



VOL. 55 NO. 2

FEBRUARY 13, 1974

Rocks Hurlled By EPS Students and Faculty

By ARON BERLINGER

In the Earth and Planetary Sciences (EPS) department, some professors soar along on personal ego trips above this planet, while others bury their heads deep in the earth as though they specialized in fossils.

This conclusion was reached after a week of discussions with EPS students and faculty, who were invited to find the reason why 90% of EPS faculty failed to hand out the student evaluation questionnaire to their students.

The reputation EPS enjoys, among outside scholars and graduate schools, contrasts markedly with the opinions students have for what they call the "conservative" professors who dominate the department. The chief complaint students voiced was that research-oriented teachers remain aloof from their students, a problem especially annoying for future majors just starting with their introductory courses.

Associate professor Nicholas M. Ratcliffe (EPS), the chairman admits to being aware of this problem and says that



Nicholas Ratcliffe: 'I'm the biggest S.O.B. in the department.'

special care is given to the choice of instructors for introductory courses.

"In the beginning, students expect a professor to be helpful and share an empathy toward them," he noted, "but in higher courses this attitude might change, and there is nothing wrong with it. Intolerable people aren't necessarily bad, and a few bastards in the department might add to the quality of the student in the long range of the educational experience."

Mike Klimetz, an EPS major, registered this term for EPS 39 (Petrology), taught by Ratcliffe. Becoming aware of the demands of this course and the small chance for a high grade, he wanted to switch to EPS 45 (Geology) against Ratcliffe's wishes. He finally succeeded in changing his course with the help of a dean. "I'm going to investigate you," Ratcliffe told him, according to Klimetz.

Ratcliffe, whom some seniors in EPS like to call 'Nick the rat,' was thinking aloud the other day that, "I'm probably

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Broadway Tenants Hold Out Against The City

By ANNE MANCUSO

The sign, "Nadie Se Mudara" (We will not move) has hung unscathed on the fire escape at 3315 Broadway for almost three years, capturing the attention of riders on the Broadway local before it plunges into the 137th Street tunnel. For steady riders of the line, it has become a daily ritual to check if the sign is still hanging, and see how much rotting plaster has fallen from the walls and ceiling of the abandoned apartment over Newman's Meat Market.

The construction looming behind the row of apartment buildings from West 133rd Street to 134th Street indicates it is only a matter of time, about two years, before the buildings will be torn down and the site will become part of the Riverside Park Community (Stage II), a complex of 1,200 low-income and middle-income apartments and I.S. 195, which will accommodate 1,800 students.

Construction began on the \$46 million

project last spring, two years after the New York City Department of Real Estate took over the apartment buildings and began sending eviction notices to tenants. According to Marvin Bogner, a spokesman for the department, "Nobody in any condemned site is forced out or intimidated or provided with no services so they will have to move."

He added that the notices informing residents of the city's take-over of the buildings stipulated no immediate need to vacate the apartments until the construction of I.S. 195 was completed.

The message was misinterpreted or ill-stated, for most of the tenants left the buildings, and partial demolition of the abandoned apartments has begun. However, a handful of tenants resisted the city's offer of money or relocated apartments and began an angry and tedious fight against eviction, led by Louis Lopez, a retired hospital worker,

whose leadership in the tenant protest has caused the residents of 3315 Broadway to erroneously regard him as the super. He has lived in the building since his arrival from Puerto Rico 30 years ago, moving only from the ground floor to the third floor apartment he now shares with his wife and three children.

He is one of five "original" tenants in the row of apartment buildings who have lived in their apartments before the city

bought them. As a result, they will have a first choice of apartments in the completed Riverside project. The remaining tenants, many of whom have lived in the apartment building for only a few months, are not guaranteed this option.

City public relations man Bogner advises that those people who were not original tenants are taking a "calculated risk" if they remain in the building.

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Fave Raves

In our last issue we asked you to make a list of what you "Fave Raves" have been over the years. What happened? The same thing that always happens when we ask for audience participation: the person gets a list of his six favorite stories.

This will not do. We need more than one person's opinions to compile a list of the all-time "Fave Raves." Come on people, get on the ball. If we don't have a substantial sampling of "Fave Raves" by next week, there's gonna be trouble in these here parts. And that's a threat.

Smells of the Building

The hallway leading to the Lopez apartment is painted a dingy brown, barely visible through the layers of graffiti that snake across the walls. The whiffs of our pass grow less powerful as the smell of ripe garbage takes over. The floor is crisscrossed with food and dirt and each landing is dotted with gummed trash. The doors to the building's 15 occupied apartments are battered and without numbers. A label reading "The Lopez Family" is stuck to one door, which is answered by a teen-age boy, two cats and a growling dog.

Lopez is a short, moustachioed man,



The boy from Hibbing gets caught in the spotlight. See Page 11.



