

## Administration Yields on Money Issue

# Black Studies Dispute Settled

By STEVE SIMON

The Black Studies department was preparing to fight the administration for its "survival" in a tense and angry dispute three weeks ago.

The dispute has been settled now with both sides appearing to agree that nothing more than "an administrative slip-up" was to blame.

That error dates back to July, when the College received its budget from CUNY and proceeded to pass along the cuts to the departments. The Institutional Resources Committee (IRC), composed of President Marshak's four top aides, decided to reduce the number of part-time faculty in departments that had been given an increased number of full-timers.

Somehow, that decision was never communicated to the Black Studies department until late September when it was too late. Black Studies, which had a steadily increasing enrollment, received four or five more full-time positions and therefore was cut by about \$10,000.

### A Slip of the Hand

"We were giving it to them with one hand and taking it away with the other," commented Associate Dean Harry Lustig (Sciences), who as the acting head of the College of Liberal Arts and Science oversees the ethnic studies departments. He is not a member of IRC, which includes the Provost, then Saul Touster, Vice President for Administrative Affairs John Canavan, Vice Provost for Institutional Resources Morton Kapton and Vice Provost for Student Affairs Bernard Sohmer.

According to Lustig, the cut would have caused the loss of about eight course

sections, figured on the basis that the College pays \$1200 to part-timers, or adjuncts, for each four-credit course.

But according to Professor Osborne Scott (Black Studies), the cut would have jeopardized 21 sections, about one-third of the department's offerings this term. Convinced that its survival was at stake, the department threatened to suspend all its operations if the administration enforced the cuts last month.

The administration discovered the "slip-up" when its computers started printing the paychecks for the first month. "We saw that the entire appropriation for the year would be spent in one term, which would have meant disaster for the spring," Lustig said.

"We pushed the panic button, and they reacted rather excitedly," the dean added, conceding, "I think with some justice."

Scott said that many of the department's members "thought it was a conspiracy" aimed at stunting its growth.

### Threaten to Strike

Led by their chairman, Professor Leonard Jeffries, about 15 department members confronted the administration with a threat to suspend operations entirely and with complaints about inadequate facilities and secretarial help.

The administration backed down from whatever intention it may have had to fire the extra adjuncts, and as Lustig said, "a certain understanding was reached" that money would be found to guarantee full support for the department in the spring.

"Someone else will have to be cut," the dean said, opening up the possibility that the older social science departments, which

are losing majors to ethnic studies, may bear the brunt of this cut.

As for Black Studies, Lustig said, "I do not anticipate having to fire anybody. Total teaching in the spring will be about the same, subject to registration."

Actually, the department's fall registration is down from a combined day-evening total of 1600 last spring to about 1300, a deliberate cut to permit smaller class sizes, Scott mentioned.

### Limbo Since Creation

The limbo status of the four ethnic studies departments has been a source of controversy since they were created in April 1971 from the predecessor Department of Urban and Ethnic Studies, which was headed by Professor Scott. At that time, he was bitterly opposed to its dissolution in favor of the four offspring.

The College also appeared to commit itself to the development of a separate School of Ethnic Studies for the departments of Asian, Black and Puerto Rican Studies if they proved successful at the end of three years. Jewish Studies would remain within the liberal arts college by mutual consent.

Now that their third year of existence has begun, discussion about their future status is getting off the ground. No one yet, though, is prepared to say whether the separate school idea will ever come to pass.

The question itself has become tied to the future of the College of Liberal Arts and Science (CLAS), which is undergoing review by a Faculty Council committee considering whether CLAS would function better as three independent schools—Humanities, Social Sciences, and Science.

On the future of ethnic studies, President Robert Marshak said this week, "I want to get more hard data on where the departments are at this point." He added that he is waiting to hear from the departments themselves on how they would prefer to be structured and expects some kind of decision to be reached in the early spring.

Scott said the Black Studies faculty has the separate school proposal "under active

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## Governance Vote Soon

Elections will be held in 15 departments next week to seat students on faculty appointment and advisory committees. For the first time in the College's history, students will be given a direct voice in the hiring and firing of teachers.

More than half of the departments did not get enough candidates to fill positions and will have to postpone elections until more students sign up.

Fred Kogut, assistant to the Vice Provost for Student Affairs, acknowledged the hurried manner in which the notice of elections was posted but assured students that some of the problems will be ironed out by next term.

Ballots will be distributed in all electives. Students will be asked to submit the corner stubs of their bursar's receipts along with their ballots. Students who are absent or who are not taking a course in their major this term, may pick up ballots in Finley 152 or Shepard 201.

## Lying Contest

Do you lead a dull, uninteresting, unexciting life? Think there's nothing about you to arouse the interest of a sleeping



mongoose? OP has a contest for you. We want people to lie about themselves. Make up anything you want. Just write it down and send it to us. Winners will be chosen on the basis of uniqueness, believability and interest. You must present something that would interest not only your average sleeping mongoose or subway rider, but the warped, though often brilliant, minds on this paper. Absolutely nothing of what you submit may be true. Only lies will be accepted. They must be imaginative, but believable by our staff of seasoned skeptics.

Winners will have their lies published in OP and will receive the notorious Spiro Agnew Memorial Award. Submit lies to: OP Lying Contest, in Room 336, Finley. Entries must be postmarked no later than when we receive them.



Professor Osborne Scott



Professor Federico Aquino-Bermudez

## Nurses Invade Campus Next Fall

By ARON BERLINGER

The nurses are coming.

The School of Nursing, now located at Mt. Sinai Hospital on E. 8th Street, is moving to the campus here next September, according to its dean, Marian Hosford.

The school has been affiliated with the College since 1968 and admitted its first class of 75 in 1969. It has grown to 700 students this term, and its all-women faculty of 19 last year has risen to 25 this term.

Still more faculty will be needed in two to three years when the school plans to initiate its graduate program leading to a master of science in nursing. So far, 48 bachelor's degrees have been awarded, the dean said.

The expansion and relocation of the nursing school comes at a time of financial stringency and space shortage, when expansion of most College departments has been blocked.

### Accreditation Factor

Interviewed in her new office here in Room 6A, Shepard, the soft-spoken dean acknowledged that although the school was accredited in 1972 by the National League of Nursing (N.L.N.), its main test will come in 1976 when it will be re-evaluated.

"There are sufficient reasons to believe that if the school had remained in Mt. Sinai Hospital for several more years, high caliber faculty would have shied away, and its accreditation might have been lost," she said.

Students from an unaccredited institution will not be accepted in a graduate program elsewhere.

This year, although ten new faculty lines were given to the school to be filled, only seven acceptable faculty applied.

The dean, who is obviously confident in the school's future, observed that the next "revolution" in this country will be a "health revolution" and "City College will be in the forefront challenging the lack of meaningful health delivery programs." About 90 per cent of America's sick people are not served by hospitals, she noted.

### Caring for Chronic Cases

"Chronic and crippling diseases are not treated by hospitals because of the lack of excitement in treating them," she added.

"There is this—the hate of Americans to see people die, but total ignorance of suffering."

Many of the nurses today are unprepared for extended roles in patient care, and physicians are rarely trained or ex-

perienced in working with nurses who are qualified for such roles.

Treatment of chronic illnesses and other non-hospitalized sicknesses will be emphasized in the Nursing School in cooperation with such College programs as Health, Medicine and Society, the ethnic studies departments, and Urban Landscape in the Architecture School.

Nurses will be trained to work for Health Maintenance Organizations, the umbrella name for community-based operations, institutions for the aged, and storefront

clinics.

Others might work for the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, whose patients include nonagenarians, cancer and cardiac patients, expectant mothers, drug addicts, alcoholics, prostitutes—anyone who is ill at home and needs nursing care.

Indeed, most of the nurses already graduated from the College work outside hospitals.

The U.S. Senate has approved \$805 million for community health programs. (Continued on page 6)

## Jewish Groups Raise \$2G, Students Leave For Israel

"If they can give their blood, I can give a little time," is the way that Harvey Luft explains his decision to leave school to volunteer for civilian service in Israel during the current war.

Luft is one of about 50 students participating in a fund-raising drive on the campus that has raised more than \$2,000 in about a week. The bulk of the money has been collected in small amounts from students walking past tables set up outside Shepard Hall and Cohen Library.

The faculty is also being solicited for contributions and according to Mark Czarnolewski, the student heading the drive, the Mathematics and Engineering departments have been the heaviest contributors.

The money is being turned over to the Israel Emergency Fund of the United Jewish Appeal, which supports domestic programs such as hospitals, housing construction and the resettlement of Soviet Jews.

While all the Jewish groups on campus are helping the fund-raising effort, Rabbi Arthur Zuckerman, the advisor to Hillel, has reported that his group is spearheading the drive. "Students have come to Hillel to volunteer for service in Israel," he said. "At least one student has already gone, and several others are waiting to go."

Luft is one of those waiting to hear about an available flight. Despite the \$450 round-trip airfare and the loss of his fall term, he has no regrets. "I'm a term ahead anyway," he remarked.

# Gay Ground

ALLEN DENNISON

This is one of a few articles which will be written by a gay student at the College and which will appear from time to time in OP. I hope these articles will at least communicate the reality to the College community—that there are gay people present on campus. Our presence cannot be ignored.

I will be writing from a personal perspective, not as a member of any group, political or gay. Since I am not familiar enough with gay women's ideas and viewpoints, I will probably not write about them. I hope somebody else will.

Often, a person who considers himself "straight" reacts to a gay person by either "accepting" him in some hypocritical fashion, or by totally denying his humanness (i.e., "he's sick"). My hope is to make a small dent in the hate and hypocrisy which have been produced by ignorance and fear in our society.

A few weeks ago, I experienced a real ignorance/fear situation on Broadway, a few blocks from where I live on the Upper West Side. Walking out of the subway and carrying my plaid beach bag, I saw a group of teenagers. I recognized one as the friendly guy who always said hello when I passed by the pizza shop where he worked.

I tried to catch his attention but found that my greeting was rebuffed. He did give me a very strange facial expression, though, which to me seemed to combine both feelings of fear and hate. As I was passing the group, I picked up some of their conversation. The teenager said, "Ha, ha. Look at him! He's a fuckin' faggot!" Only a few days before, he was the friendliest guy on the block.

A number of thoughts flew through my brain: "OH SHIT! ... the bastard ... who does he think he is ... how did he find out ... wonder he ignores me ... but he doesn't know me ... talking about prejudice ... ignorant ... in New York, no less ... he's so afraid of me ..."

