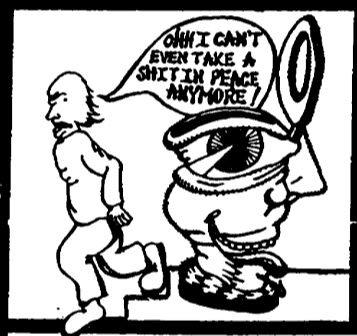
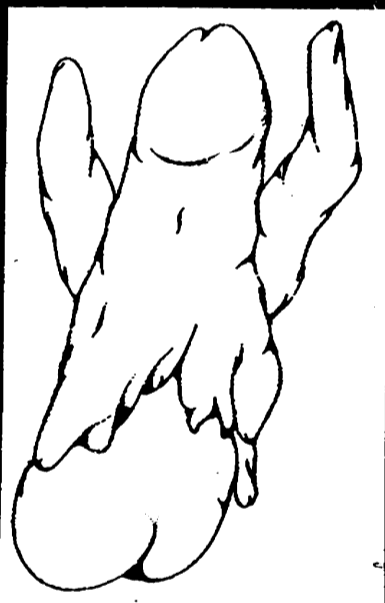
I owe a great deal to Henry Miller. Perhaps more than I owe to anyone else. He went to City College too. (in 1909). He lasted two months. To his credit are over fifty volumes of some of the greatest prose in the English language. He will be 81 years old on December 26. I owe a great deal to Henry Miller. He knew how to say. . . .

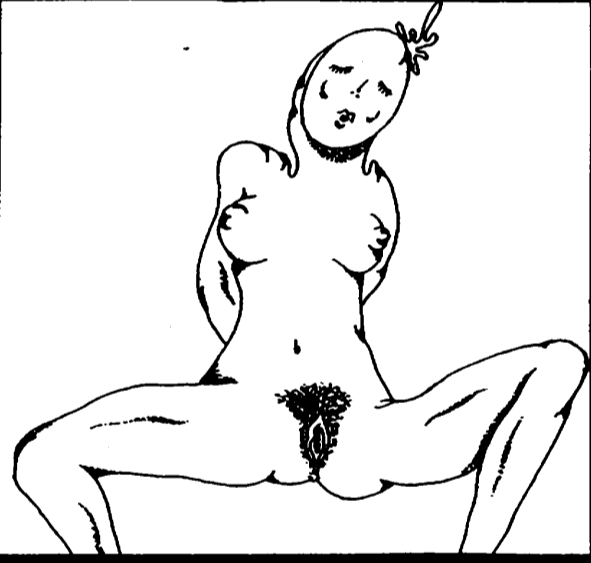
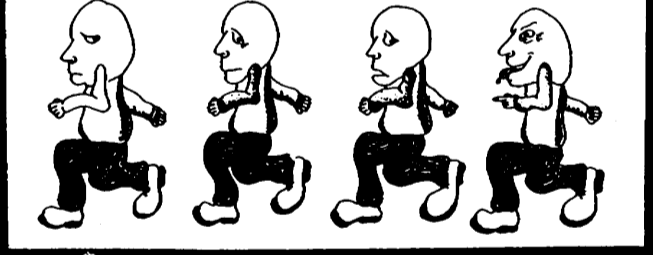
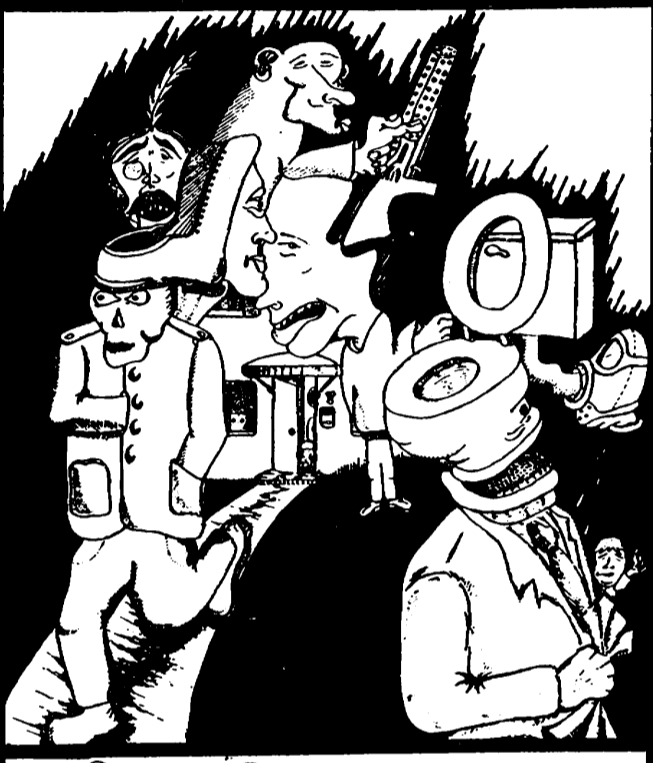
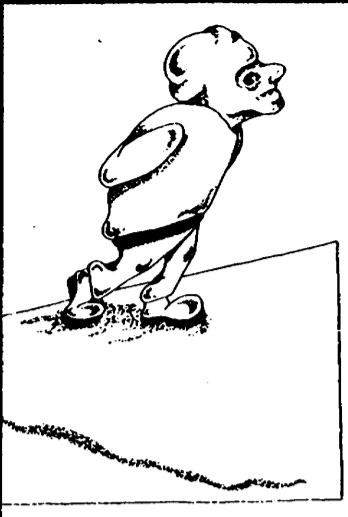
goodbye. . . .

