



Students Continue Protest



Photos by Hans Jung

By STEVE SIMON

Anti-tuition demonstrators are remaining in the Administration Building tonight despite an ultimatum from the College that they leave or be arrested. The building has been occupied since early morning by a group of students variously estimated at between 15 and 100.

The students are expected to remain overnight in the hope of mobilizing more student support in the morning.

The ultimatum, delivered by Provost Saul Touster and Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer at 10 P.M., required that the building "be vacated and restored to the College authorities in good order" by 11:45 P.M. in exchange for a promise not to take reprisals against students from the College "who took over the building for the benefit of City University students."

The College could choose to enforce the ultimatum by invoking a court injunction against the occupation which reportedly has already been obtained.

By nightfall, President Marshak had left for Boston to attend a dinner at which he was to award the College's 125th Anniver-

sary Medal to distinguished alumni. He unsuccessfully met with representatives of the CUNY Third World Coalition, the occupying force, earlier in the afternoon.

The administration officially endorsed the Coalition's four demands--no tuition, end attacks on open admissions, end cutbacks on financial aid and special programs, and expansion of such programs.

But the CUNY Third World Coalition and its supporters are dissatisfied by President Marshak's refusal to pledge that he would not permit tuition at the College under any circumstances. Marshak is sticking to previous statements that he could only "resort to every legal means within my power...to countermand the abandonment of 126 years of free tuition."

In discussions with the Coalition's representatives tonight, Touster and Sohmer offered answers to several of the specific demands. They said that Marshak would urge all CUNY presidents to meet on May 7 on the demands, that the SEEK director would meet with former SEEK students to discuss "questions of status," that the Urban Teachers Training Program would be continued through next year, and that the administrators would meet with work-study students next week to discuss increased pay scales.

Demand Proportionate Share

The Coalition has also raised a demand that "true open admissions be implemented" so that CUNY's entering classes reflect the percentage of Third World students in the city's high schools--the same demand that split the College apart in 1969.

The scene at the Administration Building, although reminiscent of student activism of a few years back, was still not as tense.

The takeover began shortly before 9 A.M. as a small group of students entered the

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Student Senate Race Draws To Quiet Close

The Student Senate election is quietly drawing to a close. With two days of voting left, the turnout does not appear to be reaching the 30 percent mark, which would give the Senate validity in the eyes of the Board of Higher Education.

The campaign for about 40 different seats on the Senate and allied committees technically ended last week, after evoking little interest, even among many of the candidates.

For the first time in memory, campaigning is not being allowed during the voting period, which ends at 6 p.m. Friday.

The only hassle to develop so far has been the omission from the ballot of Catherine Cavey, the Student Progress Coalition's candidate for University Affairs Vice President. The Elections Committee said it could not find her name on the "alpha roster," the computerized list of the college's students, until after the ballots were printed.

But instead of printing new ballots, Paula Lewis, the committee's chairwoman, said she would instruct pollwatchers to tell voters they could vote for Cavey.

Other complications in the ballot were removed when Tony Spencer, the incumbent Student Senate president, agreed to withdraw from the race for SEEK Senator and run for Ombudsman against Edwin Lake.

Aileen McCauley of Students for an Active Senate, a slate backed by the Jewish Collective, was permitted to run for president after withdrawing her candidacy for the Finley Board of Advisors.

She is opposing four other presidential candidates, Steve Simon of SPC, James Small of Academic Students for a Unified Campus (ASUC), Bhaskar Singh of Concerned Students for the College (CSC), and James Knutsen, an independent.

The candidates briefly met face-to-face when they appeared last week to see the editorial endorsement of The Campus, which supported Simon as the candidate who "comes closest to fulfilling the qualities needed to be an effective Student Senate president," and who can "take on the difficult task of building a real student government."

The paper praised Simon's main plank, the merger of the Student and Faculty Senates, as "the best plan for restoring governance by consensus at the College." Simon has also promised to give "top

priority emphasis" to developing strong student caucuses in all departments.

Comeback Attempt

Small, who is seeking a comeback as Student Senate president, has pledged to give the Senate a "communalistic" structure in which each of the seven executives would serve as its head in rotation. Such a struggle, he contends, would prevent charges that too much power is held by one person. As Senate President in 1970-71, he was accused of abusing his power in cases in which he allocated money, chartered clubs, and suspended newspapers.

In his current platform, he has also suggested that the Senate have "a shadow cabinet of student organizations and individuals," and publish a newsletter on both

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Report Possible Deal To Kill Student Press

By STEVE SIMON

The State Legislature is about to axe student newspapers at the City University--that was the story that CUNY student leaders began to circulate after returning from a lobbying trip to Albany last month.

According to their reports, the newspapers were going to fall victim in a squeeze play over the CUNY budget. Conservative Republicans from the New York area would vote for a greater CUNY appropriation in exchange for the Democrats' agreeing to pass a bill that would forbid the use of mandatory student fees to support newspapers.

Legislators from Queens and Staten Island, particularly State Senator John Marchi and Assemblyman Edward Amann, have been proposing such bills in the last few years in an effort to strike back at newspapers which offend them. The reported deal was said to be sparked by an allegedly anti-Semitic article in The Voice of SEEK at Queens College.

OP Gains Fame

Observation Post, for printing "pornographic" pictures and cartoons, and The Richmond Times, for printing articles ridiculing the Roman Catholic Church, are also known to be targets of the Republicans' wrath.

"OP" is one of the Republican legislators' favorite papers," commented David Shark, an official of the CUNY Student Senate.

According to Shark, the possibility of a deal to kill off the student newspapers was made by an assemblyman who was incensed by the SEEK article and thought he could find support among city Democrats, who are largely Jewish.

"The effect of (the SEEK story) has worn off," he said, in explaining how the deal fell through. "It's still around, but there's very little likelihood of it being taken up."

Source Denies Rumor

However, the apparent source of the rumored deal denies that she ever mentioned it as a concrete fact. "I know of no organized coalition going after student newspapers," said Marcia Aronoff, legislative assistant to Assemblyman Albert Blumenthal. She said all she did was suggest that CUNY student leaders talk to the conservative Republicans to "forestall any effort to use the newspapers as a bargaining point."

She said that several legislators, whom she refused to name, mentioned their "extreme distress" about the student papers during the current budget hassles. To head off the possibility that the issue of

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REM Pledges Tuition Fight

The following story was written before today's events:

While pledging to maintain the fight against tuition and cutbacks at the College, President Marshak has rejected the demand that he refuse to charge tuition if it is imposed.

The demand was presented to Marshak Thursday by the Ad Hoc Committee to Defend Open Admissions, which includes students from the Third World CUNY Coalition, Boricuas Unidos, the Attica Brigade and the YSA.

However, Marshak announced yesterday the appointment of Dr. Morris Silberberg, Associate Dean of Faculty Relations, and Ms. Gwendolyn Kushner of the Department of Student Personnel Services to co-chair a Coordinating Committee against the impending tuition at the City University.

"I shall find it impossible in good conscience to acquiesce in the imposition of tuition on City College students," Marshak said yesterday at an emergency news conference. "If such action is taken by the New York State Legislature and signed into law by the governor, I shall resort to every legal means within my power as President to countermand the abandonment of 126 years of free tuition at the City College."

Marshak's rejection of the Ad Hoc Committee demands came after a rally last Thursday in Harris Auditorium, attended by over 100 students.

Other demands presented to Marshak by the committee were:

- 1. That he publish a weekly fact sheet on

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GI Project Reports: Marines to Cambodia

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—Three thousand Marines have been or will be sent to Cambodia from bases in Okinawa, according to an April 18 report from the United Front, a GI project of the National Lawyers Guild in Okinawa.

The following information, provided by Marines stationed on Okinawa and distributed by the National Lawyers Guild's Military Law Office is corrected to April 20, 1973:

The 1st Battalion, 4th Regiment, left Okinawa on April 5, ostensibly for the Philippines, but went instead to Cambodia from Camp Hansen, Okinawa.

Motor Transport Battalion 9-1 Marines have seen orders from Cambodia. The first half of the Battalion left Okinawa on April 17, and the second half will leave on April 23 from Camp Schwab, a remote base on the island.

Amtrak Battalion 9-2, in charge of amphibious tractors, has already left for Cambodia.

Battalion 1-9 of the 3rd Regiment will be leaving for Cambodia by mid-May and Battalion 3-9 will follow.

Charlie and Fox Companies of the 2nd Battalion, 9th Regiment left for Cambodia on April 18. Other companies were originally scheduled to leave Camp Schwab April 24, but on April 7 their commanding officer gave them 48 hours leave and told them to be ready to leave for Cambodia as soon as they got back.

According to the Military Law Office in San Francisco, the Battalions that are being shipped to Cambodia are going to points offshore. The fact that these particular battalions specialize in communications and transport indicates that they are going in as "support" for other troops, quite possibly the Army of the Republic of South Vietnam, who will do the ground fighting.

In addition, the USS Blue Ridge, Command ship for the 7th Fleet's Amphibious Assault Force, arrived at White Beach in Okinawa.

Okinawans have told the lawyers' project that Marines on the island said the ship had come to Okinawa for planning sessions. At least two other ships, the Monticello and the Friscoe, accompanied the Blue Ridge.

observation post

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Cambodian Trouble

MARK PESNER

What happened to the War? For some reason, we were led to believe that since the signing of the peace treaties, there would be an immediate cessation to the bombing and fighting in Indochina. Yet, looking at the headlines, we see that the war in Indochina has not ended at all and, in fact, is approaching a new crisis.

Who is violating the agreements? If you look at the News, the Times or the Post, it's almost impossible to tell who is responsible for the continued fighting. The reports are vague and confusing and filled with generalizations. Let's look at some facts:

1. The Saigon government continues to hold over 200,000 political prisoners. This is a direct violation of the Paris peace treaty. Every report from the Saigon jails describe horrible conditions of torture, disease and death. It should be noted that despite stories that are being pushed in the press now, there were never any reports of torture from the North Vietnamese prisons from any of the foreign correspondents who visited the prisoners.

2. The U.S. has resumed bombing of Laos, a violation of the Laotian agreements.

3. Both the Laotian and Saigon governments are continuing military activities with the backing of the U.S. They cover this up by calling the self defense of the Liberation forces "truce violations."

4. There are still thousands of U.S. military personnel in Indochina, many in civilian clothing. This is in addition to the CIA and air bases in Thailand (U.S. operated) and the Seventh Fleet.

What is Happening in Cambodia?
Until 1970, Cambodia was a neutral country. Although it had problems, under the government of Prince Sihanouk, it managed to stay out of the war. But then, in 1970, Lon Nol, supported by the CIA, overthrew the Sihanouk government.

This puppet of the U.S. never had the support of the Cambodian people. Today over 90 percent of the population is united behind Sihanouk and the National United Front of Cambodia which is made up of every democratic, patriotic and revolutionary group in the country. Our government would like us to believe that it is North Vietnamese of "foreign" communists that are causing the trouble in Cambodia. The fact is that there are no North Vietnamese troops present in Cambodia at this time. Instead there is a coalition which has the support of the overwhelming majority of the Cambodian people.

These two slogans, "Implement the Treaty" and "No Aid to Puppet Governments" should become a rallying point for the thousands of people who are still concerned about what is going on in Indochina.

Routines

LARRY PEEBLES

Julius Lester, author of "Look Out Whitey, Black Power's Gon' Get Your Mama," is back on the air again with a twice-weekly show on WBAI (99.5 FM). The show, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a thorough mix of diverse types of music. The real highlights, however, are the terse and well-placed comments that Lester delivers in between cuts.

The show is aired Thursday and Friday mornings between 7 and 9 A.M. Not exactly prime time, but then WBAI has never known its ass from its elbow.