Unfortunately in those few seconds, I thought of a number of solutions to the problem: "Wait—I'll show him ... I'll take a girl in there. I'll go in the pizza place with Ellen or Roberta, and I'll make out with them! I'll tell him I'm engaged. I'll tell him I'm married!"

Even though I consider myself a somewhat liberated gay person, I don't always think in "liberated" terms. After I went through all the mental acrobatics of trying to prove that I was straight, I thought that perhaps I should ask him why he's afraid of me. I didn't though, because I couldn't figure out how to ask someone why he feels something that he isn't even aware of.

I have had a different type of experience with a straight friend, whom I like very much, but whom I often see as an extension of our hypocritical society when it comes to his relationship with me.

In the course of a number of conversations, we seemed to agree that our society limits people in the way they can express close feelings for each other, especially when they are members of the same sex.

It seemed kind of ridiculous to us that the extent of our feelings and behavior is usually rigidly defined by our society. He agreed that people of the same sex should be able to hug and kiss, and even dance with each other. My friend is liberal.

We went to a "gay dancing bar" a few weeks ago. I thought it would be a healthy experience for both of us. It was, but it was also frustrating for me.

After I danced for a while, I asked him, "What would you do if one of these guys asked you to dance?"

He replied, "I would tell him that I wasn't interested."

"Oh. Uh huh. Has anybody asked you?"

"Yeah, a few people, but as I said, I am not interested."

I continued dancing and later returned to ask him if he would like to dance.

He answered, "Nope, but don't let me hold you back. Dance all you want."

I did, but I also felt that my friend was backing away from his own "liberal" stance when it became an issue which he would have to deal with on a personal level.

A month later, we went to Washington for a few days. We made the return trip back to New York, and as we were parting, I said, "You know, I feel like hugging you goodbye." He put his right hand on my right shoulder, and I followed suit. I said something to the effect of: "Oh well ... all right. I'll see you later."

A few days later, Roberta, a close friend of mine, came over to visit. My male friend was there, and since he is also close to Roberta, he gave her an enormous hello hug.

I find it frustrating to want to hug a friend who says that guys should hug each other, but still won't. It becomes more frustrating when the same friend hugs a girl whom he is not interested in sexually. ... just as a close friend.

This friend seems to be representative of a liberal segment of our society which does accept gay people as being there ... but not here, at this moment, when there is the threat of their own involvement.

It is obvious that the gay minority (a sizeable one) must be concerned (an understatement) about the treatment it receives from the rest of society. Perhaps now it is time for our "straight" society to begin to recognize that because of its prejudice and alienation of gay people, it is also depriving itself of its own total fulfillment.

## observation post

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

Editor: Robert Rosen

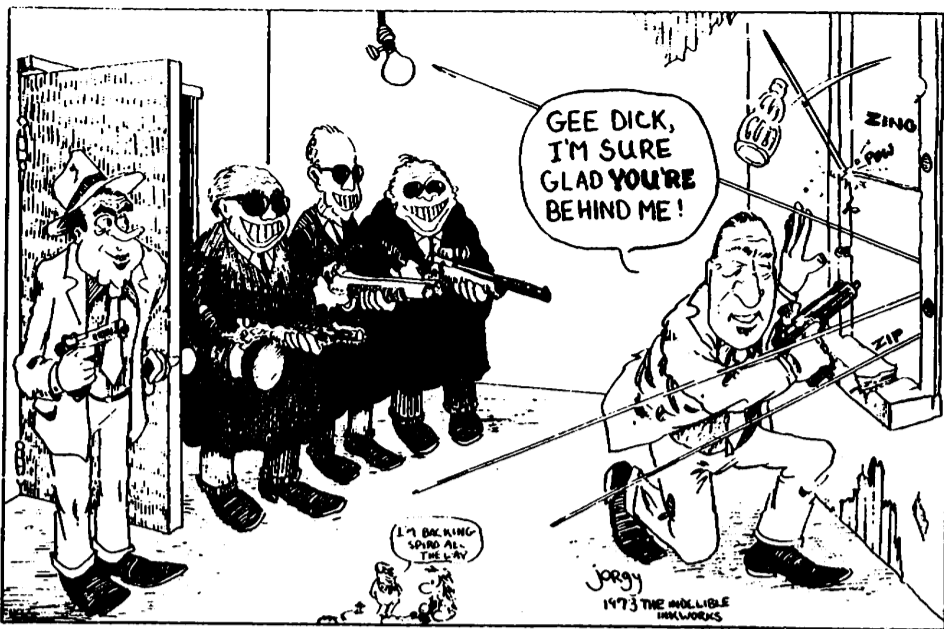
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## Letter from the editor

BOB ROSEN

Let me introduce myself. I'm Bob Rosen, the new editor of OP. This is something I've seemingly been on the verge of becoming for more than a year and a half now, but due to various fuck-ups, I've never quite gone through with it.

I have the distinction of being either the least qualified person ever in charge of the paper, or the second least qualified. It's debatable. I took the job because nobody else had the time or the technical skill required to put out a newspaper. I have some time and some technical skill. That's why this is the first issue this term. You can't have a paper without an editor. I wasn't crazy about the idea of becoming editor, but after some prodding I decided to give it a try.

It seems like there is this syndrome among past editors of OP that keeps them in the school for eight years. This is my fourth year here, and it's my last year here. I plan on keeping it that way. Past editors of OP have gotten totally involved with the paper and simply forgot about everything else.

You may recognize my name from the past Student Senate race. Maybe not. I ran for executive vice president and finished third. I don't remember on what ticket. That was another thing I was prodded into. I had two planks to my campaign platform. The first one was that if I won, I would stand up on the table at the first Student Senate meeting and expose myself. That was never printed. The other plank was a promise to supply the student body with subway slugs. That was printed.

It's a good thing I didn't win, because if I did, I would have immediately become your run-of-the-mill lying politician. I would have no doubt lost my nerve and not exposed myself to the Student Senate, and as it turned out, I wouldn't have been able to pull off the slug deal. So much for my political career.

There are several people on the paper who don't like the idea of my being the editor. They say I don't take important things seriously; witness the Student Senate race. They say I'm degenerate and decadent; witness my movie review in this issue. They fear that my personality will filter through and turn OP into more of a pornographic rag than it's been in the past two years.

All I can say to these perfectly legitimate charges is that I think the responsibility of this position will change me. I do have some good qualities, too. I can write; the people on the staff like me; I'm prompt; I'm organized, and in the past I've shown that I can be a responsible person.

This is not to say that none of my personality will filter through. It has to. There will no doubt be one or two pieces in every issue that a lot of people would consider just plain weird. This does not mean that I will print every piece of pornographic tripe that comes into my hands. Only the good ones.

For the most part, I will try to resurrect the OP of the past, before we began getting sidetracked in personality conflicts. There will be news, features, editorials, reviews, and columns. In other words, it will be a real newspaper. I also plan on trying some new and unusual things that have never been done in the paper before. I don't know what they are yet, but I guarantee you'll know them when you see them.

The last issue of OP that comes out in May will be unlike any issue of any campus newspaper. I will try to put into that issue a taste of everything that OP has stood for over the past 26 years, and more, whatever that is.

In these troubled days of the OP empire, all I can ask is for people to bear with me, and do everything they possibly can to help me put out a paper once every two weeks.

## Congressman Replies

The following letter from Congressman Jonathan Bingham [D-Bronx] was passed along to us by Hal Levin, a student here, who sent Bingham an article which OP ran last spring from Liberation News Service claiming that 3000 Marines were covertly fighting in Cambodia.

August 29, 1973

Dear Hal:

I recently returned from an official trip to Africa for the House Foreign Affairs Committee to find your letters of earlier this month. Please accept my apologies for the delay in replying.

I appreciate your going to so much trouble to find and send me that article from the *Observation Post* regarding reports that Nixon was illegally sending ground troops into or off the shores of Cambodia. When I saw the article, I recognized it as the same one which had been brought to my attention in late May. As you will note from the enclosed, I then contacted the Defense Department and requested a full report on the matter. In addition, I made some unofficial inquiries with several non-governmental groups monitoring the Indochina situation with the same results i.e. no facts were available to verify the story in the *Observation Post*.

As with the August 15th cut-off date for U.S. military activities in Indochina, we in Congress have to depend on the news media and the Communists in Indochina themselves to report any U.S. violation of the laws barring U.S. combat activities there without prior specific authorization by Congress. When these reports do occur, then we must pursue

them as best we can. Unfortunately, Members of Congress and Congressional staff who have travelled to Indochina for various purposes have discovered that without the cooperation of the governments in charge and U.S. Embassy officials there, it is impossible to conduct any thorough independent investigation. We will have to continue to depend on other less visible and controllable source of information.

Turning now to the question of how to remove the President from office, you may be interested to know that a group of lawyers in New York, I understand, are pursuing the issue of declaring the last Presidential election void with the courts. I have asked this group to keep me advised as to the progress of its court suit. ... I do not believe impeachment is a realistic possibility. It doesn't have a chance until there is a significant amount of support for it from members of the President's own Party; and if there is, then I feel there will be enough pressure on him to resign rather than face impeachment proceedings.

As for the report of the President's past history of mental illness, I don't think that this should be a factor in judging a man. I felt the same in the case of Senator Eagleton's candidacy for Vice President. A man should be judged on his record and his present behavior. If he is found wanting, then he should be repudiated at the polls.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

Jonathan B. Bingham

# Who Will Be The Next In Line—Eagleton?

By PETER GRAD

It was not really unexpected that Richard Nixon would choose for his next vice president one of the most partisan Republicans in the House, one who is not known for any contributions to the cause of civil liberties of American citizens or for concern for the undernourished school children in the poverty pockets of the nation.

Gerald Ford has been a staunch defender of Nixon's policies to the bone. He, of course, supported the escalation of the bombing in Vietnam and the illegal air attacks over Cambodia. He advocated the funding of the highly unpopular Supersonic Transport plane and consistently voted against cutting even one penny from the Administration's proposed defense spendings. And he had not even been a candidate for 24 hours before the first reports of his failure to report \$11,500 in campaign contributions from banking and oil interests hit the press.

Apparently, it did not occur to the president that at this point, amidst one of the most tumultuous series of executive crises any American leader has ever presided over, and to a good extent been responsible for, that perhaps the most constructive gesture of reconciliation with those who have been alienated from the political process, would have been to select as a Vice-presidential nominee, an individual who could offer responsible and viable, although (not even) divergent, views on such matters as foreign policy, social reform, and other matters of pressing concern.

