

# Few Students Elected to Top Committees

## Baumel Seeks Student Voice

Students, by their own neglect, are not being consulted in what may be a historic change in the core requirements of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences (CLAS).

The possible change is now being considered by the Curriculum and Teaching Committee of the Faculty Council of CLAS, which is supposed to consist of about a dozen faculty members and three students. But the Student Senate has yet to appoint the student members, who have full voting rights.

The committee is presently studying whether the core requirements, revised in 1969 to permit options in each division, need to be re-evaluated in light of Open Admissions. College officials believe that students are now less equipped to select the courses they need, and the committee is therefore considering the merits of returning to a system of fixed required subjects. This committee regularly passes on all departmental proposals for new courses in CLAS.

According to Philip Baumel, director of Curricular Guidance and an ex-officio member of the committee, "Students have demonstrated waves of commitment and apathy" towards the committee. While students insisted several years ago that they be given seats on an equal status with faculty, Baumel reports that their attendance has been sporadic in recent years.

He suggested that after those who had fought for the seats had graduated, few new students were willing to involve themselves. Baumel said he had tried fruitlessly to get student members to show up at meetings.



Professor Philip Baumel  
*Fruitless Efforts*

Although he conceded that the work is time-consuming and difficult, Baumel stated that a procrastinating Student Senate is at fault for failing to make appointments this term.

Senate President James Small heatedly replied, "He (Baumel) is suffering from a case of deliberate isolation...it is hard to recruit students to the committee." Small mentioned that it is impossible for Senate members to take part in the body because of the time factor and their heavy workload.

But Peter Grad, who served on the committee last term when he was Educational Affairs Vice President, countered, "The present Student Senate doesn't appear to give a damn. Most Senate members are only looking to get money for their own organizations. When it comes to the shit work, nobody's around."

—Robert Ness

Balloting in the departmental elections for student representatives on appointments committees has gotten off to a shaky start in the last few days.

In some cases, it didn't even get off. Criticism came from both department chairmen and students as to the discretion used in the distribution of ballots and voting procedures.

The committees make crucial decisions on the hiring and firing of faculty, budget, and educational planning, and gaining two seats for majors in 20 departments had been considered a breakthrough for students last term. Sixteen departments opted for an alternative in which students would sit on an advisory committee that would only rate teachers' effectiveness.

The Political Science Society (PSS), in a letter to Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer, who has been running the vote, charged that "a fair and impartial election cannot be conducted under the conditions prescribed" and asked that the decision to go ahead with elections be "reconsidered." The Society pointed out that "there was not enough time between the nominations and elections for students to acquaint themselves with individual candidates." Only five school days separated the deadline for applications and the actual elections.

Professor Randolph Brahm (Chmn., Political Science), who termed the PSS as one of the most constructive organizations on campus, agreed with their complaint.

"I would be flabbergasted if I were a student," stated Brahm. "My only objection is that the electorate is in the dark with reference to the qualifications of the candidates." He added "I would have preferred that resumes of various candidates be distributed together with their platforms. This would have enabled students to make an intelligent choice."

Complaints also came from other departments. Professor Jason Saunders (Chmn. Philosophy) noted there "was more than a little grumbling among students."

He said there was much confusion, not only on who was eligible to vote and how often, but also that students did not know how to get on the ballot. Saunders said he had expected departments to have taken care of the elections so that students could have been sitting on committees this September.

"It was certainly not handled with dispatch," he quipped.

Although Vice Provost Sohmer was not available for comment, his assistant, Fred Kogut, did acknowledge that there were some problems. But he claimed that students should have taken the initiative to put out campaign literature although his office had not issued any instructions to that effect.

Results of the elections will not be tabulated until next week. Several departments, including Psychology, Black

Studies, and Sociology, have not yet received enough student applicants to hold contests.

Student reactions ranged from indifference to anger.

Although most students appeared to be unaware of how to become a candidate, much less that an election was being held, at least one student attributed the poor response for candidates as "an awareness of the tokenism of these positions" and said that students are "rejecting them outright."

Student Senate President James Small said he considered it "an insult" that students were not consulted in the planning of the elections. "We wrote a letter to the Vice Provost asking him to stop the elections, but he hardly responded, and no action was taken," Small said.

He mentioned that it was too late to stop the elections now but expressed the hope that students would take a more active concern in the operations of the College in the future.

Peter Grad

## Vonnegut Screened

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., a visiting professor of creative writing, will be featured in the opening event of a new culture series being inaugurated in November by the Leonard Davis Center for the Performing Arts.

Vonnegut will join John Simon, film critic of *New York* magazine, in a discussion of the film based on his novel, *Slaughterhouse Five*, which will be shown at 7:30 PM, Friday, November 16, in the auditorium of Music and Art High School.

Admission to the film screening and discussion is free, but tickets for reserved seats must be obtained in advance from the Davis Center in Room 304 Shepard.

Other events at the College this week include:

\*A lecture by Professor Karlyn Campbell (Speech) on "The Road Not Taken: The Literary Criticism of Rhetoric" Thursday at 12:15 PM in Room 102 Shepard.

\*A concert by the Faculty String Quartet, featuring works of Haydn, Mozart, and Berg, on Thursday at 12:30 PM in Room 200 Shepard. It will be repeated Friday at 8 PM at the Graduate Center on 42nd Street.

\*A concert by the City College Community Orchestra of works by Schubert, Schumann, and Dvorak, Saturday at 2 PM in Great Hall.

\*Continuous showings of the movie, "Soul to Soul," featuring a dozen black musical artists, on Friday in the Finley Grand Ballroom at 2, 4, and 7:30 PM.

## Support for Farmworkers Urged by Student Group

A committee to support the United Farm Workers (UFW) has been organized here to stress that the nationwide boycott on scab grapes and lettuce is continuing.

Students are being asked to picket stores in the area that sell non-UFW produce and to staff tables on the campus that distribute literature about the strike.

The committee will also work to bring out people for a massive city-wide rally for the UFW struggle at the Central Park Bandshell this Saturday at 1 P.M.

Speakers at the rally will include Dolores Huerta, UFW vice president, Congressman Herman Badillo, Victor Gotbaum, head of the civil service employees union, and Philip Berrigan.

Despite the announcement months ago of an agreement between the UFW and the Teamsters, the contending unions have yet to sign a pact. The boycott is not only still on, but has been extended to wine producers, such as Gallo.

"Farmworkers have been beaten, jailed and murdered, but they haven't given up," stated Marilyn Markus, a member of the student committee. "And they need our help."

She said that those interested in helping the committee form picket lines, raise money or organize Saturday's rally—or who just want more information—should leave a note for the United Farm Workers Support Committee in Room 162 Finley.

## Journalists Hobnob with President

By BOB ROSEN

In my long and illustrious career of party-going, I had never attended a party in a high-rise luxury building on Manhattan's upper east side. I had also never been to a party that was thrown by a college president.

I had the fortune to experience both of these events in one fell swoop the other week when I received along with five members of the OP staff and members of the other campus newspapers, plus some WCCR people, an engraved invitation to attend a "get to know each other party" at the home of Robert Marshak. Marshak, you see, is the president of our college and happens to reside on the 35th floor of a luxurious building on the corner of East 89th Street and Madison Avenue.

Not being one to pass up a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I RSVPed and anxiously awaited the Sunday afternoon of the party. For those of you not as fortunate as myself, let me attempt to give you a feeling of what it is like to attend such a party. For those of you who were there, but not a member of the OP staff, let me attempt to show you how you could have had fun at the party.

The Marshak party experience began when I entered the main entrance of the building on Madison Avenue, showed the

suspicious doorman my engraved invitation, and rode one of those ear-popping elevators to the 35th floor. Upon entering the President's five-room apartment, I was greeted by a tall, distinguished-looking black servant wearing a gold and black outfit.