The current rash of Black films has gone a long way toward reversing the trend toward Black pride in achievement that many young Blacks have striven for. Watching some of these films (Super Fly, Black Caesar, King of Numbers, etc.) you can almost believe that the only thing of note accomplished by the Black community is numbers running and dealing coke.

It's angering when you consider that a lot of children see these films and accept the desirable image the filmmakers have created. Perhaps if more Black actors and actresses would acquaint themselves with the effects of their performances on their younger brothers and sisters, we would see less of this.

The housing shortage in the city is being responded to in increasingly greater numbers of students by the formation of cooperatives. Where it's practically impossible to find small apartments at reason-

able rates many have found larger apartments that they can afford collectively. A number of people here at the College are presently attempting to form groups to rent large apartments or brownstones in various areas throughout the city. Anyone interested should contact me at the office. 368-4738.

Mario Biaggi, one-time cop and current mayoral hopeful is the latest in the recent trend of hard-line Law n' Order candidates in large cities. Espousing the same line as his counterpart in Newark, Anthony Imperiale, Biaggi, in spite of his current notoriety as an unwilling grand jury witness, seems to be a strong contender.

Calmly donning the garb of the champion of the "forgotten" New Yorkers, he has dedicated himself to making the city "safe" again. The unspoken question here is: safe for whom?

Twenty years ago, he says, you could walk anywhere in the city any time of night without fear of being mugged. He neglects to add that if your skin happened to be the wrong color, and the neighborhood cop caught you out of your own community after dark, he would help you on your way with his nightstick.

Biaggi seems to appeal to just that blindness in people that would soon transform the city into a series of armed camps, bristling with hostility. Not to suggest that this situation doesn't prevail, to some degree, right now; but only a fool would seek to hasten it.

Letters to the Editor

A candidates' night sponsored by the Board of Managers at Columbia University on Monday night, April 23, was attacked by a group of about 60 members of the National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), armed with clubs, brass knuckles, numchucks and other deadly weapons. Candidates attending were Al Blumenthal-Democrat, Tony Chaitkin-NCLC, Joanna Misnik for Norman Oliver, Socialist Workers Party, and Rasheed Storey-Communist Party.

In their paper, at public meetings and in a leaflet distributed widely in the Columbia area entitled "Whither Rasheed," the NCLC has threatened to physically annihilate the Communist Party and the Young Workers Liberation League and any other organizations that defend the right of the CP to exist, and to disrupt all meetings at which the CP is present.

The NCLC using lethal weapons caused injuries to many students present, and sent at least six people to the hospital. This use of physical violence and disruption cannot be tolerated. It is our right to hear all political viewpoints. Such violent attacks have no place within the student and radical movement and must be repudiated as a means of settling political debate. We must be able to consider and discuss all ideas in an atmosphere of free debate and discussion. Only through open political discussion can differences be settled. The use of violence as a means of resolving "debate" plays into the hands of the administration and cops by lending credence to their slander that the radical movement is basically violent and destructive.

All groups and individuals who support basic democratic rights, should join in a campaign to repudiate the NCLC's attack on Monday night's meeting and their use of violence in the movement. We also call on the NCLC to publicly repudiate their further use of violence within the movement.

On Friday, April 6, I was brought in for questioning by the Newark, Delaware police, concerning the false accusations lodged against Ron McGuire by City College and the NY Police.

It seems as though I had absentmindedly left my check book in Ron's dilapidated, but familiar, car during one of his numerous interstate voyages this winter. I had been plagued by a stolen automobile that was reported missing in the second precinct early in March, but still remains unsolved. For these two reasons, I was subjected to interrogation in the hope that I would somehow implicate my comrade, Ron McGuire, in both instances and add to the trumped up charges maliciously thrown at him.

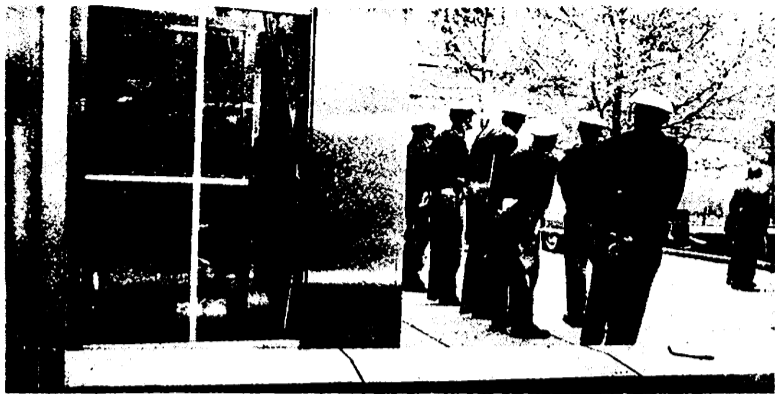
As you already should know, Ron McGuire is the accused radio burglarman (or radioman burglar) who presumably ripped off your college airwaves with a set of "burglar tools", consisting of a pair of scissors. He was charged with various larcenies, burglary, and possession of stolen property, in addition to other fantasies. The checkbook, however, was mine and not stolen, nor fraudulently used. It was reported to me as being "found in N.Y. on a burglar arrested at City College". It wasn't — it was merely forgotten; not that I wouldn't have given it to Ron if asked me for it. The charge was dropped on Tuesday.

I've known Ron McGuire for a while now, from last spring when he unsuccessfully ran for city council here in Newark On Our Voters Coalition ticket. HE AIN'T NO BURGLAR HE AIN'T NO PETTY LARCENER, AND HE AIN'T NO FRAUD — not all. He is merely another brother, perhaps committed more than most (of you) but nevertheless determined to improve the lifestyle around CCNY. Get off your asses and support his defense effort. He belongs on campus although he is "banned."

—Marilyn Markus

—Mark Delmerico

Building Taken in Anti-Tuition Move



Statements and the Demands

DEMANDS

I. NO Tuition at City University of New York.

1. We demand that President Marshak sign a statement saying that he will not collect tuition if it is imposed.
2. We demand that President Marshak assume the responsibility of calling a meeting of all the CUNY presidents, so that they may institute similar action.
3. We demand that the presidents of City University schools let their intention not to collect tuition be known to Rockefeller and the State Legislature.

II. End Attacks on Open Admissions.

1. We demand that true open admissions be implemented, that the entering classes of City College and all the City University colleges reflect the percentage of Third World students in the public high schools in New York.
2. We demand that open admissions be a guarantee to a four year college education, not a two-year college education or post-secondary (vocational) education.

III. No cutbacks in SEEK, College Discovery, College Work-Study, Financial Aid and Special Programs.

1. We demand a reinstatement of the 27 SEEK students at City College that were dropped at the end of April.
2. That College Work-Study at New York City Community College not be cut off on May 5th, as was planned.
3. That Nursing and X-Ray programs at Hostos Community College not be cut.
4. That the Pilot Program at City College not be cut.
5. That College Work-Study wages be raised from \$1.85 to \$3.00 and that there be no cuts in the number of College Work-Study students.
6. That the TTT Program at Hunter College not be cut.

IV. Expand Open Admissions, SEEK, College Discovery, College Work-Study, Special Programs and Financial Aid.

1. We demand increased remedial services.
2. We demand increased tutorial services.
3. We demand increased counseling services.
4. We demand increased funding for all special programs.
5. We demand more space for these programs to operate.
6. We demand that the financial aid aid application deadline be extended to June 1st.
7. We demand that the presidents of the

City University schools assume the responsibility for securing money for financial aid where programs will be cut.

What follows is the statement by the Third World CUNY Coalition and the Ad Hoc Committee of CCNY Against Tuition and to Defend Open Admissions:

Since March of this year, we have been hearing of the City University of New York (CUNY) budget crisis. Now it appears that the "rumors" of cutbacks in SEEK, College Discovery, Financial aid, Work study and special programs are in fact a reality. In light of this we have petitioned, written letters, met with our school presidents, rallied and demonstrated against these cutbacks and possible imposition of tuition this September. The response from the State Legislature, Board of Higher Education, and City University presidents has been "concern for the well being of students" but nothing else. Concrete action against these attacks has not been taken.

At this time we know that if these cutbacks are allowed to continue and tuition is imposed on CUNY the right to a free education will be denied to the sons and daughters of poor, working people and these actions will make CUNY, once again, a school for the privileged.

We, the CUNY students and Third World Coalition feel that we have had enough. It is our responsibility to make it clear to President Marshak, Presidents of the City University of New York, Gov. Rockefeller and the State Legislature that we are no longer going to idly stand by and let our education be taken away from us.

They can be sure that if concrete action is not taken on behalf of the students, there will be actions like this at every school in the City University. They can be assured that the students will not stop fighting until our demands are met.

What follows is a statement issued by President Marshak:

At approximately 9 A.M. this morning—Wednesday, May 2—a group calling itself the Third World Coalition illegally occupied the Administration Building of the College, forcing most of the occupants to leave. This act was committed in the name of protest against threatened budget cuts at the City University.

While few at this College will argue with the merits of the case against a budget reduction, the means they have chosen to dramatize their objectives can only be viewed as improper and injurious to the twin causes of free tuition and an equitable budget for the City University...

Pledges Tuition Fight

(Continued from Page 1)

the status of the special programs at the College and any developments in the State Legislature regarding the Keppel Commission, which advocated the imposition of tuition at the City University.

2. That the College give material aid to the Ad Hoc Committee, including free access to phones and mimeograph materials.

3. The College and the City University system guarantee full financial aid programs, including a cost of living increase over last year's grants; that it be the responsibility of his office to find funds from either private grants or special funds.

The President denied what he termed the lack of leadership on the part of the Student Senate, and the inability of various student

groups to agree on the four demands put forth by the Coalition. "The next few weeks are going to be crucial," he said. "In the past I have resisted handing down what might be construed as mandates by this office, but the unfortunate inability of the students to work together on this crucial issue necessitates definitive action."

The president also went on to say that he had considered the possibility of resigning in protest but he has ruled that out for the present. "I think I would be of more service by remaining and joining in the fight against tuition," he said. He termed it "ironic" that the person who recommended him for the Presidency of the College, Frank Keppel, has authorized the "totally insensitive and retrogressive Keppel Commission report to the Governor."

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Administration Building and asked all the workers inside to leave. They apparently received little or no resistance, and within a short time, barricaded the front and side entrance.

A picket line was quickly formed outside the building by students from a class on the "Radical Tradition in America," and continued until 12:30 P.M., growing to about 150 people. At that point, a brief rally was held at which speakers from the Third World Coalition explained their demands.

"Yes, he could sign a piece of paper saying he won't impose tuition," one speaker emotionally declared through a bullhorn from the roof of the building. "We just want him to put his name on the line."

Coalition members—many of whom are not students at the College—claimed that the presidents at Bronx and Borough of Manhattan community colleges signed a similar statement, although both were said to have later reneged.

After the Administration Building rally, the sit-in's supporters marched through South Campus, chanting "They Say Cut Back, We Say Fight Back," and then back through Shepard Hall. Attempts were not made to deliberately enter and disrupt classes, but the marchers—who now numbered more than 300—received an unenthusiastic reception in the Shepard cafeteria. A few students jeered, others laughed, and still more continued doing their homework or eating.

Many of the marchers were later allowed to join the demonstrators inside the building.

The administration and the dissident students met together for the first time today at about 3:30 P.M. The negotiating session lasted about a half hour and was

obviously inconclusive, although neither side was willing to discuss it.

A half hour later, Security Director Albert Dandridge appeared outside the building to warn the students their action was disrupting the normal processes of the College and therefore violated its rules on student conduct. He left the impression that the College would seek a court injunction to oust the demonstrators if they did not leave by 6 P.M.