"RHYTHMIC HANDCLAPPING SLEEPING WHAT RECOURSE?"



fucking attanasio's going crazy





BY DAVID SCHWARTZ

Each day on the street a new color swam into sight. Then, week by week, a shape or two would meekly stand up and bow where, in growing acquaintance, part of interest had finally fixed itself. To Carl the passing scene was a moving hieroglyph, full of portents scarcely glimpsed at and sacrilegiously ignored, whose secret design required careful decoding in order to reveal the hidden whole. Pursued, sunken forms could rise and speak through the surface mist. Carl dedicated himself to this forbidden, often foreboding task.

Cynical graffiti, coupled names and pointed obscenities formed only part of Carl's Hebrew alphabet. A cabalist of the broken glass jewelry gutter, he moved in an undisputed realm of abandoned bottlecaps, odd bits of plastic, runaway candy wrappers and old pieces of metal impressed by younger tire treads. Like their archaeological cousins, these discarded members of society pointed to the crucial involvements of the time. An ordinary matchbook, for example, prophecied great journeys in the future. The unsuccessful alchemy of cars, pedestrians, storefronts and delivery-trucks became transmuted into the evocative keys of this master's own hand-drawn Tarot. Yet no matter what their images evoked in random card play, on closer look human beings exhibited fixed patterns of impoverishment. Hardly was a person encountered, but loosely outfitted ones would loudly career forth prepared monologues. For this reason, Carl communed solely with the curbs. Rarely did he communicate with other admirers of the lively concrete as these fellows are few and do not expose their secret calling.

At least these notions are what Carl liked to believe. What other reasoning could explain his frequent trouble with his shoelaces? Halfway down every block, he would have to stop, crouch down and re-tie them. Yet this childish faux pas, secretly an arranged affair of the heart, afforded him moments of what, in affectionate esteem, he called the "low-eye view." On one knee, however, the close proximity of the gutter made him giddy; only a disciplined mind prevented him from swooning entirely under its influence.

Plainly young Carl possessed a sarcastic flair for finding the absurd in any environment. What some called his way with words augmented this visionary gift. But uncanny poets of the situation go unrecognized by the authorities. Before him, at school or at school, were always the steps of some Statue of Liberty to climb, another endless stairway quite justifiably sidestepped by his own experiencing. Yet only after a series of such climbs could he receive citizenship and gain entry into the land of wish-fulfillment. All other routes were destined for Never-land. Carl could not let the blood flow; the existence of capillaries, arteries and veins first needed proof. Since others did not favor his energy, he kept it in check and exercised it only in private. As a result, he appeared as many do, seemingly indifferent and expecting nothing. The failure of feelings was what the age demanded. Carl suffered because he was faithful to his feelings.

Now Carl began to fish for his life with more alacrity. A month ago he left the house of his parents; after another year college would leave him. When his eyes were not anxiously staring at some pattering personage, they sauntered freely down the ruined streets. Every object on the face of that sea floated like a bottle with a message in it that never reached civilized shores.

Trees, branches, the beginnings of thought: you notice things move, cause your attention. A rock gave us occasion to throw ourselves. That kid in Physics complaining about the experiment to perform at home,—I was going crazy trying to find the radius of myself! Let us go then, you and I, when history is stretched out like a patient etherized on a table. Let us go and make our own food. Don't luck, know: I'm sneaking this out, even while wearing shows. Messy on the bridal path. What went by was a white horse when consciousness rode on it. Don't forget to dream tonight. But I can't dream tonight. I've got things to do. Those papers



Into the Passage

due. Sorry for the delay, but it was too nice a day. T. G. I. F. The story of my life.