To the editor

In relation to Mr. Aron Berlinger's story, "Faculty Abuse Library Privilege," I should like to make clear the following points:

1. Library policy forbids the release of circulation records. We consider publication of information dealing with individual borrowers' records a serious invasion of privacy, no matter who the borrower is. This policy was clearly explained to your reporter.
2. The Library administration, at all levels is concerned about making books available to all who need them. The Faculty Loan Code was initiated by the present Library administration and adopted by the Faculty Senate at its behest.
3. The great majority of the faculty are cooperative and do return promptly those books specifically requested by students, and those books which fall due.
4. The Library wishes to apologize to those members of the College community who were singled out in the article. We did our best to dissuade Mr. Berlinger from publishing the unauthorized and partially inaccurate information he had improperly acquired.

Sincerely,
Bernard Kreissman
Chief Librarian

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

Indeed, Mr. Kreissman, you and others tried to do your best to dissuade me from publishing the information I had acquired. But had you really tried, you could have avoided apologizing to the members of the College Community who were singled out in the article.

All you had to do was to disprove my information, and I myself would have recognized my futile argument and "serious invasion of privacy." However, not once during our talk in your office, did you express an interest in knowing what information I had gathered. May I venture to say that you guessed, correctly by the way, that the facts were too accurate to be refuted?

What you did say was that the last time similar discoveries were made public, some 20 years ago, all that was accomplished was a furious stir among the faculty but not the recovery of very many books. Will this pattern recur?

It's true, as you say, that the majority of the faculty does not abuse the privileges, but that is not the issue. The issue is the minority among the faculty that abuses the library but is treated specially. That is to say, the majority pays for their irresponsibility, while the minority gets by for years.

As for the "partially inaccurate information" I "had improperly acquired"—this kind of polluted language might more appropriately fit Administration spokesmen in Washington, than a library source.

All data used in my article was kept in the various library branches on white (and yellowing) records, and was checked and rechecked with all the parties willing to cooperate and able to be reached.

If there really is concern about "making books available to all," then it's time the faculty loan code is enforced as strictly as the policy for students.

—Aron Berlinger

Grad Student Complains

Having just read your article about certain faculty members' abuse of library privileges ("Faculty Abuse Library Privileges," by Aron Berlinger in the January 24th issue of OP, I cannot say that the library's handling of the situation surprises me in the least.

It is interesting to note that the library utilizes a double standard—one which applies to the faculty and one to the student. The former receives recurring notices which it files as "memos" (a necessary evil

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observation post

*Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration,
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame,
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Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947.*

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From The Labor Committee

By PAUL SILVERSTEIN

Over the past few weeks, the entire world has shifted into a new phase of history. The National Caucus of Labor Committees (NCLC), the North American Unemployed and Welfare Rights Organization (NUWRO), and the Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM) have launched themselves into what will in the future be regarded as the most important battle ever undertaken in the history of mankind.

We are fighting the murderous capitalist class led by mass murderer Nelson Rockefeller and the CIA to determine whether we will all live through the next two to five years.

The bloody hand behind the truckers' violence, the layoffs in major industries, and the massive fuel and upcoming food shortages is Rockefeller's. While "little children" around the country blame Nixon for the increasing chaos and desperation of their lives, Rockefeller can sit back with a sly grin.

Allied factions of international finance centered around the Rockefeller family have been developing a comprehensive plan for CIA-directed psychological warfare against the working classes of both the United States and Europe. The cutting edge of the Rockefeller/CIA thrust in the U.S. has been the creation of university-based nests of brainwashing specialists to spread their "therapy" against the potentially revolutionary population. Black ghetto population are specifically targeted.

We have proof of vast inhuman, illegal CIA operations of brainwashing and torture under the cover of "behavior modification," being carried out in prisons, college campuses, hospitals, and elsewhere throughout the U.S. and worldwide. The CIA is procuring for employers, a docile, zombie-like labor force, a population willing to accept a fascist police regime without a fight.

Extensive sectors of the population currently undergoing behavior modification treatment include prisoners, school children, ghetto inhabitants and industrial workers, to name a few.

Behavior modification techniques currently being used involve various methods. Group dynamic arrangements force submission to group pressure and can induce varying degrees of mental breakdowns. Skinnerian conditioning is exemplified by aversive therapy. At the level of physiological transformation are found various forms of chemotherapy, intensive electroshock, and hypnosis, as well as psychosurgery and electrode implantation in the brain.

Chemotherapy is sponsored by the National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) as well as the pharmaceutical industry itself. Drugs such as Ampomorphine and Prolixin are tested on prisoners, patients at ghetto clinics, and others. Drugs are dispensed to at least 30,000 elementary school children diagnosed as hyperactive.

The prevalence of electroconvulsive shock therapy (ECT) in mental hospitals has tended to make laymen view it as a necessary evil. ECT's

capacity to inflict pain and destroy memories makes it important in conditioning procedures.