While the administration has been claiming that only about 30 students are in the building, some officials have privately expressed fears about the possible damage that could be done to key offices, particularly the Registrar's on the first floor, where student records are filed.

Night Scenes

The administration, however, has been walking softly in an attempt to preserve its liberal image and to back up its stated position of support for the student campaign against tuition and for open admissions. While the administration stayed in contact with police throughout the day and police cars were stationed on Convent Avenue, observers generally doubted that Marshak would call police in.

At 9:15 P.M., about a dozen people were loitering around on the grassy area outside the building. A larger group of students was sitting near the Lincoln bust outside Shepard Hall. They seemed unperturbed by the day's events and more concerned with their evening classes.

A student leaving the Administration building reported that the demonstrators were taking good care of it and were using the pay telephones for outside calls. He said that their forces had been augmented by many students from as far away as Stony Brook and Richmond.

Women's Day Planned

Tomorrow is Women's Day at the College, a program of workshops, films, plays and a rock concert, designed to shed some light on the plight of women in the college community.

Senate Race

(Continued from Page 1)

campus affairs and community news, and that students have input into all aspects of financial aid. He has been endorsed by numerous groups, including SEEK Student Government, Boricuas Unidos, the Dominican, Haitian, and West Indian student associations, the Young Workers Liberation League, and The Paper.

Bhaskar Singh, president of the Indian Students Club, asserts that he is the most qualified for the office because "I don't owe anything to anyone." He calls for better food in the cafeterias, a used book exchange, a weekly senate newsletter, and saving Lewisohn Stadium from demolition.

The other independent in the race, James Knutsen, also criticizes the fact that the stadium is being torn down before a replacement has been built. He would like to see clubs and intramural sports revitalized, and the College's recreational facilities open to the students and community when they are not in use.

Where to Vote

Aside from the presidency, the Treasurer's post and five vice presidencies—Executive, Campus Affairs, Community Affairs, Educational Affairs, and University Affairs—are up for grabs. The Senate itself has 30 seats drawn from Humanities, Social Sciences, Physical Sciences, Education, Architecture, Engineering, Nursing, and SEEK.

Six people are running for two spots on the Finley Board of Advisors, which controls even more money than the Student Senate. But only three people are seeking election to the Student-Faculty Discipline Committee, which requires six student members.

Polling places in the lobby of Cohen Library and outside Rooms 100 Shepard and 152 Finley will be open from 10 AM to 6 PM today and Friday and from 9 AM to 6 PM tomorrow.

In the lobby of Curry Garage, there will be voting today and tomorrow from 11 AM to 4 PM, and on the same days, tables will alternate between Harris and Goethals Halls from 11 AM to 5 PM. On Friday, a table will be in the lobby of Steinman from 11 AM to 5 PM.

Deal on Press..

(Continued from Page 1)

the student press could become enmeshed with the money dispute, she warned the CUNY leaders who had been lobbying in Albany last month to talk to the conservatives in the hope of calming them down.

"It behooves you to go on and talk to them before you create a large-size campus issue," she reiterated last night. "Otherwise, you might make their positions more rigid. What you want to do is convince them not to make it an issue."

In the meantime, the CUNY Student Senate has issued an "advisory" to student newspaper editors on how to handle themselves during the battle over the budget. Shark said the statement—which suggests the student press avoid being "inflammatory in racial or ethnic terms"—is meant to show that CUNY is taking steps towards "internal policing" and that "we're going to handle it ourselves."

The Student Senate is also organizing a return trip to Albany for lobbying next Wednesday.

Black Power

The Black Studies department is sponsoring a debate on "Which Road to Black Political Power?" at noon Thursday in Room 211 Goethals. Featured speakers will be Assemblyman Jesse Gray, a Democrat, and Norman Oliver, the Socialist Workers Party candidate for Mayor.

STUDENT SENATE CONCERT COMMITTEE

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EAGLES

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AND HIS LOST PLANET
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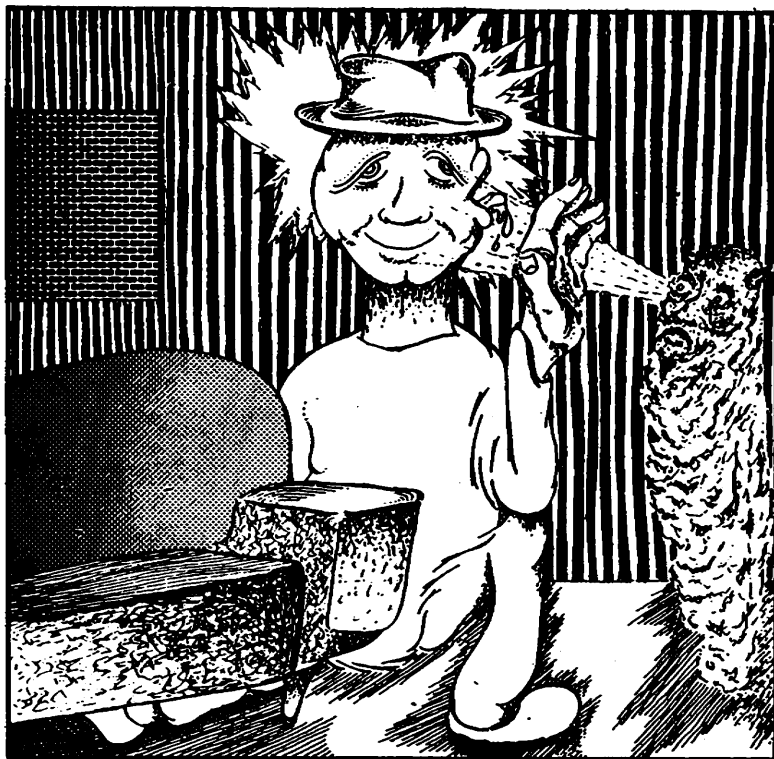
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 KP duty. He even
 ase. Dishonorably

three potato, four,
 t the floor. Making
 is is what I'm for.
 er you're gone.

13 years. No one
 what he did. Sud-
 der. Claims he was
 recalls Tyme as a
 stand in the public
 at his glorious ex-
 il. Anyhow, they
 g on him, and he
 except a bunch of
 eft ear lobe. Taken
 stitched up and
 me went right back

er as mysteriously
 s up that fall as a
 rdware store in
 garage behind the
 all his spare time
 Satan composed of
 pers. Tyme's boss
 have an exhibition
 refused. Tyme left
 the statue was too
 urning.



Fee, fi, fo, fum. Burn these wrappers
 which once held gum. That's all they'll ever
 mean to you. But you'll see it all when your
 time is through.

Howdy. I suppose it's about time I stepped
 into the story. My name is Tyme... Mark
 Tyme, and so far, everything the cop said
 about me is true, except for that part about
 the street fight in Denver... they were
 Methodists, not Mormons. I guess it's pretty
 hard to believe I knew Satan, but it's true.

I won't try to convert you... that'll only lose
 me my other ear... but it doesn't matter
 anyway, because as you may have sur-
 mised, I is dead. Stone dead. Yet, I couldn't
 stand idle and let this travesty go on without
 putting in my cents. You see, all my life
 people have been trying to channel me into
 roles specifically designed to fit their lives. I
 mean, my only purpose was to serve others,
 never myself. You know what I mean?

I mean my father told me (in a very high
 voice, after mom beheaded his pecker) that
 God used people like we use television. I
 mean, just for entertainment. Here's a guy
 who gets everything he wants. A fancy
 sports car?—Poof, he's got one. A martini?
 Poof! What do you give everyone who has

everything? He don't want nothing from us
 because he's got everything! A whole
 population—watch them fuck each other
 over and over again. It's like going to three
 and a half billion movies a day.

Well, I decided right then and there I
 wasn't going to be no court jester for the
 Lord, so I renounced God. Even in my
 dreams I tried to close him out. I could feel
 him tryin' to get in, forcin' his way into my
 head, but I faked him out. He musta broke
 his balls tryin' to get in, but I wouldn't let
 him.

Then one day while I was feedin' Set-
 tembrini, a special delivery letter came in
 the mail. That was the first letter I got since
 Reader's Digest sent me an introductory
 subscription. I opened the letter and found it
 was an introduction to a party on the West
 Side. I had never been to a West Side party,
 though I heard a good deal about them, so I
 gave Settembrini an extra dose of turtle food
 and took off. The party was in an old
 building on West 100th Street. It was weird,
 man! Everybody was wearin' knives in
 fancy leather holsters and snortin' librium
 and lighter fluid and dancin' on the fire
 escape.

One guy was holdin' his head in a bathtub
 filled with wine. One chick was sittin' on a
 turntable as it went around. I was standin'
 in a corner drinkin' some punch which looked
 like cow piss, when this guy comes up to me
 and introduces himself:

"Glad you could make it, Mark. My name
 is Satan."

Well, was I surprised! He didn't look
 nothin' like Rosemary's baby's old man. I
 mean, he looked like Robert Redford. Well,
 we decided to split 'cause the party was
 gettin' a bit out of hand and he feared the
 cops might show up. We went to a Chinese
 restaurant on Broadway and he picked up
 the tab. He dropped me off in a cab and told
 me not to make any plans for tomorrow.

The next morning, we were off to Vegas,
 where we played casino till dawn. Listen to
 this—he put a whammy on the roulette
 wheel and I won a bundle. I bought Set-
 tembrini a new tank.

But all the while I couldn't trust him
 completely, you know? I thought he was just
 part of the trick. Then, one day, Settembrini
 died. I was crying. He was a good friend
 through all those years, but pet turtles
 simply do not live beyond the age of 45. All I
 could think about was gettin' out—gettin'
 away from all those memories. Satan in-
 vited me to live with him. He had a pretty
 swanky pad in the East 60's, and I had
 nowhere else to go so, sure, why not?

And you know, he could do anything that
 the other guy could do. Poof—a lobster
 dinner. Poof—a martini. The only thing he
 couldn't do was that bit about makin' the
 water part. We tried it one winter day out
 at Rockaway. He chanted some weird in-
 cantantation, and I marched into the water.
 But it didn't work. I caught pneumonia.

One day, I wake up and find this note from
 him sayin' that he needed a change of
 scenery and split for the coast. He left me
 his apartment and a thousand bucks
 spending money. But it wasn't much fun
 without him. I started playing solitaire and
 goin' to all-night movies and tryin' to make
 the water in the kitchen sink spread apart,
 but it became very mundane after a while.
 So one day, I packed my bags and split for
 the west. I went to Denver, hopin' to get in
 touch with him. He once said he liked to go
 skiing in the Rockies, even in the summer.
 He could turn a heavy rain into the biggest
 blizzard you ever saw. So there I was in
 Denver, preachin' on street corners. But I
 was stomped out, as you know. Wait—that
 dumbass cop'll tell you more.

So, Sarge, the guy moves back to New
 York, where he takes up in the back of a
 furniture store. Occasionally freelanced as
 a battery tester. Took out ads in the Voice's
 personal column:

Dear S.:
 What's up? Drop me a line.
 Mark T.
 1033 Third Ave.
 New York

P.S. Get the watertrick yet?

The guy's nuts, Sarge. Anyhow, here are
 the details of the circumstances sur-
 rounding the crime:

POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF
 NEW YORK
 HOMICIDE REPORT:

Name: Mark Tyme
 Date: February 14, 1972
 Time: 10:30 a.m.

Details of crime: Tyme leaves his apart-
 ment on the way to a newsstand to buy
 weekly copy of the Village Voice. On the
 corner of 46th and 3rd Avenue, a tall Black
 male, 25 years, 6', approaches Tyme and
 asks for the time. Tyme responds by saying
 he doesn't own a watch. Then perpetrator
 sticks blade, 6" in Tyme's chest, severing
 right aorta. Procures twenty cents. Tyme's
 body noticed at 11:45 a.m. beneath parked
 police car. Perpetrator apprehended at 1:30
 p.m. while buying a copy of Village
 Voice. Confession obtained. Also twenty
 cents.