Perhaps it wasn't enough that the president's closest advisors and most trusted associates confessed before the Watergate investigative panel that their



participation in the planning of the massive assault of unlawful acts, ranging from political sabotage and electronic surveillance to the hiring of provocateurs to paying off defendants was done out of resolute patriotism and steadfast loyalty to the President.

The House and Senate, as well as this entire nation, cannot afford to accept such an unchallenging, unimaginative "safe"

candidate for Vice-president as Gerald Ford, who has been described as having been for 25 years an "extremely close friend" to the President.

There are many alternatives. But there is one man who has shown more determination and greater courage in the face of pressure and opposition than the Agnews, Reagans, Nixons or Fords have ever been capable of displaying. A man who was just

over a year ago forced to relinquish his party's nomination as Vice-Presidential candidate. Not because of any wrongdoing or crime, but because of the incredibly anachronistic assumption on the part of political strategists, public pressure groups and media representatives that a man who acknowledges a fault or deficiency is not qualified to govern or assist in governing a nation.

Senator Thomas Eagleton had the foresight and intelligence to realize when the trials and pressures of an arduous campaign for Missouri Attorney General became overbearing. The "mental diseases" from which Eagleton "suffered" and which ultimately led to his forced resignation were exhaustion and depression.

What individual has not found himself anxiety-ridden before an important exam or crucial meeting, has not broken from a calm state into a sudden physical or verbal outburst towards a provocative individual or has never brooded over the death of a friend, a relative or a pet? To declare that such acts would render you incompetent to take the reigns of a federal office would be absurd.

Within three days of the first rumors about his health, Eagleton welcomed the press to his office and offered to answer all questions put before him.

He did not lash out at the press with a barrage of intimidating threats and cries of libel; he welcomed their questions and responded in full.

He did not order electronic surveillance of his critics to undermine their legitimate charges against him. He hired no committee to issue slanderous leaks concerning his opponents nor was he the benefactor of a massive campaign fund appeal which accumulated contributions totaling into the tens of millions of dollars.

Eagleton felt no compulsion to employ the tactics used by over 30 of President Nixon's and Vice-President Agnew's closest advisors.

He was a promising, diligent and concerned politician who had never lost an election. At 31, Eagleton was the youngest Attorney General in Missouri's history. He was an outspoken critic of the Vietnam morass and authored or supported numerous bills calling for the immediate disengagement of US troops from Vietnam as well as for the South Vietnamese government to release political prisoners and end censorship of their press.

He led Congressional debate on pollution standards and denounced the government's decision to relax auto pollution standards in the Clean Air Act of 1970 in what had appeared to be a deal between the Nixon Administration and the auto industry.

A reporter for New Yorker magazine has said of Eagleton, "He has the advantage of a friendliness and informality that makes it seem natural for people who have just met him to call him by his first name, even if he is a Senator." And a prominent St. Louis lawyer described Eagleton as being "the one politician I've known who hasn't made a political enemy."

Americans for Democratic Action (ADA), a progressive organization which rates politicians for their stands on various legislation, involving civil liberties, the war, censorship, etc., assigned Eagleton a rating of 90 percent, placing him among the highest rated members of both houses of Congress.

But perhaps an even more impressive statistic was his rating of 0 percent by the Americans for Constitutional Action, the

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## Lawyers Try To Oust Nixon

As media coverage of the Watergate hearings subsides and Richard Nixon basks in the apparent popularity of his latest Vice-Presidential candidate, two major activist lawyers groups are stepping up campaigns to nullify the 1972 Presidential elections and remove President Nixon from office.

The American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), with a membership over 200,000, is calling for the House of Representatives to initiate impeachment proceedings "in view of substantial evidence of President Nixon's participation in high crimes and misdemeanors... (which) have violated the civil liberties of the people of the United States."

Edith Tiger, an ACLU director, charged

that "the Watergate hearings and the crimes committed by the Nixon administration are being soft-pedaled by the media." She called upon Americans to break out of "lethargy and indifference" to take some action for a new national leadership.

"We have a tremendous responsibility to ourselves to keep alive not only Watergate but the whole series of illegal and unconstitutional actions by the Nixon Administration," she said.

The organization called for the impeachment based on six grounds affecting civil liberties including "specific proved violations of the rights of political dissent; usurpation of war-making powers; establishment of a personal secret police

which committed crimes; attempted interference in the trial of Daniel Ellsberg; distortion of the system of justice and perversion of other federal agencies."

The National Lawyers Guild (NLG), attempting to get rid of Nixon by other means, is circulating a petition which calls for the invalidation of the 1972 elections. It asserts that Americans were "deprived of the right to cast intelligent votes, free from fraud and criminal deception in an open and honest election" and that this rendered the elections unconstitutional.

"We are anxious to take Richard Nixon up on his suggestion that 'Watergate should be decided in the courts'" declared Adam Bennion, coordinator of the NLG's Committee to Set Aside the 1972 Election.

"We expect to thwart his obvious hopes that it will die a painless death in the courtroom," he said, adding that this suit offers direct involvement to those confined to the sidelines during the last few months of the Ervin Committee hearings.

The NLG suit states that "the defendants (Nixon, et. al.) intended to and actually did confuse, mislead and deceive the people with respect to the qualifications or lack of qualifications for Nixon and Agnew" by means of media attacks, favors, electronic surveillance, grand jury abuse, lying about activities in Southeast Asia, concealment of important tapes and coverup activities.

Readers wishing to become plaintiffs in the suit may fill out the coupon below.

Petitions for impeachment may be obtained from the American Civil Liberties Union, 22 E. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

### PEOPLE'S LAWSUIT TO SET ASIDE THE 1972 ELECTION

I want to be a plaintiff

I hereby authorize the Committee to Set Aside the 1972 Election to act on my behalf by doing all things necessary or desirable to carry through this suit including retaining attorneys and receiving any and all notices. This authorization is valid only in connection with this suit. I understand the Committee will assume all expenses and will not require me to make any reimbursement.

Signature of Plaintiff

I will help organize support for the lawsuit.

Enclosed is a contribution to help defray legal expenses.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

RETURN TO: Committee to Set Aside the 1972 Election  
c/o National Lawyers Guild  
23 Cornelia Street, New York, N.Y. 10014

Telephone: (212) 255-8028

Following is the text of the American Civil Liberties Union resolution to impeach President Richard Nixon.

WHEREAS, there is now substantial public evidence of President Nixon's participation in high crimes and misdemeanors; and

WHEREAS, these acts have violated the civil liberties of the people of the United States and the rule of law;

THEREFORE, the American Civil Liberties Union calls upon the House of Representatives of the Congress of the United States to initiate impeachment proceedings against Richard M. Nixon.

Impeachment should be predicated on the following grounds affecting civil liberties:

He and his closest aides have organized and conducted a deliberate assault on civil liberties by authorizing massive invasions of the First Amendment rights of citizens of the United States. On July 25, 1970, he personally approved the "Huston Plan" for domestic political surveillance and espionage by such methods as burglary, wiretapping and eavesdropping, mail covers and military spying on civilians. These methods of political surveillance were employed against dissenters, political opponents, news reporters and government employees. He and his aides employed governmental powers to harass and punish critics of his administration regarded by them as "enemies". He and his aides interfered with a free press through the use of wiretaps, FBI investigations and threats of criminal prosecutions. He secretly recorded conversations in his own office without advising the participants. He and his aides interfered with the right of

peaceable assembly and protest as in the arrests of thousands of persons on Mayday, 1971 and on many other occasions.

He has usurped the war-making powers of Congress as in the bombing of neutral Cambodia and he deliberately concealed the bombing from Congress and the people of the United States; and he has announced he would do so again under similar circumstances.

He established within the White House a personal secret police (the "plumbers"), operating outside the restraints of the law, which engaged in criminal acts including burglaries, warrant-less wiretaps, espionage and perjury.

He and a principal aide offered a high federal post to the presiding judge during the Ellsberg trial and, for a prolonged period, he withheld from the court knowledge of the burglary of the office of Dr. Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

He and his aides interfered with and distorted the administration of justice through such acts as his effort to limit the scope of the FBI investigation of the Watergate break-in. He and his aides caused the politically motivated and unjustified prosecutions of dissenters and corrupted the constitutional function of grand juries to make them instruments of political surveillance and harassment.

He has perverted and attempted to pervert the operation of various federal agencies including the Department of Justice, the National Security Council, the Secret Service, the State Department, the Defense Department and the Central Intelligence Agency by engaging them in political surveillance and in the falsification of information made available to Congress.

# Black Studies Dispute

(Continued from page 1)  
review," but it is too early to determine how they feel.

## Good and Bad

Professor Federico Aquino-Bermudez (Puerto Rican Studies) described his department as being "ambivalent about what would be the most functional place to be set." He suggested that if budget restrictions continue, "it won't

make a difference. We haven't been given all the support we deserve."

The advantage of a separate school, he noted, would lie in its autonomy from the rest of the College in establishing curriculum and handling personnel matters.

The disadvantage, he said, is that the separation "might be looked upon as a negative

situation by those who would like to see the departments disappear."

A couple of other portions of the original motion creating the new departments still have not been implemented—the appointment of a special associate dean to coordinate their planning and course development, and the

offering of a year-long required course for all ethnic studies majors on the history of New York's major ethnic groups.

The "intercultural survey course" is now being planned for next September by a faculty committee headed by Assistant Professor Ted Brown (History)

with a grant from the City College Fund.

"Until the departments had permanent chairmen, there was nothing much to do," Marshak said, explaining the delays and confusion in setting up the departments as they were originally proposed.

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# HUMAN RELATIONS TRAINING WORKSHOP

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## WHAT IS AN HUMAN RELATIONS WORKSHOP?

A human relations training workshop is a group experience in which people meet together with a view towards developing more satisfying ways of dealing with themselves and with others. The workshop is experience-based, which means that members learn through an examination of the reactions, feelings, behavior, thoughts, and perceptions generated in the group. Since 1960, many City College students have reported that they have had a more meaningful college experience as a result of attending one or more of these workshops.

## WHAT ARE THE GOALS OF HUMAN RELATIONS TRAINING?

Increased competence in dealing with people and with the subtle nuances of interpersonal relationships is a primary goal of human relations training. This includes a greater awareness of how what you do and say affects other people, as well as a greater awareness of how you can choose from a variety of different ways of dealing with people. In addition, participants can learn how others perceive their styles of behavior.