Aversive therapy, a method inherent in behaviorist psychology, was systematized by H.J. Eysenck, the British psychiatrist sponsoring the theory of racial inferiority. Undesired behavior is forcibly associated with pain. To this end, the above-mentioned methods of drugs, ECT, along with high decibel noise (being researched frequently under Navy grants) and audio visual devices, are used.

Group Dynamics is a rubric covering a variety of methods commonly regarded as innocuous, known through the current promotion of "T-groups," primal therapy, etc. The common element in all of these methods is the deliberate breakdown of individuality, independence, and rational control. The subject is reduced to a more or less infantile, dependent, instinct-bound state.

Electronic brain stimulation can be achieved by the surgical insertion of electrodes subsequently activated by a controller. One California prison official endorses this method since the prisons could be supplanted by minute-to-minute remote control of offenders.

Psychosurgery, proceeding at a rate of at least 1,000 a year in the U.S. alone, involves the cutting out of brains of "unruly ghetto youth." The Law Enforcement Assistance Agency, CIA-funding arm of police departments, funds much of this research.

These visible features of Rockefeller's plan for totalitarian governments make Adolph Hitler seem a quiet country gentleman, and the most psychotic of these Nazi doctors funded by the Rockefeller Foundation et. al. make Hitler's crew seem almost humanitarian. "1984" merely begins to imply the kinds of thought control and genocidal programs which the Rockefeller faction has already underway for large scale implementation during 1974 and beyond.

The Rockefeller faction and its agents, with the aid of the "Nazi doctors," is already engaged in the crimes of brainwashing and other hideous practices specifically identified for prosecution under the Nuremberg principles. This scourge must be ripped out of society and its perpetrators brought to trial under the Nuremberg laws.

Accordingly, we are launching an immediate nationwide campaign to shut down these hideous holes which turn potentially creative human beings into "programmed" meat at the disposal of Rocky and Co.

We call on all persons who value their humanity, all organizations and institutions which support the existence of the human mind and oppose genocide to join with us in destroying CIA mind control operations wherever they are found.

We are drawing the line: humanism or the destruction of humanity. These are the only sides that can be taken now—You must choose!

Silverstein, a student at the College, is a member of the Labor Committee.

Beat Ma Bell at Her Game

In a recent journalistic coup, the Technological American Party (TAP) has again scooped the establishment press by announcing the 1974 Telephone Credit Card Code.

Pointing out that calls are best made in a rushed, business-like voice, and should be limited to 15 minutes so that the caller cannot be traced and caught, TAP also mentions that users of the code should call only from phone booths.

According to TAP the letter code is: "1-N; 2-X; 3-Z; 4-A; 5-G; 6-S; 7-Q; 9-U; and 0-J."

"To use this code, add the city code and then the code letter to the phone number of a corporation. The letter is determined by the 5th digit of the phone number.

"Example: Litton Industries in Los Angeles phone number is 273-7860. The code for Los Angeles (not the area code) is 184 and the 5th digit is 8. So, the credit card number is 273-7860-184-F."

TAP adds that other city codes are: New York, 012; Westchester, 141; Spokane, Washington, 128; Chicago, 097; Washington, D.C., 032; San Francisco, 158; Los Angeles, 182; and Philadelphia, 045.

Hypothetically speaking, to use this code to make a long distance call you would dial direct "0", then the number you're calling. When the operator comes on, you would say (using an actual



number: "Credit card #xxx-xxxx-yyy-z." Try to know the company name, area code and city, TAP advises.

If the operator asks anything besides the number of the phone booth you're calling from, she or he is suspicious, probably. You should hang up and try again from another booth. Be careful about what you say during a credit card call. The operators sometimes listen in, especially for the first few seconds.

If the phone company asks about credit card calls made to your phone, say you don't know anything about it, that it must have been for someone else, but don't talk further. "Be friendly but stupid," says TAP.

For more information, write to TAP: Room 504, 152 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.



Marsha Langer

Hershenson: the Unknown Leader

By MARC LIPITZ

Crammed in the confines of a cluttered office at the Board of Higher Education on East 80th Street, furnished with desks spewing forth a crop of loose paper, sits Jay Hershenson, the top student representative of City University's 200,000 student body.

Hershenson, a 25-year-old speech, education and journalism major at Queens College, was elected Chairperson of the University Student Senate (USS) two weeks ago. Comprised of delegates from every school in the CUNY system, USS is the paramount student governing body in the University's hierarchy. His post makes him the highest ranking student in the eyes of the University's administration and enables him to sit on the BHE as an observer.

Despite this position, he is virtually

unknown to students throughout CUNY, caused primarily by the behind-the-scenes nature of most USS activities and the lack of student input in the elections of USS delegates and officers. They are usually selected by their student body presidents. "I will push for direct voting for the representatives," said Hershenson. "But we cannot tell the colleges that we want elected officials because it would be interfering with the individual college affairs."