Before I had a chance to recover from the initial cultural shock of being greeted by a servant, the shock was compounded when the servant asked, "May I take your coat, sir?" More than slightly dazed I nervously handed the man my coat. My shock was then further compounded when the servant once again asked, "Would you care for a drink, sir? We have tomato juice, apple juice, or soda." I agreed to a tomato juice, and then wandered into the living room, where the party was already in progress.

Along with my friend, we were the first people from OP to show up. The first thing that struck me was that everybody else who was there was wearing their Sunday best. Wearing only a pair of jeans and a sport shirt, we immediately began to feel self-conscious. We were then greeted by Mrs. Marshak, who tried to make us feel at home in the strange environment.

The next thing that caught my eye was the impressive way that the apartment

was furnished. There was a wall-to-wall white shag rug, plush upholstery, original paintings, expensive stereo, and primitive sculpture adorning the walls. I couldn't help noticing that one of the pieces of sculpture hanging on the wall was a savage figure in the process of masturbating. Draw your own conclusions. Of course, there were the proper books in the book case, and even a few Beate and Cat Stevens records in the record collection.

Then we were greeted by the president. "Hi," I said. "I'm Bob Rosen, the new editor of OP."

"Is that so?" he replied. "Don't you think that college newspapers should be funded according to how often they come out?"

"No," I said.

After this brief exchange, my companion noticed the terrace adjoining the living room. We went outside. The view was incredible. You could see all of Central Park, across the Hudson River, and at least 25 miles into New Jersey. Looking uptown, you could vaguely make out the green tower on Finley, and the new science building. Beyond that, the Bronx. Looking downtown, you could see all the way to Wall Street.

In the corner of the terrace, there was a pile of large rocks. "Maybe he drops them



Robert Marshak  
*Host with Most*

on passing cars when he gets bored," I suggested.

"Maybe his wife does it," my friend mused.

The high altitude winds drove us back into the warmth of the living room where we were spotted by two editors of the Campus. "You're from OP, no doubt," they said, eyeing us from head to toe.

(Continued on page 5)



## Impeachment

AN EDITORIAL

Together with student newspapers across the country, OP endorses the following editorial calling for a national effort to impeach Richard Nixon. The editorial is being distributed by the Amherst Student, which hopes to secure the support of more than 100 college papers with combined circulations of almost one million.

Constitutional government in the United States may have been suspended at 8 PM Saturday, October 20. Richard Nixon now rules by fiat and force. He is no longer a legitimate leader.

With callous disregard for his oath of office and the intents of Congress and the Judiciary, the President first refused to abide by a court order to produce Watergate documents. His later turnaround defused the immediate confrontation but can not obscure his repeated abuses of power. He then forced the resignation of the Attorney General and fired his Deputy and the Watergate Special Prosecutor when they refused to condone his conduct. Moreover, the President tried to abolish the office of Special Prosecutor and dispatched the FBI to seal off its records. These decisive and unprecedented actions represent the tactics of a military coup. They are anathema to a rational democratic policy.

Even before these steps were taken, public confidence in the Nixon Administration's ability to govern was at one of its all-time lows. Now this support will deteriorate still further. The mandate of 1972 has been buried in a legacy of illegality, hypocrisy and deceit: San Clemente, real estate deals, impoundment of Congressional appropriations, widespread wiretapping, covert Cambodian bombing, and all of the ramifications of the Watergate affair—milk kickbacks, ITT, the Ellsberg burglary.

When elected officials violate the sacred trust placed in them by the people, the Constitution provides means for them to be impeached and, if convicted, removed from office. These procedures are very difficult to implement and are seldom used. But if ours were a parliamentary system of government, the Nixon Administration would have fallen months ago.

Mr. Nixon cloaks his actions in a veil of legality, but his record as President bares his intentions to forsake rule by law. The President must be impeached. While other judicial and legislative measures should be pursued, no amount of legal double-talk or political timidity can obscure this fact.

There is real question whether the Congress and the Judiciary can force Richard Nixon to deal with them within the confines of the law. But our actions, for the moment, must be based on this premise. Members of the academic community have a special responsibility. They must not simply react to the latest outrage. This serves Mr. Nixon's purpose. Instead, they must articulate the fundamental principles which are at stake. They must impress upon Congressmen and other national leaders the gravity of the situation and their duties under the Constitution. Most importantly, they must communicate the strength of their convictions to the public-at-large and join with others in a nationwide struggle for the preservation of democratic rule.

The methods of response are numerous. Now more than ever, we must write our Congressmen. The balance of mail over the next few weeks will be critical. Sustained public expressions of dissent—no matter what form they take—are equally important. A massive national student effort is essential.

The weeks ahead could represent either the redemption of American democracy or the prologue to its collapse. We remain silent at our own peril.

## 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.

The City College, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York City  
Room 336 Finley Center 621-7182-3

## Blood, Boredom, Wolf Rape

The problem with our lying contest is we don't believe they are lies. Unfortunately, we only got three entries, and there's nothing we can do about it. The lie about killing animals in the name of medical science was delivered by a girl with a blood-stained shirt and a pile of bio books. The lie about leading a boring life caused numerous staff members to comment, "Sounds like me." We were considering holding this one off for our depressing stories contest. Finally, the one about being raped by a wolf was delivered by a guy with strange-looking teeth and thick, bushy eye-brows that grew together. According to my vampire teacher, (Eng 191.4E) these are telltale marks of people who turn into wolves at the full moon.

We have decided to extend the contest indefinitely. Keep those cards and letters coming in. Remember, tell lies. Or if you really can't tell lies, we'll have to settle for the truth.

### Blood On My Hands

I don't feel as if I put in a full day's work until I get blood on my hands. I'm in charge of killing the animals in the lab by pumping air into their hearts. They expire rather nicely, and then I do a mid-ventral cut through the fuzz and the flesh and pull back the flaps. Most of my colleagues use rubber gloves. None of that shit for me. I dive right in bare-handed and pull out the selected viscera, weigh it up, and that's that. The other boys take care of the rest.

This is all in pursuit of scientific knowledge, mind you, lest you think I kill them for sport. Though I can't say it disturbs me to sacrifice one of the experimental subjects. It might have, long ago, but I thought it best as part of my training to abandon this, shall we say, humaneness. Perhaps there is a more precise word for it. Maybe compassion. Nevertheless, I maintain there is no place for tender feelings in medical science.

I guess you have gathered thus far that I am premed. If you haven't, it could be easily ascertained when first we meet. I constantly reek of formalin. Aside from this, I wear a white lab coat with Sam Moore Gelt emblazoned on a gold tone name plate. A bit flashy, but what the hell.

### Can't help being Bored

Life is a bore. Some things are more boring than others. First of all, I want to say that I am not boring, it's my environment. I can't help being bored.

Most of the time, I rush to school just to break up the monotony of sitting at home by myself and watching shows like Password on TV. Also, three of my four friends go to CCNY (four out of a mighty city of eight million), so I can talk to my friends, who incidentally are mute half the time.

When I get to my calculus class, I become fully awake, so I can watch my teacher put one of his infamous 20-minute problems on the board. However, my science lectures are pretty dull. I'm thinking of taking up meditation to pass the time. But too soon comes that time again when I have to go home. The thought of going home itself makes me bored, but taking the trains and buses for the next two hours is an unparalleled experience. (This is the other time of day when I'm completely awake.) Most people feel that it's a dull, boring routine. It isn't. They're asleep, they don't notice anything. Every single ride is a unique experience that is never exactly the same as the previous ride. People with every type of smell get on, in addition

to fat people, skinny people, nosey people, musicians, acrobats and others.

One experience I can't forget is when I was going to school one warm spring day (about the first we had since winter), and three old ladies with bulky overcoats got on. Two of them sat on my one side, the other lady was on my other side. These old ladies really had a deathly smell of mothballs about them. I felt dizzy and numb from the intense, smarting odor. But I don't intend to bore you with stories like this. Some day, when I get a chance, you can read about them in my future book, "Confessions of a Subway Rider."