Another important goal is a clearer understanding of group dynamics. This includes things like how leadership emerges; how people find a satisfying and comfortable place in a group, and how groups can handle conflict and make decisions more productively.

Finally, many participants report increased understanding of how and what they do and say affects other people.

## HOW TO SIGN UP.

All C.C.N.Y. students are eligible to participate. You can sign up by filling out an application in Room 317 Finley. Everybody who applies will be interviewed before the program. The twenty-one dollar fee is for room and board.

# 'Bloodshed In The Streets Of Santiago'

By KYLE STEENLAND

Liberation News Service

The term "companero" has been banned in Chile. Meaning "comrade," it was the common form of address throughout Chile during the three years of the Popular Unity government of Salvador Allende. Now it's out, and, according to reports in Time magazine, "Porsches are in."

While the banning of "companero" is a symbolic gesture, the junta has moved on many more substantive issues which reflect the return to a state "free from the yoke of Marxism."

Bosses, replaced by worker committees or state managers under Allende, are taking over the factories again. They are, as one put it, "weeding out the extremists" who were Allende supporters.

Large landowners have been promised the return of land that had been distributed to peasants organized into state cooperatives. The stores in middle-class areas are filling up with goods, while the JAP—the state distribution system which brought food and goods to Chile's poor for the first time—is being dismantled. One worker noted, "Things will be as they were before, there will be hunger in Chile again."

The junta has announced, that though it won't return the nationalized copper companies to U.S. corporations, it is more than willing to discuss larger payments for the expropriated properties. It will also enthusiastically welcome any U.S. investment, and U.S. companies are beginning to express interest.

In addition, Bankers Trust, which had withheld a \$2.5 million loan to the Allende government, has promised to process it immediately—and to double it. The U.S.-dominated International Monetary Fund is activating the \$65 million credit it froze for the duration of the Allende government, and there are prospects for \$250 million more in the immediate future.

And, there is the reign of terror. Anywhere from 10-30,000 people are dead—with no end in sight. The primary targets have been the workers' districts where Allende's base of support was. The whole country is being searched, millions of books burned and plans for the revamping of the national education system are underway.

While the news from Chile is heavily censored, it has been possible for people to send out personal accounts in letters. LNS received the accompanying report from Kyle Steenland, who has lived in southern Chile for more than two years. It was dated September 24.

**SOUTHERN CHILE**—Chile's new government is one of mass murderers and systematic torturers. The military junta continues to complain of false press reports outside the country, denying the massacres and continual repression. The junta claims that what has happened is not a coup, but a "national reconstruction"; that the total number of dead since the coup is 250.

They continue to search all of Santiago, house by house, arresting and killing as they go. Reports from the now clandestine Revolutionary Left Movement (MIR) indicate that in the working class district of La Leguna, near Santiago, alone, 1800 people were murdered. Many bodies have been taken to the crematorium, some dumped into the sea, according to reports received here.

Estimates for the total number of deaths in the country now range from 10,000 to 30,000, although there is no way to tell for sure. Arrests are made on the basis of denunciations by neighbors, or for



Chilean soldiers burn Marxist literature in Santiago after conducting search for weapons and supporters of the Allende government.

possession of "left-wing" literature, or for being a foreigner, or for just about anything.

The government press agent, a Mr. Willoughby, who used to work for the U.S. Information Service (USIS), continues trying to convince reporters that the violence is minimal and that law and order reigns in Chile.

It is a difficult job, though. Forty-four percent of the country voted for the Popular Unity (UP) government in the elections last March, and that 44% knows the extent of the repression from first-hand experience.

Meanwhile, leaders of the major rightist party, the Christian Democrats, are preparing to embark on a junta-approved tour of the U.S. and Europe to explain the coup and encourage economic support for the new regime.

Although there are rumors that some Christian Democrats are beginning to doubt the junta's commitment to return power to civilians in the near future, its president, Patricio Aylwin insists that he expects elections within two years. He explained that the Christian Democrats supported the coup "for the good of Chile."

However, the military junta says that the elections will come only after Chile has been "cleaned up," a process which will not be either easy or brief.

So, if the elections do come in two years, they will be pretty hollow. The military junta has already banned the Marxist parties, representing about one half the country. They have also begun drafting a new constitution, reported to bear remarkable resemblance to the military-drafted constitutions of Greece and Brazil, which would dramatically increase the role of the military in Chile's political structure.

The resistance put up by the Allende supporters and the organized left failed, despite its being extensive and organized. The only way it could have succeeded—

given the massive firepower of the combined armed forces—would have been through an internal division inside the armed forces.

Some such divisions did appear in the early days of the coup: there were rebellions in the Tacna army regiment in Santiago and the Tocapel regiment in Temuco, to name only two. But they were repressed and the military maintained control. The left was scattered, and the working class has been subjected to a reign of terror.

Many leftist leaders have been assassinated. But reports indicate that all of the leftist parties (primarily the Communist and Socialist Parties and MIR) are continuing to function in hiding, with their leadership by and large intact. Apparently, Allende's Socialist Party suffered some heavy losses but the others came out fairly well. The junta admits that it has not yet captured the major leftists. In fact, there are prices as high as \$14,000 on some of their heads.

MIR especially has managed to come out of the first weeks in operating order. It had previous experience as a clandestine organization under the Christian Democratic regime of Eduardo Frei (1964-1970). Also, MIR had been preparing itself to function clandestinely over the last year, as the probability of a coup increased.

The left will probably first move to establish some sort of national communication network. It may then be possible to initiate a general strike accompanied by sabotage and armed actions against some regular military units.

Under such conditions, it could be hoped that major sections of the armed forces would go over to the left. Many soldiers have been so sickened by the massacres they have been ordered to carry out, that they are ready to join the left if an offensive created the conditions to do so. There are reports already that draftees have been seen fighting alongside workers in Santiago and that desertion is becoming a big problem for the junta.

If the left, however, has been so weakened by the coup's repression that it cannot mount a general offensive, then the prospects for years of control by the military are assured. In that case, the opposition of the left would probably take the form of a guerrilla struggle similar to that of Uruguay's Tupamaros. It is impossible to tell which of these alternatives is more likely. Most leftists are in hiding, if they have been active.

The working class areas and factories are tightly controlled—completely roped off at night. Many factories in Santiago have a military officer at the entrance who has a list of those workers permitted to work and those who are not.

There is an 8 PM curfew in Santiago. After that hour the military actions begin.

The repression began in the working class area and has now reached the center of Santiago. Each night large areas are surrounded and roped off, the inhabitants forced to remain in their houses until everything has been searched, arrests made and possessions confiscated.

Another aspect of the military repression is the campaign against foreigners. The junta, claiming it is leading a "nationalist" movement, is trying to pin the blame for the "cancer of Marxism" on the more than 13,000 foreigners in Chile, many of whom are Latin American leftists who sought asylum from their own repressive regimes. This theory, of course, politely ignores the 50-year history of the Chilean Communist and Socialist parties, but it serves to give a focus for the fears of many Chileans who have turned on their foreign neighbors, denouncing them and in some cases receiving rewards for it. For many, the current terror has become linked to the presence of foreigners, whom the junta declares, have come to "kill Chileans."

It also serves to warm the hearts of the neighboring military regimes from which the exiles fled: already police missions from Uruguay and Brazil have arrived to help in rounding up the exiles. There are reports, for example, that more than 150 Tupamaros were in Chile. Many are now reported to be working underground alongside the Chilean leftists.

It would be impossible to list here the innumerable stories of atrocities committed by the junta, stories which are not rumors, but first-hand accounts of relatives and friends of the victims. Of course, nothing is to be learned from the press, which is under junta control. All non-rightist papers and radios were quickly destroyed when the coup began. But, still, it is possible to talk to people and hear things.

In my own area, in southern Chile, where I have first hand knowledge, many stories are coming out. In the small town of Pitruquen, in the province of Gautin, the president of the State Bank was taken from his home and shot on the morning of the coup.

In the department of Panguipulli, in the province of Valdivia, a traditional rural stronghold of MIR, the peasantry was attacked by air and land, resulting in hundreds of deaths according to a doctor who saw the bodies. In the area of Puraquina, in Gautin, arms were found buried on a Mapuche Indian reservation. All the male Mapuches the military could catch were killed or severely beaten.

In Nehuentue, on the coast of Gautin, the military found buried arms before the coup, last August 30. At that time, they tortured the peasants to get information and after the coup they returned and killed many, again according to a doctor who has seen the bodies in a hospital.

These are the kinds of atrocities that half of Chile knows, each hearing them from friends, or suffering the repression themselves. The news is fragments, localized, but it is all true.



Soldier pulls hair of suspected sniper.

## Eagleton Stands In Line

(Continued from page 3)

reactionary counterpart to the ADA.

The ideal concept of mental health has yet to be adequately defined by psychologists, much less politicians. And this is particularly true, in view of this administration's attitudes towards the massive bombing of the tiny nation of Vietnam; the gassing and imprisonment of thousands of dissenting college youths, press and concerned citizens; the slashing of funds for almost every major social and economic assistance bill that was so vital to so many hungry and jobless Americans, in addition to those of the middle class; the deplorable sense of priorities given to defense contractors, bankers and oil men; and the compassion given those who

violated the Bill of Rights to re-elect the President while those whose consciences forbade them to carry a rifle or drop bombs upon human beings in another country on the other side of the earth were berated and now denied any chance of amnesty.

One must seriously consider: if these be the policies of the well-adjusted individual or politician, if this constitutes the fabric of good, clean mental health, then perhaps we—Eagleton, McGovern, and all others misguided and spoiled enough to believe that morality and compassion for fellow human beings must not be compromised in the exercise of power, then maybe we had a better plan on making an appointment with our local psychoanalyst and investigate what emotional imbalance is responsible for these feelings.

# Nurses Invade

(Continued from page 1)

The Nixon administration, however, opposes the bill and is seeking to cut off support for public health schools on the grounds that it is not needed. The American Medical Association sides with the Nixon administration on this subject.

## No More Room

Until last term, Mt. Sinai furnished dormitory room and board to 107 students at a minimal cost of \$50 a month. This year, as a result of the hospital's need of space for its own purposes, will be phased out next term.

The loss of dormitory space caused a furor among nursing students who said the College conveyed the impression that they could live near the hospital and would train in. Hunter College apparently has placed its tents in a dormitory at Bellevue Hospital, with which it is affiliated.

