



**observation post**

Vol. 53 No. 4A

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## Student Workers To Unite For More Pay

Students working at the College are being asked to join a CUNY-wide union demanding higher pay and fringe benefits.

A group calling itself the Organizing Committee of the College Workers Association (CWA) is distributing a list of demands which includes a minimum wage of \$3 per hour with cost of living raises, job security, paid legal holidays, and other fringe benefits.

Steven Rabinowitz, an organizer for the CWA at York College, reported that the group is already organizing at the Queens and York campuses and is looking for people interested in organizing at the College.

He claimed that many students earn \$1.85 an hour for work that commands \$3 or \$4 an hour in private industry. The CWA charges that "Students are reduced to virtual slaves when they make \$8 or \$9 dollars a week. While the cost of living goes up and up our real wages go down. No longer will we remain unpaid apprentices."

With 150 Queens students signed up,

the group has attempted to negotiate with the office of Collective Bargaining there. Rabinowitz said that they were told to sign a no-strike pledge as a condition for negotiations. CWA has refused to sign no-strike pledges.

Student aides took similar action in December of 1970 when they struck the College's library for one week. At that time they were demanding that the wage be raised from \$1.50 to the minimum of \$1.85. The City University system claimed that as a subdivision of a municipal government they were not required to pay the minimum wage. However, the strike drew a favorable response from many students, who signed petitions of support, and from President Robert E. Marshak, who forwarded their salary demands to the BHE. After deliberation the BHE agreed to raise the salary to \$1.85.

City College people who are interested in joining the CWA should call Steven Rabinowitz at 263-0188.

L. Harry Lee

## Anti-Tuition Conference This Sunday

BY MARTIN KENT

In an effort to uphold CUNY's 128 year old policy of free tuition, the City University Student Senate decided at its meeting last Sunday to hold a citywide open conference this Sunday at Hunter College Lounge, 695 Park Avenue, at 12 noon.

The aim of the conference is to decide upon a strategy to fight the proposals of the Keppel Commission, and to organize an ad hoc committee of high school and college students, which would result in a citywide anti-tuition movement.

The Keppel Commission, Gov. Rockefeller's Task Force on Higher Education, has recommended an annual tuition of \$800 for each student. In addition, the Commission recommends that the governor should have the right to appoint a majority of the members of the Board of Higher Education.

Since the release of its report last Tuesday, the Keppel Commission has stirred up controversy throughout the City University. At last Thursday's meeting of the Joint Legislative Com-



Photo by: Jeff Tauscher

mittee on Higher Education, Dr. Robert Kibbee, Chancellor of CUNY, charged that the report is "more of a political document than an educational statement."

He went on to say that "the Task Force removes the university from the control of the city and delivers it to the Governor with a recommendation that he appoint a

majority of the members of the BHE."

Also speaking before the Committee, Howard M. Squadron, chairman of the American Jewish Congress, declared, "The Commission's call for imposition of tuition charges in our hitherto tuition-free university will deepen the divisions between the poor and those of moderate income. . . Thanks to open enrollment, the opportunity of a college education is now available to thousands of New York families for the first time. The Keppel Commission's recommendations will make it impossible for them to use this opportunity."

In a "Critique of the Keppel Commission Report" issued from the office of Frederic M. Brandes, Executive Director, University Students Senate, the point is made that "New York City residents now pay 60% of the costs of education in New York State, but account for only 40% of its students." This implies that New York City residents already pay tuition in the form of taxes. They are now being asked to pay twice for the same service.

## Poetry Fest

Four renowned poets, including Chilean poet Nicanor Parra, will participate in the College's first annual Spring Poetry Festival to be held all day Saturday, April 7, in the Finley Ballroom.

In connection with the College's Open Admissions policy, the festival will be geared to the community. Local high school students and poets from the area will read their works.

Barry Wallenstein, coordinator of the festival said, "Our ambition is to bring home to the young students the idea that City College is no longer an isolated institution, but rather a place in the community shaped by, and hopefully responsive to the life of the community." He said that aim of the program is to remove poetry from its elitist academic setting and to demonstrate that the College is a responsive institution.

The program will begin at 10:30 a.m. with a reading by Michael S. Harper, author of *Dear John, Dear Coltrane and History is Your Heartbeat*. At 11:30, Nicanor Parra, will read his poems in Spanish, to be followed by English translations. Neighborhood and high school poets will read their works at 1:10, followed by Muriel Rukeyser, author of *Waterlily Fire and A Turning Wing* at 2:15. Adrienne Rich, author of *Necessities of Life and The Will to Change* will offer her works at 3:10. The program ends with a panel discussion moderated by M.I. Rosenzain, poet, critic and Professor of English at New York University.

Students who wish to participate in the program, should contact Mr. Wallenstein in Room 904 Mott or call 621-2177.

## College Faculty Set to Picket

BY R.B. CASSIDY

The City College instructional staff will picket the college at the Administration Building Friday, March 30, 12:30-2:30 p.m., to protest the City University's refusal to negotiate an amicable settlement of their contract dispute.

The demonstration is the latest in a series of stepped-up protests begun last month by the Professional Staff Congress, the union representing the 16,000-member CUNY instructional staff.

Among the key issues are the University's refusal to set limits on the size of classes and to give reasons for the denial of reappointment, tenure and promotion.

According to PSC President Belle Zeller and Deputy President Israel Kugler, class size limits are essential to reduce the alarming dropout rate at CUNY.

Last year, they said, almost half of all Open Admissions students dropped out of college and the overall dropout rate was the highest in the history of the University.

On the due process issue, they said, a college president may deny reappointment to a teacher judged excellent by his colleagues and students without having to justify his decision, and the teacher has no right of appeal.

Co-Chairpersons of PSC's City College



Photo by: Nancy Naito

Chapter are Gisele Corbiere-Gille of the Romance Languages Department and Martin Tamny of the Philosophy Department.

The union has been negotiating with the Board of Higher Education since June 1972.

After an impasse was declared and mediation failed to resolve it, the dispute

went to factfinding under a three-member panel appointed by the Public Employment Relations Board.

Factfinding hearings ended March 9 and the report of the panel is now being awaited.

On January 3, the PSC membership adopted a "No Contract No Work" policy, which can be implemented by a job action vote of the membership.

## OP EDITORIALS

The concept of free higher education at the City University (CUNY) is again under attack. The Keppel Commission report has made the annual recommendation to impose an \$800 per year tuition at CUNY.

What makes this crisis particularly significant is the concept of open admissions is also coming under attack under the guise of budget cuts which will affect virtually all financial aid programs aimed at providing opportunity to minority groups (SEEK) College Discovery, etc).

Specifically, this means that a victory for free tuition would be empty if the SEEK program is abolished, just as open admissions will be a farce if people are forced to pay \$800 per year tuition.

The only way to effectively oppose these policies is a mass movement by students. Time and time again it has been shown that state legislators as a group are insensitive to the needs of people. Only by building a movement which can exert pressure on the legislators can the needs of CUNY be given political weight.

One of the groups involved in the demonstration at the legislative hearing last week was United Community Centers (UCC). This group has taken a position of advocating free tuition while rejecting demands fighting cuts in SEEK and other open admissions programs. UCC has taken the position that adding demands for such programs as SEEK would only confuse the issue.

Individual members of UCC have gone even further. In private conversations members of UCC have said that the SEEK program is irrelevant to free tuition because "SEEK allegedly doesn't relate to the needs of most students. One member said that association with SEEK and similar programs would give the free tuition movement a "black image" with state legislators.

UCC has tricked other groups into supporting their demonstrations over the past few years by forming coalitions which were really only a device to enlist the support of other groups for their demonstrations.

When demands concerning the budget cuts were brought forward at a recent meeting, the UCC representatives said that it would be impossible to include these demands as this was a city wide demonstration. They claimed it would be impossible to change the slogans already agreed upon by the other schools.

In fact they have repeatedly used this tactic to prevent people from raising demands related to open admissions. Further, UCC has consistently followed a policy aimed at impressing state legislators, rather than building support among students, and more importantly, doing work in the communities to build support for open enrollment.

This was demonstrated last week when UCC people, who represented a tiny portion of the students at the demonstration, assumed leadership positions and called the police to remove representatives of the Revolutionary Communist Youth Movement of the Spartacist League. The decision to call the police was made unilaterally by the UCC and showed their contempt for the other groups of the coalition.