When I get home, I eat the same thing for supper almost every night—meat, starchy vegetables, and beer. After this routine, I have leisure since I slept in class. I usually have no homework. This gives me time to play solitaire and do crossword puzzles. While playing solitaire, my dog (the fourth friend) lies on the floor, "yipping" and twitching, while he goes through his usual REM sleep. Occasionally he gets up to scratch himself, but even manages to do this with his eyes closed. This stiff (along with the other three) never feels like doing anything. He never wants to go for a walk, chase a cat, or get into mischief (at the age of three, yet!)

Most of the time, I end up falling asleep at my desk while doing a crossword puzzle or reading a copy of the school newspaper. Actually, my life isn't this boring. Sometimes on a weekend night, I get together with a friend or two and do nothing. By the time we agree on something, it's usually too late anyway. So then I can go home and fall asleep in a chair.

—Glenn Flyer

### Two Men, Two Bottles of Heineken, A Glass of Circe's Magic, and a Full Moon

The potion, he said, was made of datura, belladonna, morelle, poppy, and hemp. I took the glass from him, smelled it, and was reminded of a mixture of stomach medicine and a spicy salad dressing.

"No shit," I said. The moon, a dead carp's eye, stared down as I lifted my Heineken from the grass and looked around at the circular New York skyline.

My friend was, of course, a rising young executive. He had a pretty, middle-class wife, a renovated brownstone, two dimpled girls, a station wagon and a Fiat. He had been in Viet Nam during the early years and had a bullet crease across his ass to prove it. He had a taste for expensive foreign beers, and, so he said, a lousy sex life.

Central Park near midnight was primitive jungle encapsulated by civilization. We sat in the middle of Sheep Meadow, our Heineken brown-bagged, our pants picking up grass stains.

"Up," he said, tilted his glass, and drank.

"Yours," I replied and then handed him his beer.

He left me later and I walked around the park looking for a garbage can to throw our empty bottles in.

The next day I noticed that the Times had a front page article describing the rape of three women by a giant wolf. The first rape occurred on 74th Street and West End, the second on 80th Street and Riverside Drive, and the third on 91st Street near the Hudson.

The wolf, the report went on to say, had been wearing a brown paper bag over its head.

David Wesley Hill

## Letter to the Editor

Re: Tom McDonald's article on policemen. It is no surprise to any aware person that our "finest" often fall far short of perfection. The news is full of cases of graft, brutality, involvement in drugs, etc. However, the type of blanket condemnation of a large diverse group of individuals (yes, it's true) that appears in this article is another example of the simplistic doctrinaire radical thinking that often appears in OP.

From the three examples presented which helped in "shaping my reactions to the sight of a man in blue," only one is deserving of the condemnation that they all receive—the case about the beer party. As far as being knocked down from behind by a bicycle, I think that I would be pretty pissed off myself (would you?). I might also be pissed off by your cheeseburger joke. I have no trouble appreciating a good joke (it was very funny), but this is hardly a good practical approach to dealing with a ticket situation. What sort of reaction did you expect? Are policemen also to be condemned for not finding your humor humorous? By the way, what were you stopped for and what

were you charged with? Also, what does the policeman's windburn have to do with anything—or does it imply a red neck?

So after making a weak case from personal experience, the article concludes with a quiz containing great amounts of venom and insult to be sprayed indiscriminately on all policemen everywhere. If we all strain for an hour or two we might be able to come up with a case or two where a policeman has actually done something useful, prevented a crime, or even helped somebody. Perhaps "friend" might be included as an equal to "foe, fuckup and flatfoot." Not as a replacement for the other three—just as an equal along with them.

Let me conclude with a test question of my own:

1. You have just read OP and you find:
  - a. that it is afraid to take any position other than the easy one of hard line radical.
  - b. that its one-sided, simplistic views do nothing to shed light on anything.
  - c. both of the above.

Yours truly,  
Ron Selyk

# The Truth Behind McGuire's Bust

Ron McGuire was a student at the College from September 1964 until he was expelled in Spring 1969 for violating one of his many suspensions resulting from student demonstrations. The administration feared him as a disruptive influence. For students, he was the spark-plug behind many radical protests against ROTC, recruiting by defense-related industries and the military, and the lack of student power.

Last term, McGuire returned to the College after being laid off as a construction worker. In a bizarre incident which he recalls below, he was arrested while looking for a place to sleep in Shepard Hall and then worked over by the College's security guards, who wanted to obtain a false confession to a burglary.

McGuire now says that he would like to be re-admitted to the College as a student. He says that his offer last term to cooperate in any investigation of the guards still stands.

By RON MCGUIRE

*"One should never go where one does not belong."*

It was one of those cold nights in between winter and spring. I was drinking at the West End near Columbia and decided to call it a night. The only difference between me and most of the other denizens of the West End was that I had no home to call my own, save for a 1965 Mercury convertible with Oregon license plates and a roof that leaked buckets.

How then did I live? Well, as someone who still believes that bank robbery is one of the few honest professions open to a young man in this society, I was a hustler, or may I say outlaw.

*"To live outside the law, you must be honest."*

This is not to say that I was a bank robber. It was just that somewhere in my adolescence I became convinced that crimes against institutions were, in the style of Robin Hood, transfers of stolen property back to the people.

So I started off small—first pot smoking (my first felony), followed by draft resistance (my second) and later civil disobedience.

When I left City, under a cloud so to speak, I naturally defaulted on all my student loans, and when I went to California, I learned systems for making free long-distance calls of unlimited duration.

For the last year in New York, I resolved not to pay rent. So I literally found an apartment. A friend of mine moved out near Columbia and I moved in, changing the lock on the door and ignoring for seven months the rent bill, and the gas and electric bill. Eventually, the Columbia housing office knocked down the door a couple of times, and I moved out.

From there I moved for a while to a hideout (a basement near Union Square) which I shared for awhile with two perpetually naked, tattooed groupies from Europe (honest).

I then got the key to an abandoned apartment on W 121 Street, I stayed there for about a month, taking pains to avoid the place during the day, until I slept late one morning and the super found me. In between pads I craved at various friends' apartments.

So it came to pass that one night I needed a place to stay, and I slept in Finley Center without incident, except for a cleaning man who saw me.

The night of March 26, somewhat intoxicated, I again snuck into Finley, but this time I was again spotted by a cleaning man, who told me to go to the Wackenhut office, where I concocted some story about looking for lost books. A fat sergeant went with me to the snack bar to look for the books, and I then left the building and drove to North Campus with some vague idea of sleeping in Shepard, exactly where I didn't know.

Several friends, when hearing the story of my down-and-out days, expressed amazement that I had not called them if I needed a place to stay. And looking back, it seems amazing that I didn't.

All I can say is that I was in a very depressed frame of mind and didn't want to deal with feeling like an unwelcome guest in someone's house.

I entered the bell tower in Shepard and started climbing up the stairs when I



heard people shouting and coming up the stairs behind me. I ran up the stairs but finally decided to give myself up.

At the time, I thought that the worst that would happen to me would be a bust for criminal trespass; otherwise I would have thrown away my wallet and tried to shake the guards.

I began to have second thoughts when two Wackenhuts entered the bell tower, one of them with his gun drawn and a finger on the trigger that seemed none too steady from my vantage point.

The guards handcuffed me and took me down to the Wackenhut station in Finley. It was there that I was charged with stealing \$2600 worth of equipment from WCCR the night before.

Now that my case in court has been settled, I can tell the truth about my case, which was that basically, I was guilty of all the things I was charged with, from trespass to welfare fraud to possessing fraudulent ID's, but that I was innocent of any intentions toward burglary. I was interested to learn a few days ago that one of the Wackenhuts was busted and charged with a series of burglaries at the College, which could well explain the WCCR burglary that they tried to pin on me at first.

The scene in the Wackenhut office was something out of Kafka. There must have been seven or eight guards in the office, which consists of three small rooms on the first floor of Finley. They did the usual skin search routine, making me strip. Then they found the registration to my car. They asked me where it was parked, and I said near North Campus. This was my second mistake. I should have said Florida, California, anywhere, just to have thrown them off the track.