Claiming to be "essentially a non-political man," Hershenson sees his new position as a challenge—a year of fanaticism. I'm willing to spend one year doing all I can in motivating the Senate and the students."

He appears intent, sharp, cool, but aggressive in his new role, a role not envied by many people. Reflecting on his

40-plus hour a week schedule, he quipped, "I'm an idealist, man. I'm doing what I feel is right. Shit, I'll be busting my ass to do everything. I've got to be a fanatic."

Mixed Background

He says that his being a student at Queens does not keep him from looking at things in a larger, overall perspective. "My main work was not with Queens, but on a University-wide basis. I care not about one college, but about the University," he said.

Hershenson has had a mixed bag of journalistic and political work. He was with the Queens College radio station, first as reporter and disc jockey, and later as news director and general manager; on the newspaper Newsbeat, writing an investigative column; served as a US delegate; worked on the BHE Committee on Campus Planning and Development and on the Chancellor's University Security Council. He hopes to one day work for investigative reporter Jack Anderson.

Resting his feet on a crowded desk, Hershenson described his primary concern as USS Chairperson. "The most crucial area is providing student services. There is a disparity between day student services and night services. The evening services are very deficient."

He suggested that a strong University-wide newspaper, free to challenge the positions of the administrations and student governments, might help keep students abreast with University events.

There are three basic ideas which he hopes to have enacted. The first is a University-wide discount on films, theaters, concerts, and other activities in New York City.

The second proposal is to set up a comprehensive program providing all students access to free legal counseling from volunteer attorneys.

The third proposal would establish a system of so-called "block booking," which would allow the University to hire guest speakers or bands for a cheaper rate by arranging a series of performances at CUNY colleges, instead of booking for a single performance.

Student Spokesman to BHE

Hershenson feels that by producing visible results, students throughout the University might become interested in USS matters. "Unfortunately, no one lives in a vacuum. There are University-wide

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Exchange Set with Puerto Rico

The College soon will inaugurate an exchange program with the University of Puerto Rico and Inter-American University of Puerto Rico (UPR). Plans are also underway for an exchange program with the University of Ife in Nigeria, which has not yet been approved at this time.

Previously, the CUNY Graduate Center had a relationship with the universities in Puerto Rico. The new program will expand this relationship to include various schools in the CUNY system in ten different projects.

Aside from students, the program would involve a faculty exchange of lecturers and researchers in natural and social sciences between the two countries, and part-time employment of UPR faculty at CUNY to allow them to work for doctoral degrees at CUNY or private institutions.

The College itself will take part in two major projects in marine biology and biomedical work. Exchange visits of working scientists and graduate students will be arranged by the CUNY Institute for Oceanography and the doctoral program in marine scholarship at the UPR at Mayaguez.

Graduates of the newly-created Biomedical Program at the College have been guaranteed up to five seats each year in the third year class at the UPR School of Medicine.

Each program will have its own format, and students will spend from one term to one year or more abroad.

introduce an enlarged curriculum and send research equipment to the University of Ife. Nigerian college graduates would be brought here for more advanced training at the doctoral level.

The general formula for UN programs is to gather teams of people from different areas to go into a country for two or three years, and then completely leave with no

continued links or assistance afterward.

It is hoped that the proposed exchange program will last for a five-year period, with ten to fifteen professors involved. The tentative plans call for a continued link between the two institutions after the program is terminated.

—Marjorie Rutenberg



Marsha Langer

President Marshak addresses a group of about 100 departmental student representatives at an orientation meeting held last Thursday in Bowker Lounge. Marshak answered questions about the powers of the advisory committees the students are forming in most of the departments. He conceded that the election procedures last term were too haphazard and promised that he will try to maintain close communication with the student representatives in regular meetings.

Women Get Nods From Officials

By LIZ CARVER

Speaking to a seemingly bored, amused and impatient group of administrators on January 31, the Panel on Women's Concerns extracted a concession that women have particular problems at the College and that committees would be appointed to study them.

One of the largest areas of concern at the meeting was the problems of female faculty. Dottie Seales, a counselor in the SEEK program, presented a report which made the point that women have only made significant gains in number in the last two years at the assistant professor and instructor ranks, ranks of comparatively low security and pay, and that

CUNY ranks lower in the number of women at all teaching levels than Hunter, Queens, or Brooklyn.

"The College was all-male until 1952," commented President Marshak in an attempt to explain the situation. "Besides, it is difficult for anyone to advance, since 27 of the colleges' departments are 50% tenured or more."

Doris Fassler, an English instructor, pointed out that even in her department, considered a traditionally female field, 54 men have tenured, as opposed to five women.

When an administrator suggested that a committee examine the recent report on the Status of Women in the City University, Professor Eleanor Leacock (Chairwoman, Anthropology) said, "Don't just examine. Move it ahead. There are lots of competent, available women being bypassed while things are being examined. Male hiring committees seem to have taken a defensive attitude that all of a sudden it's an advantage to be a woman, and they're not going to be pushed into hiring women."