UCC has exposed themselves as manipulators and opportunists. Their policies have been racist in their effects, if not in their intent. Free tuition without equal opportunity programs and financial aid programs for poor and minority students is meaningless.

Only by building a coalition which takes this into account can the fight for free tuition and educational opportunity be meaningful. And by coalition we mean a real city wide coalition of groups on all the CUNY campuses, not one dominated by UCC or any other narrow organization.

It is also interesting to note that the Student Senate office has been locked for a week. Once again that body has demonstrated its total insensitivity to the needs of students.

Experience has shown that it's naive to ask the Student Senate to assume a leadership role in the current struggle. At the very least they could make their facilities available to groups seeking to serve the interests of the student body.

### Hard Meat

The Federal government had some bad news again last week: food prices will continue to rise throughout this year. This is a problem of utmost concern for all Americans, save those four university students who proved recently that they could survive quite well on a diet of canned dog food.

Anyone who has entered one of the large conglomerate food chains recently will notice a sharp rise in all food products, but most notable is the rise in the price of meat. And since America is a country largely composed of carnivores, this presents a real problem for those who wish to continue their regular diets without depleting their entire paychecks on the grocery bills.

So, the government sponsors a housewife from Michigan, who claims you can have your meat and eat it too. Just avoid fancy meats such as steaks and roasts in favor of calves' brains and hearts. Well, maybe in a few hundred years, America can accept the image of a family sitting down to a dinner of cow brains. But not now.

The only solution is to force those prices down by refusing to buy meat of any kind until it will be financially feasible to do so. If enough Americans unite behind a boycott of all meat products, there will be no recourse but to force those prices down.

OP supports a nationwide meat boycott, already in its first stages, and hopes that it will be successful in exhibiting "consumer power," which up until now, has been regarded as a joke by the government.

## observation post

Room 336 Finley Center

FO 8-7438-9

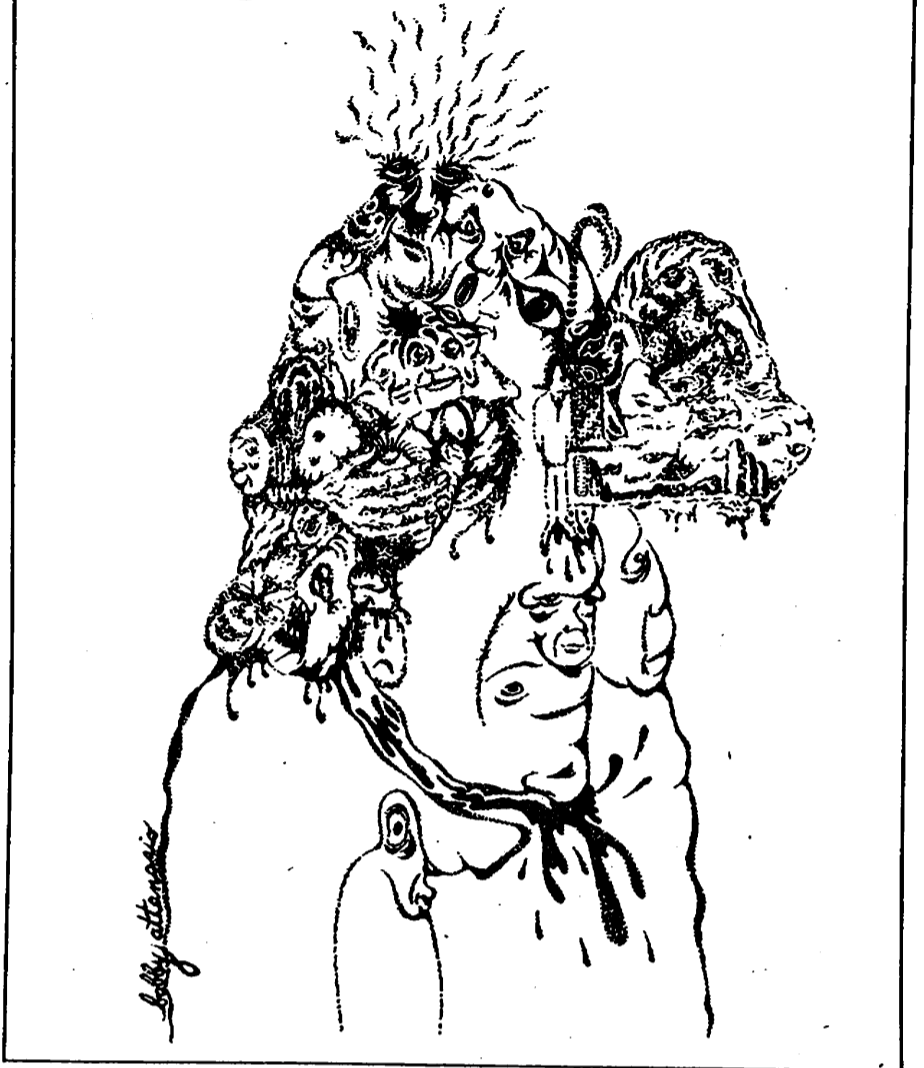
The City College, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York City 10031

Rate for student organization and personal ads is \$2 per column inch. Off-campus rate is \$2.50 per column inch.

Staff: Arnold Adler, Bobby Attanasio, Bruce Berman, Billy Bramswig, Bill Bywater, Grace Engel, Jeff Flisser, Peter Grad, Jeanie Grumet, Martin Kent, Tom McDonald, Robert Ness, Bob Rosen, Winston Niles Rumsford III, Gale Sigal, Steve Simon, David Solet, Jeff Tauscher, Barry Taylor, Kilgore Trout, Howard Paul Werner, Kenneth Winikoff, and Chronos Larry Peebles.

2-OP-March 22, 1973

## Weighted Shoulders



## Marshak Raps Tuition In Letter to Times

To the Editor:

As one who deals with the daily realities of higher education at a public college in this city, I am dismayed by the report of Governor Rockefeller's Task Force on Financing Higher Education—the so-called Keppel Commission. If the report's recommendation for the imposition of tuition charges on students at the City University were to be implemented, it would effectively curtail opportunities for post-secondary-school education for thousands of young people from working class families. Such students make up almost 75 per cent of the City University student body.

The stated intent of the report is to provide additional financial aid for students from the lowest income groups—an objective with which I heartily concur. But it would do so by penalizing working-class and middle-class families. Thus it would pit the interests of New York City's "have-nots" against those who have little, injecting a divisive factor that would further split a city already beset by serious urban problems.

Aside from the fact that tuition charges would make a farce of C.U.N.Y.'s—and presumably the Keppel Commission's—objective of expanding higher educational opportunity, the fiscal relief to the taxpayer implied by those who favor tuition charges is illusory. The State University has had such charges for a decade, during which the annual fee has doubled from \$400 to \$800. To date, no state agency has released cost accounting figures to tuition income as proportion of S.U.N.Y.'s annual budget. The best estimate available is that net tuition income, after the costs of scholar incentive rebates from the state are deducted, is no more than 4 per cent of the annual State University budget.

Moreover, the notion held by many that the state is, somehow, the agency that bears the cost of the no-tuition policy of the City University is not in accord with the facts. It is the City of New York that always has and continues to absorb the cost, through its share of fiscal support of C.U.N.Y. Indeed, the state always and continues to provide less than one-half of the operating budget of the City University, although it contributes almost the entire operating cost of the State University. The injustice is compounded by the fact that S.U.N.Y. provides about three times as much space per student as does the C.U.N.Y. system.

In addition to pricing working-class students out of the higher-education market, tuition charges would also have a deleterious effect on our attempts to stem the flight to the suburbs. To many thousands of marginally middle-income families of all ethnic backgrounds, the existence of a free City University for their children has been a powerful reason for remaining in the city-contributing their taxes, their concern and their vitality toward its improvement. To adopt a policy now that would hasten the departure of these groups from the city would be a gesture of social and political irresponsibility of the highest order.

R.E. MARSHAK  
President  
City College of New York

If we let ourselves believe that the administration and faculty are more entitled to run this place than we are, then we are lost to the point of being reconciled to only issuing pleas when we want something.

To a degree, I can sympathize with those who feel burdened to the point where they can see no value in becoming involved in campus activities, and who are more concerned with the day-to-day struggle to survive. And I can particularly sympathize with those who are already involved in working for change in some activity off-campus.

Those are the people who probably would have become student leaders years ago—at least that's an explanation for the declining quality of those "leaders" we have today.