Then a strange turn of events. The Wackenhuts started questioning me about whether I had been in the building the night before, and gradually I gleaned the purpose of the questions was to link me to some burglary.

At one point during the questioning, they handcuffed me (they had taken the cuffs off for the strip search) and led me to the elevator, where we met the cleaning man who had seen me the night before. They asked him if I was the one he had seen, and for what seemed like an eternity, we stared each other in the eyes. What went through that man's mind when he said I wasn't the one, I can't begin to grasp, but my knees went weak with gratitude.

The Wackenhuts took me back to the office and continued the interrogation.

The fat sergeant, and a little lieutenant, Dahude Ahmad, repeatedly threatened me if I didn't tell them where the equipment from WCCR was.

They kept demanding to see my car. Then I made my third mistake. I offered to lead them to the car. I did this assuming they would comb the streets and find it anyhow. I wanted them to search it and get it over with so I would know if I was being busted for criminal trespass for the umpteenth time or if I was going to the slam on a felony rap.

Well, the Wackenhuts drove me up to

where my car was parked and looked through the trunk. Ironically, the trunk was so cluttered with junk that they probably would not have found anything if they hadn't noticed a woman's wallet. The wallet contained ID's for Ron McGuire, Jerry Hadley and Kurt Thoma. Unfortunately, all the ID's had my picture on them. Among other things, they found welfare checks for Jerry Hadley and unemployment checks for Ron McGuire.

They were now more determined than ever to get a confession out of me regarding the WCCR robbery. They started with the good guy-bad guy routine. Ahmad and the sergeant would threaten to kick the shit out of me, and then they would leave the room and two other guards would offer me a cigarette and try to get me to talk about "it."

Meanwhile, the Wackenhuts had moved my car down to the front of Finley and were searching the trunk and the rest of the car more thoroughly than before. Soon a tall Wackenhut came into the room and asked me if it was my karate gha that they found in the car. When I said yes, he handcuffed me again, explaining that I must think I was pretty tough.

I told him I didn't, and he asked me what I would do if they decided to beat me up. I replied nothing, and that I hoped they wouldn't.

Eventually Ahmad, the sergeant and the tall guard came into the room I was in and closed the door. The tall guy sat down behind the desk and Ahmad told me to stand up. I sensed what was coming and hesitated, but the sergeant pulled me to my feet. Ahmad then punched me in the stomach, and the sergeant began yelling and hitting me.

From what the sergeant was yelling, I gathered they wanted me to confess to the burglary the night before. I shouted I didn't know anything about it, but that wasn't good enough.

With my hands handcuffed behind me, the only way I could defend myself was to throw myself on the floor which I did twice. The first time the sergeant pulled me up, and they began to work me over again.

The second time, he began to stomp me until I began spitting up and pretending I was badly hurt. When he tried to pull me to my feet this time, I let my knees buckle and they decided to stop.

The three of them left the room, and the two "nice guys" came in and asked me if I felt like talking.

I was pissed off and said something to the effect that I'd rather get my ass kicked again than have to listen to their bullshit.

Sometime later the police arrived and apparently informed the guards that they weren't allowed to move or search my car. So I was in turn informed that they were going to move my car back to where I had parked it.

Apparently, the story was to be that all the evidence was found on me, including a pair of scissors, that they decided were "burglar's tools."

They sent me off to the 26th precinct, where I came before two sergeants who

thumbed through their loose-leaf manuals finding seven felonies to hit me with. ("Let's charge him with receiving welfare under false pretenses." "No, it's impersonation. Look it up!") As I stood before that desk while they wrote down one charge after another, my knees felt weak.

I had been busted before, but this was the first time I had ever been accused of felonies. Visions of jail loomed in my mind.

When I was at the precinct, one of the Wackenhuts came in and gave me the key to my car. Ahmad came down to the precinct to make out the report, and he stated that all the evidence was found on me when I was busted, and not that it was actually taken from my car.

It was past 4 a.m. when I was brought to the 26th, while I was busted sometime around 1 a.m.

At the 26th precinct, I refused to talk again. There I met three black youths who had made the mistake of being caught in a car belonging to a retired cop whose son was a plainclothesman in the 26th.

What the Wackenhuts had done to me was only amateurish. These guys were all bloody and could hardly walk. One of them had his ankles swollen so badly that he couldn't fit them into his shoes. In the morning when he went to court, I was handcuffed to one of these guys and had to hold him up so he wouldn't fall down.

During the night, while I was at the 26th, I heard a shot. In the morning, the three youths told me that the cops had fired a shot at them to try to scare them into talking. I assume the shot was a blank.

When morning came at the 26th, they took me and the three black youths out in front of the captain before moving us to Centre Street. The captain complemented our arresting officers and then, noticing that all three black prisoners were bleeding, asked what had happened to them. A detective replied, "They fell down," and all the cops smiled.

In the meantime, I had called my friends and my mother and urged them all to be in court with bail and a lawyer when I was to be arraigned.

I found out later that my uncle knew the judge sitting on the court and had called him.

I was released on \$100 bail, which everyone agreed was surprisingly low for the charges against me.

What then ensued was a series of hearings that ultimately resulted in seven felonies being reduced to two misdemeanors and my pleading guilty.

As one of the conditions of my sentencing, I had to make a settlement with welfare. Here I ran into another irony of the system. I was told that if I could repay them the \$610 I had received from them, I would be free of any prosecution. On the other hand, if I had to pay in installments, they would have to prosecute me.

I borrowed the money from friends of mine and received a conditional discharge, which simply put was an order to cut me loose on the condition that I wouldn't get busted again for six months.

So I reformed.

By JAYSON WECHTER

The haircut was for years an explicitly male ritual. It could perhaps best be compared to the painful puberty rite of circumcision with sharp stones, practiced in other cultures. I have yet to look back on it as anything but a discomforting, if not awful, set of experiences.

Until the age of six I had to be physically dragged to the barber shop by a parent. Once there, I would be strapped into a toy fire-engine or onto a poor replica of a pony, and the everpresent Sal or Tony or Angie of the local barber shop would cut, shear, and clip away my dainty locks which had just gotten to a length I thought looked good. I tried squirming away from the scissors, but that invariably brought a sharp slap upon the back of my neck from my father, and I soon settled for grimacing in the mirror, trying my best to look like a man going through the worst sort of torture. I was.

As if the degradation of being clipped and sheared into a round-headed, crew-cut little boy was not enough, the barber had to add abject terror to my defeat, by brandishing a straight razor and trimming away the hair from around the ears. I was forever afraid he would slip and lob off my ear, and I would be like Vincent Van Gogh, and without even a girlfriend to send the thing to.

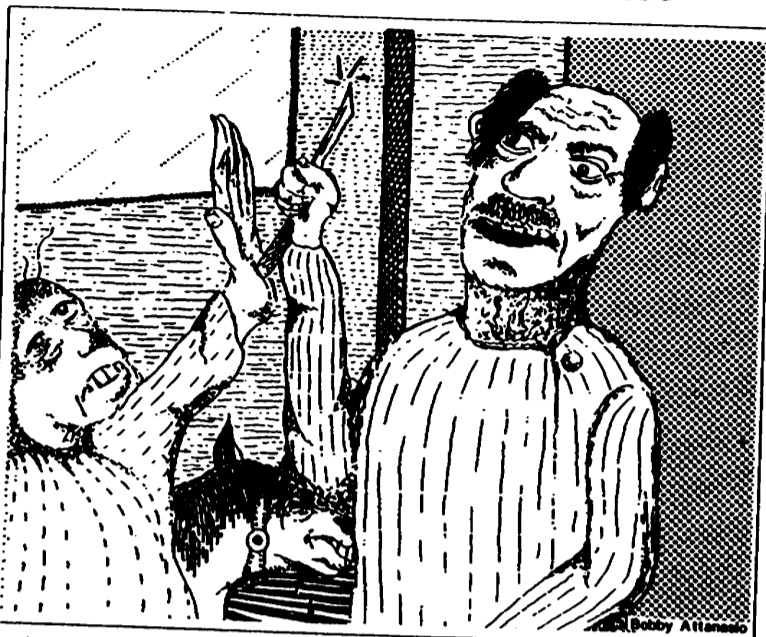
In time I attained the privilege of going for haircuts unescorted, a rite of passage in itself. I would traipse on down to the local Sal or Tony, the dollar and a quarter firmly ensconced in the bottom of my pocket, determined to retain some of my hairy dignity.