All the time I'm finding things. Even the past has not stopped. Someone on yesterday's bus said:—I can't tell for the life in me. Yes, that's right, I was left in a basket on the doorstep of an abandoned building. Another told a younger one, females,—I'll have to help you, but I don't know why I should. On this highway you just get taken. Did you? Walking. Up late in the afternoon again. No school now. Nights spent in novels. My education: reading. Look: gambling for old teeth, the students sit weaving baskets. Impatience, they say, will not get you a basket. Cutting a class at this very moment. In the earlier grades you felt the fear of some operation. Always subtracting yourself from the page and getting those problems all wrong. Sun is very difficult to have. I'll never get that basket done now.

His eyes only found the occasional pennies. When you don't think about money, that's when. They wanted me to save. I should swallow quarters to keep the money inside me. Sorry, I don't like mints. But somehow, remember. Reaching into his pockets, fingers came up with a summer postcard from Paris. In big letters: I LOVE YOU. Signed small: susan. The joker. At school I asked her:—Of course not. Like going into the store,—No change, not unless you buy something. He remembered a subway scripture: Man on the moon/on earth: your mama is hungry. To the cent he added some stranded wire smashed into a frozen explosion. To make a mobile of street pieces. Yes in my room. So big hanging down you've got to slide under it to get in. Presently the opposite: my junk all over mounting up. Who walked the mind like a museum? Like you're in a room full of mobiles: you must be mindful of the mobiles. Where can you without your head disturbing something? Careful not to disturb the constellations, they're held by such loose threads, so many loose thighs. Son, that's how it works. So that's how it works. So who knows what! Travel with your mind, who is he anyway? A: The man who lives his thinking. Mind your own madness. The bare head vs. the buttoned-up body. You'd better take off your homburg. What did Jack say? He has a brain like a good piece of hash: hard to light, but when lit, steady and really far out.—You've got to stop playing out your parents' phantasies in your mind. Poor boy, already thinking of existence. picking up a piece of quicksilver. The mirror says you are there, but what does it care? You: trusting in images. A matchless matchbook reminded him There's Power In A Better Vocabulary. Overthrow, overthrow, throwup. When are you going to grow up? Once I stop throwing myself around. As soon as. Spillway, words, on an index card he wrote: I can't promise you that this will be real. My old home, where I used to live,

has been torn down. It's not there anymore; it hasn't stopped going. Maybe I'm coming down too.

Along the highway, it's rule of thumb. Another ride:—Hunts Point?—O.K. I will be in my old neighborhood this way, no matter. Another dropout trucking. Get a laugh by the Broken Boulevard Traffic Circle:—Isn't it a shame, they're tearing down the highway to make more room for the cemetery. The cab is laughing hard too: all those bumps. Step out into burnt coffee smell.—Have a good day. Something underfoot: a glove. An orphan runaway from a Renaissance painting. Empty index finger pointing up to God. No Adam in sight. Wanted: no exp. necessary, hours to suit, wear gloves. Clerk position: mind garden; don't touch anything. Clouds to be filed away, horizons to be typed on.

Stamp me with various dates

I'll put in an appearance

with the horizon, my time-clock

At least I eared three lines. Last job, two weeks now. Memories of money. Five dollars too much for books leaves five too little for tomorrow's rent. A hole in my shoe.

Staring at a small card taped to a loft door: I N T R A N C E. In some neighborhoods, nothing is spelled right. Envision, envision vision: Florida! where each morning oranges are delivered fresh to your door. He lowered his head, white boy in a non-white area. Here men remain home not minding babies but, this country's best, cans of beer. The two hands stay in the same place going nowhere. Salvation wears a watch that does not work. My youth idly works the curbsides in decades: ten, twenty. Negro men are nice for me, play dominoes, forget in the dust in the stooprows in the centuries. Where did I come from? Nicely beer cans tinkle. Hoe Avenue, is this safe? Women carrying their year-old babies. Revolving heads down and around, the little ones squirm in their mothers' arms. Expectant girls nod smiling at young men they recognize passing. Nodding, sad young men kill themselves angrily. This girl has a corner on the fruit market. Up eyelids, peek a boo. —Wanna be my boyfren? Down eyelids, shame on you. People died in that fire-escape place where I once lived. Now someone else walks talks so shiny it's dirty. Their teeth are gold, but they do not speak our language well. Kids remain glued to their places on the rooves. Who wouldn't let the cat out of the bag, he died. This is someone else's movie, wait for someone else's bag. This is Freeman Street, you can't expect a soul to stay. But these cherubim won't come down anymore. The dealer motions: angel promotions. Why youth should want to die. I was not born, I was told. We're already grown. He's speaking from inside balloons. Comics. And the eyes in his head. At fifteen you were first happening. Now the sides of buildings are spotted with