Sue Talbott, an instructor in Nursing, recommended that a pilot program be set up to allow women, especially those with children, to teach on half-time lines, thereby making the ratio of female:male faculty more equal at all levels.

Dean Harry Lustig (Liberal Arts and Science) conceded that there was need for special programs for many women, but asked, "Should we not go after the best people simply because we are worrying about percentages? To implement this program, you would have to allow for biological differences, and make some

allowance for women to allow them to be women outside of school. You have to decide what you are willing to give up in terms of academic efficiency."

A student from the Undergraduate Women's Caucus requested a space commitment from the College for a Women's Center, and was offered a space in the Psychological Center which had previously been rejected by SEEK students. She insisted on a room in Finley Center's Goldmark wing.

Another concern of women students discussed was career choice. Gwen Kushner of the Counseling and Testing division said, "You've got to get to new students early before they are pressured into traditional areas. I've heard many women saying, 'I'd like to be an engineer, but I don't know if I can stand the abuse I'd have to take.'"

Marshak said he felt a mechanism was needed for female students to express their grievances against sexist faculty attitudes.

Barbara Watson, co-ordinator of the Women's Studies program, asked for more funds for the interdisciplinary program. "Attitudinal changes can be effected by a visible Women's Studies Department that has the serious consideration of the Administration and is a serious part of the student's education," she stated.

Also discussed was the questionnaire being drawn up to assess the needs and interests of women students, and the secretarial staff's desire for clearer criteria for incentive awards, with more opportunity for promotion. Another meeting was scheduled for May.

A Chance Meeting

I was returning from school last week with my newly-acquired copy of the Teacher Evaluation Handbook. Thumbing through the book, I didn't realize that the person sitting next to me was a member of the faculty.

"What do you think of the book?" my neighbor asked.

"Huh?" I said, startled that somebody was looking over my shoulder.

He repeated the question.

"I guess it would have had some value if it came out before registration," I conceded.

"Some value? Some Value!" he raged. "This book is the most worthless piece of shit in existence. It's a waste of money."

it's a waste of paper and it's a waste of time. It gives no indication of how good or bad a teacher is," he fumed, pointing to one of the professors. "Look at this. The only comment about him is 'He improved my knowledge of Hebrew.' What incredible, incredible shit," he screamed over the roar of the train.

"Who are you?" I asked when he finished his speech.

"I'm a member of the faculty," he said, refusing to give his name. He would only go so far as to say he was a graduate assistant in the Chemistry department.

"It's been a pleasure talking to you," he said, as I got off at my stop.

—Bob Rosen

Supermarkets Flunk National Hamburger Test

By Ken McEldowney
Pacific News Service

SAN FRANCISCO—George and Mary Conklin used to eat their hamburger rare until one night George had to make a midnight dash to the emergency room of the local hospital. Chances are what caused the trip was the bacteria that had crawled into the package of meat they had fixed that night.

Now when the Conklins have to eat hamburger they make sure it is well-done. However, even that is not enough to kill all the bacteria that infest many of the millions of packages of hamburger sold to American consumers each year.

Hamburger, the central fixture in the American dietary pantheon, is under scrutiny for the first time. Tests, conducted by consumer organizations in seven major U.S. cities, have turned up enough bacteria in many samples of meat

taken right from supermarket counters to cause anything from an upset stomach to food poisoning.

Conditions in slaughterhouses and meat packing plants have improved greatly since Upton Sinclair's classic book *The Jungle* was published in 1906. Until now, though, little attention has been paid to conditions in supermarkets where most of the hamburger that winds up on the dinner table is ground and packaged.

Contamination Widespread

But starting with Consumers Union's extensive meat testing in 1971, there has been heightened interest in what invisible beings consumers are carrying home with them in those clear plastic packages. The Consumers Union test, conducted in Philadelphia, found 20% of the meat purchased contained a bacteria count indicating the meat had started to spoil. Hamburger was chosen for the test because it is handled more than any other cut of meat. If there is contamination in supermarket meat, it will show up first in hamburger.

After several newspapers across the country conducted tests of their own, discovering contamination of hamburger was wide-spread, newspapers and TV stations in seven major cities decided to undertake a coordinated nationwide test. With the help of national consumer organizations, the All-American Hamburger Test was born.

On the same day in each city, reporters purchased hamburger from the meat counters of America's largest supermarket chains for a series of sophisticated laboratory analyses. The results, while far less dramatic than the old stories of rats ground up into sausage rolls, were potentially as dangerous from a health standpoint.

Fecal contamination was found in two

thirds of all the samples tested. Fecal bacteria originate in the intestines of animals and people. They can enter hamburger in several ways: butchers failing to wash their hands after using the toilet, a sewage line backing up and seeping into waterlines used to clean grinders and processing areas, or a butcher accidentally slitting open the intestines of an animal during processing.