All Craftsmen who are tired of having to sell their work to boutiques that jack up the prices 100% should be aware of the SPRING CRAFTS FAIRE. As in the Winter Crafts Faire sponsored Finley Program Agency, craftsmen will have a chance to display their wares to enthusiastic buyers. The Faire will be held on Tuesday, April 10, and Wednesday, April 11, and will continue throughout the day in Finley Grand Ballroom. All students interested in participating in the Crafts Faire should leave their names in Finley room 151. If you have any questions, leave a note for Madeleine Trachtenberg and include your phone number.

# The Real War Heroes Deserve Amnesty

BY TOM McDONALD

They said I was born in the land of the free,  
but the home of the briefcase is all I can see,  
with houses and highways we covered the land,  
but freedom's a fable if your conscience is banned.  
So I'm going to prison for what I believe,  
I'm going to prison so I can be free,  
I got something I'll die for,  
so what else can they do?  
I got something to live for,  
how about you?

[from "Anthem  
by the Hello People"]

You can only leave America to serve her  
and return to honor her.  
No Amnesty!

[sign on the front of  
the Bronx Republican Club]

One of the indicators of the absurdity of the Vietnamese war is that there was no hero who could be used as a justification for all the blood and bodies. There were no Sgt. York's, no Audie Murphy's, no Ira Hayes', who could be hauled out on Veteran's Day to remind us that it was all worthwhile. In keeping with their other war actions, the government has tried to manufacture their own heroes.

So, as the angels of death bound off a plane and proclaim how wonderful it is to be back in America, and thank Nixon for not deserting the prisoners of war, we are supposed to accept them as the heroes.

And while American fliers are being released, there are other Americans sitting in prisons and waiting in Canada and Sweden for their own release, a release that will only come if we demand it.

The Nixon administration contends that giving a pardon to all those people who fled the country would be a great disservice. Nixon points to the 50,000 Americans who died in Vietnam and says that "their noble sacrifice will have been in vain if we grant amnesty to draft evaders." This sickening use of the dead is in keeping with a government which demonstrates its total disregard for the quality of human life. When a man looks reality in the face and then proceeds to term our involvement in Vietnam as "one of America's finest hours," there is no small wonder that he would then use the dead as a justification for continuing the war as long as he did.

The amnesty question is simple. The only way there can be amnesty is for the government to admit that our involvement in Southeast Asia was wrong, and that draft evaders were right in what they did.

It is important that the two kinds of draft evaders, those who chose prison, and those who left the country, do not become pawns in the game. Many people on both sides of the question are hesitant on the question of the people who left the country. The federal government would have you believe that the people who went to Canada have an easy time of it,

and they sit around all day taking drugs. In point of fact, the people in Canada encountered loneliness, unemployment, and hostility from the local citizens. They did not have any easy time of it while their fellow Americans were dying in Asia. Moreover, the choice of prison is a difficult one. The people who made that choice must be admired for their courage.

One still must have a degree of sympathy for the people who chose Canada. The prospect of a 3 to 5 year prison term, and the beatings one would encounter in jail are frightening for anyone faced with that choice. At the same time many of the people who were in that situation felt that they could be of more help to the anti-war movement in Canada rather than in jail. In fact, many of the people who went to Canada continued to be active in the protests against the war.

More importantly, the people who went to Canada were a visible symbol to others that there was a real alternative to the draft and that one did not have to submit to the government. Their choice was just as sincere as that of the people who chose jail. They should be considered as one group and be given full amnesty.

Four years ago Nixon proclaimed that he had "no intention of being the first American president to lose a war." It is certain that if he did lose a war (and he has) he would never admit it. When you sign a peace treaty that leaves the enemy's troops in your territory, and pays them money for damages inflicted upon them, and then tell people that you won

the war, it is obvious you would never admit that you were wrong.

It is truly doubtful that any American president in the near future will take it upon himself to proclaim that our involvement in Viet Nam was a mistake. As long as they refuse to state the obvious, thousands of Americans will be forced to remain outside the country.

Viet Nam was a moral issue. To accept anything less than total amnesty would be to admit that one's position was something less than an act of conscience. Alternative service is a weak-kneed politician's sop to the conservative elements in the country. There is either complete amnesty or none at all; there can be no gray zones in the between.

In the beginning, the idea of getting the government to change its policies in Viet Nam seemed unattainable to the people who were in opposition. Trough hard work they made the war into a national issue, and a national movement. The idea of getting the federal government to proclaim that our involvement in the war was a mistake seems just as far off. However, by writing about it, and speaking about it, we can make a beginning.

There has been much talk at the war's end of how it is time to heal the wounds of the country. The people who chose to oppose the draft are victims of the war. We can go along towards healing the wounds that the war created by granting amnesty to these people. A part of America's conscience is in its jails and in Canada and Sweden. It is time we brought it home.

## Concert Comm: Who Plays With \$14,000?

BY GREGORY P. VOVSI

Since this is the beginning of a new term and everybody knows that nothing much ever happens at the beginning of new term, let's play a little game. First, we'll put an ad, in all the school newspapers announcing a referendum to decide whether there should be "a major name concert series" instituted at the City College, financed by an additional dollar to be added to each student's registration fee. Just for laughs, let's say this referendum passes. Who then should control this estimated \$14,000 per term? Well, since this is student money let's give it to the Student Senate just for safe-keeping. Now, what do we do with this money? First we should find someone to spend it. Spending money has always been one of the Senate's best abilities so let's ride a sure thing. The responsibility for the money now rests with the Student Senate's designated representative, the Campus Affairs Vice President. Good choice. The Campus Affairs V.P. should now begin to look for a staff to better help spend this large amount.

Way back when this game actually started, I was one of those people asked to take part in "planning" this colleges' concerts and help lose its' money. The committee eventually gathered together was weak in experience but strong in desire, unfortunately one didn't balance the other and we proceeded to bite off more than we could chew. Our first concert was held in late April, 1971. It starred Aretha Franklin, featured Muhammed Ali, was musically led by the late King Curtis and cost \$20,000 in talent alone. To say we lost money would be to understate our situation at that moment. The concert business being what it is, we also found ourselves committed to another concert the following week, despite our monetary debacle of the previous Sunday. So the first Sunday in May we saw the Youngbloods and the ill-fated Allman Brothers Band performing in Lewisohn Stadium. The thousands of dollars we lost that term made our education in concert management very costly. The President of the College immediately made up our debts, for which I would like to publicly thank him at this time with the proviso we would pay back the money in succeeding terms.

Like taxes and death, the next term followed and we did indeed begin to repay our debt. As well as begin to plan our next scandalous affair. There was a new Campus Affairs V.P. and several new committee members but a remaining core that actually planned and ran all the

concerts this article will discuss. Well, no sooner did winter lead to spring than we sprung our new brainchild: a free concert without the problems of ticket sales, unnecessary money loss and other assorted bugaboos that blew us away the year before. But who do you book to satisfy the diverse musical needs of the College's students?

We naively took our problem to the student body itself by means of an open referendum. To say the response was minimal would be to exaggerate. The "winner" of this referendum was the Grateful Dead with less than one hundred responses. They were on their way to Europe and unavailable. One student

the date, all the gears had already been set in motion, contracts were signed and cancellation impossible. But then as if God were crying for his murdered children the rains came all of Wednesday night and we were left with an electrically unsafe stage that could have led to deadly results. The Byrds and Mahavishnu arrived ready to play but exercised their option to withdraw because of the weather. What of Stevie Wonder? He never showed due to management problems that seemed to imply that Mr. Wonder never even knew about the date. Showing complete disregard for the way things are supposed to be done, we immediately searched for a rain date because we wanted the students

have our heads examined, he gave me the final approval we needed.

It rained that Tuesday like a tavern full of beer drinkers all waiting for the bathroom, non-stop. But it couldn't and didn't stop the lunatics left in the boat. We had Fleetwood Mac, Billy Preston, Malo and The Mahavishnu Orchestra coming, and we couldn't be stopped by a minor flood. So we moved everything we had into the Grand Ballroom of the Finley Student Center. The Ballroom holds 700 people legally, most times during the day we had well over one thousand people. There's no way to judge the number of students that eventually saw the show, the audience was in a state of flux that flowed with each class change. The stage crew and entire staff were volunteers who busted their balls from 9 that morning until 9 that night. No one ever thanked them, well I do that now for all the students in this school that enjoyed any part of that concert.

