

The following statement was written by Marlon Brando to explain why he refused to accept the Oscar he won for his role in "The Godfather." Only part of it was read by his spokeswoman, Sashen Littlefeather, on the telecast two weeks ago.

Marlon Brando: His 'Oscar' Speech

BEVERLY HILLS, Calif.—For 200 years we have said to the Indian people who fighting for their land, their life, their families and their right to be free: "Lay down your arms, my friends, and then we will remain together. Only if you lay down your arms, my friends, can we then talk of peace and come to an agreement which will be good for you."

When they laid down their arms, we murdered them. We lied to them. We cheated them out of their lands. We starved them into signing fraudulent agreements that we called treaties which we never kept. We turned them into beggars on a continent that gave life for as long as life can remember. And by any interpretation of history, however twisted, we did not do right. We were not lawful nor were we just in what we did. For them, we do not have to restore these people, we do not have to live up to some agreements, because it is given to us by virtue of our power to attack the rights of others, to take their property, to take their lives when they are trying to defend their land and liberty, and to make their virtues a crime and our own vices virtues.

But there is one thing which is beyond the reach of this perversity and that is the tremendous verdict of history. And history will surely judge us. But do we

care? What kind of moral schizophrenia is it that allows us to shout at the top of our national voice for all the world to hear that we live up to our commitment when every page of history and when all the thirsty, starving, humiliating days and nights of the last 100 years in the lives of the American Indian contradict that voice?

It would seem that the respect for principle and the love of one's neighbor have become dysfunctional in this country of ours, and that all we have done, all that we have succeeded in accomplishing with our power is simply annihilating the hopes of the newborn countries in this world, as well as friends and enemies alike, that we're not humane, and that we do not live up to our agreements.

Perhaps at this moment you are saying to yourself what the hell has all this got to do with the Academy Awards? Why is this woman standing up here, ruining our evening, invading our lives with things that don't concern us, and that we don't care about? Wasting our time and money and intruding in our homes.

I think the answer to those unspoken questions is that the motion picture community has been as responsible as any for degrading the Indian and

making a mockery of his character, describing him as savage, hostile and evil. It's hard enough for children to grow up in this world. When Indian children watch television, and they watch films, and when they see their race depicted as they are in films, their minds become injured in ways we can never know.

Recently there have been a few faltering steps to correct this situation, but too faltering and too few, so I, as a member in this profession, do not feel that I can as a citizen of the United States accept an award here tonight. I think awards in this country at this time are inappropriate to be received or given until the condition of the American Indian is drastically altered. If we are not our brother's keeper, at least let us not be his executioner.

I would have been here tonight to speak to you directly, but I felt that perhaps I could be of better use if I went to Wounded Knee to help forestall in whatever way I can the establishment of a peace which would be dishonorable as long as the rivers shall run and the grass shall grow.

I would hope that those who are listening would not look upon this as a rude intrusion, but as an earnest effort to focus attention on an issue that might very well determine whether or not this country has the right to say from this point forward we believe in the inalienable rights of all people to remain free and independent on lands that have supported their life beyond living memory.

Thank you for your kindness and your courtesy to Miss Littlefeather. Thank you and good night.

OP

observation post

Vol. 53 No.6

Friday, April 6, 1973

McGuire Charges Frame-up

Ron McGuire is charging that the College is framing him for the burglary of \$2600 worth of equipment stolen from WCCR.

McGuire, a well-known student activist expelled by the College in 1969, was found by Wackenhut guards walking in one of the towers of Shepard Hall about 1 a.m. Thursday. "I was looking for a place to sleep," he explained to astonished friends the next day. "I don't know anything about WCCR."

Looking haggard from the experience of being jailed overnight, he went on to say that he was taken by the guards to the Security Office in Finley Center, where he was interrogated and asked to confess to the robbery in WCCR the previous morning.

"Some guards beat me up," he said, as others went to his car, which was parked near Steinman Hall on St. Nicholas Terrace, and drove it south. In search of the car,



The fratricidal Campus—Observation Post basketball war will be renewed this Monday night in Mahoney Hall. Claude Eche, figurehead coach of the OP squad, reports that his boys are rested and ready. "We got the height and the shooters," he said, "and we're gonna run them right off the court. The Campus squad, shown above, is coached by Baaskar Singh. The Campus is coming off a close loss to the House of David.

the guards allegedly found identification papers belonging to other people and a pair of scissors, which formed the basis of a second felony charge of possession of burglar's tools.

According to McGuire, when police from the 26th Precinct showed up, they informed the

College guards that searching the car was not allowed under law without a warrant. The guards quickly took the delapidated 1965 Mercury maroon convertible back north, he said, and proceeded to claim that he was carrying the scissors and other papers in

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Faculty Hits BHE On Transfer Policy

Students and faculty in the City University have begun a campaign to protest two resolutions on transfer students passed by the College's Faculty Council.

The resolutions, which became official college policy on March 15, call for the segregation of records of students transferring from two year colleges in the City University if they graduated from "non transfer" programs.

Non transfer programs, as defined by the Board of Higher Education, are those which lead to an A.A.S. degree, such as courses in auto mechanics and secretarial skills.

The Faculty Council goes on to "declare its intention not to recommend these students for degrees unless they qualify."

The second resolution reads "Faculty Council objects strenuously to this new Board of Higher Education Regulation on Admissions and requests that it be rescinded."



PHILIP BAUMEL

This refers to the recently enacted policy of the President's Council the BHE on transfers which calls for admitting all graduates of community colleges

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An Interview with Argent

All Together Now

By BARRY TAYLOR

Rod Argent, English musician of compulsory slight fame but no mean stature is trying to make himself heard above the din of The Kinks' sound check in an interview that took place a couple of hours before the two groups would take the stage of a capulized Madison Square Garden known as St. John's Alumni Hall. Both The Kinks and Argent are capable of more respectable things, but for tonight, it's charity time all the way...three and a half bucks allows you to enter the beer suffused halls of St. John's and sit in the bleachers to train your gazies on two top-notch groups.

This will be Argent's fourth consecutive show in as many nights, and Rod is feeling the chagrin of the prospect of three free days before the group's next engagement. Not that he's anxious to keep playing—he may very well be, but he just wants to get on with the tour. Trans-Atlantic touring is an

unenjoyable but necessary part of the job, and the sooner Rod will be able to go home, the happier he will be. Where the next show will be, Rod can't remember. He's paying people to keep track of technicalities like that, but his free time will reluctantly be spent in New York because that is where his record company and management make their home base. He has no desire to spend the time sightseeing, recording, jamming, or going to concerts like one might expect a visiting musician to do with his free time in the Big Apple, and he has already finished the three paperbacks he brought with him since his group flew into New York City about a week ago. This will be their third American tour.

For the past five years, Rod Argent has been one of England's premier keyboard artists, always managing to fuse together the elusive combination of precision and

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Anti-Tuition Coalition Plans April 26 Rally

Planning has begun for a mass rally after the Easter break to build up activity on the campus to defend free tuition and open admissions.

During the coming week, organizations belonging to the Ad Hoc CUNY Coalition—the Attica Brigade, Black Studies Collective, Borricas Unidos, and Concerned Asian Students—as well as independent students intend to conduct an intensive educational drive about the budget cutbacks and the possibility of tuition being imposed by the State Legislature.

The ad hoc committee will provide leaflets or speakers to other clubs who seek information on the budget crisis for their April 12 meetings. The committee is also seeking volunteers to help distribute and write leaflets and to make contacts in the community and in the high schools.

The mass meeting, which will be held in the Finley Grand Ballroom at noon on Thursday, April 26, will be devoted to a discussion of strategy, new suggestions and plans of action for students to follow in the fight against tuition.