"Just trim the sides and take a little off the top," I would tell the man assertively. He would nod and proceed, perhaps on telephoned instructions from my mother (talk about castration) to shear and clip me back into a crewcut. After the inevitable razor ritual, he would cream my head with gooey hair lotion, comb it into his idea of a "style," and to add insult to injury, stand behind me with a mirror for me to inspect the job, expecting some sort of approval, I'm sure.

This ritual continued for many years, well into my adolescence, although the haircuts grew fewer and far between. But eventually I would be cajoled, yelled at and threatened enough to go on down and do my duty as a young American male.

The atmosphere in barber shops was uniquely masculine. I would sit waiting my turn, browsing through cheap girls and he-man magazines, advertising get-rich-quick schemes, body-building courses, women's flimsy underwear. Across the street was the fire station, with some blue-clad firemen lounging about outside, their eyes intently following the behind of any well-proportioned girl to pass by. Occasionally we'd have the treat of watching the

## The Changing American Haircut



engines leave on a call, with a clanging of bells and a flurry of activity as firemen came shooting down the brass pole and leaping onto the back of the truck. Alas, I never saw a fire dog.

In the warm months a baseball game invariably was on the radio, and at other times there was the lazy discussion of race horses, gambling, and prize fighters. I had finally gotten the barber to take just a little off the top, but he still scared the shit out of me with the razor, loaded my hair down with hair tonic, and sent me off in an agony of itching from the clippings of hair down my back.

Somewhere in my junior year of high school, I amassed the fortitude and conviction (and financial means to weather economic conviction) to defy mom and pop and not get a haircut for cousin Fred's wedding. I was threatened, insulted, told I was a shame to the family. I stood my ground. My hair grew longer. My parents had fits. I finally won. Cousin Fred's wife said I looked great.

Once free of barbers, I resolved never to go back. I spent a blissful two years making faces as I passed by their windows. But eventually it came to the point where my hair was so split, tangled, and generally fucked-up that it had to be cut.

So I had a friend do it.

"Can you cut hair?" I asked.

"Sure. I cut my dog's hair all the time." She only took off two inches, but I still didn't speak to her for a month. The next year I found another friend who cut her sister's hair. She too left me with something in the mirror I didn't want to see. I lost more friends that way over the years.

A few months ago it came that time again. My hair looked like a nest the birds had deserted because it needed urban renewal. I had used up all my friends.

What to do? I could try one of those fancy hairstyling places whose ads enticingly covered the pages of the Village Voice. I perused the ads. Some offered a variety of games—Monopoly, Risk, Tactics, even a pinball machine—to play while waiting. One had a waterbed to relax on til your turn came. That was no good—I would probably fall asleep. There was even one with singing barbers—that might be interesting, maybe I could join in a chorus of "The bear missed the train." It was a tough decision, though. Did I want to play games, lie on a waterbed, be massaged, watch cartoons or listen to singing barbers? All I wanted was to get my hair cut. So I finally settled for an unpretentious place down in the Village, "Hair Euphoria

Unlimited."

As soon as I stepped inside I knew it was not like the usual barber shop. Everything was bright red and gold and brown, with mirrored balls hanging from the ceiling and a rather obscene plastic sculpture in the middle of the room. Around that were spread large fur pieces, upon which were strewn magazines—not the he-man type but Penthouse, Realites, Horizon, and the National Lampoon. In the back, huge stereo speakers pounded out a heavy Santana beat. A little boy with long blond hair offered me a lollypop.

"I would like a haircut," I said to the receptionist, timidly. I was led to the back where a girl in a see-through blouse washed my hair.

"Just lie back, close your eyes and relax," she said, massaging my scalp as her breasts swelled inches in front of me.

"I'll try." She stopped only once, to put a fresh record on the turntable. "What would you like to hear?" she asked. "Anything," I moaned. She put on the Doors, and continued to rake my hair with warm sudsy water. I was ready to come in my pants.

When my hair had been sufficiently purged of the city dirt that made a home in it, I was handed over to my barber. She was five-foot-two and her name was America. She was beautiful. She asked me what I wanted done. I was about to fall in love with my barber.

She listened like a shrink as I told her my fear of haircuts, how they always came out making me want to cover every mirror in the house. She understood. There was not a razor or clipper in sight. I felt reassured.

"That's why I don't go to barbers much," I said, finishing my sorry tale. "You ought to," she replied. "Your hair is terrible."

She proceeded to make it a lot less terrible. No "once around the sides" for her. She cut delicate snippets of hair from around my head, a little here, a little there, no hurry, no heavy cuts. She went slowly and gave me time to see what was happening. Something good began to take shape.

Half an hour later I looked different. I asked for the other side of the Doors. I got it. My hair was washed again and put under heat lamps. I took a copy of Intellectual Digest to read while it dried. It dried nicely, curled, and was combed. Not a bit of it had gone down my back. I was amazed. I had gotten a good haircut. "America, I love you!"

"We aim to please," she said, smiling. "Come back soon. That'll be twelve dollars."

Ah, if only my mother had taken me to a place like this years ago. Now if I could only rid myself of my horrible fear of dentists!

## Death in America: A Cafeteria Closes

By JAYSON WECHTER

A couple approached me as I sat in my taxicab about 4 a.m. the other night and asked me where they could go to eat. At that hour, in the middle of Brooklyn, there really isn't too much. Half a dozen all-night coffee shops that cater mostly to cops, truckdrivers and milkmen are scattered over the borough, but there were none nearby. A few blocks down was a bagel place that might or might not be open. If they had a craving for clams or frankfurters they could have made the trek out to Nathan's. But they appeared to have neither the desire nor the energy. So I replied, "There's nothing I can think of." They went away, discouraged.

Not too long ago, they could have gone to Garfield's. Garfield's was the largest, liveliest, and most interesting of the few remaining cafeterias in the borough. Slowly but surely, along with the old Eis, horsepaths, and the urban middle class, this peculiar form of eating establishment is vanishing from the New York scene. Garfield's was one of the few that operated 24 hours a day, seven days a week, and such operations, according to the men who once ran them, are no longer profitable.

Garfield's, though, was more than just a place to eat at all hours of the day and night. It was a neighborhood institution, as sacred as the old Dutch Reformed church across the street, or the Gothic-

towered high school down the block. I went to that high school, Erasmus Hall, for a few years, and during that time, Garfield's became not just the big place on the corner that you could always depend upon for a free bathroom or a working telephone booth, but a living, functioning community, a crossroads of Flatbush, as much as the intersection on which it stood had once been the crossroads of Brooklyn.

It was a magnificent place, with a 40-foot ceiling and gold-tiled walls, and an enormous window by which one might sit and watch the world pass by. It had a large backroom, christened "The Erasmus Room," a vestige of the days when there was school spirit and students thronged together to celebrate football victories and plan proms. Upon one wall was a beautiful design resembling a mandala, which many a stoned-out kid took delight in discovering for the eighth or ninth time. It was the sort of thing, that no matter how familiar, would always elicit a deep-felt "Wow"—a wonder in its own right.

But the scene in Garfield's was not the decor or the view, or even the food, which was alright, but the people. Garfield's was home to the downtrodden, the lonely, the bored. There were people who spent most of their day in there: over cups of coffee, happy to be in the company of others. Many of them were old, without wives, or husbands—alone, and Garfield's was their community center, their meeting place,

very nearly their home. No one ever got thrown out of Garfield's, unless they were terribly drunk or terribly dirty, and even then they were re-admitted when more sober or clean. For the price of a cup of coffee you could have companionship, a warm sheltering place against the cold and numbness of old lives cast aside.