Well, we're almost up to the present so let's go back to the game we started a while back. Remember we turned our money over to the Student Senate, let's see what's happening to it this very day. A new Campus Affairs V.P. has taken office but she's no longer a student here. She didn't really want to know about the concerts anyway. So the Student Senate President appoints a "special assistant" in charge of concerts. Where is that assistant drawn from? The remaining committee that finally was out of debt, that finally had a large indoor facility in the new Gym? No, the Senate President decided those people had blown their chances and wouldn't be given another one.

Let's take a look at the one concert that was run by the Student Senate so far this term. It was held on Thursday, March 15, in the Grande Ballroom. All four of the bands were promised that they would play between the 12-2 break by the Concert Committee, but because the two people who comprise the Committee could not work out a schedule between themselves, one of the bands was forced to move to Buttenweiser Lounge late in the afternoon to play in front of 25 tired students. When two people make up a whole committee it's understandable that they cannot be everywhere at once, but because neither of the members bothered to remain in school until the end of the concert, all of Finley Student Center's sound equipment, \$600.00 worth, mysteriously disappeared from the ballroom.

(Continued on page 6)



"As if God were crying for his murdered children the rains came..."

obtained 500 signatures in support of Alice Cooper, who was also unavailable. With the bickering and ups and downs that are so much a part of booking rock concerts we took to the phones to wrangle the best deal. Eventually The Byrds, Stevie Wonder and The Mahavishnu Orchestra were booked for the first Thursday in May. There would be no classes in conjunction with the College's 125th Birthday celebration, and we were all going to have a good time on the lawn and bask in the May sunshine, right? Wrong, oh how wrong.

The Thursday selected was May 4th, the anniversary of the Kent State Killings, a day that truly is infamous in American history. By the time we realized

to have "their" concert. A long Thursday morning was spent in the Dean of Students office banging out the possibilities. The Byrds couldn't return, but Mahavishnu could on the following Tuesday. Well, one group remaining out of three isn't very much of a show and come late Friday afternoon we didn't have much to show for our efforts.

Monday morning I came to school and I was told to forget this term and wait for the ever-coming next term. Well I made a stupid move and refused to let the concert die. We cajoled booking agents throughout the day until we had a show that would work. Late Monday afternoon, I went to the Dean of Students with the whole package, and after demanding we

Photo by: Bill Bywater

# The Induction Notice— Thought I Was Undupeable

By BRUCE M. BERMAN

On television, several evenings back, I saw and heard Richard Nixon interrupt the National Basketball Association's annual All-Star game. He hastened to inform the American people that a "just and lasting peace" had finally been reached concerning the military action in Southeast Asia. With this right kind of peace, above all, the 37th chief executive informed us, the almost 50,000 American casualties were indeed not in vain. Not that long ago I saw myself hugging homely women and uncorking bottles of booze on this almost unfeasible occasion, but on that night, somehow, all I hoped for was the resumption of the lopsided N.B.A. contest.

"Hey men, listen up real good now!" The pockmark faced khaki clothed man shouted. A hint of a southern lilt infested his speech.

"There'll be no smoking on any of the carpeted areas, gentlemen. Repeat, there'll be no smoking on ANY of the carpeted areas. Smoking will be permitted ONLY in those areas where it is expressly authorized, to do so. Any man found violating these regulations will not, repeat, WILL NOT, be allowed to proceed with the rest of his examinations, and will be told to go home and come back at another time. Got that, men?"

January 24. The morning after Nixon's speech. Along with approximately 100 others, half of whom look as frightened as I feel, I am sitting in the third floor of the U.S. Customs Building at 201 Varick Street in Manhattan. Nature of business: pre-induction physical and intelligence examinations for potential admittance into the United States Armed Forces. The gladiators await their prey.

Surprised? Yes, admittedly my position was strange; a vestige left over from the 60's, an anachronism belonging to the Johnson administration's Great Society and pre-Tet Offensive army induction mania, the absurdity of having to tangle with the draft in 1973 was laughable (almost). What about the reduced number of draftees? What about "the winding down" of the "conflict in Southeast Asia"? What about that all volunteer army everyone spoke of? . . . And I thought that I was undupeable.

After receiving and finally acknowledging my pre-induction notice as a very stark reality, explaining my situation to even friends and sympathizers often came across much like a Lenny Bruce of "Alice's Restaurant" routine—only with a great deal more anxiety on my part. Most of my friends, especially the ones who were in possession of those luxuriously lofty lottery numbers, were sincerely aghast. It was as if they had been existing on some other planet—a planet of oblivion perhaps—since they received their winning tickets to draft immunity. Lucky bastards. With cavemenlike expressions alighting their mugs, they would dimly quip: "Your physical? But . . . uh, they're not calling anyone for the draft, they can't be, I heard it on the radio."

My lottery number being 64 and my 2-S deferment expiring on midnight of January 31, 1973 (upon completion of four years of college), the Army, guardians of truth, justice, and draft records that they remain, wasted little time in mailing out notice of my pre-induction physical a week prior to the technical termination of my deferment. Solace and/or hysteria could only be found with my mother, but mostly hysteria as Jewish mothers from The Bronx are apt to express this kind of an emotion upon events concerning their sons' conscription commitment. I knew there was a possibility of my number being called, but I, like my acutely sensitive comrades, believed what was absorbed from the media. Tremors ran from my brain to my finger tips as I read the notice:

"You have been selected for Armed Forces Preinduction Examination to determine your acceptability for induction into the Armed Forces of the United States or alternate service in lieu of induction. The Order to Report for Armed Forces Examination requires that you report for and submit to examination.



"The Army men at the table looked solemn, as if I had missed out on something."

reexamination, consultation and all parts thereof, and provide medical information or test reports as required by the Medical Officers of the Examining Station . . .

"January, 24, 7:30 a.m., 201 Varick Street." It was all clear, painfully clear. Enclosed with my "orders" were travel instructions in both English and Spanish for the most direct subway route to Varick Street from anywhere in the City but they failed to enclose subway tokens, the usual practice. What I feared most was a recurrence of the Taxi Driver "examination" I underwent a couple of years ago. At this free-for-all, scores of men were herded like B-grade cattle from one cardboard partitioned enclosure to the next, receiving the most astoundingly inept evaluations of their physical, mental, and moral well being imaginable. However, it wasn't that difficult to laugh in the face of the taxi nightmare, that was a relatively harmless joke, but Richard Nixon and the Vietnam madness, this was something else entirely; something almost surreal in its reality.

I was scared. With merely two weeks until my physical, and the war watchers reporting "peace" one moment and the resumption of the bombing the next, I found little reason to believe that a sudden (and violent) change in the Pentagon's (or Dickie's) policy could not take place. It had happened before. And though I knew my chances of wearing a military uniform, let alone of seeing actual combat, were virtually nil, that did not stop my weighing of the possibilities. I still had to undergo an army pre-induction physical.

With only two weeks to play with, first order of business had to be decisive. A visit to good ol' Doc George's office had to be undertaken. I remembered from my many conversations with Doctor George, a sort of paternalistic City College socialist from the 30's, that I would have little difficulty obtaining a convincing non-recommendation. On at least several occasions, I recalled the elderly family physician stating that he had thought that Agnew should be removed from office through whatever means necessary. Good of Doctor George, I knew he could be counted on to write an appropriate appraisal of my military prowess. Doctor George knew me and my feelings, and, best of all, he knew the realities of the service even more extensively, having served four years as a medical officer during WWII. I just hoped that the good Doctor's medicine extended into the Arts and especially Letters.

The sky was as dark as a Lieutenant Colonel's bowel movement when I stepped out of my apartment building at the ghastly hour 6:20 on the a.m. of January 24. The wind blew with a particular bitterness that morning. In the blackness, as I made my way to the subway and 7:30 rendezvous with our Uncle Sam, I couldn't help but wonder what those millions of luckless draftees felt like, being roused out of their double decker bunks at 5:30 virtually every morning for two years. I shivered; moving more determinedly I

sought the subway steps. Visions of sleeping bags and rice paddies danced through my head.

When I arrived at the induction center at least 40 young men were already stationed in the corridor waiting in line to enter the premises. (I later found out that about one half of these early arrivals were volunteers.) Allowed in the center not a minute before 7:30 we amused ourselves by stealing glances at each other. Once inside we were told to sit down and wait for our names to be called. It was only after the officers in charge had coffee, exchanged pleasantries, basketball scores, advice on the weather, and several items of great consequence from the morning edition of the Daily News, that the pre-induction process could start rolling. But then didn't someone once say that the army travels on its stomach?