That's the story Sarge. I don't know what
 the Commissioner's after, but I hope he gets
 it. Don't forget howling Thursday.

Oh, by the way, Sarge. The day after he
 was murdered, a letter came to Tyme's
 apartment. You can read it if you want. I've
 had enough.

Dear Mark:
 Where the fuck have you been? I've been
 trying to contact you for months. I went to
 Denver, but they said you left. I even called
 you ball-less father. I've got a place for us,
 where we can settle down. Listen—meet me
 at the Kingpin bowling alley Thursday
 night—you know, the one where all the cops
 hang out. Until then stay loose.

Chuck Satan
 P.S. Don't get mugged,ugged.

Just Doggie and Me

John Doberman
 Mutts

person who has a
 mate dog—a brown-
 t. One day I was
 and until then I had
 ex. Upon exploring
 s I discovered that
 As he walked his
 rhythmically from
 eamer, I imagined
 bed with me. Not
 y by fantasies. I
 urn such thoughts



I began stroking the dog's ears with both
 hands and proceeded to move one of them up
 and down his neck. The dog at this time was
 already growing impatient and was using
 his paw to direct me to his stomach area. I
 laughed playfully and didn't change the
 pace. He showed his dissatisfaction by
 repeating what he had done before, this time
 not removing his paw until he made sure I
 got the message. By this time I was aroused
 and now couldn't wait to get to the area he

had directed me toward all along. Soon he
 rolled over and was waiting anxiously with
 his legs spread. I squeezed his nipples while
 stroking the stomach area. My hands
 traveled to where his cock would soon ap-
 pear. I touched the opening of his shaft and
 then cupped his balls. They were soft as my
 own and pleasant to the touch. Everything
 was going quite well, however, that dark red
 cock which I remembered seeing on dogs in
 various stages of heat, just wasn't ap-
 pearing. I began to stroke the shaft harder,
 feeling the length within. Suddenly I felt a
 certain tissue at the base begin to enlarge.
 Since it was circular, I began to wonder if I
 had dislodged one of the balls from its sack,
 but to my amazement this was a signal of his
 oncoming erection and rather sudden
 climax. His slimy deep red cock suddenly
 shot out of its hairy shaft and before I
 realized it, he was up on his hind legs
 furiously pumping away. I was careful not
 to let go of his shaft or his excitement would
 have ended as abruptly as it had begun. He
 came all over the rug. I didn't come but was
 so satisfied that it really didn't matter.

The dog now having achieved orgasm
 simply ran into a comfortable corner and
 licked himself clean. He didn't even bark
 thank you, but I understood.

May 2, 1973 - Op - Page 5

May Day: Symbol of Fight for 8 Hour Day

On Sunday, April 29, hundreds of persons took part in a march to celebrate May Day, recognized throughout the world (except the U.S.) as a workers' holiday.

Groups assembled at three sites throughout the Bronx and Manhattan, and marched to Randalls Island at 125th Street and 2nd Avenue. The celebration was sponsored by the November 4th Coalition, a group comprised of workers, community groups, veterans and student groups.

International May Day originated in the U.S. and grew out of the fight of working people for the eight-hour day. In 1884, the beginnings of a movement for a general strike were underway. The strike was scheduled to take place two years later on May 1, 1886. On May 1, 250,000 people the country. In Chicago alone, 80,000 workers walked out of factories.

The police, National Guard and Pinkerton detectives stood on rooftops, armed with rifles. In the state armories, 1350 National Guardsmen were armed and equipped with gatling guns ready to be fired upon the demonstrators. But, despite all this, the demonstration remained peaceful and organized.

Two days later, a confrontation between police and striking workers took place at a Chicago factory in which six workers were killed. A protest meeting against police violence was called for the next evening at Haymarket Square. The meeting went on as scheduled, but a few blocks away, 180 police waited ready to crush the demonstration. As the police marched to the square, a bomb was thrown within their ranks. Police reacted by shooting indiscriminately, killing several workers.

Seven labor leaders were rounded up and indicted, although five of the men were not even present at the rally. Realizing that the verdict of the trial was already decided, the seven used the court to voice their ideas and reasons for being socialists.

Four were hung. One was murdered in his cell, and two received life sentences.

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CUNY Sets Study in Chile

City University has officially approved a Study Abroad Program in the University of Chile at Santiago. The program will begin next February and continue for nine months, which will include two semesters of study.

Students will be permitted to take a wide range of courses in economics, social science, politics, history, anthropology. Special areas of academic concentration can be arranged.

The program is open to qualified sophomores, juniors, seniors and first year graduate students. A knowledge of Spanish is required, and students not totally proficient will be given additional language training.

Deadline for applications is Sept. 15, but it is recommended that students submit their applications immediately. They can be obtained from Louise Faye, room 117, Sheppard.

In 1889, leaders of the organized labor movement in a number of countries met in Paris to form an international association of workers. After hearing reports of what happened at Haymarket, they voted to support the eight-hour fight and designated May 1, 1890 as a day of solidarity to press for the eight-hour work day.

This May Day has special importance for all Americans. Today America is faced with increasing unemployment, cutbacks in federal assistance programs, anti-strike laws and high food prices. We see Latin, Asian, poor white and Black people fighting poor, substandard housing, forced into the lowest paying jobs and struggling for a decent education for their children.

Through the years, Mayday has remained an important symbol of the workers' fight against the forces of tyranny and oppression.

Jody Holtzman

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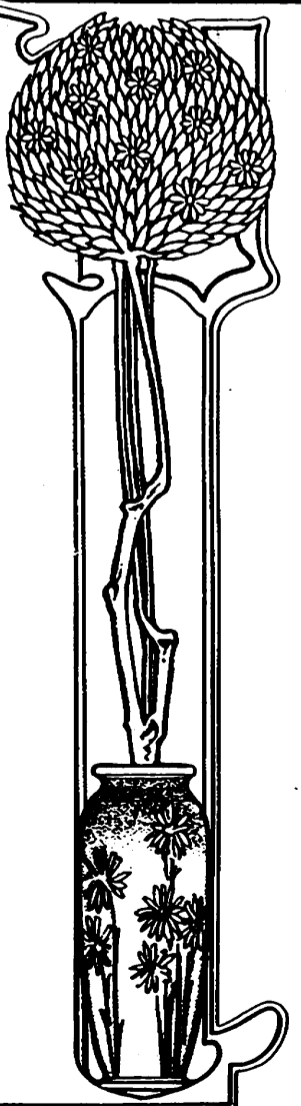
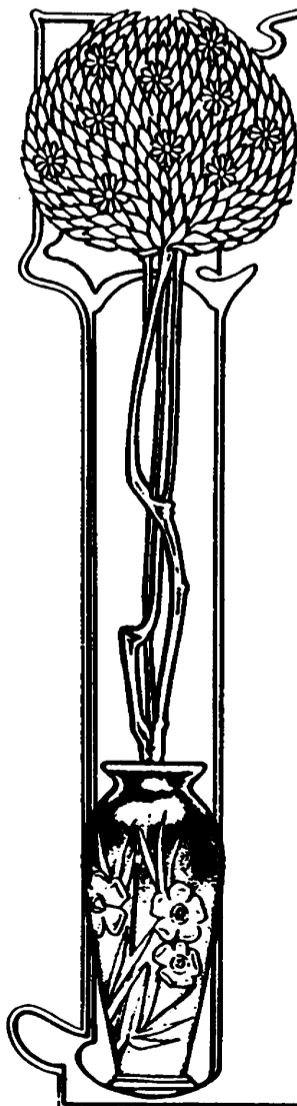
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Seeks Tutors

Boricuas Unidos, an organization of Latin students on campus, is seeking students who can offer their time as tutors. Although there is no pay, volunteers will have the opportunity to work with those who are having difficulties in schoolwork. Such tutoring is of particular value for those who plan to pursue a teaching career. Interested

students can leave their names and phone numbers in Boricuas Unidos' office in Finley 322.

Thelma Thi, director of the City College Switchhitters, invites one and all to a Bake-In and AC-DC Tea Tuesday at 3:00 in 336 Finley.



All Star Strategy

The Observation Post Intergalactic All-Stars at their pre-game strategy meeting discuss what odds they should give their opponents from The Campus for Saturday's Cosmic Championship Playoff in Central Park.

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Sat May 5 Maitree Secular Games New Work II Diversion of Angolo	Sun May 6 Clytemnestra (Three Acts)	Sun May 6 Maitree El Penitente Cove of the Heart New Work II	Sun May 6 Socratic Dialogue New Work I Appalachian Spring
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Airplane Down, Moldy Kinks, Fresh Strawbs

"Born out of the early days of "Love and Peace," two words with great commercial potential, were a flock of bands from the Bay Area. The legendary "San Francisco sound" was then represented by Quicksilver, Steve Miller, The Dead, and Jefferson Airplane, all so different from what we'd heard before. One very clear spring Sunday brought "San Francisco to New York." I learned that phrase from Bill Graham; he taught Bob Dylan everything he knows, in the form of the Dead and the Airplane in free concert on 72nd St. Mall. Since then both groups have done many here and both have gone on to greater heights. The Dead are world renowned for their live music, but what of the Airplane? Yes indeed, what about the Airplane? There was "Bless Its Little Pointed Head" and some very poor material on the Woodstock soundtrack. And then there was studio work, work in the studio and more studio work. Today there is a new live Jefferson Airplane, "Thirty Seconds Over Winterland," and, we are pleased to announce, the baby is doing well but the mother is struggling to regain her health.

The strongest parts of Jefferson Airplane are Jorma Kaukonen on guitar and Jack Cassidy on bass. They make this album. Period, in case you missed the emphasis. These two also happen to form the nucleus of Hot Tuna, which, in the past, has been considered as an offshoot of the momma group, but which today must be looked on as the stronger group (musically speaking). Kaukonen gets better from one album to the next. His work is highly individualistic and shows signs of soaring ability as opposed to many guitarists who seem to have to strain to reach even their most mediocre riffs. The major success in "Thirty Seconds" is found in Kaukonen's Hot Tuna number, "Feels So Good." Everything truly seems to be just right, discounting Papa John Creach's screaming fiddle, especially Jack Cassidy's long bass solo. Kaukonen's two numbers, "Feel So Good" and "Trial By Fire" are so much better than Paul Kantner's five that it makes you wonder what is keeping the group together. Kantner's recent works have been marked by an almost obsessive predominance of "sauce music." His most recent albums have been loaded with space music and science fiction movie soundtracks. Two of the least offensive of these transgressions are found on "Thirty Seconds," (Have You Seen the Saucers and When the Earth Moves Again) in which

Rocky Killcoon

(Sung to tune of "Rocky Racoon")

Now somewhere in the brown hills of the Poconos
There lived a middle-aged politico named Rocky the Goon
And one day his nomination ran off with another guy
Hit fat Rocky in the eye Rocky didn't like that
He said I'm gonna get that nation
So one day he flew into town
Booked himself into the local mansion
Rocky Killcoon, check into his gloom
Only to find Nixon's Bible
Rocky had come equipped with a gun
To shoot up the banks of his rivals
His rivals it seemed had broken his dreams
By stealing the jail of his fancy
Her name was Altica, she called herself Sal Hepatica
But everyone knew her as Clancy
Now she and her warden who called himself Hardon
Rocky burst in and grinning a grin
He said Blackboy this is a showdown
But the prisoners were cold and they let go their hold
And the guards collapsed in the corner
Now the Committee came in stinking of gin
And proceeded to lie at the tables
They said Rocky you met your match
And Rocky said Comm it's only a scratch
And I'll be better I'll be better Comm as soon as I am able
Now Rocky Killcoon he fell back in his room
Only to find Nixon's Bible
Nixon check out and he left it no doubt
To help with good Rocky's revival

—Tali Kupferberg

From his book, Listen to The Mockingbird, Mockingbird Press, Copley 1973.