It was always a lively place, the sounds of gossip floating up from tables like handfuls of confetti tossed aloft, the crackling of just-delivered newspapers, the excited speculations of horseplayers perusing the racing sheets, and above it all the smell of cigars and the clatter of dishes as the aged busboys made weary paths among the tables.

It was a circus, in ways, with the never-ending chatter and panorama of human faces and bodies, engaged in their happiness, excitement, or grief. It was something that was never still, never silent, like some monster machine which had one day been set into motion and not come to a halt since. And it was in other ways a poem, a touching landscape of humanity, with the woe and agony and joy of experience etched into the faces at the tables, a living artwork.

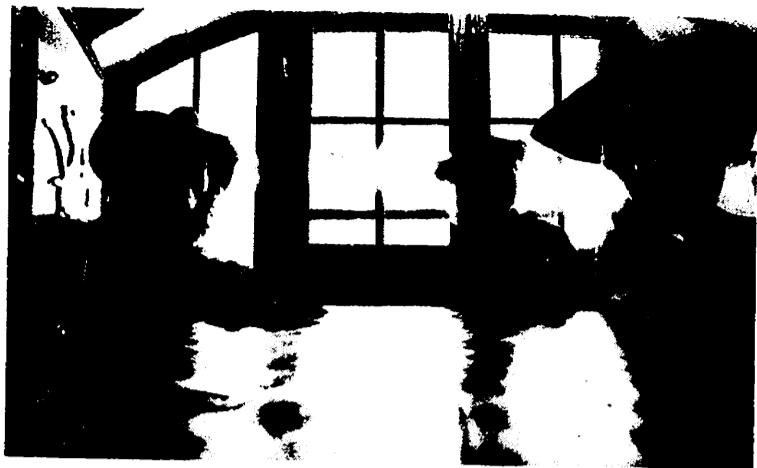
At 4 or 5 A.M. after a late night's concert, you could come there to mellow out before heading home, have a bit more time with your friend or lover before heading your separate paths. It was a haven for class-cutters, a place to go when the crises of adolescence came thundering

down and words had to be exchanged, away from the classes and the crowds.

When the high schools rioted the spring after Ocean Hill-Brownsville, and cops fought students on Flatbush Avenue, we took sanctuary from the trodding hooves of policemen's horses in Garfield's. Many poems, many stories were imagined and told and lived at those marble tables. When the late-night writer's block had you down, it was the place to go. When you had no where else to go, Garfield's was the place to go.

It is gone now. The plates and stainless steel silverware and black-bottomed pots were auctioned off, the mandala-tiled wall and great wide window felled by the wrecker's ball, and a bank built in its place. How strangely ironic, for those of us who had clamored for change, who battered hard at the ramparts of institutions, demanding that the old give way to the new, that that would be just what would happen, though not as we planned or imagined it.

We lost a friend who never cared about the length of our hair or the money in our pockets. But others lost a home. Where do they all go, I wonder, those old people, those horseplayers and hucksters, those lonely and bored and hungry people who have lost a part of themselves. In Brooklyn at 4 A.M. there is almost nowhere for them to go. For them, and for Brooklyn, and for America, something has died.



The Tres Hombres of ZZ Top: Frank Beard, Dusty Hill and Billy Gibbons.

## ZZ Top Bust Out

New Yorkers received their first introduction to an invigorating blues/rock Texan trio this past Saturday night at the Academy of Music, 14th Street and Third Avenue. Sandwiched on a bill that featured the primitive excellence of Flash Cadillac and The Continental Kids and the seasoned sophistry of John Mayall, ZZ Top's late show presentation was an explosive display of metal flash and crunching, biting persistence. Led by Billy Gibbons' thrashing, razor-sharp, and often awesome guitar and slide leads, ZZ indeed proved to be "in the fine Texas tradition of Sir Douglas, Johnny and Edgar Winter, and Janis Joplin," as their publicity has stated.

Humility is definitely not the word to characterize their stage presence. But musically, where it counts, ZZ's potential is considerable: they are dynamic, mature, and eloquent. And though their set was alarmingly short, it did feature the hit "Waitin' for the Bus," whose cutting and explicit guitar stammerings led into a sweaty blues original called "Jesus Just Left Chicago (and he's bound for New Orleans)" from the Tres Hombres recording.

## Moody Blues Shine

I had been meandering through my treasury of Moody Blues songs all day, intentionally not playing any of their albums. In fact, I hadn't listened to any music the whole day! I tried to keep my mind preoccupied with other matters, but found myself slipping to "Tuesday Afternoon" and "Lost in a Lost World." My mind would constantly rise, as the smoke of Passion Flower, to the ultimate of trips—my first Moody Blues concert! Ever since purchasing my \$7.50 behind-the-stage tickets, my subconscious had been racked day in and day out with the Moody Blues (I even thought of pasting the maxim "On The Threshold of a Dream" on the back of my denim jacket, but decided that would be going too far).

Yes, it was a concert, but it just wasn't one of those bands! The vendors selling Moody Blues T-shirts hinted at that, the unsuccessful scalpers attempting to sell tickets affirmed it, but it was the music inside that hypnotized me. Seeing Ray Thomas do his thing on the flute was like watching a mythical muse lift the spirits of its followers, entrancing them with visions of a world beyond.

I entered the Garden with the preconceived notion that the set would open with "Questions." I nearly convinced myself of this permonition when the group gallivanted onto the stage; a thunderclap of roars instantly transformed the arena from a collection of people to a collective whole as the group began to warm up and test out the equipment.

## Strange Films

Experimental films will be shown at the Brooklyn Academy of Music this Friday and Saturday, and again on November 9 and 10. The New York Independent Filmmakers Exposition will screen short, non-commercial films on each of these days, awarding \$2,500 in prizes. The screenings will begin at 8:30 PM. Tickets will be available at the BAM Box Office for \$1. For further information, call 636-4100.

Frank Beard on drums and Dusty Hill on bass and vocals ably assist Gibbons' fierce and poignant slide that's always on the money. Admittedly, Gibbons' guitar is weighty Allmanesque, and his inclusion of Duane's slide part from "One Way Out" during an extended version of ZZ's "La Grange" was the evening's highlight.

Hill's bass is a modest compliment for Gibbons' grunting gut reactions, and the addition of Beard's pounding drums create the solid rhythmic foundation upon which ZZ Top thrives.

Flash Cadillac and The Continental Kids were a delight, as comically outrageous as any glitter act you'd care to see. They put 50's rock and roll in their own crazy perspective, running through the entire gambit: the shades, Vitalis, chopper jackets, Tootie Fruittie, Johnny B. Goode, "Shake, Rattle, and Roll," lyrics like "Tell Laura I love her/Tell Laura I need her/Tell Laura not to cry/My love for her is in my fly," the sight of Flash's tilted mike at a 45-degree angle, and lastly his guitar, erection high, wedged against a hardened inter thigh.

It was some night.

—Leo Sacks

"Higher and Higher," why of course! I told my friend seated to the left of me, already into his own little trip. And so it was 9:40 PM, last Friday that I gained my first taste of paradise. The joints had long since passed the production stage, efficiently being taken care of; in fact, the guard at the exit just below us told me that he would be tempted to have "some of that stuff" if the Moodies didn't prove to be better than the warm-up band.

"Ahh, ah... Ahh, ah... Ahh, ah, ah," the Moodies were off, and so were we! It took me about three songs to get into the music, but after that my eyes could literally see anything the Moodies dictated: from the Inferno below us to the Paradise above; I was mesmerized by the beauty of their living dream: that golden key unlocking the Garden gate and the world suddenly regaining entrance—well at least the five of them! How can I lose faith in the existence of Eden—that Garden of delight and perfection the Moodies sing about so eloquently? I came to the conclusion that the Moodies are spokesman of God—pleading for his children to undo their pride and selfish thoughts so as to once again re-enter his domain!