housewives staring out over windowsills warmed by their folded arms. Elevated trains pass on their way to better uptowns. Where I should be? Below hydrants are freshly ravaged by dogs. Before me an old colored lady puts her heavy shopping bags down to rest. I used to do that for quarters. Carry your bag, Mr. or miss? Special consideration one Saturday got me, first time, a surprising fifty cents. Movie money. Go directly to The Last Days of Pompeii. Preserved in lava. Daily business. Stoned. It's the last day before. Getting dark earlier. Better go around Bronx Park. A drunken bum was doing push-ups on the bikestand outside a bank. Carl stopped at a corner bordering on a better neighborhood and watched as an army of ragged kids converged beneath a red traffic light. Armed with dirty sponges and bottles of Windex filled with water, they assaulted the stopping windshields, scarred them with streaks of transparency and solicited contributions with outstretched palms. Coins from the lords and ladies. On their way to distant lands.

Seeing often animals dead in the street. Notice a bird by a tree in cement. Pinching himself to see that he did not respond. But I do. I always look. By all this this. Where's all the magic in this magictown? More orphans by the roadside. Need a hand? We step on the gift. One strung-out shoe. One uptight umbrella. A ripped hooray. Where is the good time they said could be found? Hunger. In a window: pouring cups and spooning bowls. The day's march into the mouth. She's making dinner. Hellomuch. A slave to eyelashes. Don't turn away. A long look, so pretty, between us. The flicker care care care before falling back. Consciousness fell back beneath B A R. Rubbing the (yawn) eyes. Neon light stood up like an old man with shivering bones. Makes an electric ghost of me. To glow in the dark. Like front rows in the big movies: all of it comes in. Or peaking on mesc: all of it comes out. This evening of my fluorescence. If they only knew. Freaky until the vibrations stop. He walked on, attention charmed by energy crucified in alternating current.

Can't go home without thinking they've already got their share of it. Tight. Where can I get five dollars or something? Across the street many went and came by a white way. A liquor store, Friday night, means: money. Me? Today's Post horoscope said You have the right answers to improve your image. Yes, proceeding to panhandle. Here? Near the entrance of. The abashedly bourgeois boy. But I'm a poor student. Go on:—Can you spare any change? A: No, I keep all my changes for myself. Could just see that happening. They look at me funny. Pick-up. Haven't started yet. Everyone must think I want to get a bottle. As they do. Help me out. Yes, O sure! My image, this is funny on the face. Just asking. What if someone I knew. Do I look seriously out of hand? Just have to:—Could you spare any change? That's it, four seventy-five to go. Can't ask the old folks nor the weirdlooking ones. Bottles in the window on their way out snugly carried between arm and breast. With this package I thee wed. Radius: from me to them.—Only pennies. —That's fine. Seventy-eight cents so far. Why are black people more responsive? Even when I hitch. A dollar fifteen. Boy, can I ask her? Disappointed that young thing. No wonder she wants a bottle. And with a girlfriend in a new car. Lots of kids drive up, lots of pockets. I can see why the street freak pros stay downtown. No choice. You can't think too hard while doing this. Cough up, got to keep sticking your face into someone else's field. Tilling the pavement. The same feeling when I hitchhike. Why not? Even a dime. A short ride in your hand. C'mon people. But their hard-earned. Police car passing. Another illegality. Nervously looking for the imagined angry storeowner. What am I waiting for? If worse comes to worse. Signal allclear. They're smuggling the stuff across to me, unseen by the coast. One more and I'll split.

Next minute a black man got out from the back of a private cab that pulled up. Wearing a scruffy, open army jacket, sneakers and a fisherman's hat. A real bopper. But the cab's waiting! Doesn't look the type except for a bottle. You can never tell. Floating toward the store and

(Continued on page 9)

The Walls of Hell Are Pink and Yellow

(Continued from page 1)

Ken Goode, a psychologist, if I could sit in on a group therapy session with the psychotics. He lifted his eyebrows for a moment and said, "O.K." I sensed that he was trying to think of a reason why I shouldn't go, but couldn't come up with anything.

We walked through a long corridor which adjoined the Remand Shelter with the hospital. We took an elevator to the second floor and upon getting out, we were greeted by a guard who said, "They're absolutely wild today. They must have gotten out of the wrong side of bed or something." The psychologist turned to me and smiled nervously, as if to say, "Well, you asked for it."

Inside the cellblock, they were all mulling about aimlessly. One of them was hammering away at the frame of a window. "What the hell is he doing with a hammer?" I thought to myself. I was alone in here. Ken was off in a corner talking with one of them and as far as I was concerned I was alone. No guard, no walls separating us . . . nothing. And gunk, gunk, gunk—there was this madman wacking away at the window with a hammer.