High Schoolers to Meet Profs

The College will be showing off three of its "Distinguished Professors" Thursday at a press conference for high school newspaper editors and their advisors. In a bid to gain favor with potential applicants to the College, Professors Anthony Burgess (English), author of "A Clockwork Orange," Joseph Heller (English), author of "Catch-22," and Elie Wiesel (Jewish Studies), author of "A Beggar in Jerusalem," will be featured at 2:30 PM in Room 121 Finley.

observation post

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Rescind the Resolutions

Attacks on open admissions do not always come from Albany nor the Board of Higher Education.

Two weeks ago the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences unanimously passed a resolution calling for segregated records of transfer students who come to CCNY from Community Colleges under the new BHE regulations. Furthermore, the resolution states that the Faculty Council will not necessarily recommend all transfer students for degrees.

A second resolution calls on the BHE to rescind the policy that all graduates of CUNY two-year colleges be admitted directly into four-year programs with two years of credit, regardless of their major. Originally, students taking vocational courses were given partial credit when they transferred, or not admitted at all.

The effect of this policy will be to exclude students from the four-year colleges; students already threatened by the Keppel Commission's attacks on open-admissions and cutbacks in existing programs.

Students in two-year programs have traditionally been tracked into vocational courses. Students wanting to transfer to a four-year program because there is no job market in the field in which they were trained, or because their interests changed, will not be guaranteed direct admittance nor all their credits transferred.

A student taking more than 132 credits has to pay tuition. In a time when financial aid is scarce and growing scarcer, this would be a severe hardship upon many of these students. In some cases this financial factor may be the cutting edge in a student deciding whether or not to go to a four-year school.

Admittedly, there are deficiencies in the curriculums of the community colleges. But the effect of the faculty council resolution will be to make the students suffer for the failures of the educational system.

This resolution plays into the hands of the Keppel Commission which has already recommended a separation between the junior and senior colleges of CUNY.

President William Birenbaum of Staten Island Community College has said, "Segregation of records of any class of citizens of the university for any purpose violates civil if not academic rights of these students."

The University Community must protest this latest action of the Faculty Council and put pressure on the BHE and President Marshak to have it rescinded.

More Criticism of Keppel Report

The following statement was made last month by Dr. David Goldman, a professor at Brooklyn College, before the Joint Legislative Committee on Higher Education.

I appreciate the opportunity to present the views of the City University instructional staff on "Higher Education in New York State," the Report to Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller from the Task Force on Financing Higher Education, dated March 5, 1973.

I will address myself to four major aspects of the Report: the guarantee of access, the tuition proposals, the question of institutional independence, and the recommendation on collective bargaining.

1. The guarantee of access. The Task Force recommends "that all New York State high school graduates beginning with the class of 1974 should be guaranteed the opportunity of up to two years of post-secondary education in the State regardless of their income, race, sex or place of residence within the State."

This generous promise is less than what is available to high school graduates in the City of New York, who are now guaranteed four years, not two, of higher education, not post-secondary education, which is defined in the Report (page 1, footnote) as "collegiate and non-collegiate."

Secondly, access is not education. Admission by itself is not "opportunity." What guarantee, promise or provision does the Report make that this apparently open door will not be a revolving door? What recommendation does the Report make to implement its stated goal. "The overall quality of post-secondary education in New York should be maintained and improved." The answer comes under "Recommendations for Further Action" (page 16): "The State should expand its efforts to provide remedial help for academically deficient students, including those with English language difficulties, to insure that all students

have a fair chance to succeed in post-secondary education. If more funds are needed for this purpose the resources must be found." Where such funds will be found—whether from increased tuition or from increased burdens on localities or from some other source—is not indicated by the Report.

We submit that the Task Force Report is thoroughly deficient in providing for the maintenance and improvement of the quality of post-secondary education in New York. The Report glosses over pressure that are pushing us in the opposite direction—toward an erosion of quality. I refer to funding cuts that have generated the craze for "productivity" at both the State and local levels.

Access to what? It is fraudulent to provide "access" first and to promise "further action" at some future date and at some unknown price to accommodate—to properly educate—those given such access.

2. The tuition proposals. We are opposed to the imposition of tuition at the City University of New York for the reasons we have stated so often in the past and articulated so eloquently here by the Ad Hoc Committee for the City University of New York. The Task Force's particular scheme to sugar-coat the tuition proposal, however, is especially objectionable.

The distinctions emphasized by the Task Force between low-income and middle-income students will create class divisions that do not exist on the campuses of the City University and should not exist on any campus. The Task Force itself says (page 6, no. 24): "Significant differences in governance and finance exist among the State University of New York, the City University of New York, the community colleges outside the city, and the private

colleges....Feelings of inequity exist in the minds of students, faculty and the public, and the situation is likely to grow more serious unless changes are made." Creating new, more basic differences are not the changes that are called for. Free tuition for everyone, at SUNY as well as at CUNY, would be a more logical and equitable means of eradicating discriminatory distinctions.

The Report further states (page 9), "We believe that students who have completed two years of college are better able to earn part of their expenses through part-time work, summer jobs or stopping out for a period, and to obtain loans because of higher lifetime earning capacities, and that State grant resources should therefore be concentrated on the first two years." This appears under the "Student Bill of Rights." We submit that the right to work and the right to "stop out" of college in order to finance a college education need hardly be established by the State of New York.

The misconception evidenced by this recommendation and running through this Report is that we are providing higher education, by our largesse, entirely and exclusively for the benefit of our students. Nowhere in the tuition recommendations or elsewhere is there a whole-hearted recognition of the benefits derived by the State and the society at large from an educated citizenry.

"If favorable action is not taken" on the student financial aid proposal, the Report stipulates (page 7): "then our further recommendations on institutional support, especially in regard to the City University of New York tuition, should not be considered." If favorable action is taken on the student financial aid proposal this

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to the editor

I address this letter through you to the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Science at The City College with the advice, consent, and formal supporting resolve of the Faculty Council of The State Island Community College.

The resolution of March 15, 1973 conveyed to the Board of Higher Education by the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Science of The City College has come to my attention.

1. The segregation of the records of any class of citizens in the University for discriminatory purposes is contrary to well-established policies within the institution. I am shocked that the Faculty in any of our colleges could, especially with such unanimity, move so summarily to compromise the civil, if not the academic rights of citizens in the University.

2. I was present during the Council of Presidents' debate leading to the adoption of the full-faith-and-credit resolution bearing upon transfer from community to other collegiate units in CUNY.

At no time was it every suggested that collegiate faculties recommend students for degrees who do not "qualify." Indeed, it was clearly understood that faculties both in the community and in the other colleges would continue to perform their scholarly duties in this regard.

3. It is perfectly clear that the March 15th resolution adopted at CCNY not only casts aspersions upon the calibre of students graduating from certain degree programs in the community colleges, but also upon the faculties responsible for the education of those students and for affirming, under the bylaws, that those students "qualify" for the degrees they have earned.

Such an aspersion, cast upon the faculty of SICC, is unacceptable. 4. Perhaps the Faculty Council at City College meant to invite a reasoned debate or reconsideration of a few quite basic educational situations:

a. Is it appropriate to compare the quality of freshman and sophomore level teaching in key disciplines as that is now being done in selected junior and senior units in CUNY, calling upon external auditors to make the comparisons? To compare, for example, the teaching of freshman level English, mathematics, and basic sciences at Staten Island and CCNY? I think this would be a useful undertaking, and I am prepared to advocate it.

b. Is the teaching of applied mathematics and sciences of the kind prevalent in the A.A.S. programs, educationally appropriate in undergraduate colleges? Examining what is now being done, quite apart from the junior colleges, in the great state universities and the most reputable of the private institutions this question is almost academic. But I am prepared to sponsor its debate.

c. Is the quality and rigor of the presentation of the applied sciences and mathematics in CUNY's community colleges comparable to the quality and rigor of the undergraduate teaching of mathematics and science in the senior colleges? This is a question which external auditors might evaluate, and I would welcome that as between, let us say, CCNY and SICC.

d. Is liberal arts undergraduate education, as now conducted in the various units of CUNY, truly liberating? Have the liberal arts curricula in the senior colleges kept pace with innovation and reform in American higher education? Does liberal arts senior college education encompass the relationship between contemplative thought and the application of knowledge, between formal academic study and internship and other forms of off-campus learning? The decay of liberal arts education is broadly acknowledged in American higher education. It is probably time for a far-reaching re-examination of liberal arts undergraduate education throughout CUNY.