In Louisville, Philadelphia, and St. Petersburg, all the meat purchased by reporters contained fecal contamination. The offending stores read like a Who's Who of supermarket chains: A & P, Safeway, Kroger, Jewel Tea, Winn Dixie and Lucky.

Causes Sourness and Spoilage

George Pollak, chief of Consumers Union's food division, who served as technical consultant, says that even the slightest trace of fecal contamination should cause the meat to be unsuited for human consumption.

"It causes sourness and spoilage of meats and, in sufficient amounts, can cause food poisoning," Pollak says. "Its presence in meat is unacceptable because it indicates the potential presence of still other disease-causing organisms."

Each sample of meat was also tested for Coliform bacteria which produces odors and sliminess in hamburger and which can cause mild food poisoning. Virtually all 129 samples of meat contained more than the 100 Coliform bacteria per gram that Consumers Union considers a reasonable limit. Two-thirds of the samples exceeded the 1,000 per gram limit which Consumers Union considers the upper limit of acceptability.

In Boston, Chicago, Dayton and Louisville, reporters found some meat with Coliform counts exceeding 100,000 per gram. In San Francisco, where the

Burgers in N Y

The hamburger situation in New York is unclear, although the spokesman for the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) stated that "there is no feces in any of our meat."

The USDA examines meat visually, rather than chemically, at warehouses and wholesale outlets by taking a 12-pound sample from every 72 pounds. An assortment of defects in the meat is allowed, including a maximum of 25 animal hairs, some attached cartilage and bone and blood clots of less than 1 1/2 inches in diameter.

Inspections of supermarkets are conducted by the city's Board of Health, which cites stores for violations of the sanitary code. Statistics on the numbers and the nature of such citations could not be obtained. Fecal contamination was said to be a rare occurrence.

The Consumer Affairs department only enforces the unit pricing rules, although it will investigate complaints involving the purchase of spoiled meat.

most extensive testing of all was done, 25 of 30 samples (chosen from the meat counters of San Francisco's best supermarkets) flunked Consumers Union's upper limit of acceptability.

State and local laws are noticeably lax on the subject, and meat inspections in many cities are irregular at best. Eight San Francisco supermarkets had not been checked by meat inspectors in over a year.

Even stores which scrupulously abide by state regulations often find high bacteria counts in their hamburger. Many times, for example, left-over hunks of ground beef sit in a grinder for as long as eight to twelve hours in a poorly refrigerated room—a process which, somehow, does not transgress state standards.

The unlucky customer who gets the first package of meat out of the next grind is likely to get a whopping dose of bacteria invisible to the naked eye but as lively as a medieval orgy under a microscope.

In the San Francisco area, virtually all the 86 supermarkets checked had at least one major sanitary violation in the last 18-24 months. The most frequent were flaking paint and plaster, improper refrigeration, dirty equipment, rodent infestation, dirty bathrooms, and improper storage of insecticides. Five of the stores, including two Safeway markets, were branded the "worst" in the San Francisco area for repeated violations and carelessness.

California's standards of sanitation are probably more rigid than those in most states, yet they are weak indeed. There are no temperature requirements for water used in washing (Consumers Union recommends 180 degrees). Markets need not use chemical sterilizers without which contaminated equipment will infect batch after batch of meat. Wooden work surfaces and sawdust on the floor, both of which harbor bacteria, are allowed. (Wood is particularly hard to clean, because of scratches and nicks.)

With the exception of the state of Oregon and a small number of cities, there are no standards for maximum bacteria count in meat, nor are there adequate standards for sanitary conditions in meat departments.

George and Mary Conklin are wariar these days about buying meat. But without a microscope and their own testing lab, they have no alternative but to take their chances on badly inspected meat markets or become vegetarians.

Hex on Exxon

The Attica Brigade is planning a demonstration against recruitment interviews being conducted by the Exxon Corporation in Finley Center next Wednesday. Brigade members hope to "confront" the recruiter and question him about Exxon's profits skyrocketing during the "oil shortage." They plan to rally outside Cohen Library at noon and then proceed to Finley Center.

History On WBAI

By ROBERT NESS

At last, history of the common people of America is being presented over mass media. Since January, and running until late March, WBAI (99.5 FM) is broadcasting an oral social-history of the United States called "Carrots and Sticks." The programs are hosted by Associate Professor, James Watts. (History), with Rusty Eisenberg, a professor at Darmouth.

Watts, on leave from the College this year, is studying at Columbia University on a National Education Association grant. "When we speak of American history, we think of Presidential history," "What a President stood for, what he believed is far removed from the plight of the average citizen... Politicians do not necessarily represent the constituencies they are elected from," Watts said.

On the air Mondays and Fridays at 11 p.m., "Carrots and Sticks" is not a history lecture on radio. Radio offers possibilities for history. For example, it is not too interesting to hear old tapes in a lecture hall situation. Over the radio, such material comes alive.