When Vice-Provost Morton Kaplan, who is in charge of institutional resources, was asked about the search for space here on campus, he estimated that an additional four to five thousand sq. ft. will be needed to completely move mainly for laboratory

space and classrooms. Kaplan suggested the labs and classrooms might be situated in the Science building despite the opposition of departments reluctant to give up space they received only last year.

## Male Students Increasing

What once was an all-female profession turns out to be a mixed career now. Though the majority are still women, seven men are enrolled this term, and one has already graduated. More male students and faculty are expected to join the school once the move is completed, Dean Hosford hopes.

The yearly turnover of about 30 per cent in working nurses is one reason health officials would like to see more men doing the job. "A lot of girls quit because they get married or have babies, or go back to school. And some are just scared of muggings," explains one nursing student.

Ernest Swatchney, a junior who recently transferred from Manhattan Community College, chose nursing while being sick in a hospital a few years ago. "I love people and I'm looking forward to helping them," he says. "I'm hoping to help change the stereotype image of the nurse the public has."

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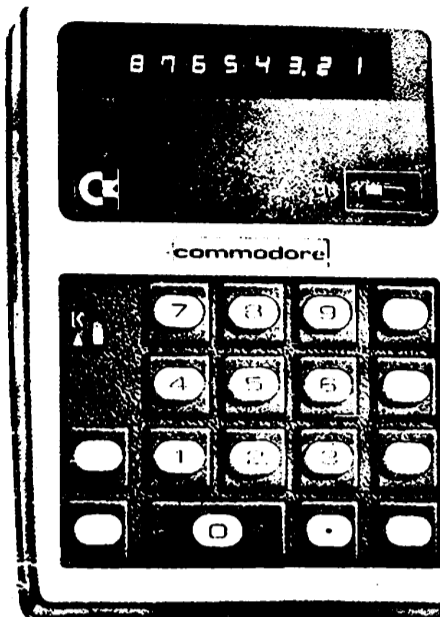
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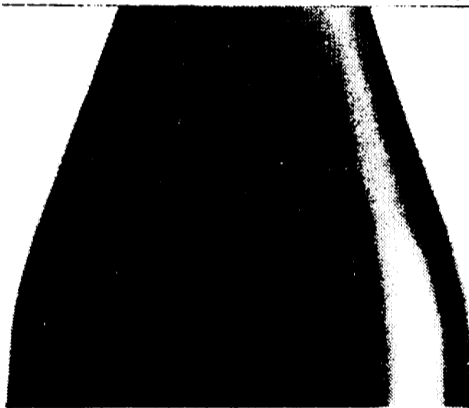
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Time Magazine November 27, 1972 page 81

More than a Rosé.

PINK CHABLIS OF CALIFORNIA... Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

# The Policeman: Foe, Flatfoot Or Fuckup?

By TOM McDONALD

When it comes to a discussion of the members of New York's finest, nearly everyone has some bit of information to add to the growing list of oaths and epithets heaped on the men in blue. Some of us can tell of violent encounters, of harassment or other such related incidents, but the one thing that always comes true is that no one ever has anything good to say about a cop.

My own experiences with the long arm of the law are varied, but the three that stick out in my mind the most all played a vital role in shaping my reactions to the sight of a man in blue.

This is not to say that all cops are wicked meanies. Why, no doubt, there are three or four of them out there who on occasion forget themselves and actually behave nicely to some old lady or little kid.

My first encounter with the law was at the tender age of four, when as a goofy little kid who didn't know any better, I listened to the advice of my older brother and accepted a ride home on his bike.

The week before a similar ride got both of us in hot water. While I was riding on the back fender of the bike, my Sunday dress pants leg got snagged in the chain of the bike. After several unsuccessful attempts to free the material, Jackson, who was a typical late 50's hood type, took out his knife and cut the pants leg away from the chain, leaving a huge hole. Dear old mom had a shit fit and banned me from riding on the bike.

Being a typical little brat-kid, I ignored the command and accepted the latest ride. However, my brother and I decided to use some caution, and I timidly agreed to ride on the handlebars.

Cruising down the street, Jackson repeatedly tried to calm my fears. "Everything's ok," he said. "Listen, I'm a good driver. See that cop up there? See how close I can come to him without hitting him."

As our point of reckoning came closer, the pressure was too much to bear. Rapidly we bore down on the cop, who was walking with his back to us, casually swinging his nightstick. The tension was too much, I panicked and reached back for the handlebars. The only problem was that I turned them the wrong way—right into the cop. To put it mildly, we enlarged his asshole somewhat.



Having been knocked down from behind, the cop jumped back to his feet with gun drawn. Seeing two kids and a bike, he halted for a second and then gave me my first extended introduction into what George Carlin has termed 'the heavy seven,' no make that six—tit wasn't mentioned, but there were several repetitions of shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, and motherfucker.

After the verbal onslaught, the cop walked the two of us and the bike home.

The next incident took place several years later. I was at a party with my good friend Arthur when the call for more suds rang out. Arthur and I collected the money and headed for the store. After picking up several cases of Blitzblock, we headed back to the party. About halfway there a cop car pulled alongside of us and the guy near the window told us to get in. We piled in the back, and he handcuffed us.

"I was hoping you would try to run," he

said. "You know why?"

When neither one of us answered, he said, "Because I haven't shot anybody in a long time."

Since neither one of us was very impressed, he launched into a new tactic. After accusing us of everything from sodomy to dealing in slave traffic, the car pulled into a side street in front of a crowd of people.

The cop at the window leaned out of the car and said to one of the men, "I think we got two of them."

The man he spoke to was a huge, swarthy type whose face was now flushed with anger. He looked into the back seat. Arthur and I proceeded to scream.

"Yeah, that's two of them. Scum, that's what you are, coming around here making noise, insulting the women and leaving beer cans all over the place. Scum, I should cut your mother's tit off and shove it up your ass."

## Identity Problem For Haitians

By MICHAEL PEREZ

Every year, more Haitians are coming to the College, adding to the small but growing population of one of the varied ethnic groups here. They don't number more than 100, and they have a cohesive force holding them together that makes them sort of an island. They are close-knit and don't diffuse into the mainstream of campus life.

A Haitian Club was set up for meetings on Thursdays during the free hours. They looked to that club for particular entertainment and a possible chance to help, and most likely, to be helped. But within the group reigns a variety of feelings—mostly dissatisfaction with themselves and with others.

"The Haitians here, they don't get in-

involved in anything," says a good friend. "They go straight home after school. Some stay away from other Haitians. They're almost hiding. Some others don't go to the club. They say there's too much talk of politics."

That the club is not interesting to some is true. It is mainly because the two hours are spent in a room where a speaker is at the desk and everyone else is eated in rows just like in a class. The members try both to socialize and take care of the club's matters simultaneously. At the end of the two hours, not much is accomplished.

"It's so boring in the club that I don't go there any more," says another student. "Too many speeches. It's a waste of time in there."

Not only in the club, but on campus, the

majority of the Haitians appears to be apathetic to what goes on. Although they look for alternatives to the drab hours in the cafeterias or the library, there is no real collective action.

"I think we're making progress," says a member of the club. "Yvane, our new president, is trying to get things moving for us. She's after a lounge for us right now and she's reviving the planning committee so we can provide a wide range of services to the members. I think that as soon as we get some things going, the club will get total support. We're planning films, parties, and conferences on what affects our lives."

"I always go to the club," says a faithful member. "They talk too much, that's all. But we'll get better."

Because of their minimal number, the Haitians are almost unnoticed and carry no strength on campus. Except on individual levels, they do not figure in school matters. There are no special study or counseling programs geared toward them, despite the adjustment to a new language many of them must make.

"I don't think it's so sad that we don't diffuse," says a proud one. "It's just the way we are. We can't change into Americans. We're Haitians." He points to the fact that the Haitian community in New York is almost self-sufficient with church affairs, theatre, music and entertainment organized by and for them.

"If we had to integrate, we'd go to the Blacks. But if there were a considerable amount of West Indians, we'd most likely join them. We look for tropicals."

"Who needs to integrate?" says a brother. "We'll bring Haiti to the College just like we brought it to New York! Only one thing. We need more Haitian sisters. The half-dozen that are here are staying away from us. They run from us!"

If I wasn't handcuffed, I was thinking of offering him a Blitzblock to cool off, but he looked like the mean type so I endured in silence.

The cop said, "OK, we'll take 'em in and book 'em," and off we went. The last move brought us to rapid attention. A rapid fire string of excuses and logic caused the two cops to pull into another side street and check our identification. The papers bore out our explanation that we were only attending a party and didn't live within 15 miles of the scene of the crime.

The two cops consulted for a few minutes before the driver turned around and said, "Get the fuck out of here, you two creeps."

But then the other cop, who had turned around to unlock the handcuffs, said, "But the beer stays."

Arthur protested, so the cop just put the beer back in his pocket and smiled. Blitzblock is Blitzblock, but I could figure out the score and said forget it.

Not too long after, we were on the New Jersey Turnpike heading south when a motorcycle cop pulled us over. He took his summons book out of his back pocket, folded it to a new page, and dismounted from his bike and strode towards the car. He was wearing knee high boots and his face was as wind-burned as any I have ever seen. As he came alongside stood poised in front of us with the book in one hand and a pen in the other.

The scene was too much to bear so I said, "I'll take two cheeseburgers, an order of french and a coke."

One judge and 60 dollars later, the trooper had the last laugh.

With all that in mind, I have been informed that the Sergeant's test for the New York Police Department is coming up in a few months. Taking into consideration all the recent developments in police corruption, I feel that some revisions should be taken into account in the upcoming Sergeant's test. Herewith are my humble contributions to New York's finest.

### Mathematics

Answer all questions to the best of your ability. You have one (1) minute for each question.

1. You and your partner have just uncovered a million-and-a-half dollars worth of heroin. Considering a 15 per cent cut for the precinct commander, 10 per cent for the federal agents, and a 35 per cent cut on the resale to the Mafia, in dollars and cents what would your cut be?

- (a) 9.5% (c) 66%  
(b) 22.6% (d) 72.3%

### Community Relations

1. You have just shot and killed a 15-year-old kid who called you a honky pig. Your best move is to:

- (a) Take the spare gun out from under your coat and drop it alongside the body.  
(b) Tell the press he was a leading member of the Black Liberation Army.  
(c) Say he attacked you with a knife, which fell down a sewer in the scuffle.  
(d) Head off community outrage by describing him as the leading drug salesman in the local high schools.