Kantner manages to keep his perversions under control.

The original sound of the Airplane came from their harmonies interwoven with Kaukonen and Cassidy's instrumental styles. Those harmonies disappear somewhere around Marty Balin's departure into obscurity. A recent addition to the airplane was the original lead vocalist from Quicksilver, Dave Freeberg, in what must be considered a vain attempt to recapture some of their earlier harmonizing ability. Try as he might, Freeberg just doesn't make it. Sometimes you can't hear him at all, as a matter of fact. Also new to the group is ex-everybody's drummer, John Barbata. It may be my imagination, but I could swear most of his licks appear on the Crosby whatever-it was called "Four Way Street."

He isn't different, but he isn't bad. I'm not sure I have anything sly to offset that plain remark so maybe I should say that I think Papa John Creach sucks a big one, no, not his violin bow either.

Speaking of sucking a big one, I think a couple of words in relation to "The Great Lost Kinks Album" would not be misspent. It should have stayed lost. I've never cared for record companies that like to go vault-dodging upon the departure of a group from their label. "Kink Kronicles" was okay because it put together some real nifty songs, but this latest offering is rudely insulting to the ears. I always had the feeling deep down inside somewhere (yes, record reviewers do have insides) that Raymond Douglas Davies could write a bad song. I didn't need it proven to me. "The Great Lost

Kinks Album" proves that but little else.

New from England, by the way, on A&M records is the Strawb's latest effort, "Busting at the Seams." The old Strawberry Hill boys seem to get better with age, like all good wines (Thunderbird, Hombre, Irish Rose). This album contains what must be their most successful cut to date—"Down By the Sea." The range this one tune covers is greater than the ability found in most groups' entire careers. The blend between the strong rock rhythms and the classical orchestral overtones work here like in few other places. Dave Cousins has produced a number worthy of placement in baseball's Hall of Fame. Well, you have to give it some recognition, don't you?

This album also makes Dave Lambert's recording debut with the Strawbs. While he has contributed only one rock number, his influence is still present in a soft undertone but their music has definitely made a transition from their "From the Witchwood" days. Stronger roles are now played by John Ford on bass and Richard



Hudson on drums, together since the early days of Elmer Gantry's Velvet Opera, and Blue Weaver on the keyboards shows an uncanny ability to round out the sound of a group that doesn't seem to need rounding. The album also contains the two most recent Strawbs' 45s, "Part of the Union" and "Lay Down." Aside from "Down By the Sea," "Lay Down" also stands out along with "Flying."

Spooky Tooth, by the way, wins this year's Richard Meltzer Memorial Award for timeless album titles—"You Broke My Heart, So I Busted Your Jaw."

—Gregory P. Vovsi

Mary Travers Keeps on Pushing

When one thinks about the folk music movement of the sixties, the names of Peter, Paul and Mary come to mind along with that whole line of people who gave a musical backbone to what was going on during that period. Well, these three people are still very much around and have recently taken to putting out recordings of their own. Out of the three albums which Mary Travers has so far released, one can see a clear picture emerging of a woman who is very honest about her music and about having people accept her for what she is.

Her latest album, Morning Glory, gives a good picture of what kinds of things she is into. Several of the songs, including the title one, are by a young songwriter named David Buskin who orients a lot of his material towards challenging the sexism and insensitivity which plagues so much contemporary music. Two highlights of the album, "When I Need You Most Of All," and "The Man Song," deal directly with this. In the first song, the case is stated of a woman who wants to know if her lover will always be so full of the praises he seems to have for her at present. It is reminiscent of the King-Goffen tune, "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow?" but takes it further. The "Man Song" is the statement of man's relation to women. In the song, Buskin writes of the pain which the sex roles of our society can force us to feel and how important it is for us to relate without these socialized patterns. Buskin writes,

"I can't stand to stay on guard
I won't think of you as softness
Don't you think of me as hard."

He does not mean to say that men and women are the same, and points out that they should be aware of the things which make them different. Musically, the song goes through some interesting shifts in rhythm and chord patterns to accompany each phase of the song. But the most unique thing about it is really Mary Travers' presentation. She is singing it on behalf of everyone, and the fact that she finds no problems in singing a man's song, and can do it assertively, is what makes her so refreshing. I always found it annoying that in pop music, people felt so bound by sex roles that they had to change song lyrics in an unnatural way so as to not feel less of

whatever one is supposed to be. After all, there is no reason why Joan Baez couldn't be "back with my wife in Tennessee" in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." In folk music, there are endless presentations of songs just as they were written, regardless of who might be singing them, and pop music ought to learn from that. That is a problem for the script writers of plastic, role-ridden artifacts like the Dean Martin Show, and have no place in the contemporary music of a supposedly "enlightened" culture.

Needless to say, the Mary Travers album is a musical experience which takes on several political battlegrounds. In "Running," she sings a song to give moral support to all those who preferred a "visit" to Canada to participating in the mass murder of the Vietnamese people. In "Conscientious Objector" using the words of a poem by Edna St. Vincent Millay as lyrics, she sings of what it means to refuse to serve the forces of death, whomever they are, in whatever society one is living in. Then there are joyous and happy songs: of peace, a better world, and about the way in which other people can give a lift to our own lives. After listening to this album several times, one realizes that Mary Travers is trying to tell us to keep on pushing, and not to com-



promise our determination for forging a fundamental change in this society.

—Peter Simon

New Grin Bares Cavities

As a follow-up to I+I, one of the best albums to come out of America last year, Nils Lofgren and Grin have put out another collection of songs which successfully recapture some of the finer moments of that album.

Since I+I, a few changes have taken place in the group—Tom Lofgren, (Nils' brother) has been added on second guitar, drummer Bob Berberich has improved his singing considerably, and Kathy McDonald's gospel toned voice has been added on five cuts. Unfortunately, these five cuts turn out to be the worst on the album, because they do not fit into the style of the music. If you enjoyed Nils' two previous albums, you might wonder what made him decide to do this, because when he takes control, this boy can really rock—maybe

you've heard "Moon Dream," or "White Lies." Nothing on this album is as good in melody or catchy lyrics, but "Love Or Else" and "Heavy Chevy" come close.

The album also fails when the pace is slowed down for extended periods of time like on "Rusty Gun" and "Heart On Fire." "Don't Be Long" is a piece of C&W boredom, and "All Out" is inconsequential.

At this point you may be thinking, "So what's so good about this album?" Well "Sad Letter" is a beautiful softly rocking ballad and the aforementioned "Love Or Else" and "Heavy Chevy" really rock, so even if this album won't get as many spins as the previous two Grin records, All Out is worth having and is probably as good an album as any American group will do.

—Barry Taylor



"I Lost My Job Through The Washington Post"



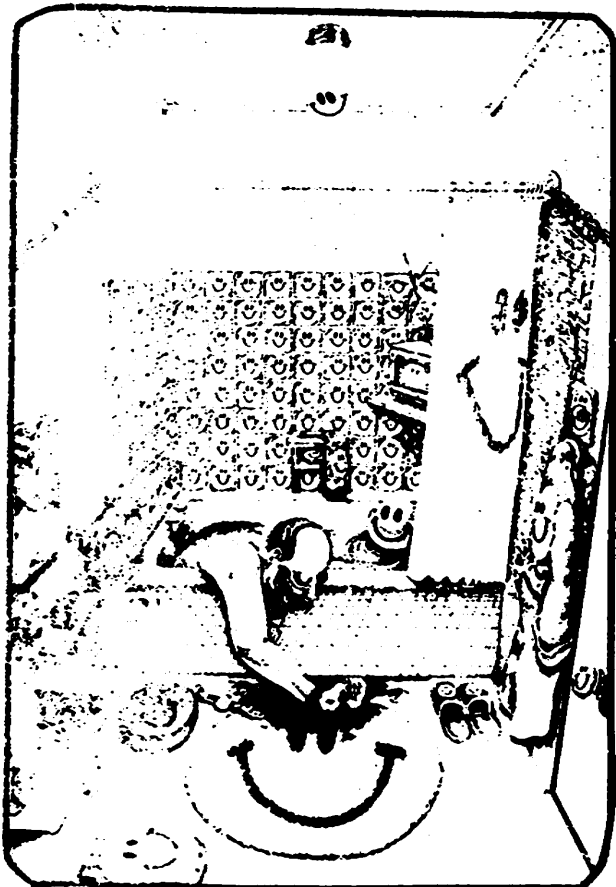
Never buy a slick monster from a greasy character.

Herman, whose electron lesbian smile filters through reruns of Perry Mason sipping Pernod graciously while hungry dogs snort each others genitalia behind the old wooden schoolhouse. And I am watching Dick Trickson on teevee; I jerk off on his translucent video image while fiddling with the fine tuning for extra added foreplay.

Dickson, busted by Lincoln and Abraham, both symbolic of the emancipation of slaves, is pursuing his own emancipation from a shady deal which reveals the human nature of the "new Nickson." The guy has no class, no humility, a lousy sense of humor and dirty fingernails. How could we have trusted him in the first place? He looks like Lee Marvin in "Cat Ballou." He is apologizing for his Aryan cronies, who still faithful to "the master race," decided to engineer the most underhanded, dastardly plot to destroy the spirit of good sportsmanship this country has cherished for so long. But in doing so, they have alienated nearly every American. For the one thing every red-blooded, red-necked Yankee stands for is fair play. And tricky Lickson has violated the first rule of the game. He fouled out with only 1241 days left to play.

He didn't come across well tonight, stained glass with the semen of an earlier orgasm. He didn't come across well tonight.

Herman says he looked like he was on Secoons. I concur. Trickson was just a shadow of his former self, but then again he always was.



Simon Exposed as Bugger Uses Hassidim as Agents

Government officials have found a definite link between the arrest of six Hassidic Jews, who were found going through the mail in Room 152 Finley, and the arrest of Ron McGuire three weeks ago near the offices of the SEEK student government, located on the third floor of the student center.

According to the government spokesmen, both parties were employed by the Committee to Elect Turd Simon Schmuck for the express purpose of spying on the other major presidential candidate, James Small.

A subsequent search after McGuire's arrest discovered microphones hidden in the phones of the SEEK student government office. Small uses the offices as a campaign headquarters.

At the time Simon, and his chief assistant, H.R. "Putz" Rosen denied any link with McGuire, who is said to be a consultant to Committee to elect Simon. The day after the arrest Rosen told a press conference that "McGuire acted completely on his own."

When the six Jews were apprehended last night, they were going through mail addressed to Small. Hadassah Hersh, the leader of the six suspects, reportedly told the Wackenhut guards they were "looking for mail for the UJA."

Informed sources have told this reporter that in McGuire's testimony before the Grand Jury, he charged that he was working directly on the orders of Rosen, and that many prominent members of Simon's staff were in on the planning of the attempt to bug Small's headquarters.

When informed of McGuire's testimony last night, Small said that "if Rosen knew, then Simon knew too." Small then reiterated his charge that Simon should resign from the race.

It has been learned from informed sources within Simon's campaign that the money used to finance the espionage came from a phony fund-raising drive sponsored by Simon. The drive for the "City College Bail Fund" collected money on campus for a period of two months. According to the sources, the money from the drive was hidden in a wall safe in the office of "Peppy" Silverfarb, and then transferred to the account of the Eastern Parkway Mothers for Peace.

The six Hassidic Jews who were apprehended last night are all known members of the Mothers for Peace group. Their link to McGuire came about when a check made out to McGuire from the Mothers for Peace was found in his car.