One of them came up to me and I freaked. "Are you a psychologist?" he asked accusingly. "Uh . . . sort of," I quickly responded.

"You want to interview me?" he said.

"Yeah, sure . . . I guess so."

This guy was really weird. He started rapping to me about his wonderful ability to do interviews and demanded that I write down all the information that he was about to give me. He began with his name, his exact address at the institution, his charges, and all that sort of I told him that it really wasn't "absolutely necessary." At that point he became angry and demanded that I "do this properly!" So I began to write again, not wanting to upset my new friend. Finally I was saved—Ken came by and told us to "come on over and sit down with the others."

So Roy Davis and I went to sit on one of the two parallel benches: I sat down on one end and he sat down on the other end and continued babbling about how cheated and unfortunate he was. Within moments the rest of the group was seated but no one could get a word in because of Roy's persistent chatter. (Meanwhile the guy with the hammer was going as strong as ever.)

"You're an idiot!" said this big barrel sitting on the opposite bench. "An imbecile!" he added.

"Wait a minute," said Roy. "Which one? An idiot or an

imbecile? After all . . . I'm emotionally disturbed, not mentally incompetent."

"He was talking about how demanding you are" said the shrink. Meanwhile the guy with the hammer and chisel came over and stood behind the guys sitting across from me. He was wearing shades, so I couldn't tell whom he was looking at, but Roy and the barrel were into their own thing.



"I want to stay here," said the barrel to Ken. "I don't want a transfer."

"Are you a part of the problem, or are you a part of the solution?" said Roy. "If you're part of the problem then you're not a part of the solution. If you're not a part of the solution then you're a part of the problem. Huh? Which are you? I'm part of the solution."

The "barrel" got up and removed his outer shirt, while saying, "We are finished with the verbal part of this session—now the physical." He walked over, Frankenstein style, to Roy and grabbed him by the chest. I was sure that Roy, who looked like the original ninety-eight-pound-weakling, was about to be pulverized. Ken placed a firm hand on the "barrel's" forearm and said to Roy, "No Roy . . . you're a part of the problem, not the solution. You're a problem." He then gave the "barrel" a firm but gentle nudge in the direction of his seat. The "barrel," reluctantly went back to his seat and began to rap about the "advantages of physical communication as opposed to verbal."

"Once I was in the Bronx House of Detention," he began. We had no newspapers, no books, nothin'. We were only allowed two showers a week. So with things being bad

enough, this correction officer would come around and show us black power books to antagonize us. One day he came to my cell to give me my towel. When I reached out to get it, he threw water at me. The next day I did the same to him. That night he came to my cell and threw a bucket of hot soapy water on me. He knew that I wasn't going to stand for that so he brought the deputy around to straighten me out. Right in front of the deputy I started to whup this guard until he just ran away . . . and never came back. So you see . . . it just has to be."

"Right" said one of the others. First you talk . . . but if that don't work . . . pfft."

"Talk, but if dat don't work—stab 'em. Dat's what I been doin' for years," said a short chubby one.

But as the others began discussing their general agreement of the situation, Roy and the "barrel" were still disagreeing. Finally, the "barrel" got up, grabbed Roy, dragged him off the bench, and slugged him. I sat there stunned . . . as if it had been I who'd been hit. I watched Roy get hit a few more times and turned to Ken who remained seated, yelling "Terry! Cut that out! Do you hear me?!" Apparently not. But Ken remained cool as Roy got his block knocked off. I guess it wasn't a good idea to mess with the "barrel." Finally, Roy was backed to the end of the cellblock, by the television. "Oh no!" shouted the shrink. "The television." At that moment I envisioned the barrel smashing Roy's head into the t.v. screen. At that moment I ran down the cellblock and jumped, piggy-back, onto the "barrel." Ken ran over and got Roy out of the way and by this time the guards had come so I got down from my perch and made distance between myself and the barrel. Apparently, the session was over.

The shrink and I left the block and got in the elevator. First it went up—to the third floor, where the psychotics go when they first lose control. This tall, well-dressed, completely bald man walked by as the elevator door opened. "Oh by the way," Ken said to the man when he turned his head in our direction, "What have you been giving Roy Davis?"

"Oh we're keeping him up there," the bald man chuckled, his eyes flashing, "Keeping him down on thiorazine didn't seem to work."

"That was the head psychiatrist," said Ken as the door closed.

The Junkie

(Continued from page 4)

do any favors like that for a stranger, besides you shouldn't get into trouble in the first place."