Thirty-one out of a possible one hundred," the lieutenants explained, was passing on the intelligence exam, and still, even with a stiff warning that with failure came further, even more extensive batteries of tests, more people muffed what was little more than a questionnaire than I or the New York City Board of Education would care to recollect. Though on one level it was quite pathetic, most pre-inductees seemed to think the entire intelligence test affair was an enormous joke. It was like being in sixth grade all over again. Ironically (or, perhaps, not so ironically), some of the hilarious one-liners came from the young officers in charge of our group, as they repeatedly broke into M\*A\*S\*H-like monologues when the I.Q. of a certain testee was brought into question. One black lieutenant even wanted to place several small wagers on the competition. (There were no takers, however.)

Next came the eye and hearing exams (which I failed to tactfully—or untactfully—flunk), and then blood pressure, blood sample, urine analysis, and chest x-rays. It was all quite straightforward and, up to this point, considerably less awesome than I had expected. It was not until the interview with the civilian doctor that my knees began to tango. Stepping up shirtless (and shitless) to the doctor's medicine tray/desk (mine was a young, stylishly attired Asian), I was allowed to quickly blurt out my disorders which were then hastily scribbled onto the back of one of the many forms that we were all required to carry around with us.

"Wh . . . what about my letter, doctor? My back . . ."

The words had barely left my lips when the young doctor glanced at the typewritten sheet, and frowned. He motioned without taking his eyes from my papers: "Doctor inside. Next man, ready please."

The physician "inside" was a bit more deliberate in method than his Oriental colleague. However, he was in no way more interested or extensive in the examination. After allowing my group to wait for about 20 minutes while he stretched his legs, he then launched into the major part of the pre-induction

examination. This civilian physician, a staunch-looking, rather rotund grey figure who was about 65, spoke English with what sounded like the remnants of a Germanic accent. He asked us to step forward, then he measured and weighed the five in my contingent and listened to us breathe with his stethoscope. He also checked all five of us for hernias, venereal diseases, and anal abnormalities all with the same—hope—fully at least once sterile—rubber glove. His touch, I might add, was more reminiscent of a stone mason's than a physician's.

Not more than a handful of words passed his lips during his ten-minute inspection of our anatomies. After scrawling something onto our forms, he said we could go on to the next station, which was one of the final checking out points. "Go vright trow, boyas." But it was at this point that I felt compelled to insist that my letter be recognized. I ambled forward expecting a reprimand, but without putting up any struggle, the penguin-resembling physician took the letter from me, tiredly glanced at it, looked at me, and then asked "vot ees rong?" When I told him in my own words, amplifying every nuance of my disorder as to squeeze every iota of bathos out of them, he wrote briefly on the back of one of my forms and spoke: "Zee doctah eende. Show eet heem."

At the next station, I was met by several young medical officers who were seated behind a long brown table. This was it, I thought: "Ice Station Zero." At this table one of the impeccably clean-cut, adolescent-looking physicians would "evaluate" me on "the basis of the evidence submitted." I was asked to step forward. As he read my letter, this doctor who was about to review my eligibility for conscription into the armed forces, played a round of gossip ping-pong with an induction center official. (At least it appeared that he was actually reading my letter!) When the examining officer's eyes made it to about three-quarters from the top of the page, his face flushed a brilliant red, and he let out a burst of laughter. It appeared that either Doctor George's letter or the coffee klatch conversation had gotten the best of him. When the young medical officer finally recovered sufficiently enough to complete scanning my letter, his decision was not long in coming. He spoke in a detached, military baritone of the cool that emanates from a combination of John Wayne and Barney Fife.

"Not enough medical evidence?" I repeated pretending to be offended, although actually quite shaken. "What about my allergies, my back? It's all in the letter."

"Nope," said the young medical officer who looked to be about the same age as my brother. "Not enough evidence. Station Ten, x-rays, then to orthopedics, then back here." He stamped a form and stuck out his hand. "Don't lose this."

His eyes quickly shifted away from me in the direction of the other induction center official who was also seated behind the long brown table and who was still telling his tale.

"Down the corridor and to the right." My doctor: didn't lose a stride.

X-rays. At x-rays, and especially after being at the induction center for over five hours, I was knotted with tension. A technician took a couple of pictures of my back and then, although the wait seemed eternal, quickly developed them. It was way past lunchtime. The x-ray technician gave me the negatives and directed me to the orthopedic specialist. By now, the three other "orthopedically questionable" examinees and myself were the only remaining pre-inductees in the center.

Hips. Spine. Shoulder blades. Bend left, right. After a brief but surprisingly thorough examination of my vertebrae and my enormous x-rays, the orthopedic specialist said I could dress. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was writing a rather lengthy paragraph on the back of one of my forms. At this point, it was futile to even attempt to sniff out favorable signs. I picked up my blue folder, a pile of additional forms, and the over-sized x-ray sheets, and proceeded to make still another appearance at the young medical officers long brown table. Although it would not be the end of the world if I was not found unacceptable at this juncture, I definitely did not want to have to appeal, or wait, or have to go through another physical again, or be

(Continued on page 6)

# Bring Back the 70's

By GRACE ENGEL

ZAPP!!! City College is dead. We've zoomed through multimedia, generation gap mind zap, peaking, seeking, freaking right into the rhinestone studded netherworld of the late night movies nostalgia. We've revived so many decades that reality has become a surreal flashback somewhere behind the old piano in Buttenweiser Lounge. Come on!

On a rainy day, it is still possible to plug yourself in and feel the rhythms of life pulsating, very faintly, under the heap of rubble that remains as a remnant of the glorious, notorious sixties.

Let's bring back the Seventies before they're gone. We've only got six more years. I suggest that we begin by filing away all of those color, glossy photos of the Sixties protests, sanctuaries, Woodstock, Washington, student defiance, police brutality...

Yes, it was exciting. Yes, I was there. We were exploring the system, the world, ourselves, each other—a strange mixture of politics, psychology and lust. There were times when it seemed we had broken down all the walls. Disillusionment, hoarse throats and spaced minds signalled the end. It died. The Sixties are dead.

Yet, the Sixties have given birth to a whole new set of cultural oddities: Now.

Acid trips have become meditation sessions. People are even flipping out from too much meditation. Meditation comes in many mantras, concentrations and positions.

Try them all to see which one takes you the farthest in. Food co-ops have mutated to diet freaks and freak diets. There is a book for everyone and a magic program in every book that guarantees a long life, slim waist and no pimples.

From the era of the meaningful relationship, living together, and finally communalism has come the concept of the extended family and the open marriage.

From the chauvinism that existed generally on the commune and in The Movement has come the Women's Movement.

Finally, due to sheer exhaustion, the group-encountered, over-analyzed, chemo-lobotomized masses of the Sixties have begun to label psychiatry as the scourge of the Western world.

Perhaps this last outburst is only the beginning of a mass movement which will begin to negate the benefits of such things as mysticism, special diets and foods, interpersonal relationships and

liberation. That should bring us right up to about 1984. But that's the future. Let's get back to City College.

The Seventies are here. Now is the time to zap the myth that the only present is present past. Forget the inspections, dissections, explanations, and interpretations. It is time we all moved on.

City College is not dead—we have just gone six feet underground. There is still a hell of a lot of learning, loving, living and creating on campus. It is just happening very quietly.

I do not feel that this is beneficial to the college, the professors or the students. By coming out and being ourselves and by opening up many of the doors we have begun to close, we will succeed at the very least in making this school a nice place to hang out in. We might also succeed in a little consciousness expansion.

For a while, even early in the dead Seventies, this type of thing was happening. Students and teachers were actually excited and intellectually stimulated by what was happening during class discussions. This is the exception rather than the rule today. Student-professor relationships appear to have become more formalized. This is a sad thing as we are all losing out because of it. It is time to come out!

The massive movements in the Sixties aimed at getting everyone organized. There were groups for everything. Perhaps, now, in the Seventies, we are beginning to see the emergence of the individual—only no one has emerged as yet.

It is becoming more and more apparent that City College is losing its identity as an individual school. It is becoming merely a place that houses classrooms. Only the people in the school can prevent this from happening. Of course, if the school loses its individuality, then we, as students become merely part of the worldwide mass of students. I, for one, am not looking forward to waking up one morning knowing that City College is really dead, whether I am part of it or not.