It has also been learned that the listening devices found in Small's headquarters were purchased from the Sans-a-Bug Company of Cunt Lick, Indiana. A subsequent inquiry with the company showed that the devices were purchased by check. The check bore the name of the Eastern Parkway Mothers for Peace.

In a telephone interview this morning, Rosen repeated his claim of innocence. He said that he has never met Hadassah Hersh or any of the other members of the raiding party. Rosen went on to counter charge that members of Small's campaign have been calling prominent City College Jews in the late hours of the night and saying that they were calling on behalf of the coalition of Arabs and Muslims for Simon.

Rabbi Arthur Zuckerman, campaign director for third party candidate Aileen McCauley bitterly denounced Simon in an interview yesterday. "Simon has always been an alienated, masturbating Jew. This attempt to steal the Jewish vote is despicable, but no surprise to me that he would stoop to such low tricks as spying on the opposition."

McGuire told the Grand Jury that he had no knowledge of any attempts to bug McCauley's headquarters but that such operations may have been carried out by other members of the Committee to castrate Simon.

Harry Meisel, the chief investigator in the case has promised to get to the bottom of the whole affair. "We will trace this back to its original source," he said.

Simon has still declined to comment on the situation. However, Rosen continues to deny persistent rumors that he is under pressure to resign. He says that Simon still has confidence in him and points to the fact that Simon called him last week to wish him a happy Purim.