The feeling of being drawn up, like dirt into a vacuum cleaner, was with me throughout the evening. "Story In Your Eyes," "Watching and Waiting," and "Nights in White Satin" were the key songs of the concert. If one hadn't been drawn up by the time the latter had been performed, one certainly was lost in a lost world. Probably the two best numbers, musically, were "Legend of a Mind," with a beautiful interlude lead by Ray Thomas' flute, and accompanied by a mellow drum and organ; and "Tuesday Afternoon," the perfect synthesis of what the early Moodies were all about.

There was one major disappointment, however. Aside from the fact that the concert was too short, despite its two-hour duration (90 minutes of the stars), the Moodies did not have any new material to offer.

—Ralph Wolzaba

## Chapin Performance Intense and Alive

For a long time I didn't like Harry Chapin because the radio station played his first hit song, "Taxi" over and over again for months on end. It was one of those things that become sickening due to overexposure. Then his new album, *Short Stories*, came out, and I realized that all his songs were in fact stories, some of them exquisitely perceptive and emotional. I went to see his final night at the Bitter End two weeks ago. What I saw was nearly the best musical performance I've come across in recent months.

Chapin is a modest performer, a quality that is rarely found and much to be admired in this era of multi-millionaire superstars who couldn't care less about their audiences. His songs are performed with a certain degree of personal involvement which I haven't seen in a performer since a Joni Mitchell concert many years ago.

He is not detached, a seeming automaton, strumming away and mouthing words that are all too familiar. His performance is energetic and involved, not only on his part but on that of the three men who play guitar, bass, and cello with him. Together they form an organic whole which puts out music which is at times melodious, or vibrant and full of joy, or emotionally tense and consuming.

I was much delighted to find that their live performance is strikingly similar to the recorded ones, indicating not only a great degree of versatility, but a lack of heavy production on the albums. The bass



player has a soulful tenor voice ("one of the last remaining castrati," Chapin remarked) which is the one heard on "Taxi" and "Mr. Tanner." The guitar player specializes in 30-second solo songs which are inventive and funny. And the cellist plucks and pulls some beautiful notes from his instrument. They do not, as so many



artists today do, leave you disappointed at the live version of a favorite song. Rather the opposite—Chapin puts such fiery emotion into some songs like "Sniper" that the live version leaves you chilled and overswept with feeling when it's done.

Few performers I have seen have been able to so totally capture an audience in the fierce temperament of a song, the way Chapin did with "Sniper." His story-songs travel deep to the emotional pit of human lives, they perceive the loneliness, the joy, the aspiration that is carried about and seldom spoken of. They are real.

Most of the songs he played were from his new album. All were good. What impressed me most about the performance was his intensity, that of his involvement with his songs, with his subject matter, and with his audience.

He took a sort of boyish delight that the club was sold out on a Monday night, usually the worst night for clubs. There was no smugness or egotism to it, just a kind of "wow" enthusiasm for the fact so many people had come to see him perform. He was the only performer I ever saw who let the audience choose by the degree of their applause what he would do for an encore.

Harry Chapin is perhaps the closest thing we have to a troubador. More than just giving you a song to sing along with, or stamp your feet to, more than just providing entertainment, he can make you feel, and that, for me, is where art begins.

For the story-teller to make life stop—cause the immediate circumstances and train of thought to halt and be replaced by the thoughts and images of his tale, is the true goal. Chapin reaches the goal, for his stories are very nearly ones you can step into and live in for a while, and you should.

—Jayson Wechter

## President's Hobnob

(Continued from page 1)

"No doubt," I said.

"Off the record, don't you think that campus newspapers should be funded according to how often they come out?" one of them asked.

I was beginning to think they were in cahoots with Marshak to make themselves the major newspaper on campus. I just walked away.

Having never conversed with a college president, my friend decided to talk to Marshak. He walked up to him, and after some friendly comments about how he read one of his essays in a physics textbook, he brought up what was really on his mind. "How come there is no hard liquor being served here?"

"What would people say if they knew that I served hard liquor to students at my home?" he questioned.

"They would probably say that Marshak throws one hell of a party. He really knows how to treat his guests," my friend replied.

Marshak was obviously stunned by the reply, and we moved on to another part of the room before he had a chance to recover. By this time, the party was in full swing, and the rest of the OP staff had shown up.

Marshak insisted on having two editors of The New York Times, who also happen to be alumni, talk to us about how to get ahead in journalism. Luckily, Mrs. Marshak interrupted after awhile to announce that it was time to eat.

Being what we are, the OP staff was the first in line to help themselves to the

buffet-style meal. Before we attacked the food, Mrs. Marshak grabbed one of the associate editors, pulled him over to the side and pointing to some tin plates, told him, "Of course, if you don't want what everybody else is eating, we have kosher food for you." Looking at him more closely, she said, "Then again, you don't look like you'd want kosher food," and she marched him back to the other table.

The food was surprisingly good. Fried chicken, rice, and salad was served. For dessert, we had the best apple pie and whipped cream I ever tasted.

When the meal was over, the party began to wind down. Marshak held a mini-press conference for the serious journalists, and Mrs. Marshak held a mini-press conference for the un-serious journalists. I was with Mrs. Marshak. The majority of the guests began to leave, but we stayed behind for some of the best conversation of the night.

After finding out that four of the OP staff members had at one time driven taxicabs, she went into a half-hour dissertation about fares, tips, the union, and the problems of driving in New York City. After finding out that somebody from the evening session newspaper had a toothache, she proceeded to tell us how she uses the same dentist as Jackie Onassis, and how she saw her leaving the dentist's office once. She admired some of our haircuts and told us how she can't get Bob go to the barber by himself. She admired some of our shirts, and told us how she had trouble buying shirts for Bob. College presidents, it seems, can be just as difficult as college students.

# THE FIRST WHOLE CITY COLLEGE CATALOGUE

Production on the most comprehensive student publication in the College's history is beginning this week.

The catalogue will be comprised of all essential data including:

- *course and teacher evaluations—statistical and verbal*
- *course descriptions by individual instructors, including course requirements, reading lists, exam schedules, etc.*
- *student clubs and organizations—listings, descriptions, and information on how to join.*
- *guide to college administration—executives, guidance counselors, services, etc.*
- *location of tutorial and drop-in centers.*
- *photographs of faculty and administrators*

And more.

**But we will need help.**

The job of putting together this publication will obviously entail much work. But it can be done only if students are willing to help out.

Mainly, we need people to help with the teacher evaluations. Jobs to be done include mathematical computations (simple addition and multiplication), typing, filing, stuffing envelopes, sorting questionnaires, etc. Students interested in the layout phase—proofreading, copy editing, indexing and photography—are also needed.

If you have one or more hours a week free to help us out, or if you would like to get more information, please leave a note for Peter Grad in Finley 152.

**A brief planning meeting will be held in Finley 336 on Thursday, November 1 at 12 PM. Please be sure to come.**

**TYPING**

Manuscripts, reports, theses, etc. professionally typed on electrics  
**fast service**  
**lend-A-HAND**  
 200 W. 72 St., 362-9775

**MEN - WOMEN:**

**JOBS ON SHIPS!** No experience required. Excellent Pay. Worldwide travel. Perfect summer job or career. Send \$3.00 for information.