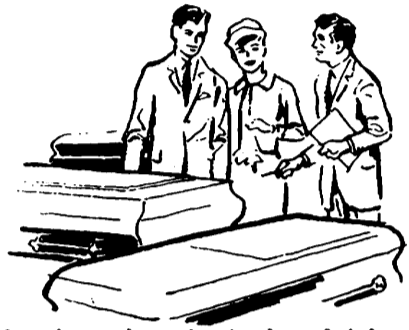
Perhaps if we had a Seventies Revival Day—good music, free food, films, maybe a light show: we could even try raising a few people from the dead—but, of course, no one would come. Besides, no one has ever really defined the Seventies except in terms of the Sixties!

Come on, everybody—get out there, expose yourselves. Open those trenchcoats! Take them off!(they're Forties' remnants, anyway).



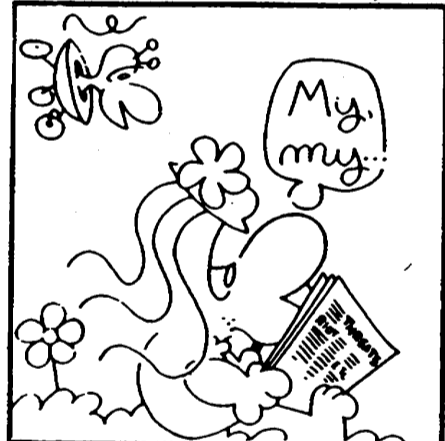
Photo by: Bill Bywater

Every Detail Perfect,  
All Needs Anticipated



Our funeral service is thoughtful and meticulous in each detail. For instance, we provide family transportation in up-to-date limousines with liveried chauffeurs, while providing parking space for other cars.

Mortician



The flying saucer that landed on the roof of Eisner last week is still parked there in violation of campus parking regulations. Efforts to locate the owner have been unsuccessful thus far. The fines, which have been accruing since last Wednesday, now amount to a sum in excess of \$3,458.

Aside from the serious structural instability the weight of the saucer has caused, there is also widespread concern regarding possible radiation damage to surrounding trees and shrubs. One of the students at the school of architecture com-

mented on the clash with the traditional City College skyline that has resulted.

Wackenbush searching for the offenders have been hampered by the fact that those responsible may be hiding out in Eisner. "You can't tell Martians from the regular freaks they got in there," one of the guards was heard to say. Pending further investigation a complaint has been lodged with the Immigration and Naturalization Bureau in Washington relating to allowing irresponsible foreigners to drive about indiscriminately.



Anthony Burgess, author of A Clockwork Orange and English lecturer at the College, will give a poetry reading Tuesday, March 27 at 12 noon in 424 Finley. The reading is part of the ongoing Noon Poetry Series sponsored by the Finley Program Agency. Admission is free.

# Subway Riding NY Style: A Primer

BY LARRY PEEBLES

Since City College is largely a commuter school and as most of us don't have cars you may find yourself riding the subway at some time in the near future. There are certain risks and hazards involved in this foolhardy pastime that can be minimized simply by observing the following precautions.

1. Never ride without something to read, preferably a large newspaper.

This rule is important because it allows you to seem literate in the eyes of your fellow riders. People will not treat you so much like a leper if you are reading, due to the widespread misconception that muggers and molesters can't read, a fact easily dispelled by OP's circulation.

A newspaper is also useful as a bunker from which you can justify refusal to become involved in the knifing taking place down the aisle from you. It will also serve as an effective shield against eye contact with other passengers, something to be avoided at all costs. If someone sees that you're looking at them they invariably become paranoid or aggressively hostile. Both of these responses can lead to unpleasantness.

2. Always sit as far away as possible from other passengers.

This point is a crucial one. Failure to observe it has resulted in extremely tacky situations such as being urinated upon, arrest, solicitation for a number of acts ranging from drugs to Kraft-Ebbing cameos.

3. Don't act weirdly.

A crowded, impersonal situation like a subway car produces a kind of hypersensitivity to anything out of the ordinary. People tend to react as a mob to anything that seems disturbing or threatening. Wearing green boots and a long, mauve feather in your tyrolean hat is a risky business on the Astoria local. As you ride the trains you will gradually learn which areas react more strongly to different



Two students were seriously injured yesterday in the derailment of a D train at 145th Street. Here, Administrative Assistant Huey Dayglow(r.) inspects damage as transit police ward off looters.

types of strangeness. It is alleged that vigilante groups screaming "Filthy Mutant" have been seen chasing lone strangers through the cars of the Canarsie line late at night but the reports are as yet unsubstantiated.

4. Practice being a robot.

Being a robot is far and away the best method of avoiding everything. Many robots have ridden the subways for years without mishap, as they will tell you if you can get them to speak.

Robots suggest sitting in front of a mirror for an hour a day quietly counting the pores on your nose. Another good method is to repeat noises like "click," "buzz" and "whirr" over and over to yourself before going to sleep at night. A third excellent way is to live in New York for five years or more. This is certain to transform you into a good robot.

5. Pretend that everyone around you has a deadly disease.

This is an accepted game for subway riders. Everyone hunches in their shoulders and arms and keeps their knees tightly pressed together in order to avoid bodily contact with their neighbors. The object of the game is to sneak glances around the car until you see someone sprawled out so that you and the other players will have an escape from your anxiety and an object for your contempt. This is a fun game as long as you can convince yourself that the other person is an insensitive, unperceptive idiot. If you forget that, you may find yourself feeling guilty.

If you follow these simple rules you will surely have no problem with your fellow passengers and you may even, in time, come to appreciate your little excursions on the subways of Fun City.

Next Week: How to behave in a crowded elevator.

## Varick Street

(Continued from page 4)

ordered into the hospital for "further observation," or see yet another specialist. I wanted out.

I handed all of my paraphernalia over. The adolescent-faced medical officer wrote extensively, silently for several moments. I held my breath. Finally, in the midst of his scribbling, without looking up, he nonchalantly remarked, "You'll be rejected." He said I should take all of my papers to the next table and then to the final check-out point in the lobby. "Whopeeeeee!" I screamed inside. The Army men at the table, now about five in number, looked solemn, as if I had missed out on something.

I walked (skipped) through the induction center corridors as a new man. Bright and bouncy, my lack of sleep and tribulations were shrouded in a cloud of joy. Deposit my papers at the very final check-out point, then . . . free of all the day's maddening changes. I planned on buying myself the best late lunch I had ever eaten. But as I watched the sergeant at the check-out counter write on some additional forms (it was great not to give a goddamn about what he wrote) I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned. It was my brother, Andy. MY BROTHER!

"Bruce, I see you got a rejection," he told me in a strange tone of voice. I knew Andy worked only a few blocks from the Varick Street Center, but why did he have to come over to see me? Why such sudden brotherly devotion? I told him that I would let him know the situation as soon as I completed the mess.

"Well," Andy continued cautiously,

"you weren't supposed to take the physical."

"I wasn't supposed to what?!"

"It was all a mistake, or something. Mom phoned me at the office and told me it was all off. She just got a notice in the mail about a cancellation. I guess the mail got fouled up and you wound up getting fucked."

The sergeant behind the counter, the same pock-marked-faced hillbilly robot who had earlier given us the spiel about no smoking, completed writing on my forms. The sergeant had heard my brother's tidings. I turned to him and stared.

"Weel, I woulda jest torn up alla these here papers if you was one-ayy."

"Thanks," I replied unvoluntarily, holding my stare. "I'm glad to hear you're on my side."

### POSTSCRIPT:

On Saturday, January 27, at 7 PM. Eastern Standard Time, three days after my visit to Varick Street, "peace" was declared in Vietnam. That evening Defense Secretary Melvin R. Laird announced:

"With the signing of the peace agreement in Paris today, and, after receiving a report from the Secretary of the Army that he foresees no need for further inductions, I wish to inform you that the armed forces henceforth will depend exclusively on volunteer soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines."

Without completing the article I put down the paper, got up from my seat, went into the bathroom and vomited into the toilet bowl. It had been a trying week.