2. You stop a black who is driving a brand new Mercedes Benz. Upon investigation, you discover that he really owns it. The black becomes loud and uppity. You should:

- (a) Bust him on suspicion of rape.  
(b) Bust him on suspicion of rape and work him over in the station house.  
(c) Ask him to step out of the car, and while you distract him, have your partner drop three decks of heroin on the back seat.  
(d) Any of the above, plus giving him summonses for a dirty windshield, failure to signal, bald tires, and excessive use of the horn.

3. You stop a car for speeding which is owned by Joe Namath. When he hands you his license, there is a 20 dollar bill wrapped around it. You should:

- (a) Take the twenty.  
(b) Call him a cheap fuck and ask for 50.  
(c) Ask for 50 and hustle him for tickets to a Jet game.  
(d) Take the twenty, hustle him for tickets to a Jet game, and demand an autographed football for your kid.

## Students Set To Boycott Farah Pants Retailers

Students are being asked to join a picket line tomorrow at 3:30 PM in Herald Square, 34th Street and Sixth Avenue, in support of the Farah Pants strike.

The demonstration, directed against major department stores selling the company's products, has been called by the Puerto Rican Student Union, the Black Anti-Imperialist Student Caucus and the Attica Brigade.

In asking people to join the picket line, Richie Chevat, a member of the College's chapter of Attica Brigade, said "We know that it is only the workers at Farah who will win the strike. As students, we have the chance to support them. Every place that sells scab pants, we must be there to

demand they stop and to tell the public about the boycott."

The two-year-old strike against the Farah Pants Company is especially significant in New York, where close to 250,000 jobs have been lost in the garment district as "runaway shops" relocate in the South and Southwest to take advantage of the lack of unions and the low pay scale.

The workers at the Farah plants in New Mexico and Texas are 80 per cent Chicano and 90 per cent women. The main issues are pay (the workers start at \$1.70 and sometimes make as little as \$1.90 after five years), discrimination (none of the supervisors are women or Chicano), and the right to unionize.



**When this 25-year-old researcher  
wanted to investigate a possible cancer treatment,  
we gave him the go-ahead.**

**We also gave him the right to fail.**

At Kodak, it's not unusual for a 25-year-old like Jim Carroll to win the title of senior research physicist. Like any company involved in a lot of basic research, Kodak has felt the pressure of modern technology and the need for young, fresh thinking. So we hire the best talent we possibly can, and then give them as much responsibility as they can handle. Whatever their age.

We have departments and divisions, like any company. What we don't have are preconceived ideas about how an expert scientist's time should be spent. So when we received a request from the medical community for assistance in experimenting with lasers as a possible cancer treatment, we turned to 25-year-old Jim Carroll, who is deep in laser tech-

nology, and gave him the go-ahead. He built two half-billion watt laser systems, one of which Kodak has donated to the National Institute of Health.

The lasers proved unsuccessful in treating cancer, but we'd make the same decision all over again. We entered laser technology because we have a stake in business. We let a young researcher help the medical community look for a means of cancer treatment because we have a stake in the future of mankind.

To put it another way, we're in business to make a profit. But in furthering our own needs, we have often furthered society's. After all, our business depends on our society. So we care what happens to it.



**Kodak**  
More than a business.



By JAYSON WECHTER

In the wake of the recent harsh drug laws, drug use reportedly has fallen dramatically in New York state. Pushers, importers, cutters at all echelons of the business have abandoned their lucrative trades to sell aluminum siding, become divorce lawyers or run for Congress. But the die-hard men in the business, the ones who have been there from the beginning and have too much at stake to pull out—the nars, the CIA, etc.—are soon to launch a counterattack to the massive advertising campaign which has accompanied the new laws. This counterattack will take the form of their own advertising campaign, utilizing all forms of modern media, and is designed to give a much needed "shot in the arm" to the sagging narcotics trade.

One subway poster will show a glassine bag of pure smack, superimposed over the face of a contented nodding junkie. The caption reads: "One shot and you're good for the whole day!"

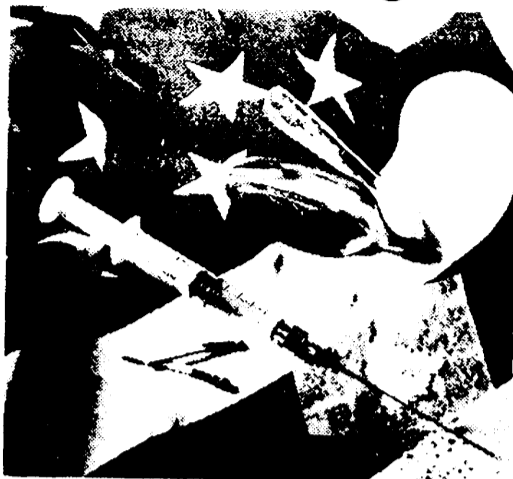
Another pictures four men sitting closely together, their arms draped over each other's shoulders for support, each in turn taking his fix from the same set of works. The caption underneath reads: "The thing that brings good friends together. Smack."

A third depicts a man and woman standing on the stoop of a decaying tenement. Rats are seen crawling through the garbage which spills out of the hallways and onto the streets. The mother holds a lifeless infant in her arms. The father looks bewildered and angry. The caption goes: "The baby's dead, you have no job, the roof leaks, the paint peels, your brother was killed in a gang fight, and you need something to get you through 'til tomorrow. Come see us, we understand. Your friendly neighborhood pusher."

A radio advertisement to be played on all top 40 stations runs like this: (cool, enticing voice somewhat like Wolfman Jack's) "Hey, ya feelin' down? Kinda out of it and alone? Don't know what to do? And everything inside is just moving around so fast you can't make it slow down at all? Well, mellow out a little, lie back, roll up your sleeve and all your problems are gonna float away on a nice soft white cloud of euphoria. Check it out. SKAG, the stuff to make it mellow."

The most effective of all these counterattacks is thought to be a 60-second television spot, to be broadcast during sports events, situation comedies, and after the evening news. It opens on a young man sitting on a park

## Drug Sellers Launch Fight



As American as apple pie . . .

bench, his head despondently cradled in his hands. A warm, compassionate voice speaks to him.

"So you're feeling down, huh?" The kid looks up, into the camera. He looks like shit. "Maybe you lost your job, or your girl left you, or you're just feeling like you can't take it anymore. Life is cruel, brother, and it'll knock you down and kick you when you're on the floor." The kid nods, sadly, and lifts a bottle of cheap wine to his lips. "No, not that stuff, that won't help you! It'll make you sick and rot your insides, and you'll end up barfing all over the place. No, what you need is a little of this."

A golden hand reaches out and hands the kid a glassine envelope of heroin. He holds it up to the sky, looks at it quizzically, and sniffs it. "In that little bag—just that little

bit of white powder can wipe all your troubles away. No more tasting that foul wine. One quick, clean shot, and you're good for the whole day. Go on, try it. . . ." The kid looks at the bag closely, smiles, and gets up and walks away, confidently.

The scene shifts to a small room. The kid sits on the bed with his arm bare, and is preparing his works. He shoves in the needle, and almost immediately his expression changes to one of pure euphoria. "Now, don't you feel better. So relaxed, untroubled, not a worry in the world." The kid nods limply. "So whatever your problem is, remember, you can find the answer, with SKAG. Available from local dealers everywhere. SKAG!"

But the drug industry will not just stop here. The United Drug Dealers of America (UDDA), an organization representing men from all levels in the narcotics industry, attempts to entice athletes, musicians, and other celebrities to publicly endorse their products.

"We're trying to give a more clean-cut appeal to our products," said one spokesman from UDDA. "This new law, and all those ads have given many people a bad feeling for drugs. We hope to change that by showing that Americans in all walks of life use and benefit from narcotics. Drugs are as American as apple pie, and an attack on the drug industry is an attack on America itself. If we can get baseball stars, T.V. personalities, famous figures from all walks of life out there to say that drugs are good, it'll boost our sales a thousandfold. We're in a tough fight, but I think we'll win."

## Political Talks

Three professors will tackle the issues arising out of the current vice presidential crisis in an open forum tomorrow at 12:30 PM in Room 107 Wagner. The panelists will include Professors Bernard Bellush (History), and Joyce Gelb and Judson James (both Poli. Sci.).

Professor Hans Morgenthau (Poli. Sci.), a well-known specialist in international relations, will speak about "the U.S.—Soviet Detente and the Middle East Crisis" the following Thursday, October 25, at the same time and place.

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# Danish Farm Girl Makes Film Debut

By BOB ROSEN

With two hard-core porno movies under my belt, I decided the best way to get into the mood for a third was to go down to Times Square and hang out until I started feeling sleazy. I arrived in the heart of the Big Apple (as many out-of-towners who used to ride in my taxi call it) an hour before I was due to review the new Danish movie, "Animal Lover," playing at the Mini Cinema on 49th Street and 7th Avenue.

After 15 minutes or so of browsing in porno shops, being eyed by prostitutes, and leaning against cars, I felt sleazy to the core. With 40 minutes to go before I was to meet my friend, I was afraid I might die of terminal sleaziness, but soon I was numbed to the whole scene, my friend showed up, and we went into the movie.

To save you the experience and expense of having to go to the Mini Cinema, I will cheerfully recount the movie's principal parts. Spend your five dollars elsewhere and let your imagination do what it will with the following paragraphs.

The movie began with a greasy-looking man giving a monologue on the subject of bestiality, and warning the audience that they may be appalled at the subject matter about to appear on the screen. This sequence was obviously an attempt to give the movie some socially redeeming value. All it succeeded to do was bore me and cause the audience to laugh at parts that weren't funny.

The movie then switched to Copenhagen where a man-in-the-street type interviewer asked random people what they think of porno. The answers were just what you might expect, except for one old lady from Philadelphia who said she really dug the stuff. The interviewer then went into several porno shops in the city to ask them how business was. The consensus was that business was good and that the new hot porno item was bestiality magazines.

In the third sequence, you finally get to meet the subject of the movie. The interviewer takes you to a farm in Denmark, and asks the question, "What are we here for?" In the distance you see a girl on horseback approaching. She is a chubby girl with blond hair, wears a fur headband and

has a collie for a sidekick. She dismounts the horse and sits down on a bench with the interviewer, who then begins one of the most incredible interviews I have ever seen.

The girl, who appears to be in her mid-twenties, speaks only Danish, so the interviewer has to translate, and considering the questions and answers, this is funny in itself. The girl freely admits that since she was 12, she has "done it with dogs, bulls, horses, pigs and sheep." Her favorite, she says, is her collie, Lassie, and as she affectionately pets him, she says that she once had a man "but I found it disappointing."