Our Faculty Council would be pleased to join with yours in a project leading to a serious reconsideration of liberal arts undergraduate education in our University. But we would approach this project with open minds, without recriminations or prejudgments about faculty colleagues or classes of students among the various units of City University.

Sincerely,
William M. Birenbaum

President Staten Island Community College

Hip Pocrates

I'm 23 and had my first sex experience at the age of 13 from my brother's girl friend.

The 29 year old chick next door looks and acts like a 17 year old. She has a 12 year old daughter that also looks and acts 17.

I have balled the mother twice and she keeps suggesting that I should give her daughter her first sex experience. This really turns me on. She thinks I ought to take the girl on a drive down to the Blue Surf and sock it to her.

I know that as far as the law is concerned this would be considered statutory rape and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. But the only one who could press charges would be the mother—and she wants me to!

What are the real risks involved if any. Let's forget about pregnancy because a condom will take care of that.

Please give me some quick advice because I can't hold out much longer.

Sounds as if you and your neighbor's daughter are pawns in a rather common game—and it's no chess. A mother has an obligation to make certain an adolescent daughter knows about her own body, including prevention of pregnancy and venereal disease. The positive aspects of lovemaking should receive even more attention.

But the daughter's welfare doesn't seem to really concern her mother or you.

When a girl is ready for sexual experiences she usually has more than ample opportunity to experiment. Encouragement from a parent is rarely necessary or helpful.

Help! My eating habits are ruining my sex life!

I love spaghetti and spicy foods at lunch—when I dine with my office partners.

But my old man can't stand to come within 6 feet of me for 24-36 hours later. He says I exude garlic from my very pores!

After ingestion, spices like garlic enter the bloodstream and often give a strong odor to perspiration and other body secretions. As blood circulates through the lungs, some of the garlic essence goes across the lung membranes to be exhaled onto hubby.

Mouthwashes, etc, don't help much because the odor does not originate in the mouth. That's true of most cases of bad breath. Sometimes dental problems may be the cause, but not usually.

By BOB ROSEN

I met David at a time when things were going badly. Within a one week period, I had a fight with two of my closest friends and broke up with my girl friend. I was depressed, to say the least, and sorely in need of companionship.

David sat down next to me on the bus coming home from school one day, and struck up a conversation. It turned out that we got off at the same stop, and lived two blocks from each other.

Over the next five months, we became quite friendly. We did a lot of stuff together and saw each other nearly every day. Unfortunately, nobody else liked David. People said he was a fag. He did have a few eccentricities, and some effeminate mannerisms, but in no way was he a fag. "Hey, Andy," people used to ask me. "How's the fag?" It got to be pretty annoying. On top of all this, David had a weird last name that everyone used to harp on. It was Kugeilsky. Nobody could pronounce it.

Come June of that year, we decided that we were going to work in a camp over the summer. David found this place called Camp Olympus that supposedly had a good reputation. We went down for the interview and got hired as waiters. The salary was \$200 plus tips, which really wasn't bad.

The morning of July 1st the campers and staff of Camp Olympus met at the Port Authority Bus Terminal, boarded their respective buses, and two hours later found themselves in Camp Olympus, Parksville, New York.

David and I settled down in the waiter's bunk. He took the bed directly across from mine. We got our orientation of the camp, and over the next few days, got into our waiters' routine.

It did not take long for the other waiters to develop a disliking to us. We were considered outsiders. Everybody in the waiters' bunk except me and David had been going to the camp for at least six summers, and some as many as thirteen. They had started out as "pee-wee" campers, and worked their way up to waiters. Everybody knew everybody else. It was as though we were intruding into this huge family.

By the end of the first week, we had been branded. I was the ugly one; David of course was the fag. David was disliked at lot more than I was. "You might be ugly, but at least you're not a fag," they used to tell me. The people here harped on his last name more than in the city. On top of being called "the fag," they also called him Kanagelbird. He grew more unpopular every day.

Needless to say, two weeks into the summer had not developed any friendships. I at least had become friendly with one person, and several others had gone so far as to consistently talk to me in a friendly way. It was a major accomplishment.

A lot of David's eccentricities were becoming quite obvious by this time. Everybody used to walk around the bunk quite naked when they went to take showers. Others walked around naked for the hell of it. They liked to show themselves off. Nudity in the bunk was not only accepted, it was demanded. Nobody, including myself, had ever seen David walk around in his underwear, much less in the nude. He used to walk to the other end of the camp to take a shower or change into his bathing suit. Only one of the toilet stalls had a door on it. He was the only one who would ever wait to use it. On top of this, he didn't have a girl friend. He wasn't the only one who didn't have a girl friend, but the fact that he didn't have one didn't help his cause any. People began to wonder about all these things.

It was around this time that I learned of the Camp Olympus tradition of "kangaroo courts." Richie, the guy that I had become friendly with, explained that everyone except me and David had been brought up on charges of being ugly, fat, having small penises, all sorts of things like that," he expounded. "After you were tried," he went on, "they would take you outside and torture you. It was all in a friendly way of course."

"Of course," I said. "May I ask what charges you were

'If they didn't like me, they would have used Ben Gay.'

brought up on?"

"I was tried for being ugly."

"And what did they do to you?"

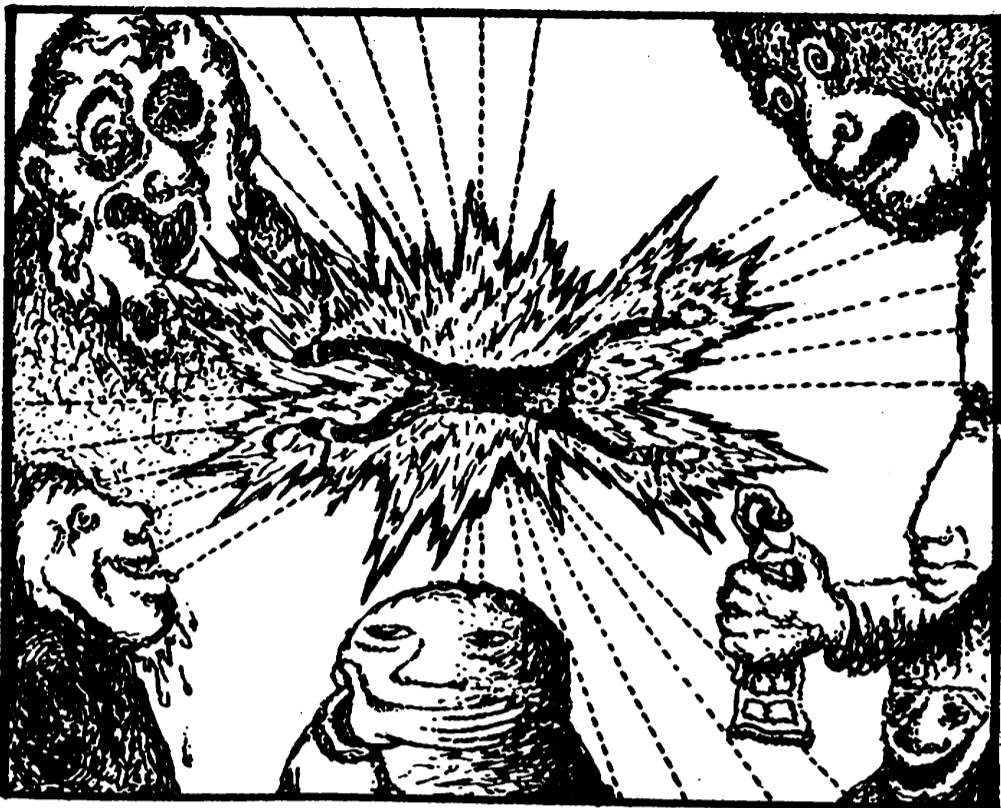
"They took me outside and painted my balls green," he replied. "And that's only because they liked me. If they didn't like me, they would have used Ben Gay. They rub that stuff into your balls and it burns like all hell. As it was, it took me a month to get all the paint off. There was one guy who went here a couple of years ago. Absolutely nobody could stand him. He was brought up on charges of being obnoxious. We took him outside and were about to use sterno on his balls and set them on fire. For humanitarian reasons we decided not to and settled for a full tube of Ben Gay. He was in agony for more than an hour and a half."