## Concert Comm

## ANNOUNCEMENT

### Who Plays

### With \$14,000?

(Continued from page 3)

Unimportant are the technical abilities we've come by the hard way. Unimportant is the booking knowledge we've learned by fighting in the trenches of New York Telephone. Typical of this school is its ability to overlook those most qualified to fill a job. The experience gained in this field isn't easily transferred, nor is it easily obtained without that all-important experience. This year's committee will spend more than they'll have to, by virtue of their inexperience alone. That the Senate President wants to appoint his friends to important committees is his privilege. The least he could do is appoint knowledgeable people. What few statements this committee has made, have shown incredible inexperience. This college will continue to burn itself unnecessarily by jerking around when it should be using its best people for the best purpose.

Well thanks for your confidence and your support we appreciate the politics involved with the control of \$14,000 per term. Were any of the people that have shown some ability, in running a concert contacted anytime in the past term? No, we weren't. Were the students given any choice by a referendum? Well, yes and no. A referendum was run and mentioned in one of the school papers but where are the honest results? When you consider that 4000 sheets were printed where are the true overwhelming selections? Show me the actual results, the supposed 6000 ballots and I'll present proof that the referendum was poorly run and only was done to support some pre-conceived notions. I don't personally know the new concert staff but I wish them luck.

Next term there'll be a new President and probably a new committee. This school is playing games with \$14,000 of the student's money. Do you as a student care? Then don't let the shit fall on you like it's fallen on me. Demand to know what's going on. Ask where your bur-sar's fee goes or at least this one dollar.

The American Indian Movement (AIM) is sponsoring a "Night of Solidarity with Wounded Knee" on Friday, March 23, at 7:30 PM, at Washington Irving High School, located at 17th St and Irving Place in Manhattan.

The principal speaker will be Meredith Quinn, who is a Sioux Indian, and serves as legal representative for the Oglala Sioux Nation. Quinn has recently returned from Wounded Knee, along with several tribal leaders, who hope to present their case before the United Nations.

Wounds of War, a photographic study of Viet Nam, by Brian Kelly will be on exhibit at the Focus II Gallery, 163 W 74th St. Kelly spent a year in Viet Nam and many of the photos were taken in Quang Ngai province. The photos concern themselves with the costs and the victims of the war.

The exhibit will last through April 2nd, and the Focus II Gallery is open Mon. through Sat. from 4 PM to 11 PM.

## Letter

Dear OP:

I am a sophomore at the College, and very much proud of it. I read your paper every time it comes out and enjoy it very much. If I am correct it was in your paper that I read about a girl talking about slugs being used instead of tokens. I also think that it was a great idea to print that article about beating Ma Bell ("Dealing With Ma").

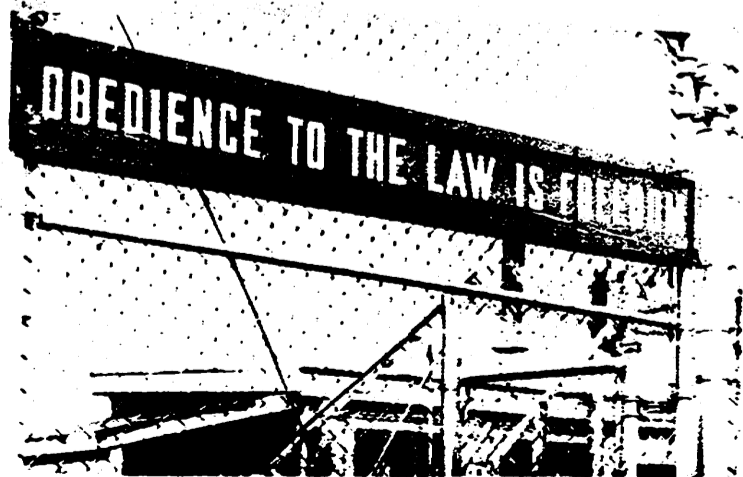
I'm sure more students would be interested in how they could get hold of slugs instead of tokens. If you know of a place where I could get slugs I would be overjoyed if you could print it in your newspaper. If you are afraid, or for some other reason can't print the information in the paper tell me because I'm going broke taking the train.

Yours Truly,  
David S.

Dear David:

Come to the OP office, 336 Finley, and ask for Pedro.

ED.



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**Student Senate Election Committee**

**Announces**

Declarations of candidacy for Student Senate Finley Board of Advisors, Discipline Committee will be available: March 26-March 30

*to be picked up and returned to  
the following places:*

1. Finley, Room 152
2. Shephard, Room 100
3. Cohen, 2nd floor Inf. desk
4. Architecture Building Room 200
5. Steinlen Hall, Room 117
6. Mt. Sinai School of Nursing

*Requirement: Matriculated, Undergraduate  
Day Session Student*

**Win the Summer Job!**  
announcing ...

**GRAND PRIZE—A 10-week summer contract as WXLO's film critic!**  
**6 FINALISTS—Each finalist will be awarded a 1-week film critic contract!**  
**ALL CONTESTANTS ARE WINNERS—**  
Everyone participating in the contest will receive a pair of tickets to a current Broadway show or film!



Here's your chance to become a finalist in the Cinema Critic Contest and win a 1-week contract as a salaried film reviewer at WXLO. There will be 6 finalists, and each will be eligible to win the grand prize—a 10-week summer contract!

Each finalist will spend a week—on salary—attending special press previews of films, and then writing and taping his or her reviews which will be broadcast Monday through Friday on WXLO. Then on June 22nd, a grand prize winner will be selected from among the finalists and will be offered a 10-week summer contract—on a weekly salary—as the WXLO Cinema Critic!

**THE CONTEST.** To enter the Cinema Critic Contest, simply fill out the Entry Form below and mail it to WXLO. Entries must be received by WXLO no later than March 30, 1973 in order to be eligible. Students who enter the contest will receive invitations to a preview screening at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of a first-run film, *Soylent Green*, starring Charlton Heston. Following the screening, contestants will be asked to write and tape a 3-minute review (approximately 400-450 words) of the movie. Any contestant who does not have access to a tape

recorder at home or at school may use WXLO's facilities on a one-time basis.

Contestants' taped reviews will be judged solely on the basis of writing and vocal abilities. The technical quality of the tapes is not important. The finalists will be announced on April 27th by our panel of judges—Arthur Adler, General Manager of WXLO; Mel Philips, Program Director of WXLO; and film critic Judith Crist.

All contestants who attend the preview screening and submit taped reviews will receive two free tickets to a Broadway show or film!

**NOTE:** The decisions of the judges will be final. All tapes submitted will become the exclusive property of RKO General, Inc., WXLO Radio. Tapes may be returned to contestants only by special arrangement and only if the tapes are still available after June 22, 1973.

So send in the Entry Form today and receive your invitation to the M-G-M preview. Then, submit your taped review and automatically win two free tickets to a Broadway show or film. Who knows? This could be the start of something big!

**ENTRY FORM**  
**WXLO Cinema Critic Contest**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

COLLEGE/UNIVERSITY \_\_\_\_\_

MAJOR \_\_\_\_\_

YEAR OF GRADUATION \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to: WXLO  
1440 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10018  
Attn: Marti Rosen



**98.7  
FM STEREO**

## Original Byrds



The Byrds-Asylum Records

I really had nothing against Fender Stratocasters. I saw Pete Townshend smash one with a thud on the stage of one of those Schaeffer concerts in Central Park five years ago. There's one on the back of the Layla album, and Jimi Hendrix used one to play the "Star Spangled Banner" at Woodstock. I didn't even mind the thing after I saw this guitarist from Flatbush who only knew three chords using one. The reason I don't like the instrument now, is because of this album. The key to The Byrds' failure is that it was produced by David Crosby. Mr. Ego has his Stratocaster turned up so loud in the final mix that it manages to destroy the only two tunes worthy of being done by this legendary group. I can't imagine why Roger McGuinn and Chris Hillman let the clown get away with doing this to their songs.

McGuinn especially, should have had more sense (I began doubting Hillman's intelligence when he left the Burritos and teamed up with Handsome Stevie Nicks). Anyway, McGuinn has always been a perfectionist, so something must've happened to him while Mr. E. was busy destroying the group's sound. For an album hyped as the successor to notorious Byrds Brothers, what they have given us is a big disappointment. The magic that was supposed to have taken place when McGuinn, Crosby, Clark, Hillman, and Clarke got together again fails to come across except for a few fleeting moments on each side.