There was no need in even bothering to tell the desk sergeant about the phone call, so I just forgot about making bail that night.

If you can't make bail, you can't make a lawyer's fee, so the court appoints a lawyer for you. Most court lawyers are young guys who haven't found a job with a firm yet. One of the saddest parts of the legal system is that a good lawyer can get anybody off the hook for anything. The meaning of a good lawyer is any guy with a very high fee, who can afford to have a whole string of lackeys to leg work for him. The lower the lawyers fee the poorer your chances, and when your lawyer doesn't charge anything, Oh brother.

As it happened, my case was picked out for rapid disposal. The city decided to use my case for publicity in their drive to clean up the courts. My trial was set for the next day.

As we stood in the wings and waited for my case to be called, the lawyer turned to me and said:

"I think we have a chance to get you off pretty easy. I've looked through your family history and I think the judge will be lenient, considering your mother and all."

Before I could ask him what the hell he was talking about, our case was called before the bench.

The next few minutes are still a haze to me. The clerk read the account of my arrest in about a second and a half, hardly pausing for air. The judge looked me over carefully and then turned to my lawyer.

"You've heard the testimony of the arresting officer, how do you plead?"

My lawyer cleared his throat; here was the big moment.

"Your honor" he said, "My client pleads

guilty with an explanation."

WHAT???

"Your honor, my client is a poor unsuspecting college student who was unwittingly turned into a heroin addict by his associates. He never would have attacked the officer if he had known he was a policeman, and besides, his mother needs him. She's an invalid and she needs someone to go to the store for her all the time to buy food, and it's uphill both ways to the store."

There was silence. I thought he was thinking of a new line of thought, but there was continued silence. "My god is that it?" The clerk looked at him in disbelief. He shook his head. He turned to the judge, but the judge was asleep. The clerk kicked the side of the bench, and the judge sat up.

"Six months, no parole."

They took me to Rikers Island in a profound state of confusion.

There was a boxer a few years ago named Frankie De Paula, who spent ten years in the slam. De Paul's summation of his time spent in prison was "If you can't do the time, then don't do the crime."

De Paul also felt that the only way to survive in prison was to walk up to the biggest guy in the place the first day you got there and kick the shit out of him. nobody will bother you after that.

As soon as I got to the Island I followed Frank's advice. The only thing is that Frankie never mentioned the part about being put in an isolation cell for being a hostile prisoner. No wonder nobody bothered him.

Well, here I am in isolation, and a prison trusty is sneaking these notes out for me. He slips me the paper and I place the notes under the dirty dishes on my food tray.

This note is just to let all my friends know what happened to me, and if anybody runs into my mother, tell her to hold on, I'll be out in the spring and I'll go to the store for her.



SCHWARTZ

(Continued from page 8)

me. Politely:—Could you spare any change? Hands in pockets stopped before the door. A wrinkled young face shot around and, with a searching smile, stoned maybe, queried:—Change!? as if he hadn't heard, but he did.—Could you spare any change?—Don't worry. I'll take all the children, were the only words decipherable. On into the store. That is, what I heard. Sounded spaced-out. Another wait until on the way out. No one else coming. After a minute the private cab honked. Another minute later the same cat came out with a small bag tucked into a side pocket. Holding out, in one hand, a ten dollar bill!—Thanks a lot, Carl wanted to say but the crazy smile spoke:—like I told you, I'm not going to

take it all. I'm going to leave some for the children.

Feeling moved on and off, but around and around all over that face like light on a movie marquee. The black one kept out his open palm and they shook hands. Both stood as if too full: the boy stooped slightly as if a wave had just broken around him; the man scrunched down into his coat and sneakers like a farmer standing in mud and sun. Again the green jacket reminded him:—Like I told you, I'm not going to take it all. Then walking back and driving off in that cab: who's going to believe this one? Strange cat. Withdrawn, like earth, but there. One who kept on this crazy place taking care of everything and everyone in contact with his skin. What else could you say? For the time being, this one will do.