"It was all in a friendly way of course," I said.

"Of course," he said.

Upon hearing this I avoided David as much as possible. I went for days without talking to him. Though nobody ever said it, I had a feeling that a kangaroo court was being planned for him. I did not want to be tried with him. David also had an idea of what was going on, and he spent as much time as possible away from the bunk.

A week after my conversation with Richie, a group of



Crucifixion of Kugeilsky

guys were caught smoking dope in the bunk. This was a serious violation of camp rules. In an attempt to insure that it would happen as little as possible, the rule was, if one waiter is caught smoking dope, all waiters will suffer. What this meant was that all thirty-five waiters were not allowed to leave the bunk for the entire night. This included David.

The thirty-five of us were sitting around the bunk that night being gross and degenerate, as guys tend to be when they're hanging around with nothing better to do. David was sitting on his bed reading a comic book, and attempting to mind his own business. I was talking to Richie across the way from him. From the corner of the bunk, I heard somebody yell out, "Kugeilsky ain't got no balls." At first, nobody did anything, and David pretended not to hear. I caught a glimpse of his face. It was white.

I looked towards the corner where the call had come from, and saw Mark Cartman, one of the more sadistic waiters sitting there with a smile on his face. He called out again, this time at the top of his lungs, "Kugeilsky ain't got no balls." Everybody looked at him, and then turned to look at David. Again he pretended that nothing was going on.

Cartman then broke into a chant of "We want balls." About twenty of the waiters joined in with him. Finally, everybody but me had joined in the chant. There were thirty-three waiters rhythmically clapping their hands, stamping their feet, and screaming as loud as they could, "We want balls." After about thirty seconds the chant died down. When this happened, Cartman screamed, "Back to Kugeilsky," and the chanting would start again. It went on like this for five minutes. David looked absolutely petrified.

"Ooooh," David eventually whined. "Why don't you guys cut it out?" Everybody laughed, and the chanting grew louder. By this time, I had moved as far away from him as I could. I felt as though I should try to help him, but I saw no way that I could. Actually, my major concern was that they shouldn't start in with me.

The chanting went on, and eventually David got the hint. "All right," he screamed out, as he proceeded to unzip his pants and expose himself. Everybody broke into wild cheering. I could hear scattered cries of, "He really does have balls." Thinking the ordeal was over, David looked somewhat relieved. The ordeal was far from over. "It's kangaroo court time," Cartman yelled. The cheering started once more.

"Ooooh no," David whined again, this time on the verge of crying. Three of the biggest waiters walked to David, lifted him off his bed, sat him down on a camp trunk in the middle of the bunk, and restrained him.

The three big waiters were given the job of executioners. Richie was elected judge, and Cartman appointed himself prosecuting attorney. David was to defend himself. The trial began.

All the lights in the bunk were turned off, and the executioner who was not restraining David found a big flashlight and shined it in the accused's face. There was dead silence in the room. The silence was broken when Richie came walking into the court room led by five people chanting "order in the courtroom, here comes the judge."

"You are charged with being a fag in the first degree," Richie began. "Let me explain the rules of the court to you. The jury and the prosecuting attorney will decide on three questions that the prosecuting attorney will ask you.

These questions are related to your crime. If you get all three of the questions wrong, you will be tortured extremely. If you get two wrong, you will be tortured moderately, one wrong, and will be mildly tortured. If you get all three questions right, we ask you three more questions until you get at least one wrong. In other words, you can't win. At the end of the questioning period, you will have a chance to defend yourself. Finally, the jury will decide on your torture, and the executioners will take you outside and carry out the sentence. Everybody will

'If you get all three questions wrong, you will be tortured.'

watch. Let me add that in the history of the kangaroo courts, nobody has gotten more than one question right. Let the trial begin."

Cartman conferred with the jury, walked away, turned towards David and looked him in the eye. "What color is the big vein on the bottom of your prick when you have a hard on?" he asked.

"It's blue," David moaned.

"That's one right," Richie solemnly stated.

"How many times have the combined members of the jury masturbated in the past three years?" Cartman questioned.

"I don't know," David wailed.

"One right, one wrong," the judge said.

"For the final question," Cartman commenced, "How many hairs are sprouting from your left testicle?"

"I have no idea," David screamed.

"That's one right and two wrong," Richie proclaimed. "The case now goes to the jury. Has the accused anything to say in his own defense?" he asked David.

"Oh no, this can't be happening," David said, beginning to cry.

"Has the prosecuting attorney any closing remarks to make to the jury?" he asked Cartman.

"Throw the book at this faggot and show no mercy," Cartman said as he turned to the jury. The jury began to confer and two minutes later one of the members said to Richie, "We find the accused guilty as charged. The members of the jury recommend a full tube of Ben Gay as punishment."

Richie put his hand to his chin and thought for a few seconds. Finally he turned to David and handed down the sentence. "The jury finds you guilty as charged," he began. "Due to the fact that I am a lenient judge, and also since I am the only one who ever has Ben Gay, some of which I would like to save for my own sore muscles, I will reduce the sentence to one half tube of Ben Gay. This fiery ointment will be applied to your balls with a filthy rag by the executioners until they are through having their fun. Take him away," he told the executioners.

David began shrieking, but it was to no avail. "Don't do this to me. Don't do this to me," he screamed as the three executioners lifted him into the air and began to carry him out of the room. The jury and everybody else began to follow the procession out of the bunk. "I've got a bad heart. You'll kill me," David vainly yelled as he reached the door.

The terrified David was taken to this elevated wooden

(Continued on Page 8)

Records Reviews. . . .



Led Zeppelin—House of the Holy—(Atlantic)
 Jo Jo Gunne—Bite Down Hard—(Asylum)
 Rick Wakeman—The Six Wives of Henry VIII—(AW)

Led Zeppelin released their latest album sometime last week. It is a vinyl recording in a weird shit-ass cover. Jimmy Page still knows how to play the guitar and drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham still hits the kit with every moveable organ of his body.

So much for the facts. House Of The Holy can lay claim to being Led Zeppelin's latest album but certainly their album can claim little else. The cuts range from strikingly boring ("The Itain Song") to utterly bullshit ("No Quarter"). There are quick flashes of Led Zeppelin's past brilliance but their appearances are too fast to save the album.

But even in the morass of "soon to sell a million" bullshit there are several interesting moments. The first appears at the end of the first side in the form of the funky new step "The Crunge." Zep actually seems to display a bit of the old English cheek-in-the-tongue school of humor with this swell "lover's plea."

Actually each cut on this album contains a piece of tongue, what with meat prices being what they are, and may be a stronger comedy offering than a musical one. Now introducing England's new comedy sen-



sation—Led Zeppelin performing their oldie-reggae smash, "D'yer Mak'er." Tak Is Un Off. Please.