Finally it was down to business. We are taken to the girl's bedroom, and find her lying in bed with Lassie. She disrobes, and Lassie begins eating her out as she massages Lassie's penis. Lassie immediately gets a hard-on, and if you never saw a dog with a hard-on, it looks interesting. She then begins to give Lassie head, and we see the dog panting and having a generally good time. At last she gets down to fucking the dog, and the scene ends before Lassie has a chance to come.

This was by far the best and most erotic scene in the movie. In fact, it was the most erotic scene in any of the porno movies I've seen.



The dog scene was followed by more interviews in porno shops and with people in the street. By this point, it was getting tedious. But the next scene was the most repulsive thing I've ever seen. The girls takes on a slimy pig on her living room floor, and despite all the sucking and rubbing, the pig can't get it on, and she just ends up humping a slimy pig. It is worth noting that a pig's limp penis looks amazing similar to its tail.

We once again find ourselves with the man who gave the monologue, but this time he is interviewing a girl who was supposedly kidnapped by Arabs in Morocco and made to fuck and suck dogs. Like many other of the interview scenes in the movie, it's not supposed to be funny, but you can't help laughing.

The climactic sequence is with the

original girl and her horse. It takes place in the barn, and we see her giving her horse a hand job. The horse gets a three-foot erection, and she places a huge condom over the horse's penis. The horse comes, she removes the condom, pours the semen over her body, and rubs it in.

This scene was neither erotic nor repulsive. It was beyond reacting to. It occurred to me that it would make a great advertisement for some condom company: "If it works for a horse, imagine what it will do for you."

The movie ends with the second interviewer saying something to the effect of: "This is what bestiality is. You can like it or be repulsed by it, but as long as nobody makes you do it, everything is cool." I left the Mini Cinema still feeling sleazy.

## Garfunkel Has Solo Album

In introducing his favorite tracks from his album at the reception Columbia Records threw for him in August at the posh St. Regis Hotel, Garfunkel (it's no longer Art—just Garfunkel) mentioned, "You have to be lucky enough to get a hot two minutes from a studio musician, and then you have to be aware enough to realize that something good has happened. When you have enough of these moments, you have an album." Angel Clare was 18 months in the making.

For his material, Garfunkel's diverse sources range from Bach to Osibisa (the African combo who recently wrote and performed the soundtrack for "Superfly

T.N.T.") to Paul Williams and Roger Nichols, the hot songwriting team that penned many of the Carpenter's hits. Not one of the ten tracks is an original composition.

In collaboration with Roy Halee, Garfunkel has combined lush strings with a solid rhythm section composed of proven studio musicians like Hal Blaine and Jim Gordon, drums; Joe Osborne, bass; Louie Shelton, guitar; and Larry Knechtel, keyboards; and with auxiliary aid from people like Jerry Garcia, Carl Radle, J. J. Cale, and Paul Simon. For the most part it works. Some tracks suffer from over-production (one of the pitfalls of working

with a 30-track machine), but nowhere on the album does he lose sight of what he sets out to do. When it does work, it is obviously and undeniably a masterful performance—nowhere is it less than a respectable attempt.

"Travelin' Boy," the Williams/Nichols composition is the most successful work of arrangement and production on the album. Complementing the whining guitars and



pounding percussion is a string section which lends just the right touch of dynamism to keep things interesting. "All I Know," the current single, works similarly. Its grandiose style recalls the beauty of "Bridge Over Troubled Waters" and its simple message—"I love you, and that's all I know"—guarantees that it will surely become the most remembered song on the album.

"I Shall Sing" and "Woyaya" are his two brisk changes of pace. The former, a Van Morrison song, sounds like a Spanish merengue dance number you'd see Ricky Ricardo perform on an "I Love Lucy" rerun, while the latter an Osibisa tune, is distinctive and fresh, if only for its simplicity. Relying only on mandolin, pedal steel guitar, handclaps, and an infectious children's chorus which repeats the refrain, "We will get there/Heaven knows how we will get there/We know we will," the song is one of the album's standouts.

Garfunkel's most ineffective moments are those when his soaring loftiness begins to overshadow the song itself. This is most obvious during Randy Newman's "Old Man" and Jimmy Webb's "Another Lullaby." Previously, Paul Simon would neutralize such moments by adding some backbone to the music, but I have a feeling Garfunkel will straighten this out by his next LP.

—Leo Sacks

—Barry Taylor

## 'Dedicated To A Brother'

"Brothers and Sisters," the latest recording effort from the Allman Brothers Band, is the current top-seller in the United States, a disturbing thought no doubt to those hip to the band as early as their first studio release and subsequent Fillmore gigs.

Quite obviously, the Brothers, and consequently psilocybin, is a secret no longer. Witness the estimated 60,000 persons that crowded the New Jersey State Fair Grounds two Sunday afternoons ago to hear them. Even an unexplainable two-hour wait between the completion of the James Montgomery Blues Band's set and the stage arrival of the Brothers failed to dampen the spirits of the expectant and exhilarated crowd, eager for the "Ramblin Man" anthem.

The only new features that distinguish a live Allman set these days are Gregg's

rhythm guitar and a decorated set of stage amps bearing the "Eat A Peach" centerfold graphics. Other than a Confederate flag and a proud mushroom-grey cloth waving in the wind, everything, including the coke, is the same.

Coming after years of anonymity as Hourglass, The Allman Joys, and The Second Coming, it is both proper and fitting that the group is now enjoying its deserved commercial success.

The Allmans emerge with a different musical perspective from "Brothers and Sisters," seven self-righteous tracks that are a modest departure from the peaking and frenetic sound of old. The Allmans have become colorful, almost human. Adjectives usually applied to "head" bands apply no longer. And it's all the work of one Chuck Leavell, an able and proved studio musician late of the Cowboy and Alex Taylor

organizations. Brightened by the addition of this restlessly eager pianist, the band has assumed a "good-time" dimension. Leavell's piano chords are vibrant and animated, a dignity that has jolted the Allmans into the grace of those that favor a low-keyed, happy approach to thinking man's music.

"Wasted Words" opens the first side. The past three Allman concerts have begun with this tune, Gregg dutifully playing rhythm guitar. The song is catchy and sung with mighty resource as Gregg relates his marital difficulty: "Well I ain't no saint/sure as hell ain't no savior/Every other Christmas I'd practice good behavior/But that was/this is now/Don't ask me to be Mister Clean/cause baby I don't know how!!" The opening give-away slide riffs make this track immediately recognizable.

"Ramblin Man," the first Allman tune to ever hit AM radio (with the possible exception of "One Way Out") has broken the ice for the group in terms of acceptance on a four minute level. As of last week, "Ramblin Man" was strategically the number three song on "the music survey"; it's destined for the top of the singles charts. Many are not aware that Berry Oakley anchors the bass on this number, one of the two cuts he managed to complete before his death.

Then there is "Come and Go Blues," possibly the most well-rounded track. Leavell's reeling and rolling fills add flair and incentive to a song whose vocal is intelligent and distinguished. As for "Jelly Jelly," the only spot where I lifted my needle to listen again was a Leavell piano bridge somewhere near the middle.

Undeniably, that shit kicking drive synonymous with the Allman sound of old can't be found here. But at least this recording is proof that they are still physically intact. Try and understand that spiritually, the Brothers are just too drained to produce.



The four original Allmans who remain.

# Murder Forgotten In Olympic Film

By BRUCE BERMAN

*Visions of Eight*, for most intents and purposes, is eight generally pleasing but ultimately uneven filmed accounts of the 1972 Munich Olympics. What contributes to defeat the film are at least two obtrusive elements: an attempt to "pack" eight fundamentally similar directorial approaches to capturing a single sporting event into one feature-length film, and, more importantly, its scant, token recognition of the tragic events that took the lives of 11 Israeli athletes and characterized the Twentieth Olympic "Games" as the most disastrous in modern history.

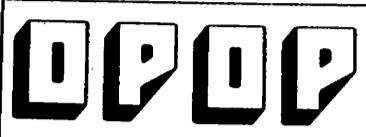
Most of the directors who contribute to *Visions of Eight* are well regarded internationally (Mai Zetterling, Juri Ozerov, Arthur Penn, Michael Pfleger, Kon Ichikawa, Claude Lelouch, and John Schlesinger), but all were limited to one approximately 15-minute interpretation of a single aspect of the Olympics. Perhaps as a result of such time demands and subject limitations, or perhaps for the sake of structural unity, a narrative sameness dominates most of the segments. Had there been more branching out into non-linear terrains (as only Penn successfully did) perhaps a more varied and enduring effort would have resulted and not a blur of directors' names in one unified but uninspired context that might easily be termed

"an Olympics of Directors."

"The Strongest," overseen by Sweden's Mai Zetterling (*Loving Couples, Night Games*), the only woman of the eight directors, is the most intelligent of the segments. She deals with the psychological dimension of weightlifting with editing that displays her obvious sensitivity to sports. As the weights are hoisted, she focuses not only on the lifter's faces, but on their hands, muscles, coaches and colleagues in order to give the viewer a sense of the lifter's psycho-emotional reality. Unlike Michael Pfleger's "The Women," which waxes much like a promotional film for the "Modern German Female Athlete," the insight as well as the professionalism is formidable here.

The United States' own Arthur Penn (*Little Big Man, Alice's Restaurant, Bonnie and Clyde*) surprisingly contributed the film's most accomplished piece in "The Highest," an exquisite essay on pole vaulting (and, perhaps, a good deal more). Utilizing sound, slow motion, and the abundant, yet extremely effective, use of close-ups, Penn helps the viewer enter into the pole vaulter's consciousness. This carefully constructed segment was the most radical departure from the traditional sports documentary style, and, at the same time the most "personal," innovative, and sensual of all the *Visions of Eight* episodes. "The Losers," by France's Claude

Lelouch (*A Man and A Woman*) uses a direct, almost verite, approach to obtain the most painfully real moments of the film. In focusing on the losers and the injured athletes, Lelouch creates a bittersweet depiction of these somewhat peculiar heroes. But aside from the easily likeable aesthetic qualities I have been discussing, it was only Englishman John Schlesinger (*Sunday Bloody Sunday, Midnight Cowboy, Darling*) who had anything at all to say about the Israeli murders. Only in "The Longest," where Schlesinger masterfully delves into



the coldness of the Games as well as its mania via close examination of one long distance runner, do we find any criticism of Munich 1972. In an interview with this runner, an English chemist, the athlete is heard to casually remark: "It's [the Israeli tragedy] affected me only in that it puts my race a day later."