Rosen has said that "McGuire is a liar who is just trying to save his neck by implicating innocent people." McGuire says that he "will never be the scapegoat for the rest of the committee."

~~~~~ Poodle Passion ~~~~~

By Sergeant Preston

A few months ago I was at an old girlfriend's home. We had run into each other on the street and one thing had led to another, as it always does, and the next thing I knew we were at her place in bed. Disliking as I do to say anything negative about anyone, I regret having to admit that old Rachel was less than adept at balling. So, after we finished up, I hopped out of bed to get some food while Rach went to take a shower. While I was futzing around in the fridge one of the two large poodles that Rachel owned came over and began sniffing my still-turgid schlong. Soon her tongue began sloshing back and forth over the length of my rather large shaft. It was not unpleasant.

Leading the doggie into the living room I sat down with my legs spread. The dog began swallowing most of it and then sloshing its tongue over the rest. Then abruptly it turned around and presented its rear end. Always a believer in the tit for tat philosophy of interpersonal relationships, I began to rub its genitals softly back and forth with my hand. I was curious to know if we could proceed with the next step, and shortly my question was answered when the dog began whimpering and bumping its vagina against my leg.

Leaning over and getting down on my knees, I brought the tip of my dork into contact with the

enlarged lips of the pooch's cunt. Pressing slowly forward I sank about half my length into the cushiony hole. The dog's body started to vibrate as if it were approaching the critical stage.

At that moment the other dog wandered into the room, no doubt smelling the juices that were being produced as a result of our coupling. It came over to where I was moving in and out of its mate and stood, watching, for a moment. I was afraid that it might take offense and try to bite me, but instead it put its nose down by my balls and began tonguing them.

As my shaft withdrew from the first dog's sheath, the other dog licked the part that was exposed. This went on for a few moments until I felt I was coming.

Suddenly, the door to the room opened and Rachel walked in. I was horrified that she would denounce me as some sort of pervert to our mutual friends. I came to an abrupt halt and the imminent orgasm that I had been approaching subsided.

To my complete surprise she smiled wordlessly, and walked over to our little group on the floor. She lowered her head to the second doggie's body and began to manipulate his penis. He instantly responded by erecting. As her mouth closed over the head of it she looked up at me and our eyes met in the unspoken understanding that I would be visiting her a lot more often from then on.

observation post

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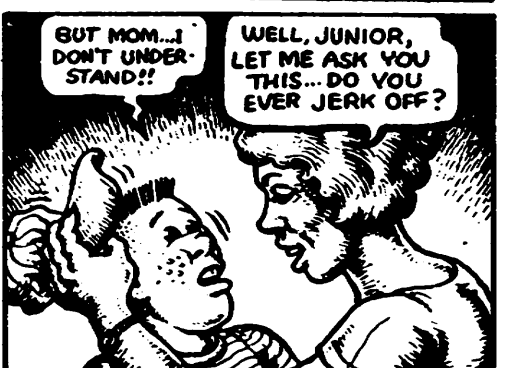
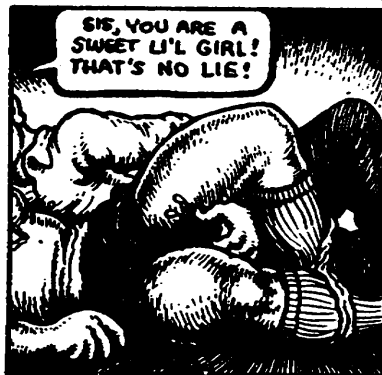
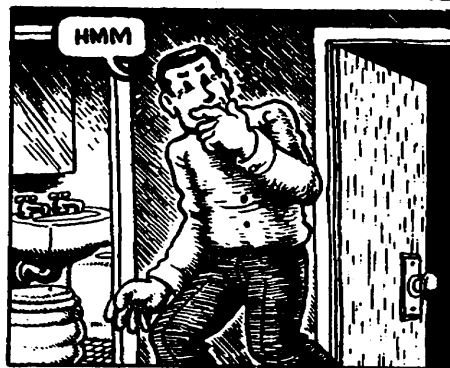
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Notice

As a follow-up to Women's Day, a rap group is being formed to discuss problems and harassment arising from sexual encounters between women students and professors at the College. Interested women should leave a note in Observation Post addressed to the Women in the University Rap Group.



by Rene Magritte
Cover: Top Painting - The Lovers
Bottom Painting - The False Mirror



Mental Patients as a Subculture:

by Alan Granville

Between 1963 and 1966 I was admitted four times to one of those monolithic state hospitals in Suffolk County as a paranoid schizophrenic, and for the past two and a half years I have been cramming down psychology courses almost exclusively in order that I may get my B.A. in a more practical and judiciously chosen field than fine arts, my previous major. This constitutes my credentials to relate to a student public some gruesome personal experiences as a mental patient and to describe what I feel to be a change in the ego state of one group of patients. If you feel insanity to be incurable or if you interpret psychosis as a blissfully mystical and revelatory trip and a half, all I can tell you at the start is the line a psychiatrist threw at my wife when he momentarily lost his professional composure and reacted like layman, "Drop dead and jump out of a window." Inhumane? Not in the least. Quite frankly, doctor-baiting is also a professional sport—perverse but gratifying. The only thought I wish to project through this article is that no crazy man is a terminal reject.

I have seen them go all the way out—off the wall as can be imagined—and then swing back to conventional reality from what R.D. Laing has termed "an existential death". I have been there and back myself on grass, acid and psychosis, combined or separately. Psychogenic factors, hereditary predisposition to mental illness and environment can play sledge-hammer roles in prying loose your rationality when lucidity bounces off the ward wall and drops you into a void where reality isn't there anymore. Fucking crazy? In my opinion even after having recovered from such a state for seven years without a relapse, the way we process, diagnose, classify, pigeon-hole accordingly and lock up such people is even crazier.

One of the most progressive and humane psychiatrists of our time, R.D. Laing has described the initial psychiatric interview with a patient in a typical hospital as "a degradation ceremonial" and the patient goes down the assembly line learning his new identity he finds "the social event becomes a political fact." When your capacity for independent judgement is in question and denied to you, and even crazy judgements are better than none, you haven't the legal recourse of even a common thief. What still amazes me looking back, is how many sound judgements can be made even when you're so screwed-up and schizophrenic that all you can do is spew out a word salad, meaningful only to you, for want of coherent speech. By the time the ward doctor gets through asking you how many fingers he is holding up, what year it is, who the president is, and by the time you're mugged and fingerprinted (not a practice in private hospitals) stumbling around in a tranquilized stupor, you realize you're getting the shaft... somehow. It's all been put down better than this and in more graphic detail by patients and professionals in two paperback anthologies, *The Radical Therapist* and its sequel *Rough Times* which I refer you to if you groove on anarchistic socialist orthodoxy and lib movement rhetoric. I, for one, find no orthodoxy, neither political, religious or philosophical "gets it" for me—but that's a digression.

There is no brutality quite as simple as a locked door to the mental patient and contrary to what I have been taught, there is always constant scuttlebutt on the ward as to who is getting out next, who has a six hour a day job as handling urine-soaked laundry from geriatrics for a two dollar store card per week (no cash) and a grounds pass, and who has the most visitors. It is not uncommon either to find a certain snobbery, a social ladder of interconnected cliques based on the soundness of mental faculties or what the patients perceive as such. The most common conversation among patients revolve around arrival and departure from the hospital ("First time in?" "Yes."—Laughter) and whether or not a patient has ever had shock treatments. There are two predominant certainties for almost all patients:

the ward

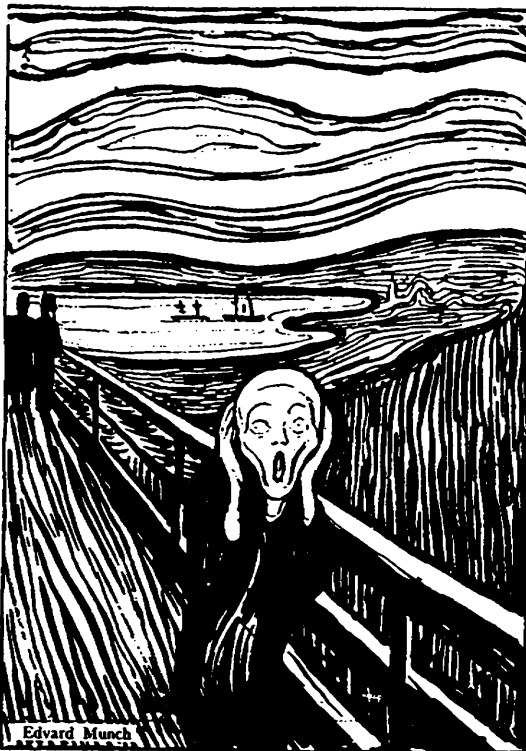
Now universal time passes slowly,
And the days drag on,
With the television blasting all day on the ward.
In a small dayroom where all the patients gather,
There is little to do and boredom sets in.
No one is going to relieve it,
For boredom is part of the mental hospital.
The nurses come and go,
From different colleges.
Staring at the patients as some sort of strange animals.
They come and sit with us,
And talk about nothing.
Nothing is our sickness.
Where are the psychiatrists...
They are out to lunch and we are left here all alone.
In the boredom of blasting television sets,
To figure it out for ourselves.
We all want to leave and go home.
But no one believes us.
So we stay here and rot in the madhouse.
There is nothing...nothing to do.

—Ira Klein

Nobody wants shock treatments after they've had them and everybody wants to get the fuck out of the place as soon as possible.

One psychology professor once remarked to the class that if any layman visited a hospital ward they wouldn't be impressed by how crazy the people looked as they do in *Marat-Sade* for example, but what would really shock the naive observer is how normal many of the patients would seem. The whole game, as one soon catches on, is not to give up, as long as you hate the bleak dormitories and TV hall dayrooms and will do practically anything to get from under a place where activity with few exceptions is limited to pacing the floors in a non-productive vacuum you have a grain of sense left.

After I had been released for the fourth time I found myself living in a decrepit, furnished room on a can of Gebhardt's chili and two packs of Camels a day afforded to me by a welfare budget. Let me tell you, it may have been a filthy hole, I may still have been too spaced-out to be productive in any way but I had privacy, my madness was now my own bottle and that room with twelve water pipes, a



buckling wall and a defunct bathroom was heaven. It was at that juncture of my life that I knew I would make it in the street with whatever friends I could find or I would be impaled behind barred porches and narrow windows for a long time. I suppose this whole tirade sounds like just another pity pitch with a rhetorical format to plug for my own conception of humane treatment for mental patients. Actually, this is not the case, because all of us, patients and non-patients, have seen attitudes of clinical sterility struck by professionals too often and have been rejected and run off by enough laymen, whether employers or casual friends, to know better than to expect anything else till we can at least learn to appear "normal" enough to re-adapt. Those of us who have been able to do just that, still wonder what it would take to change the attitudes of a smirking, skeptical and frightened public towards the loonies. As might be expected, even reform through legislation is still only coming through at a snail's pace.

Hospitalizations of more than a few weeks generally uproot a patient's life drastically, loss of job and apartment being minor disturbances compared to the new way a patient must learn to think of himself. Since at least 50 percent of all mental patients, whether incarcerated for shorter periods in private hospitals or at least months in public hospitals, return to the hospital for at least one more "trip", it is assured that the patients' economic future is shattered. Unless he's a good liar and has a verifiable cover story for the few years, the process of a final recovery often takes (if any) his employment prospects are sketchy. There are agencies where one can declare mental illness, indeed one must for all civil service jobs or risk being ultimately found out and automatically fired, but as a rule the jobs available through these agencies are on a par with the type of temporary employment students are willing to accept for a summer. But what R.D. Laing says, "the social event becomes a political fact" goes beyond legal and purely practical considerations: the real wound is the way the patient learns to regard himself: as a "reject", a "different" person, a person with "emotional problems". These are some of the clichés directed at the patient by professionals to indicate the nature of his condition. At no point is the patient led to believe that his reality is anything but an abnormality or that his condition might very well be the result of a completely reasonable response to an intolerable situation within society or family. The first step to gain release from the hospital always taken as a sign of health and insight is to declare the fact that one is somehow

"sick"—upon occasion it even helps to cook up a few problems that you intend to cope with if released. It never helps to show any signs of resistance to the hospital staff.

Nobody knows what the fuck schizophrenia is, (I was surprised to find out as a psychology major how little the clinicians know about it other than interpreting the overt symptoms which are quite remote from the experience itself. Among veteran patients the word rings a knell like the word cancer, to your straight friends it means you've undergone some mysterious change and they look at you as though they expect you to develop maggots like some piece of rotten meat in a fly-trap. Sometimes it comes on in the form of a wierd, wide-eyed stare from relatives, a frankly curious look at you. It takes all of five minutes to convince your own parents you're the same person you always were essentially and after that you can start toting up your real friends, the ones who don't tell you "up the dock" the second time your brains get scrambled.

If you haven't heard of R.D. Laing or the books I mentioned above, perhaps some items in the media mentioning the "Mental Patients Liberation Project" have caught your eye. These small articles describe demonstrations and sit-ins by mental patients advocating no more involuntary commitments to hospitals among other reforms.

Even as a former psychotic, I had some doubts myself when I decided to visit M.P.L.P.'s store front on East Fourth Street. It must have taken me all of half an hour to become convinced that M.P.L.P. wasn't a substitute title for paranoids synonymous and I found that just hanging around that dump constituted a de-conditioning process for me. Not only were some of these people as together in their head as anyone else who might drop in out of curiosity, but they were kind and responsive to one another. They don't hand out propaganda; they don't give the impression they're hustling for a fast conversion to their frame of mind. They sit around and rap often humorously but not always amicably either and there is no feeling of anything covert going on. It is the absence of professional supervision that makes one feel a total lack of restriction combined with the feeling that something has been returned to one intact and after years of psychotherapy.

It is difficult to saw how this attitude of self-respect and independence is disseminated at M.P.L.P. The walls of the place are covered with newspaper clippings relevant to M.P.L.P. but that's only information as necessary as it might be. What intrigues me is something that would be curiously ironic if it didn't constitute a method of serious change within the patient himself. Every patient and every doctor knows that a patient makes a voluntary act of commitment to therapy when he makes the first phone call for help unless, as in many cases, he's brought into a hospital with his eyes clicking around like marbles and a cop on either side half dragging and half carrying him while he's cuffed hand and foot. Once in psychotherapy the patient soon learns that it is his role to talk and the therapist's to listen and comment as appropriately and effectively as he can. The irony lies in that one can't help but feel that a similar dialogue is of an induction process at M.P.L.P. which implies that the process is anything but an intellectual one and that the new member soon feels he is among friends who know why he's there better than he does. But these are only personal impressions of my first few visits to the organization and impressions I am sure of my newest acquaintances might well find amusing. As I continue this diatribe I will eventually relate to you what I consider to be the gruesome experiences I promised you so that you might appreciate more fully the impact that M.P.L.P. had on me. I would like to interject the psychiatrist I have willingly continued treatment with for the last four years approves of M.P.L.P.'s function most emphatically if only because even to the most clinically conditioned mind there is always some validity to a patient's reactions to their environment and M.P.L.P., no matter how radical some of their positions, are striving to bring the conditions within state hospitals into the public consciousness. No one but the most narrow-minded hack would deny that the facilities in these institutions are deplorably inadequate. To paraphrase *The Radical Therapist* these psychotic cities which only serve to house thousands of patients, are only dumping bins for those who are unable to make it within the present social system.