By the way, Led Zeppelin has also become an official member of the rock and roll synthesizer and melotron union of lunatic musicians who can play every musical instrument ever invented. Did I ever tell you about the time Bonzo Bonham threw a television set out of a motel window?

Since Led Zeppelin originally began there have been many bands who attempted to play in a similar manner. One of these groups of young men, affectionately known as Jo Jo Gunne also, have released a new album, properly titled Bite Down Hard (as opposed to Humble Pie's Eat It?).

"Ready Freddy" opens the album and is what might be described as a rocker. Those not sweating and twitching by the completion of this cut may be excused to return



to school for further education in how to waste their lives. The fact that you don't care what the fuck this song is about is the first sign that it's a minor rock success. The repetitious chorus that keeps building in your brain is another sure sign of imminent stardom for Freddy. (He's not dead is he?)

Jo Jo Gunne definitely took some good advice and "keep playing that rock and roll" throughout this album. Jo Jo is also now a card carrying synthesizer group but they figure if the synthesizer can rock and roll then it can't be all bad. Typical of most rock bands, sadly enough, Jo Jo Gunne's best songs are those whose lyrics you can't understand. Like old Beach Boys material, lead singer Jay Ferguson's lyrics serve as bridges for the guitar to cross over to the other side. I wonder what'll happen when Jo Jo Gunne gets too old to rock and roll, matter of fact I wonder what'll happen when Jo Jo Gunne gets too old to rock and roll, perish the thought.



Rick Wakeman

Speaking of "serious" music, the organist from England's Yes group has recently released his first solo album, The Six Wives of Henry VIII. Rick Wakeman is a keyboard star. Anything with a set of keys on it, this boy can play. Organ? Certainly. Piano? Without a doubt. Synthesizer? Not just one, but two that make different noises. Harpsichord? With his eyes closed and one hand tied behind his back. Rick Wakeman composed one song for each of Henry's wives and titles those songs in the proper, accredited manner. His keyboard style contains many influences from both the contemporary and classical fields while remaining as original as can be expected, considering the many influences. The two most effective selections are "Jane Seymour" and "Catherine Howard". Their effectiveness lies in the strength of their musical development, not in Wakeman's ability to translate pictures of these women into music. Basically this album fails in its effect to communicate some sort of feeling about each of the wives but does succeed in its musical context. Many of Wakeman's riffs are reminiscent of his works with Yes, but the album still manages to ring true. The highlight has to be Wakeman seated at a massive church organ in Cripplegate Church plunking out a massive church organ chord here and there. This album would have been infinitely more interesting if it had been called The Eight Wives of Henry VI and contained only six cuts so you could spend an extra three years trying to figure out what it all means. That's including the possibility that all this means anything.

Gregory P. Vovsi

Jeremy Spencer & the Children (Columbia)

Jeremy Spencer was the guitarist with Fleetwood Mac who went to the corner bookshop one sunny L.A. afternoon never to return. He was sidetracked by the Children of Jesus troupe and became convinced to give up all his possessions and become a member.

After two years, he has returned to the music scene with a new album of devotional music, showing that his four years with Fleetwood Mac were not forgotten. The sound of Spencer's new group with three guitarists, drums, bass, vocals, is very similar to some of the best things that he recorded with his former colleagues in their heyday.

Spencer recorded one solo album in 1969, a time when he fancied wearing gold lame suits on stage, but it only saw release in England. The record was mostly take-offs on old rock and roll songs, but instead of sounding like Buddy Holly, he came off as an anemic Tommy Roe.

After the embarrassment of that album, he released one single under the pseudonym of Earl Vince and the Valiants, "Someone's Gonna Get His Head Kicked In Tonight." It missed the charts, but it was a great improvement over the material on his LP.

Jeremy Spencer and the Children shows even more improvement in his writing and musical adeptness. Spencer uses a lot of modern parable and religious symbolism, about as much as one can possibly stand before the album suffers from self-indulgence. His poetic confessions of personal enlightenment on the album jacket are tedious when read, but his musical arrangements are diverting enough so that you may enjoy this album without having to pay attention to the lyrics, important as they may be to Spencer's concept.

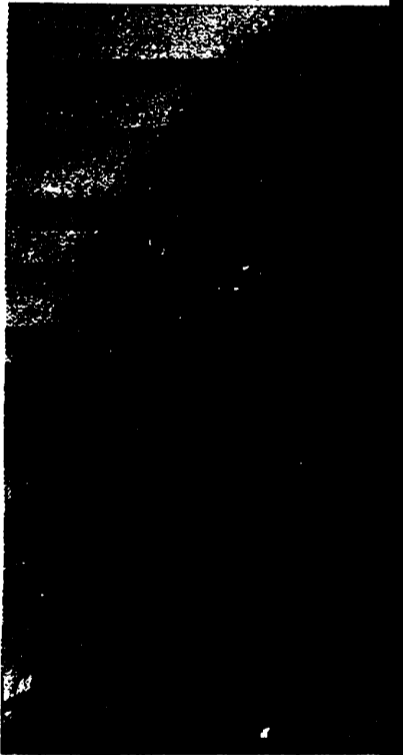
Barry Taylor

Argent

(Continued from Page 1)
 aste with the keen ability of being able to express himself while avoiding the self-indulgences of most keyboard men (who hasn't been bored at times with Lee Michaels, Keith Emerson, and yes, even Rick Wakeman). Argent has managed to maintain his identity in concert with guitarist Russ Ballard who provides the group with a driving rhythmic structure to which Rod is free to add melodic and harmonic shadings. Ballard is not a guitarist with the technical abilities of an Eric Clapton or a Jeff Beck, but he has a style of his own which complements the mood of the song.

As you probably know, Rod was the organist with the Zombies of "She's Not There," "Tell Her No," and "Time of the Season" fame. The group broke up when bassist Chris White decided to give up the rut of touring in order to devote more time to writing and studio work. "Time of the Season" was released after the group split, and became a million seller, much to everyone's surprise. This prompted Rod to get another group together, so he teamed up with bassist Jim Rodford. Together, they lured drummer Bob Henrit away from the clutches of John Mayall and Procol Harum and then got Ballard who played with him in Unit 4-2, an English Invasion group that scored with "Concrete and Clay," and then fized out.

Argent became the name of the group. Their first tour of the U.S. in 1970 which took place immediately after the release of their debut album was a financial disaster, as most first tours for English groups are after expenses. The second tour did "ok," but this is the one that should establish the group and net them some spending money. Rod isn't too concerned about the money—or so he says, and he does seem to be a very sincere chap, "Our management and promotional agencies will take their cut, and then there's also the expenses of the



have our own P.A. back home which we know down to a tee, but it's too big to take along, so we have to rent this set-up at \$700.00 a night."

Argent's last tour was extended to meet the demands for concerts they received, but Rod wasn't too surprised at the fantastic

'Audiences are more attuned to rock and roll in this country. . . .

reception that greeted them after an absence of two years. He explains it this way. "The audiences are more attuned to rock and roll in this country. Audiences are the same all over the world, but here the society is more oriented to pop music and the rock culture. Kids in England don't take it all that seriously. To them it's only a part-time



whether or not you take this seriously. You see, if ya don't believe all this bugaboo and ya don't read into it then you're probably safe 'cos then you're left with simple the best piece of heavy metal put forth by anybody anywhere ever. If, say, you can ignore the bass, it gets all creepy on verses like:

"a harvest of life a harvest of death
 a body alive a body dead"
 Then you can just sit back and enjoy "Quicklime Girl" for what you know it to be a great rock n' roll number. And if you've never seen "Star Trek," you probably won't worry at all about what a screaming ditz buster is.

Linda Donna

All Together Now

eight people who are all part of this tour. We thing."