So far, the program has used tapes of U.S. propaganda broadcasts during the Second World War, rare recordings of Enrico Caruso singing "Over There" to WWI servicemen, and interviews with industrialists in the 1930's about their opinions on the role of the worker in American economy.

The station reports that initial reaction to the program has been enthusiastic. Hundreds of listeners have requested the reading lists (for information, call 826-0880). The entire series may be re-broadcast in the late spring or early summer.

Organize File For References

A new service is being planned for next term by the Honors Office, providing a central file for the handling of letters of recommendation to graduate schools.

A student using this service will be provided a personal file in which he can collect faculty recommendations. This file can be sent to a graduate school or a possible employer at the request of the student, even if it is required years after he graduates from the College.

Several locations are being considered for storing the letters, including the Office of Curricular Guidance and the Department of Student Personnel Services. A small fee will be charged to students using the file. Seniors will be informed of the availability of the service by letter in the near future.

At present, someone returning after a long period of time often has problems assembling letters from faculty members who no longer remember him. Baumel noted that the College is legally bound not to release letters to companies or schools

—Paul DeMaria



Milton Helpern:

'We Don't Chop Off Heads'

Dr. Milton Helpern, the city's former Chief Medical Examiner, spoke to the Bio-Medical students' Gross Anatomy class last Wednesday. The subject of his talk was "Anatomical Applications of Forensic Medicine."

Helpern recently testified for the prosecution in the widely-publicized trial of Dr. Vincent Montemarano, who was acquitted of charges that he fatally poisoned Eugene Bauer, a terminal cancer patient.

In his talk to the Bio-Medical class, the 70-year-old Helpern referred to "that case in Long Island where the patient or victim had cancer." Reiterating his testimony, he stated, "A terminal illness does not permit a doctor to inject a substance overt to shortening life—that's homicide according to the law. You can't say he was going to die anyway. Everyone's going to die."

Potassium chloride, the drug Montemarano was reported to have injected into Bauer, cannot be detected in an autopsy. "If the doctor hadn't told that he injected a lethal dose of a poisonous substance, no one in a million years would have known," Helpern claimed.

Dr. Alfred Angrist, a defense witness, had testified that the cause of death was not the drug but an embolism formed in the leg which moved into the pulmonary artery of the heart. Without mentioning his adversary, Helpern said of pathologists, "Some people are more expert, some less."

"The issues should have been handled in a scientific, logical way, but in this case, logic went to the winds," Helpern said, indicating his displeasure with the verdict.

He then switched to commenting on recent press reports about the Medical Examiner's office, which he left last December 31. He charged the New York Times with printing "malicious lies" in a story about a badly decomposed body was washed up from the East River.

"The body was sent to the city cemetery, and the head was kept for identification, not as an ornament. The article gave the impression that when we're not busy, we chop off heads," he said, slightly indignant.

—Carol Schapiro

Coll. Grad; Gd Oppty; Brite; Attrac; Lt. Typ.

By EVELYN LAMPART

They say it is going to get worse. Much worse. Some people are even talking about a depression. Personally, I find it hard to believe that it can get much worse. For the past four months, I have been walking the streets of our city looking for a job, and I thought the depression was already here.

Even with my prized college degree, and even with years of working as an undergraduate and a year and a half after graduation, the American Dream did not materialize for me. I could not find a job. I had quit my last job as an editor at a management consultant firm for reasons that seemed extremely valid and meaningful to me at the time. I was bored, the pay was lousy, and there was no future for me at the firm. I know better. But I must admit that I started college in the late Sixties when it was more important to feel that you were doing something worthwhile and important. Security was an obscure word, an excuse but not a reason. Tired of excuses, I quit my job at the end of August and told everyone I was going to graduate school. They made me a party (a cake and a bottle of J&B) and wished me the best of luck in my future.

Now I was finally free to find something meaningful and look for a job I really wanted rather than settle for something. I really believed I could find something like that. After all, not only did I have my diploma, I now had real experience as well. Enough time spent bullshitting. I was ready for action.

I had always dreamed about working for a newspaper and I decided that this was the perfect opportunity for me to start doing something about my fantasy, or quit dreaming. Nothing glamorous—copyboy, messenger, pencil sharpener, coffee bringer. Anything. But I soon found there was nothing. I couldn't even become a typist. Not fast enough. I hit the networks, radio stations, press services, magazines, and of course, newspapers, before I allowed myself the luxury of invading the magical maze of New York want ads.

I soon discovered that the classified section of *The New York Times* is apparently subsidized by the agencies in New York City. So my next stop was to invade this promised land: "Fee paid, high salary, room for growth, advancement, opportunity unlimited, plush surroundings, get involved, excellent future and

benefits, growth, no experience..." The only requirements were that you be "ambitious and outgoing with the desire for a career opportunity." More specifically, "some typing, lite typing, or lite skills." Naturally these agencies draw hordes of college grads. They resemble arenas of typing gladiators. All they do is make promises and then ask you how fast you type, even before they make sure you can speak English.