I was brought for the first time to a state mental institution from a county jail where I had slung macaroni in the face of a pig, started fires and been as obstreperous a "con" as I possibly could be. Unfortunately I was also off the wall, delusional, hallucinating and as mad as a march hare. My initial psychiatric interview was a unique one—first I threatened to put my eye out with a letter opener I held against it—well, the man didn't fall for that one and refused my demand for an instantaneous release. When I picked up a desk lamp and threatened his physical being, the aides were stopped in mid-stride by the doctors' laconic injecture. "Let 'm run" so I promptly threw the lamp through a glass medicine cabinet and strolled out of the office. That was my one brief moment of victory because I soon found out patients were ordinarily thrown into straight jackets (which are much more comfortable than they look till you try to smoke and get a burnt chin) for at least an hour or two at a time for such trifles as hitting another patient. I have heard that goon squads have disappeared and I can't say that is necessarily a good thing. The goon squad is an informal group of elite patients who are ignored by the doctor as not existing at all but unofficially endorsed by the aides to keep order on maximum security wards because the aides make a practice of very seldom exer-

No Accolades for the Weirdo Factory

cising brutality themselves and like nothing better than to lock the dayroom door from meal time to meal time and drink coffee in their office on the other side of the door. I always found efficacious and sound politics to establish some friends among this group of patients both for protection from the type of patient who, unsubsidized by friends or family, is only too willing to bang your head on the floor till you surrender your pack of cigarettes and to make it possible to have a two dollar pint of port smuggled in every once in a while. I never knew anybody who couldn't instinctually comprehend on an animal level, no matter how psychotic, the law of a fist in the face. That head and floor scene for a lousy pack of cigarettes actually happened to me once. But my initial interview with a psychiatrist was a humane one because he realized I had not yet learned the ropes well enough to comprehend how fruitless all rebellion and resistance is—it just isn't the way to get to the other side of that steel door or rather two or three of them.

Any resistance even verbal is considered "sick" and showing a "lack of insight" on the part of the patient no matter how ludicrous the doctor's interrogation may seem. The only sane questions I was ever asked were "how did I feel" and "what was I doing there."



Mental hospitals do afford the chance for the patient to be in a subdued situation, tranquilized like a zombie to escape all pressures. The patient is usually housed in a dormitory, has sing-a-longs and arts and crafts about four hours a week to keep him busy and is fed the starchiest, blandest and most overcooked diet imaginable. Even by military standards the meals aren't fit for the pigs that are fed the garbage and leftovers. The delusions of paranoia have a way of dissolving after a while under such conditions, but every patient, as much as he might strain at the bit for a discharge, also knows the only real test is the outside world and after months of institutionalized life he generally leaves the hospital on shaky legs, dreading the return trip before it begins. Each time he comes back or is brought back he has to swallow his gorge and that much more spirit is taken out of him. I know of some people who are truly caught in a revolving door when released they're just taking a constitutional for a few beers and carry their return fare in their passive acquiescence to the fact that there is nothing they want to do with their lives anyway. When I think of friends like these. I can't help but wonder where depression or whatever the disease is leaves off and the institutional system begins in creating such outlooks. As one of my friends has put it, "I realized that hospitals are no solution a long time ago. I don't know why I keep going back except for the shit I go through in my head." And this is a guy who sleeps in public shelters for fifty cents more often than he is able to manage his welfare budget well enough to pay rent on a room. Once he dropped in on me because the girl who had taken him in for a few months had returned to the hospital the previous week and he was tired of living on

catsup and bread. Although atypical in terms of functioning, he is a character to hear about because he's not enough of a fighter for his own good and would rather cadge food, beer and cigarettes wherever he can and only go to the hospital when he is truly crazy or truly desperate.

I didn't need M.P.L.P. to tell me that a person like this could benefit more by a purely voluntary system of incarceration, a completely open come and go policy, rather than months of forced imprisonment at a time. Even if you sign yourself into one of these joints, you are forced to stay in the doldrums of ward boredom which grabs you like a contagion in no time and which always lasts through the long, monotonous months of routine life. If a person can't function 100 percent, allow them to function even 40 or 30 percent but don't intimidate them by restricting their choice to total abstinence or total gluttony of custodial care. While there may be many more half-way houses now than there used to be, they exist more as a transitional platform to fire the patient back into the community and only serve to cushion the stress that would certainly be thrust on them with the more complete shock of being shoved right back into the old hassles.

And what about psychotherapy in state hospitals? I know of one doctor only who spoke to each patient, about thirty to forty of us, every Saturday morning. This was indeed royal treatment because each patient got an unheard of three to ten minutes conversation with a doctor per week. This was indeed unusual because it was the most I ever saw of any doctor in a state hospital. On my third trip there, there were four to six of us in group therapy with a psychologist for two hours a week. Not only was it four to six people out of thirty or forty on a ward but a vast majority of wards lacked even this facility. I might add that nine years later I still send that psychologist a Christmas card and get a Chanukah card in return, and up until five years ago we exchanged annual letters. I haven't the slightest doubt he's still a wise guy but such was the impact of four hospitalizations with virtually no treatment but room and board at Auschwitz on the Dyne as I used to call the place. I still have a warm regard for the man who listened to such a variety of complaints and nourished the nucleus of the group for six months.

I have heard there have been some reforms in connection with the laws that govern involuntary commitment since 1966. A person who just splits from the hospital without even signing out against medical advice, unheard of in state hospitals, no longer becomes a fugitive from the police. The man could always spot hospital clothes coming down the highway with a thumb out a mile away. And one reform which I am sure every state mental patient applauds is that shock treatment, electro-convulsive therapy, can no longer be given unless the patient himself signs for them regardless of who else does it for him. I for one had fourteen such treatments the third time around and since they didn't use sodium pentothal or any anaesthetic beforehand, the sheer terror of passing out from a convulsion, although not painful is enough to guarantee that I would never sign to have my brains fried again under any circumstances whatsoever. Park Avenue psychiatrists may pass these treatments out in their private offices at a considerable fee but rest assured all those patients remember is a needle in the arm and drifting off. To give you an idea of the severity of these electrically induced fits, I quote from *The Disorganized Personality*, an undergraduate text by George W. Kisker. Under several pictures of a contorting face ends the caption: "The nurses and aides hold the patient to prevent fractures and dislocations". The electricity lasts a split second and I never recall having felt it but oh baby, when your body flexes under a resistance sheet, your arms bend and clamp so that your hands have to be held from hitting your face, when a rubber bit is forced between your teeth which you clamp down on with a grip like a vise, and you don't easily forget it. The worst sensation is in your lungs, vise-like also, so that you can't breathe in or out one bit, and that's the way you pass out, tightened up like a rusted nut and thrashing like an epileptic with St. Vitus dance...nice stuff, huh? There are permanent memory gaps even after only fourteen treatments in the six-month period preceding the first jolt. I have seen photographs of myself as my father's best man when he wedded for the fourth time; I don't even vaguely recall it, not even a twinge of *deja-vu*. Shock treatments are used mainly for depression and the most acute psychoses and work adequately sometimes but there are humane ways of administering them. I and just about every patient I ever met feel that they are often used also as a means of coercion for particularly violent or obstreperous patients who are paranoid. Maybe. In my opinion, these more aggressive individuals are the ones who survive because they refuse to wilt and do rebel against what might very well be regarded as an intimidating assault on their ego when they find themselves cast in the patients' role where they are seemingly absolved of all rational judgement by an involuntary commitment. As I suggested before, you know you're getting the shaft, even though you're never sure how exactly, psychiatrists and the commitment system having the prestigious esteem they do in the courts. The concept of "locking them up" is part of the "I take it for granted" attitude of the public. The more times the revolving door spins you in and out over a period of years, the more you take it for granted yourself that it is a just system because you're "sick" and the more you find security in having less freedom than any second class citizen. The more you get the old shaft the less you feel it and if you'll pardon such a vulgar, homosexual metaphor it is merely a process of being properly reamed out till you are a dysfunctional shell.

If you have had the patience to chew through this entire, colossal, fuck-you which is directed more at just another beurocracy rather than to individuals you may well want some information to evaluate the veracity of what I have related. My psychiatrist casually remarked about a year ago that in terms of psychosis, I was long cured and the possibilities of a relapse were so remote as to be impossible. I recognized some years ago at what point my mind had snapped; what immediately precipitated the break and what elements of my childhood had led me to it. Let's just say that I'm a 35-year-old chooch who entertained temporary bouts of insanity between the ages of 26 and 29 and wasn't altogether "with it" between hospitalizations. You may be curious to know if such an experience effects any inner changes. All I can tell you is when reality comes back into focus as the same thing it always was, some apathy, passivity and withdrawl remain. That was the prevailing mood one slumped into. By the time you go after that problem you're so well over the hump, little effort is necessary compared to that of coping with a nightmare world of make-believe reality. I have hardly meant to impute that the hospital system was the cause of illness or say they aren't or can't be a refuge for those who want them. Any clinician or professional person can tell you hospitals foster dependency and to go a step further, since I maintain that the present system of treatment and attitude do more to destroy self-directedness than preserve it. I would like to see the causes of this dependency severed as much as possible. That madness with it's hallucinations, delusions and disorientation can be a process of inner cure as R.D. Laing suggests in *The Politics of Experience* and that it has some moments of fleeting poetry, no matter how tormented the afflicted person is, is not something generally considered by the public, even remotely.

Acid and marijuana can be a parallel experience and from what I've seen in the past few years at CNY, enough of you have tried that stuff to appreciate my premise that tripping down the street either high or crazy or both, can be like being trapped in a kaledioscope where the painting you're walking through can change back and forth from Max Beckman to a Utrillo. I never did believe the Lord could be petitioned with prayer, particularly since I was an absolute atheist from my fourteenth year on. But I find my sojourn into a state of mind where I was as confused about the season as I was about the day of the week has shaken that atheism to some small degree.

One can know all the reasons for going crazy, even have learned to cope with the maze it imposes over one's will and ability to function in reality but insanity descends and lifts as mysteriously as the fog on Frisco's North Beach. I am probably more productive grade-wise now than I ever have been or ever dreamed I could be when I started college in '55 and I still see no evidence of God in the world, but like many of my friends with similar experiences I find myself speculating if there isn't perhaps more to our lives than we realize or begin to understand.



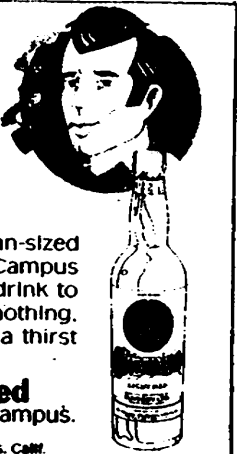
Here we see the author in his lair receiving out-patient therapy. Mr. Granville is the author of numerous other ravings and tirades and is presently engaged in writing a lengthy diatribe against inclement weather.

the psychiatrist

See the witch doctor throw the bones.
With the Freudian overtones
Quasimodo in a crouch
Pad and pencil on a couch
Are his tools of exercise
Useful for recording lies
Does your ego raise a fuss
He will call you Oedipus
Or if you say you loved your mother
You have really had it brother
Though you're pure as any minister
He'll reply you're acting sinister
So do not give my arm a twist
To take me to a psychiatrist
Give me Thorazine or something unpleasant
I wouldn't like that for a birthday present

—Vincent Titus

"Nothing quenches
a B.M.O.C.'s man-
sized thirst like
Akadama Red!"



Take It from one with a man-sized
yen, men. When a *Big Man on Campus
gets a big thirst, it takes a big drink to
satisfy it. And nothing, I repeat nothing,
titillates the tonsils and taunts a thirst
like Akadama Red, Fred.

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The toast of the campus.

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Don't change your summer plans

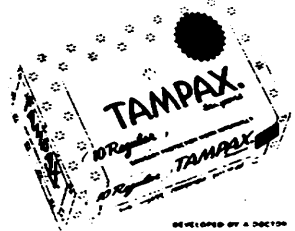
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around the water—sailing
and swimming—you'll want
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tampons.

Girls have frequently
wondered about swimming
during those difficult days.
Old-fashioned napkins
make swimming
impossible, but with
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message has always been:
"Go ahead and swim."
You're dependably
protected internally. And
you never have to
worry about anything
showing under
swimsuits because internal
protection is invisible
protection.

So don't change your
summer plans just
because your period might
interfere. Tampax tampons
let you sail, swim, water-
ski, sunbathe—just like
any other day of the month.



The internal protection more women trust



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May 10, 1973—OP—Page 6

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premieres.

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Sat May 5 Matinee Secular Games New Work II Overton of Angelo	Sat May 5 Clytemnestra (Three Acts)	Sun May 6 Matinee El Penitente Cave of the Heart New Work II	Sun May 6 Socratic Dialogue New Work I Appalachian Spring	
Tue May 8 Socratic Dialogue New Work I Cave of the Heart	Wed May 9 Clytemnestra (Three Acts)	Thur May 10 Secular Games New Work II Appalachian Spring	Fri May 11 Clytemnestra (Three Acts)	
Sat May 12 Matinee Socratic Dialogue El Penitente Appalachian Spring	Sat May 12 Overton of Angelo Cave of the Heart New Work II	Sun May 13 Matinee Secular Games New Work I Appalachian Spring	Sun May 13 Socratic Dialogue New Work I New Work II	

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I am watching the gold diggers do backbends, thrusting their cunts covered by skimpy bikini bottoms on channel two pulling off feverishly when noxon comes on to deny his guilt or complicity in watergate as a long viscous stream of semen goes arching across the room to slide slowly down the tv screen above his ear partially obscuring his garish tie and i am disappointed

disappointed that we allowed this man to whore his way back into the white whore house disappointed that we were such suckers and cowards to allow him to live and breathe the same air as us and disappointed that the gold diggers went off like the one with the huge tits (sorry you flat chested women's titbers but this schlong is reserved for well developed babes) and fine big thighs who wants to hear old nick dickson lie some more anyway he's a lousy liar it's not as if we're gonna pick up some tips on how to lie more effectively or anything I used to watch the rhinos at the bronx zoo fuck and the male rhino's cock had warts and protrusions all over it and I think instead of impeaching the scumbag we should tie him down and let the rhino fuck him in the ass as a possible pragmatic approach to good government now i'm not a fascist boys but I think he needs to learn a good lesson I think his wife is a transvestite too.

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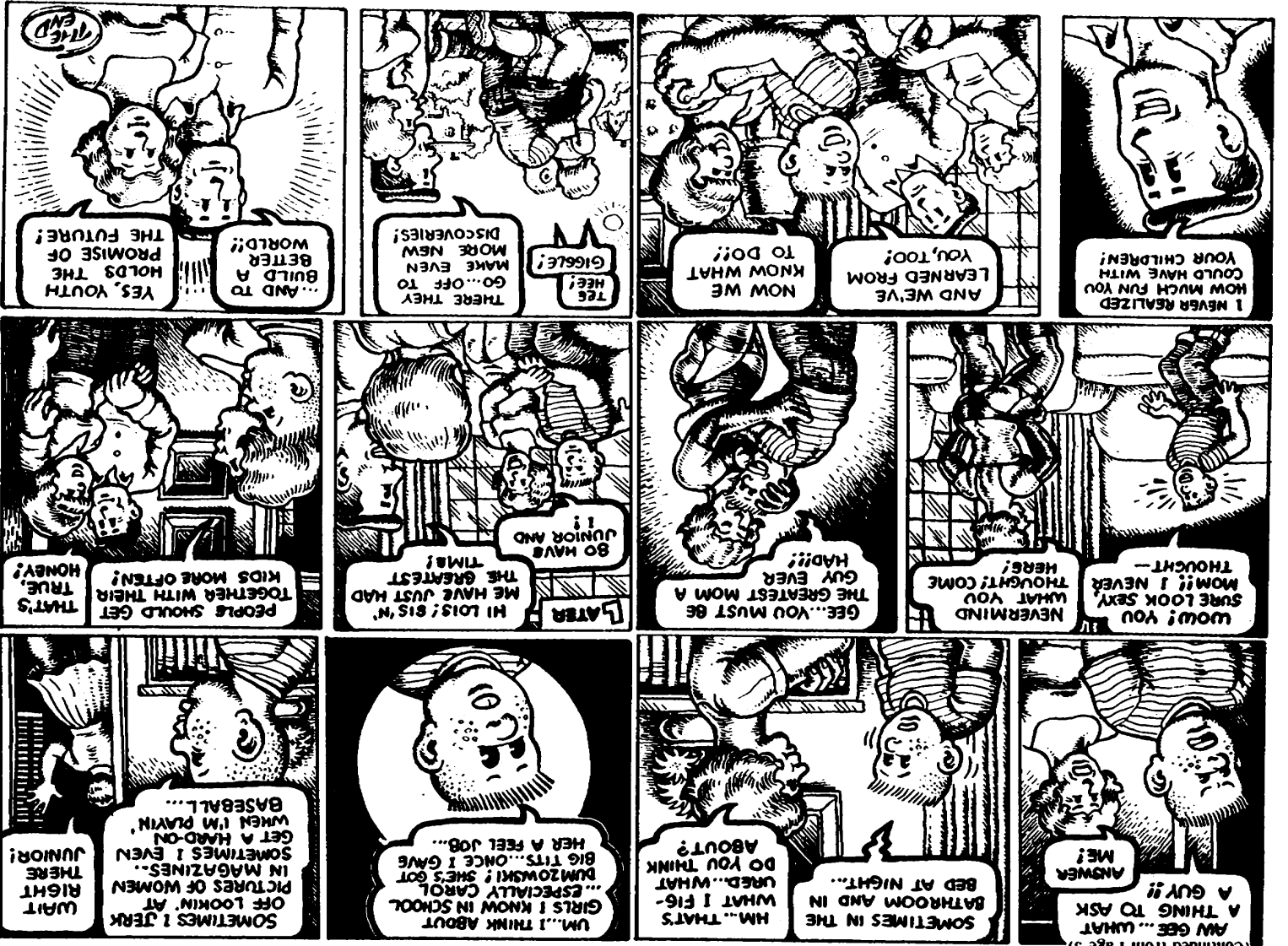
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