The group's fourth album, *In Deep*, has just been released to coincide with the tour, and Rod proudly says it's the best one yet. Many would tend to differ, but I didn't want to hurt his pride. "Chris (White) and I produced it with the intention of getting a full, deep sound. We worked on dynamic textures to the music, with layers of harmonies to top it off." (I think you can get the idea of what he means by listening to the ending of "God Gave Rock and Roll To You.") "There is more harmony on this album than on anything we ever did before." Already, "God Gave Rock and Roll To You" has been released as the new single, and all indications are that it will be as strong as their past hit, "Hold Your Head Up," though it is not as good.

"We don't go into the studio with the intention of recording a single, but if we do something which we think will make a good single, we'll edit it and release it. That's what happened with "Hold Your Head Up" We never expected it to be a hit."

Half of the songs on the new album were written by Ballard. To my ears, these songs are the ones that are responsible for Argent's music heading in the direction that it is today—away from the subtler harmonic melodies that graced their first two albums, and toward a tougher sounding rock and roll raunch. The other songs are credited to Argent and Chris White, "Chris and I both take credit for the songs even though sometimes they are only written by one of us. It's like the set up that Lennon and McCartney used to have. We have our own production company (Nexus), so if one of us happens to be making money at the time, and the other isn't, we'll be able to share the profits."

On stage, about 25 feet away, Ray Davis is in one of his rare serious moods, carefully conducting his group through their sound

Plans for Argent's future include the recording of a new album after the tour, with possibly some live tracks which have already been taped. This is the tour that can make it for them and will possibly bring them to some of the bigger N.Y. venues like the Felt Forum, Philharmonic Hall, and City College on their swing back East if things work out as they should.

The Kinks finished adjusting their volumes, and Argent was scheduled to take their turn at it next, so Rod took his place



Russ Ballard

behind his Hammond organ...

...About two hours later, now in a maroon velvet suit which replaces his modest denim outfit, the quartet takes the stage and launches right into "It's Only Money" from the new album. It takes the riff from the Plastic Ono Band's version of "Money" and builds on it with a driving beat and Beatle-like harmonies. The group is off to a good start.

Rod is obscured by his various keyboards and Leslie cabinets, but the sound is definitely his. Jim Rodford pumps his bass with a bouncing bundle of energy, and Bob Henrit, the lanky drummer never stops working—his body and arms moving and swaying to the beat of the music. Russ Ballard in electric black and John Key sunglasses, stomps about in three inch heeled boots like a flamenco dancer. He has penned some of the group's best songs, from "Liar," a song whose commercial potential was picked up by Three Dog Night and turned into a hit, to the current single. He is in the limelight for most of the night.

"God Gave Rock and Roll to You" quickly

... Kids in England don't take it all that seriously.

To them it's only a part-time thing.'

follows, and receives a substantial ovation, the size of which the group only manages to squeeze out of the Kink crazed crowd one other time—after "Hold Your Head Up," their fourth number. This version which was not as good as the album's, spoiled the group's momentary momentum, and they found themselves in an uphill struggle the rest of the night.

Argent's set, lackluster in sound and presentation, only contained songs from their two latest albums. Their decision to forsake tunes like "Liar," "Steppin' Stone," "Sweet Mary" and "Pleasure,"—all four of which were among the highlights of their last tour, may be a harmful one to the group's impending success. These songs, rich in vocal harmonies, dynamicism, and precise instrumentation have given way to some undistinguished rock and rollers with long instrumental passages like, "Dance of Ages," "Keep on Rolling," and "He's a Dynamo."

Rod is very satisfied with the new course that Argent's music is taking. So much in fact, he did not hesitate to turn down a very generous offer by this reporter of \$100,000 to reorganize the Zombies. If the group does not quickly adjust their stage act to show their awaiting audiences that they are not just another limey rock and roll band, I'm afraid Argent may find themselves lost in the crowd.



Don McLean (United Artists)

Don McLean, the "American Pie Kid," has released a new album, which is by far his best—his vocals and guitar playing have been polished up nicely since his last effort.

Side one features "Driedel," a tight, smooth, folk-rock song about how he spins from day to day. The guitar work is good but McLean's voice dominates. It starts out slow, gradually building up to the chorus, and then finally to the last stanza. Next on the side is another smoothly flowing song called, "Bronco Bill's Lament." It could have been an excellent song if it wasn't for a cowboy-like "whoopie yi ay aye, one man's work is another man's play" chorus. That just does something dishonorable to the song.

Side two begins with "Narcissisma," a light rocker, with a good arrangement augmented by the West Forty-Fourth Street Rhythm and Noise Choir singing the background vocals and filling in the gaps. This side also has an interesting song entitled, "On the Amazon." It's sort of free-form nonsense, but put together well, an Arlo Guthrie-Tiny Tim style. It's the only song on the album not composed by McLean.

McLean's new album is for the most part enjoyable folk-rock. The songs are catchy and his voice is mellow. All I can say is, "Keep 'em coming Don."

George Leifer

Garland Jeffreys

The young folk-rock, vocalist-composer Garland Jeffreys has mostly played club dates. There he has impressed folks with his personal and intimate style. His presence is felt more strongly than most, and not only on account of his manner. His poetry, his sense of the lyric, is clear and often inventive. And he stays close to the line of the lyric. All the music conspires with the lyric and is there for its preservation. Melody is less memorable, though his voice is controlled and melodic, than is the phrasing of the lyrics, the rhythm of the separate lines. For the past year Garland has been drawing larger crowds, getting seen a lot more, and generally performing like an emergent artist. With the solid accompaniment of a young and talented guitarist, Alan Freedman, Garland is already spoken of as an innovative stylist and songwriter.

Now Atlantic has just released his second record entitled *Garland Jeffreys*. Unlike so many of the records one listens to, where the "rock" overpowers the roll or the sway of a singer's unique sensitivity, this record emphasizes the artist's individual quality. While some listeners may pride themselves on pointing to echoes of other singers—Dylan on "True to Me" or Smokey Robinson on "Lovelight,"—others will allow themselves to get into the fabric of this voice with its wide range of emotional possibilities.

The first cut on the album is "Ballad of Me," a personal song, more like a city confession than a folk ballad. The song's hero is both a "freak of the family" and a "legend," black and white as can be. In other words, he is a complex enough, multi-dimensional and integrated enough, to permit all of us to in some way identify with his condition. Likewise, the musical content, if not necessarily the presentation, is sophisticated and supports all the nuances of his lyrics. The contents of this song, along with the style of its music, provides the dominant note of the album.

Somewhat more up-tempo, though still in the blues vein, is "She Didn't Lie," released as the album's single. It uses several female

(Continued on Page 7)

The Orphan

With his new Public Theater play, *The Orphan*, David Rabe has successfully departed from the style he developed in *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* and *Sticks and Bones*, but his intent and result remain the same. In these previous plays he has attempted to show the absurdities of the Vietnam war that we have all been involved in for so long. Now Mr. Rabe uses absurdities which are farther away from us to enable us to see that our own American sense of pride and honor are no more justified than those of Agamemnon or even Charles Manson.

The basis of this new play is a Greek myth of murder—the family of Agamemnon. As the members of the family kill each other off, empty and perverse rationalizations fill the air. "I do not slaughter, I sacrifice." "If I were to think of this as cruelty I could not do it, but it is not; there is dignity in it."

Clytemnestra is the only character able to see the horror of murder and protests Agamemnon's determination to sacrifice their daughter for the sake of an army eager for war, "You trade my daughter for your delusions!" Clytemnestra is bewildered by her husband's actions and feels guilt at the love she still has for him. By the time the Trojan War has ended and Agamemnon returns home Clytemnestra is a totally different woman—bitter, furious and eager to revenge her daughter's death. Rabe portrays this change in character by having two Clytemnestras throughout the play, and this is remarkably effective.