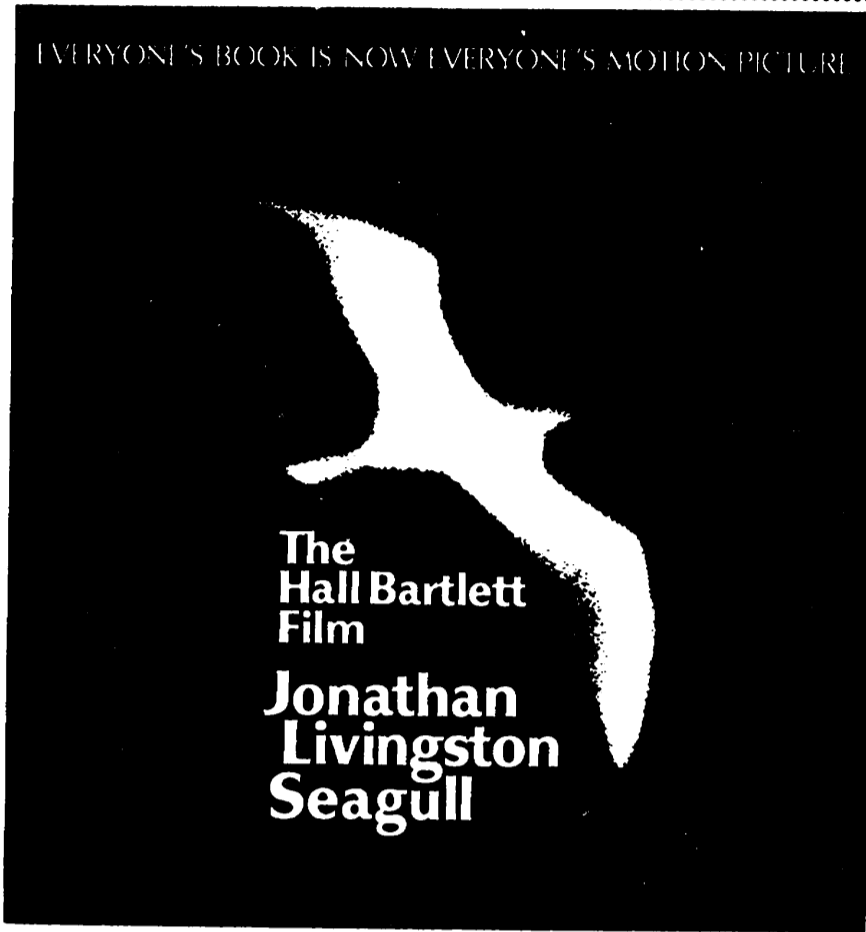
**SEAFAX,**

Dept. P-9, P.O. Box 2049, Port Angeles, Washington 98362

**MATH / SCIENCE TEACHERS**

The Peace Corps needs hundreds of teachers to serve in Asia, Africa, Micronesia and South America. Gain valuable experience in teacher training, designing curriculum, program planning and evaluation. Must be US citizen. Apply now for Jan 74 training. Call or write Jim Block, ACTION, 26 Federal Plaza, NY 10007 (212) 264-7123.

EVERYONE'S BOOK IS NOW EVERYONE'S MOTION PICTURE



The Hall Bartlett Film  
**Jonathan Livingston Seagull**

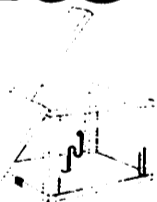
Produced and directed by **Hall Bartlett** From the book by **Richard Bach**  
 Screenplay - **Richard Bach** and **Hall Bartlett** Songs written and performed by **Neil Diamond**  
 Cinematographer - Jack Couffer Production design - Boris Leven Photograph © 1970 - Russell Munson  
 Original sound track by Neil Diamond on Columbia Records and Tapes. Panavision® Color by Deluxe®  
 A Paramount Pictures Release

57th and 3rd Ave **SUTTON** PL9-1411

**Akadama Mama says,**

**Be Nice to Mice.**

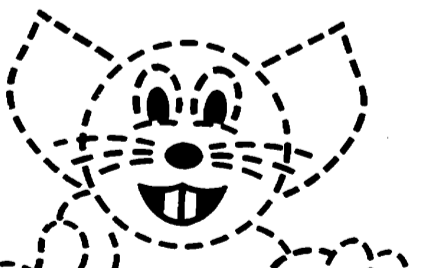
This week's letters were kind of dull, but I did get a neat package. It contained a home-built mouse trap. Not



one of those hurtful, snapper, killer, 5 & 10 things. But a genuine can't-hurt-you-and-I'm-sorry-if-I-scared-you kind of a thing. It was made of scrap wood and window screen (see illus.) and I got a very together friend of mine to do a blueprint and instructions. I also have a friend with a copy machine, so if you'd like a copy of the plan just mail me the mouse coupon.

club soda, ¼ of a can of frozen lemonade concentrate, plenty of ice and lemon and orange slices. To make more just double, triple or quadruple everything.

Listen to Mama, and pass the Akadama, the wine that tastes a lot more than it costs.



Mail to: Be Nice To Mice  
 P.O. Box 2629  
 Palos Verdes Peninsula, Ca. 90274

Akadama Mama, please lay a copy of your very together friend's blueprints & instructions on me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

I'm checking this box because Akadama is picking up the postage and they would like it if I also asked you to pass an Akadama recipe card.



Now that we've been nice to mice, I'd like to give you a couple of my favorite Akadama recipes that will be nice to you.  
**AKADAMA & 7UP**  
 Mix 2 to 3 parts Akadama Plum with 1 part 7UP. I personally like it in a wine glass with ice.

**SANGRIA AKADAMA**  
 A bottle of Akadama Red, a pint of

Imported by Suntory International, I. A. Co.

**ALL Grads & Faculty invited to GRADUATE COUNCIL MEETING**

Nov. 14 at Room 121 at Finley

Meetings every 2nd Wed. of each month.

**Arrests at Macy's**

Sixteen members of the Attica Brigade and the Puerto Rican Student Union were arrested October 20 at a demonstration at the Macy's Herald Square department store, protesting its sale of Farah Pants, whose workers have been on strike since May, 1972. \$20,000 worth of Farah Pants were reported damaged by the store.

**READ FASTER \$50**

5 weeks guaranteed course **DOUBLE or TRIPLE** your speed. Understand more, retain more. Nationally known professor. Class forming now **READING SKILLS 864-5112**

**Dr. Hippocrates says:**

**DONATE BLOOD**

**City College Blood Bank**  
 November 12, 13, 14, 15

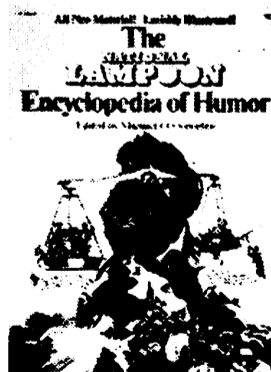
**MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW**

Counseling and Psychological Services help students handle their feelings more effectively, cope with present situations more realistically, and plan constructive and sensible goals for their futures.

Room 210, Administration Building

Telephone: 621-2356, 621-2357

**You Can Buy This And/Or This**



The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor—all new material, lavishly illustrated in color, with free bonus poster size fold-out Humor Map of the World. Hard cover \$7.95. Soft cover \$2.50. At better bookstores and newsstands.



November sports issue with Sports Illustrated parody. "The Day Babe Ruth Licked The Big D." "Paper Pimp." "Secret Communist Reveals Signals." and new specialty sports magazines. 75¢ everywhere.

But you must do one. That's the new rule. You can do both. Doing both things would be good but you must do one or the other. There's no getting around it. It's the new rule. It was on the news the other night, maybe you missed it. But nonetheless, it's the new rule. And you have to obey it.



“The  
tougher  
it gets,  
the  
cooler,  
I get.”

He's got what it takes.



Law Dardorovich Brownstein

**OP**

**observation**

HOLLOW WEENIES

VOL. 54, NO. 2

**post**

(TRICIA OR DICK)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1973

## HELP WANTED

OP is a newspaper in trouble. We seem to be following the same path as the Herald Tribune, the Journal American, the World Telegram and the Daily Mirror: oblivion. But our trouble is not money. It's people. If you enjoy reading OP, and want to see it around more often, now is the time to act.

If you have an interest in journalism, or any form of writing, you could help us. If you want to learn about journalism, you could help us. If you are a photographer or artist, you could help us. If you know anything about printing, or laying out a newspaper, we'll do anything to have you. If you like to work with weird people, OP is the place for you. Come see us in Finley 336 anytime or call us at 621-7182. Leave your name and phone number, and don't give up.