It is indeed incredible that eight accomplished filmmakers, who individually and collectively owe such an enormous amount to the innovations of Leni Reifenstahl, the now infamous German directress who made *Triumph of the Will* for Hitler in the mid-thirties in addition to the widely acclaimed *Olympiad 1936*, can incorporate so much of the technical skill she so gracefully displayed in her 1936 classic, and yet do not (or cannot) heed her monumental mistakes. Slow motion studies of anatomy while in mid-air, the abundant use of close-ups and the zoom lens, and painstaking editing (eighteen months on *Olympiad 1936*) as manifested by Reifenstahl in her sports spectacular gave us much more than a mere "sports film" and laid the groundwork for a visual style of sports cinematography still used today.

But insensitive to, or perhaps ignorant of, the political tremors of the day in Germany, she let herself and her work be used by the Nazis as propaganda tracts. What she filmed, believed the Nazis, could exalt the German (Aryan) superiority in athletics and physical omnipotence to an untouchable position of emirance. But filmmakers are not human beings, nor are they responsible for other non-humans, nor are they responsible for the effects of their work on others. . . . Reifenstahl was simply doing her job the best way she knew how, right?

If it seems that I am doing so, let me make it clear that I make no attempt to argue that *Visions of Eight* is propaganda. I only find it difficult to believe that the film's talented directors (save Schlesinger), much like Ms. Reifenstahl some several decades ago, were either blind to or uninterested in depicting any aspect of the shock that wracked Munich's Olympic Village one year ago. (I am particularly angered by Milos Forman, who escaped from the pressures of Soviet Bloc scrutiny in Czechoslovakia to wallow in the so-called creative per-

missiveness in the U.S., apparently without all of his political sensibilities intact.) Even if one of the filmmakers would have condoned the terrorists, I think I would have sincerely been less distraught. How can *Visions of Eight* be any kind of true vision when its focus is confined to such a miniscule arena? The limitations of these directors' "vision," despite whatever aesthetic fruits they might have heaped upon us, is disheartening to say the least, and what is most ironic is that Reifenstahl, all eight directors' stylistic demi-god for this film, displayed such a drastically similar lack of vision in 1936. Ignorance, insensitivity, and blindness, in film as in all preoccupations, obviously does repeat itself.

As if to add insult to injury, after the Schlesinger segment (the last) is completed, the viewer is treated to some rather uneventful footage followed by a long, slow procession of credits. At this point, the film, or at least the eighth and final part of it, is obviously over, but I suppose in order to give it shape and continuity, an additional few minutes are tacked on at the end. In any event, at the film's end, after the conclusion of the excess footage and after the credits have been shown and after virtually the entire audience has left their seats and turned their backs to the screen and begun to leave the theatre, two lines appear on the screen:

"In memory of the 11 slain Israeli athletes, tragic victims of the violence of our times."

What an impotent, feeble, last-ditch attempt at appeasing their political consciences. Had the producer and directors of *Visions of Eight* felt genuine pangs of remorse over the deaths at Munich, they could have easily, at least, provided the audience with the same "dedication" somewhat (say, 105 minutes) earlier. But it is clear that few people want to be reminded of the grossly depressing events that characterized Munich, least of all movie viewers, many of whom go to the cinema to escape depression as well as a multitude of more mundane problems. Conservative artists, politicians, and businessmen alike know it is just plain good business to help people continue in their secure, reality-tight vacuums (re: *Triumph of the Will, Olympiad 1936*) and not to mention the "bad side" of anything, for fear of alienation.

Also, to be asked to believe that *Visions of Eight*, which for more than 7/8 of its running time completely and utterly ignores any recognition of the cruelties that were infinitely more real than any competitive event at Munich, that this film even resembles a "documentary," is promoting the worst kind of pornography imaginable. Had no mention been made of the Israeli murders, I might have at least attempted to convince myself that they never occurred. Then, perhaps, the futile guilt-cleansing tokenism in the last minute of the film would not have appeared so utterly inane, and the film's directors and producer so blind.

## Gilbert O'Sullivan



With three best-selling records and a wholesome schoolboy air to his name, Gilbert O'Sullivan's New York concert debut last month was an impressive exhibition of Las Vegas professionalism. It took the lad a mere 63 minutes to confirm his status as one of this country's more popular artists among dreamy-eyed pre-pubescent girls and youthful older women, (who composed the bulk of the evening's patrons).

O'Sullivan was greeted at Philharmonic Hall with the usual hysteria, much to his visible pleasure. Attired casually (a varsity sweater sporting three impressive horizontal pinstripes and a sizeable "G"), O'Sullivan banged a Steinway to "Nothing Rhymed," his first "formal" English hit. Dedicating the song to the late Jim Croce was a mighty warm gesture.

After an inspired rendition of "Matrimony," O'Sullivan sang a colorful birthday tribute to his manager. From his recently-released "I'm a Writer, Not a Fighter," he performed the album's single entitled "Ooh Baby," certainly one of the year's better lyric compositions.

This week's "Credit Where Credit Is Due" award is presented to The Johnny Spence Orchestra for its confident elevation of O'Sullivan's material to moderate respectability. On the whole, the ensemble had remarkable endurance for two very great reasons: One, it takes considerable

patience to withstand that pleading nasal whine and alfalfa-like vocal, suggestive of a five-year old singing about the dues he's paying for his woman. Two, the guts it took for the band members to wear those silly black turtle-neck tops adorned with our hero's name.

It is to be noted, though, that the strings worked well to O'Sullivan's favor. The last orchestra to accompany a pop act here failed dismally. When Seals and Crofts performed at Carnegie Hall last May, their 37-man endeavor proved most embarrassing.

O'Sullivan chose his obligatory "Alone Again" as his closing number, bringing the younger members of the audience to the stage like saviour-searching lemmings. As they paraded down the aisle, they clutched their souvenir purchases—Gilbert O' t-shirts, albums, posters, and songbooks. From a purely aesthetic viewpoint, his performance was not deserving of an encore: a look at the audience after the closing number substantiated that, as three-fourths of the crowd was set to exit even before O'Sullivan had reached the stage door.

But at the urgings of their kiddies, the chaperoning mommies and daddies stuck around for two of Gil's more formidable lyric creations, "Clair" and "Get Down," at which point O'Sullivan's repertoire fell flat from exhaustion.

Leo Sacks

## Lonesome Us



And we are lonesome, what with so few people interested in joining the O'S staff. Wouldn't you like to add to the revelry, insight, witty abandon, and incisive reporting that are all part of O'S? Come on down to Room 336 Finley and join us, so we'll be lonesome no more.

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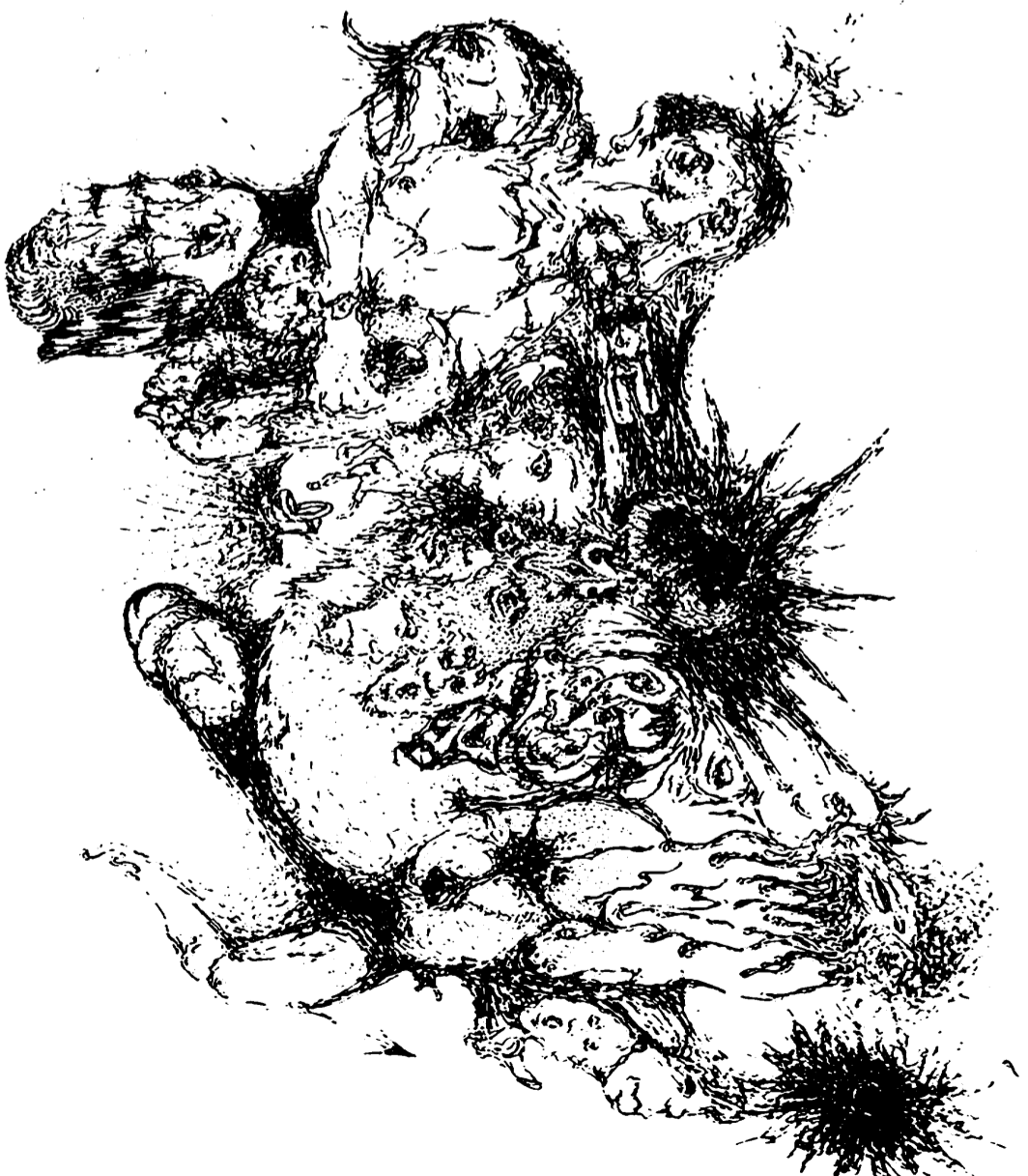


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Gobby Allensho