Just as effective are the attempts to remind us that what is going on is not so different from our own world of the present. A speaker wanders in and out dressed in morbid black, lecturing us on various areas of scientific advancements; the workings of the body are not so different from that of a bomb. Also appearing now and then is a young girl dressed in denims who vividly and excitedly describes her meeting with Charles Manson and the night of the multiple murders at Sharon Tate's home. We are led to see that there is really no distinction between these atrocities and Agamemnon's proud war as she relates how "We went in and we went out as natural as the wind that took us there."

The set reflects this theme of death with a dead gray earth with a hole into which the players step in and out, and a sky full of skulls instead of stars.

Finally only Orestes is left and then he too is hoisted into the sky by Apollo; he becomes a self-orphaned son among the skulls of this tragic world. As the play ends we are left alone with the realization that the only difference between our world and theirs is their "gods—the measurable distance between motive, alibi and excuse."

In spite of the tragic themes David Rabe is dealing with, there are many humorous moments in the play. W.B. Brandon's portrayal of a drunk Agamemnon attempting to pronounce his own name is one of the most skillful bits of acting I have seen, particularly since it is sandwiched between scenes where he attempts to persuade his wife, and himself, that the murder of their daughter is the right thing to do. Rae Allen as the older Clytemnestra was good but Marcia Jean Kurtz as her younger counterpart was outstanding; the mixture of love and hate in her created a beautifully convincing character.

It is easy to see how Clytemnestra became the crass domineering woman she did when



we get to know Aegisthus, her new husband. He is another connection to our modern world with his business suit and monetary worries, and John Harkins is a fantastically pitiful comic relief in this role. Cliff DeYoung oo, as Orestes, offers us some laughs as he trips through the world of drugs with Richard Lynch as a masterful Apollo but as a murderer, Mr. DeYoung is not quite believable.

Once again, with Jeff Bleckner as his director, Joseph Papp has produced an excellent play at his Public Theater, 425 Lafayette Street. At only \$2.00 a ticket for students, this is a production no one should miss.

—Susan Rosen

Garland Jeffery

(Continued from Page 5)
back-up singers on the chorus, which comes on strongly, rhythmically and repetitively. It is similar in mood to "Harlem Bound," another possibility for a workable single. "Harlem Bound" also uses back-up singing, the Persuasions, and a beautiful piano that complements the lyrics. The excellent musicians to thank here are the duo of Dr. John and Chuck Rainey, and the drums of Bernard Purdie.

Despite its beat, "Harlem Bound" and especially another, slower tune, "Lon Chaney," revert to a sardonic, melancholy lyric line that to me is Garland's particular talent. These lyrics, even when they are not

explicitly about city life, still have an urban quality that comes across as "knowing the scene" or an awareness of the dark voyages of life. An example is the irony and absurd humor found in "Lon Chaney":
"Old Lon Chaney with the velvet touch
You look so sad with a face of stone
Just skin and bones you're all alone
With the hunchback's eye you live."
The violins of the "wolf" orchestra soften all this up.

The urban quality is also apparent in "Calcutta Monsoon," which is sung so slowly that the listener is forced to concentrate on the singer's voice and words and he is drawn into their simple, but at the same time, worldly sadness. This tune has the appropriate bitter-sweet ac-

companiment of the slide guitar, sensitively offered by Alan Freedman.

For contrast, on a more upbeat, happier note, there is "Bound to Get Ahead Someday," which was recorded in Jamaica with an all Jamaican band. Adjusting his voice to this lively, super-hip reggae music, Garland as usual matches the moment.

Barry Wallenstein

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Master poetess and soothsayer Judith Furedi prepares for her New York literary debut at the Poets' Cooperative, 233 E. 18th St., Monday at 8 PM. In what is expected to be the first uninhibited exhibition of free-form crevelating, she has promised her small coterie of followers to read "a cute little thing I just wrote about an octopus" as the climax of her act. Tickets cost 75 cents, which covers liquor and balloons. Gate-crashing is encouraged.

NOTICE

Student Senate Elections

April 9-10 — Announcement of Candidates Eligible to Run

April 11-13 — Campaigning Dates & April 23-27

April 30-May 4 — Election Dates

April 12 — Meeting of All Candidates, 12 Noon, Rm. 331F

All students interested in working will be interviewed

on the following dates:

April 9 - 1-4 p.m.
April 10 - 1-4 p.m.
April 11 - 1-4 p.m.
April 12 - 12-4 p.m.
April 13 - 1-4 p.m.

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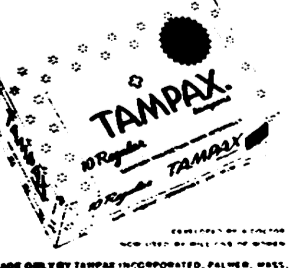


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(Continued from Page 1)

with two years of credit. Previously, if a student took a non-academic program in Community College his record would be evaluated and he would generally be given partial credit.

This would require the student to spend additional time and often to pay tuition for excess credits. If a student had 70 credits at Bronx Community and the College only accepted 20, he would still need 128 to graduate. This would require him to pay tuition for all credits over 132, or in this case 46 credits.

Under the old procedures students graduating community colleges with AAS degrees would often be denied admission to four year programs, according to Philip Baumel, Director of Curricular Guidance. Baumel is also the author of the Faculty Council resolutions.

William Birenbaum, President of Staten Island Community College condemned the Faculty Council resolutions saying "Segregation of records of any class of citizens of the University for any purpose compromises the civil if not academic rights of those students."

He went on to say that the March 15 resolutions "casts aspersions" on the caliber of student and faculty at the community colleges.

Birenbaum went on to score the Faculty Council for "not keeping pace with changes in liberal arts education."

A spokesman for the Attica Brigade at the college said "the resolution is a blatant attack on open admissions. It penalizes a student who may have taken a vocational program because he was tricked into it by saying that to take a four year program he must pay tuition or possibly not be admitted at all. This would effectively prevent thousands of Third World and working class students from going to the senior colleges."

He went on to say "This goes a long way toward implementing the part of the Keppel proposal calling for cutting off higher education at the two year level."

Marvin Magalaner (Eng.), secretary of Faculty Council defended the resolution saying, "I want the City College degree to mean something."

Asked about the effect of the resolution on open admissions he said "I am for open admissions but I am also for City College."

Magalaner was asked if this resolution could result in financial hardships by requiring some students to pay tuition to qualify for a four year degree. He responded saying "If a student decides to change majors there are penalties. If your school charges tuition, these are the facts of life."

Baumel explained that his proposals are not policy of the College. They could be over-ridden by President Marshak or the BHE, but he considered that unlikely.

Julius Elias (Philo.), a member of the Faculty Senate supported the Faculty Council proposals. He felt that the open admissions transfer plan passed by the President's Council of the BHE would "damage the quality of the City College degree" by admitting students who are unprepared for transfer to a four year program.

Birenbaum predicted a "fight" at the May 7 meeting of the BHE over implementing the recommendations of the President's Council.

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JAIL Group Seeks Freedom for Potheads

Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost (JAIL) is a newly created organization on the West Coast dedicated to the release of Americans imprisoned on marijuana charges in foreign jails.

Based in Los Angeles, JAIL has presently been concentrating its efforts in Mexico because of its proximity and diplomatic ties to the United States. They have already secured the release of several prisoners there.

The aid that JAIL provides is financial, legal, and moral, and at present, liaisons are being created with the embassies and consulates of the countries concerned. Many foreign jails will not even permit prisoners to receive information or letters, and this is just one of the formidable tasks that JAIL is attempting to surmount.

They are also attempting to establish contacts with the United States Department of State, and various influential legislators and politicians, as well as their work with prison reform movements here in the States and several "counter-culture" organizations, including the Marijuana Reform League.