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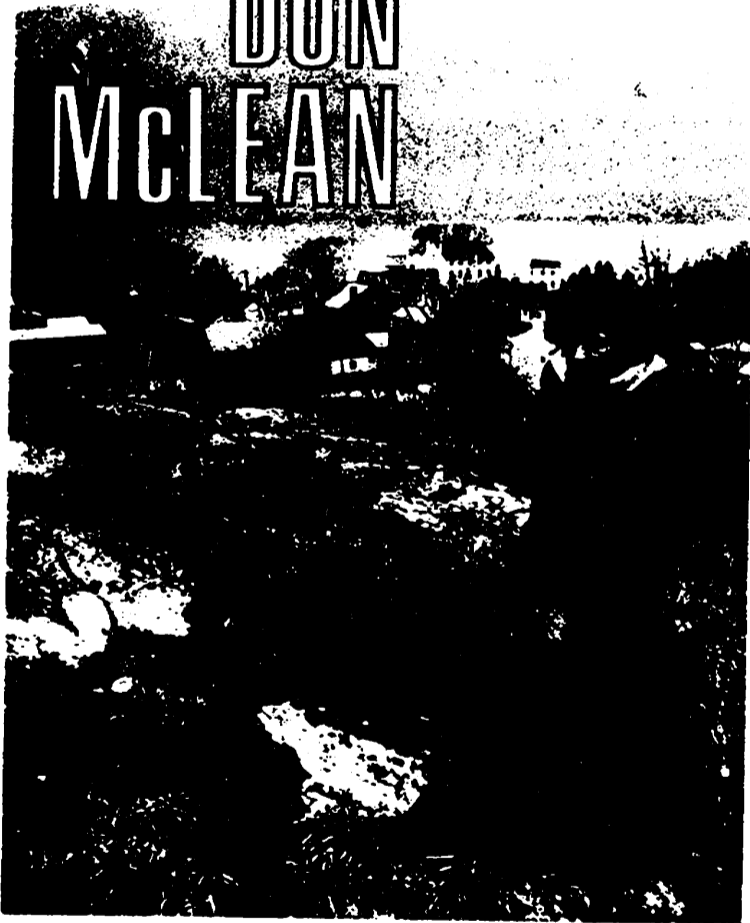
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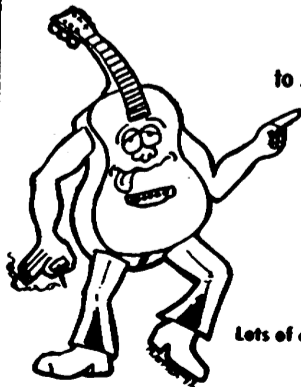
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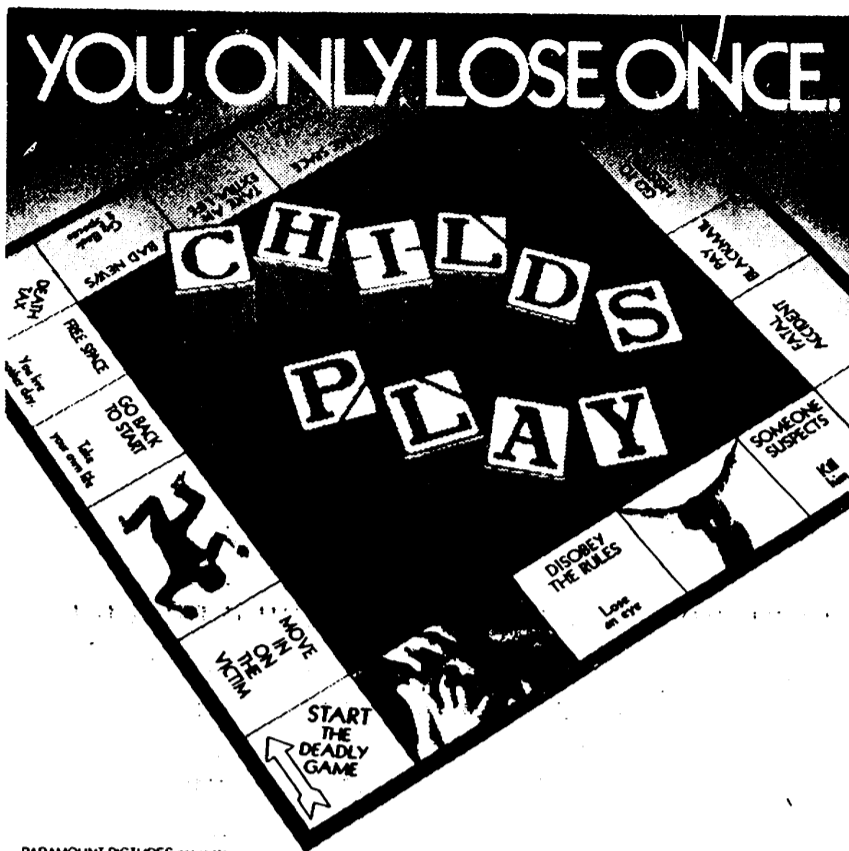
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GRAD OFFED FIFTH TIME

An automobile radio belonging to Student Senate vice president Peter Grad was stolen from his car on Tuesday evening. The car had been parked on Convent Avenue and 133rd Street for a few hours. Upon returning to it Grad realized immediately that something was amiss. After determining the nature

of the dastardly act, Grad quickly took decisive action. "They took my radio again. That wasn't nice. But on the other hand, I had no right leaving it where it would be sure to tempt someone. But then on the other hand...."