The album's opener, "Full Circle," by Gene Clark owes about as much to the original Byrds that Flatt and Scruggs owe to The Move. (Note—Mr. E.'s voice is the last thing to fade on this track and he doesn't even sing lead.) "Sweet Mary" is a song from Argent's Ring Of Hands LP, and is also a Roger McGuinn song on this album. Rod Argent's song is better, but Roger's is more like what we would expect from The Byrds. It's a real sweetie, with a lot of mandolins, 12 strings, etc. It could have been a great album filler for Yesterday and Today. "Changing Heart" is an encore for Gene. It's easy to see why this guy can't make it on his own.

When the old Byrds wanted to do somebody else's songs they used to turn to Dylan or Carole King, and have some up with classics like "Goin' Back" and "Mr. Tamborine Man." Now they turn to Joni Mitchell and Neil Young, so maybe that's why things don't click. Those people write depressing songs, and David Crosby is depressing enough by himself. Mitchell's "For Free" could have used the kick CSN&Y gave to her "Woodstock" to keep it from going flat.

# OPOP

"Born To Rock and Roll" is that McGuinn song on which Mr. E. has left an indelible mark. Imagine the cheek (more on that later) of that guy to mess up Rog's song with all that tinny strumming of his. It could have been one of the best post-5D songs that The Byrds ever recorded. The same goes for Hillman's "Things Will Be Better," which opens side two, and is saved only by a jumpy, handclapping refrain. If you fiddle with the balance control on these two songs, you can get a better idea of how they should've sounded.

8-OP—March 22, 1973

Young's two songs, "Cowgirl In The Sand," and (See the Sky) About To Rain" are just pointless and should not have been included. If they did a couple of Dylan songs instead, the album might have been saved, but what has Bobby been doing lately anyway? Even Manfred Mann can't uncover anything new. "Borrowing Time" is Hillman's half-hearted attempt at reggae, and that leaves us with Mr. E.'s two ditties, "Long Live The King" and "Laughing." To say that the former sounds like a fairy tale is too kind. Imagine a cross between "Ole King Cole" and "Humpty Dumpty." This is the type of song that you can put out only after you've made a lot of bread.

"Laughing" they say, was on his solo album. Finally we get to hear a couple of seconds of good Byrds harmonies, but they cannot compete with the distraction of Crosby's chording which relentlessly assaults everything in its path.

There's an ad in the classified section of Rolling Stone which says that somebody has heisted Crosby's Stratocaster, and he wants it back. It turns out to be one of the first ever made (what a waste). From one music lover to another, I want to thank that person for having the good sense to relieve Mr. E. of that guitar.

I suggest that they bound and gag Mr. E. if there ever comes a time to mix another Byrds album, or maybe they should just knock him out with a wallop on the bald part of his head with his own 12 string.

Barry Taylor



## Pink Floyd - Madness & Death

Pink Floyd - Dark Side Of the Moon - Harvest

... Boom, chok... boom, chok... Boom, chok... tick tick- tick tick... VOICE #1: I've been mad for fucking years. Absolutely years I've been at it—working me bones off. I've always been mad—I know I've been mad like most of us have. VOICE #2: Then that would explain why you're mad—even if you're not mad. VOICE #1: I've been mad for fucking years. Absolutely years I've been at it—working me bones off... (etc.) HAH-hah-hah-hah... HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH... "Speak to Me," side 1, track 1.

From the opening paragraph it is easy to get the impression that the theme of the album is "madness"—and quite correctly so. The madness is a reaction to a world which is filled with people running to catch a plane; where money is considered evil yet so difficult to come by; "run rabbit run," as time continues to fritter our lives away while death is a constant reality.

Pink Floyd's latest release, *Dark Side of the Moon* is more than just an album—it's an invitation to insanity, but the Floyd were never ones to put out dance music or rock 'n roll, or anything definable for that matter.

There are two cuts on this album that lie within the realm of classification. "Time" and "Money" are without reserve solid rockers in the classic English tradition. What sets them apart from the other Limeys is that Roger Waters, the group's lyricist, is not concerned with trite, romance lyrics. In addition, the use of sound effects enhance these to the extent that they transcend the limits of hard rock.

"The Great Gig in the Sky" is unique in that it employs the loan of Clare Torry's angelic voice yet without any lyrics. Her voice is a delicate instrument: so pure and direct, that one can almost listen without being aware that there is a vocal on the track.



## — Eat It —

Humble Pie - Eat It - (A&M)

Now about "cheek" (I know you're crazed with curiosity)—it's an expression the Limeys across the sea have for someone with a lot of nerve. Humble Pie have a lot cheek for releasing this double LP, with the prices of records being what they are. Like most double albums, it is no more a problem than what an editing job could have cured. Eat It would have made a really nice single album, but since it isn't, the high points will probably get overlooked due to an excessive amount of mediocrity.

A new part of The Pie's stage act... three black singers, Venetta Fields, Billie Barnum, and Clydie King, collectively known as The Blackberries, are a definite plus, adding a gospel tone to many of the songs while serving as a perfect counterpoint to Steve Marriott's singing. They provide warmth to the sound of the group which was beginning to sound a little too hard edged for their own good, and in doing so, manage to take some of the load off Marriott's vocal chords.

A good example of this is the opening track, "Get Down To It," where they underline and punctuate Marriott's vocals. Without The Blackberries, the song would have just been another chunky rocker. The formula also works

particularly well during a very soulful rendition of Ray Charles' "I Believe To My Soul," and on Ike and Tina Turner's, "Black Coffee," a funky song, neat and simply done. It deserves to be a hit single. "Drugstore Cowboy" has the same rocking feel that some of the songs on "Smokin'" had, but does not sound as tense and strained.

The material that should not have been put on the album are the songs where the band tries too hard to present that "tough-as-nails" image ("Good Booze and Bad Women") or when they just turn in a bad performance, like on "Is It For Love," "Shut Up and Don't Interrupt Me" (save for the sax solo), and "That's How Strong My Love Is" (see Rolling Stones' *Out Of Our Heads*). Side three, composed of acoustic songs, should have been cut entirely. They proved on *Town and Country* (repackaged as one half of *Lost and Found*) that this type of song can be done effectively by the group, but then they had Peter Frampton to smooth the rough spots. Dave Clempson, his replacement, has come a long way since his repetitious 15 minute solos with his trio, Bakerloo, and then later with Coliseum; but artistically he adds nothing to this style, which lacks Frampton's sensitivity. Greg Ridley and Jerry Shirley each added something to that *Town and Country* album but now seem content in leaving all the chores to Marriott.

Side four, recorded live in Glasgow ("The finest rock and roll band in the land"?) would have done very nicely without the 12½ minutes of "Road Runner." Marriott's monologue is weaker than what he showed us he could do on "Rolling Stone," two albums ago, and at times borders on downright embarrassment. "Up Our Sleeve" is your average, heavy-duty, screaming, cruncher of an opening song and features Clempson's best solo on the album. "Honky Tonk Woman" gets a boost from The Blackberries and Jerry Shirley's drumming, and is a fitting tribute to the Rolling Stones.

All in all, *Eat It* isn't too bad for about two sides of music, but not even their 20 page booklet will make up for the two sides that should have been left in the can.

Barry Taylor

Perhaps the most dynamic cut on the album is an instrumental entitled, "Any Colour You Like," written by Dave Gilmour, Nick Mason, and Roger Wright; each trading riffs through an unbelievable array of electronic devices. Gilmour may not be a great guitarist but he is certainly one of the finest technicians around—listen carefully to his solo on this particular cut.

*Dark Side of the Moon* is a masterpiece, though I am almost certain that it will never receive the acclaim or sales that it deserves. Since the release of *Sgt. Pepper* in 1967, practically all attempts at concept albums have been utter failures. The Floyd's latest has made 1973 a historic year.

Pink Floyd has always been an enigma of progressive music, never in the mainstream—always lurking on the fringes, and happily so. (Just examine the decline in

the quality of the Dead's music when they finally hit wide spread popularity.) Ironically enough, the Floyd and the Dead have been the foremost explorers of the acid experience. Pink Floyd, however, have never strayed off course. It is doubtful that any event will ever surpass their historic Fillmore concert of "Atom Heart Mother" which included a forty piece orchestra.

This is the first album by the Floyd where the words play a significant role in the total effect-giving content to form. The music... ah, well, it is Pink Floyd's inimitable style which transcends description. Can one describe "Death?" Certainly not in words, but *Dark Side of the Moon* expresses the mood of death, futility, and madness with such realism that there is no doubt in my mind that Pink Floyd is more than just another English band—they are fucking madmen.

Martin Kent