Part of the financial aid that they offer goes to provide for prisoners

with bare essentials for survival, not offered by many of the prisons. According to Fran McDermott, one of JAIL's coordinators, "Many foreign prisons provide not even a bare minimum of food, and in order for someone to survive some kind of nutritious food must be gotten to these people."

At the moment, they are working exclusively with those people arrested for marijuana possession and use. There are presently over one thousand Americans being held on such charges abroad.

JAIL chapters are now being established on college campuses. These groups will be designed to help implement JAIL's programs. Members will receive newsletters and progress reports, plus information on foreign travel which will be useful in obtaining immediate help from JAIL if needed while travelling in a foreign country.

JAIL is non-profit and depends on individual contributions. They receive no aid from government or foundation sources. Donations and all inquiries can be sent to Justice for Americans Imprisoned and Lost, P.O. Box 46491, Los Angeles, California 90046.

arrest. Ironically, a couple of weeks before, Dandridge was seen standing behind McGuire on the food line in the South Campus cafeteria.

It was in the cafeteria in the late 'Sixties that McGuire came into contact with many others with whom he worked on political projects, such as opposing ROTC, recruitment interviews by defense-related industries, and supporting the demands of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community. He has been arrested several times before on the campus in connection with those protests.

Some of his friends still attend the College, and many expressed shock at Thursday's arrest. Generally, though, they accepted his story. "Ron is not the burglar-type," said one. "I don't know why he didn't call me if he needed a place to crash. I guess he just wasn't thinking."

McGuire...

(Continued from Page 1) Shepard Hall.

In an attempt to clear himself of the burglary charges McGuire will press the assertion that the guards took their evidence in an illegal search. He is asking campus service workers who observed his arrest and the search of his car to come forward and report what they saw. "They could obviously hear me being stomped," he said of cleaning workers whose office is adjacent to the guards' in Finley.

After his release Thursday in Criminal Court on \$100 bail, he met with Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer to ask that the College drop the charges. Sohmer's response, he said, was "equivocal."

Later that day, as McGuire was being interviewed by a campus newspaper reporter, Security Director Albert Dandridge ordered him to leave the campus immediately under threat of another

Camp Olympus...

(Continued from Page 3)

footbridge that connected the two waiters' bunks. It was about seven feet wide with a wooden railing on each side. Everybody was crowded around humming a funeral dirge and awaiting the festivities. David was screeching as loud as he could. It was amazing that nobody came to help him. The rest of the camp had probably gotten used to loud screams coming from the waiters' bunk.

Two of the executioners held David while the third one stripped him. He was then laid down on his back, spread-eagle on the bridge. With four belts the executioners lashed his hands and feet to the wooden railing so that he couldn't move. His pubic area was quite exposed. One of the executioners went into the bunk and found a filthy rag someplace. He came back out and took the tube of Ben Gay from Richie. Applying a generous amount of Ben Gay to the rag, he held it up to the cheering crowd. "Go! Go! Go!" the throngs were yelling.

David was wide-eyed with horror as the executioner bent over him, about to apply the ointment. "No, No," he screamed as the executioner did his work. The pain did not hit David immediately, but when it did, a few seconds after the Ben Gay was applied, he emitted the loudest, most unearthly shriek I ever heard. It reverberated between the two bunks, and went on echoing through the night. The waiters loved it. It made me sick.

The first executioner passed the rag to the second, and he also applied the ointment. The louder David yelled, the louder the crowd cheered. The second executioner passed the rag to the final tormenter. This went on until half the tube of Ben Gay was used.

When it was over, everybody went back inside and left David out there, still lashed to the railing. He was whimpering quietly to himself. "If anybody touches him," Richie informed everybody, "he gets the same. The bonds will be taken off in one hour."

I went back to my bed and laid there for an hour trying

Miser Singed By Guru

Tragedy was narrowly averted Wednesday when an assassin's bullet missed its mark: Dr. Harry A. Miser of Finley Student Services.

According to Wachenhut inspector Aldridge Dandruff, the assassination attempt came shortly before 1 p.m. Baskar Singe, a graduate student in Necrology and frustrated poet, slipped his Winchester carbine through the window of Miser's office. However, as he was about to pull the trigger, a Wachenhut guard bumped into him on his minicart. Singe went flying through Miser's window into the arms of Ertegun Sooney, of Finley Services.

"I can't understand it," said Miser. "I've known Baskar since he was a freshman and he's never done anything like this before. A bit on the demented side, mind you but hardly dangerous."

Singe was immediately taken to the Wachenhut office where guards spent the rest of the afternoon trying to decide what to do with him. He was eventually removed to



Dr. Miser



Baskar Singe

Convent Penitentiary, where he awaits arraignment.

Meanwhile, in a related development, students at the college are demanding better

security procedures in light of the theft of the South Campus guard house last week. A guard was inside.

I Met a Man; He Said He Ran a Junkyard



to put the events of the kangaroo court out of my mind. I couldn't. Everybody else was sitting around and excitedly talking about how this was one of the best kangaroo courts they had ever seen. I just stared at the ceiling, ignoring everything. At the end of the hour, Richie went out to David and opened up the belts that were holding him. He stumbled into the shower and washed off the Ben Gay. When he was finished, he came back into the bunk, still totally naked, walked over to my bed and stared at me for a few seconds without saying anything. He saw that I had nothing to say, and just turned away.

The next day, David went home. He never said goodbye.

On Keppel Report

(Continued from Page 2)

year, and tuition is imposed at CUNY, what guarantee is there that student financial aid will be appropriate in full next year? What happens to the tuition that has already been established if, in a subsequent year, student financial aid is cut or dropped? Must students rely each year on the vagaries of the State budget and the political winds? Is this the way to plan an education?

The Report also suggests (page 13), "Consideration might be given to a policy authorizing local governments to provide limited funds to students beyond those we recommend to offset tuition or other costs for students who live in that government's jurisdiction." If the State's commitments to students are adequate, as the Report claims they must be, why should funds be recommended "beyond those we recommend?"

4. Collective bargaining. Passing mention is made of collective bargaining (page 6, no. 27): "Many questions about its effects remain unanswered, and the problems posed by collective bargaining clearly deserve priority attention." The calibre of the relationship between the State's universities and their collective bargaining representatives is not touched upon in the Report, nor are the ramifications of that relationship on the financing of higher education in the State. The rights and needs of the

State's instructional staffs certainly deserve much more elaborate attention than is given here, in recognition of the key role played by those staffs in maintaining and improving the quality of instruction in the State's universities, which is a stated goal of the Report (page 2).

This deficiency and the others cited above are reflected in both the composition of the Task Force and in the sources used in formulating its Report. The seventeen members of the Task Force included no representatives of either the State's instructional staffs or its students. The sources used by the Task Force, as acknowledge in the Foreword (page iii), are the Heald Report of 1960, the Bundy Report of 1968, and "information generously provided by the staff of public and private institutions and by State and local authorities."

It is not surprising therefore that the interests of neither our students nor our instructional staffs are reflected in this Report. Nor are the interests of the people of the State.

The guarantee of access recommended by the Task Force is a sham as it applies to the City of New York.

Nowhere does the Report provide (as it broadly endorses) financing that will assure, beyond access, quality higher education.

The price laid down for such access is the abolition of the free-tuition policy established at CUNY since 1847, and establishing tuition through a formula that would create odious class divisions among our student bodies and jeopardize the capacity of all our students to attend college.

On behalf of the 16,000 members of the instructional staff of the City University of New York, we recommend a rejection of this Report.

We recommend instead the abolition of tuition at all the public colleges and universities in the State; the State's commitment to fiscal policies that will maintain and improve the quality of instruction at these institutions; retention of the local independence of the City University of New York; and the representation of instructional staffs and students on all subsequent studies undertaken by the State.