This is the fifth radio Grad had lost in two years.



The Beavers of City College gnawed their way to a biting upset victory over the unbeaten and nationally ranked Rams of Fordham University. Well... at least to "half" of a victory. The half-time score at Jerry T. Mahoney Hall, a division of the Paul Winchell Science Building (Hey! Where's Knucklehead???) found the Lavendermen on the broadside of a resounding 34 to 26 lead. Tight defense and deft ball handling contributed to the Beavers surprising first half victory. As for number two... well, that's another game.

On Monday night the Beavers took on the highly touted Blackbirds of Long Island University. LIU is lead by Ruben Rodriguez, basketball's first Puerto Rican superstar (the fact that he is the only Puerto Rican basketball player over six feet has nothing to do with it). The game was marked by the Beaver's repetition of their first-half heroics against Fordham. The Lavendermen led LIU through most of the first half, only to squander their lead and eventually lose the game.

More important than the loss to the Blackbirds was the fact that Raymond the Bagleman (B.P.P. '71) failed to appear for a game for the first time in memory.

Pictured here is the charged up Beaver squad bursting out of their artificially surfaced locker room, led by the Baglebeaver and their morally elevating Lavenderettes. The Beavers were met by a crowd of several hundred enthusiastic bagleaters.

OP'S XMAS REQUESTS

BY KEN WINKOFF

'Tis the season to be merry, and nobody's merrier than the nation's toy manufacturers who once again, have the opportunity to flood the market with such novel games as "Attack," "Freedom's Journey," and "Miss Personality." The latest rage is a game called "The Boss," in which you too can be a corporate fucker. It gives a chance for blue collar workers to hie and fire their friends at will, and reaffirms faith in American ideals. Imagine the look on your brother-in-law's face when he learns you sold him out.

Anyhow, here's this year's OP Christmas List for those who have everything, but deserve nothing:

GROUP I: Urgan Games

The Gypsy Cabbie: This game is intended for those with strong hearts. The object is to run a battery-driven car down a major city street. You accumulate points by hitting various obstacles in your path: a dog, a tree, a police car, an old lady. But no cheating. Points are determined by the number of dents on your cab. If your car is totaled, you automatically win, and the winner gets to set a model medallion cab on fire. Fun, eh! Cucuillo Toys, Inc. \$15.

Spare Change?: Contestants get to choose from a number of choice locations: The East Village, Upper Broadway, The Automat, The Academy of Music and various subway stations. This requires ingenuity, for the better your excuse for needing spare change, the more you get. One example is: "Hey, I gotta visit a sick aunt in Scotch Plains (White Plains, the Plain of Jarres)." Whoever tallies the most silver gets a six-pack. Stakeout Industries. \$5.

A Day in the Bookstore: This game is really easy. Players have 15 seconds to steal everything in sight from under the nose of the little old proprietor: an electric eye. The key to this game is distraction. If you catch the attention of the electric eye, your partner can clean out the Science Fiction section in say, ten seconds, Ripoff Toys. \$10.

Back Door Man: This game isn't as much fun as the others, but it requires skill and coordination. A battery-operated bus pulls in front of your local high school. Your job: to get as many wooden students into the back door before the bus pulls away. There's one catch, though: the door is lined with razor blades. If it cloes on your man, you lose him (for good) and forfeit your turn. Noxious-Fumous Toy Co. \$4. Extra riders: \$2 per dozen.

GROUP II

TOYS FOR DOPERS:

Magic Match: This match is guaranteed to stay lit until you are. Two magic words known only to you, will extinguish the magic match. Not recommend for acid parties. Eternal Flame Mfg. \$5.

Murray the Dealer: Pull the string on this cute little doll and he'll recite such catchy phrases like; "Sure, it's good stuff. I tried it myself."; "You can trust me. I'm in the phone book." and "Listen, I ain't making no profit on this." And for an added surprise, put a quarter in his hand and he mysteriously disappears for a year. Fly By Nite Corp. \$10.

Tootsie Rush: For those who bite off more than they can chew. Looks just like individually wrapped chocolates, but each candy is treated with five milligrams of pure speed. Each has a surprise center: a capsule of thiorazine. Bite 'em for that seesaw effect. Box of 100 \$7.50. Crash Candy Corp.

White Lightning: Looks like smack, but it's really good old NaCl. Watch your friends when the stuff hits their veins. Good-O Novelty Corp. 25¢ per pound.

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