But I persisted, learned their language, and was sent out to a client for an administrative assistant job in an advertising agency, forewarned to "handle" myself. "I'm sure you can handle yourself, honey," I was told with a wink. I had always thought that "handle" meant a nice appearance, pleasant voice, punctuality, clear eyes, eagerness, excitement, and generally oozing with well-adjustment. I misunderstood.

To "handle" yourself means that you act dumb, and if you can't, then lie. The woman interviewing me first gave me her standard rap on how she had made it years ago when it was really tough for women, before all this Women's Lib stuff (she was the head of her own advertising agency). Then she scanned my resume



and threw her hands up in despair. She explained that she was fed up with the agencies for not sending her people who loved to type and file, and all she really wanted was someone who thought there was nothing more exciting in the world than to type all day. Instead of telling her whatever I was supposed to tell her at that crucial moment, I asked her whether she really thought there were people like that.

I started to collect the evidence of my job-hunting. At this point, my accumulations of odd paraphernalia have amounted to a virtual scrapbook, the ultimate proof of all my abortive attempts. I have the 71 want ads listing the box numbers to which I sent my resumes, 12 agency cards, and a detailed list of 49 businesses and firms I visited on my own initiative, plus 21 letters of rejection. In addition, there were other places, other interviews, and other phone calls that I have since forgotten. All it means now is time and energy spent that left me frustrated.

I tried. I really tried. I started out with a legitimate resume and high hopes. Then I learned the resume has to be altered to appear more sophisticated. I forced myself to appear well-adjusted, well-dressed, and always cheery and smiling no matter how I really felt. I was selling, but no one was buying.

When the ad called for "bright, aggressive, willing to learn," I prepared myself. Before the interviews, I acquired a copy of the firm's publication and read it from cover to cover and let my interviewer know in no uncertain terms that I fit the "willing to learn" part as well as being bright and aggressive, although the job only paid \$90 a week. I didn't get it. After having gone through so many interviews, I could tell immediately. When the man told me he had to make a decision based on vibrations, I walked out with no false expectations. There are so many people up for each job, so many qualified people, that he probably wasn't lying. Vibrations!

After cursing my diploma for months as another useless commodity in a society full of useless commodities, and considering a new resume—one without any evidence of four years of college study, I got a job that had nothing to do with any of my searching. I had taken a state civil service exam a year ago for a number of positions all starting at a salary close to \$10,000. My name finally came up. I was interviewed and I got the job. The only requirement had been a B.A.

I consider myself lucky. But I still wonder about the depression that comes from job-hunting. Everyone I know who has ever looked for a job knows it. It's inevitable. Day after day, as you plod through the streets, feeling like an outsider, withdrawing money from the bank, your life becomes fragmented. You are judged on the basis of what you can do or what you can convince people you can do. I found myself dreading the question, "What do you do?" Even when it was asked in the friendliest manner as a means of breaking the ice. The question struck me like a threat to my identity.

The dichotomy of my college experience and the business world seems to be based on my personal confusion. Society judges people by their careers and what they do. There is some validity to this judgement. However, there is something even more important. In looking for a job a person becomes exposed because he is temporarily stripped of his role. I simply forgot that it isn't really that important what I do (even if every experience made it seem increasingly more important) as how I do it.

Tex Knows Way The Wind Blows

By JOHN LONG

Herbert John Antoine (Tex Antoine) has been a television weather forecaster for longer than most students have been alive. From the corniness of Uncle Weatherbee to the slickness of Eyewitness News, Tex has tried to add some sparkle to 6,000 weather reports.

On Monday night, he celebrated his 25th anniversary, and the following day, consented to an interview at his plush Park Avenue apartment to recount his years on the tube.

Tex decided to come to New York 31 years ago as World War II began. "I knew I was going to be drafted so I decided to come here and have some fun," he said. At the time, he was in his third year of college in Jacksonville, Texas.

When he arrived in New York, he found out that he was a diabetic, and the Army wouldn't accept him. So there he was, no money, without a job, and 2000 miles from home. "I had to do something," he said, "so I got a job as a radio announcer."

In 1949, he did his first television weather forecast, despite his lack of training as a meteorologist. In fact, he freely admits that he had to go down to the Weather Bureau to find out the difference between a high and a low.

He came up with the idea of "Uncle Wethbee" that very first day. He never had any formal education as an artist, but he did like to doodle. "Uncle Wethbee" and Tex Antoine became a long standing team on Channel 4, but when he was lured away by ABC, he was asked to leave his doodling behind.

"I really hated to see the end of Uncle Wethbee but it just had to be done," he remarked. "My new bosses at ABC insisted on it so I learned to live with it."

But there are little known things about Tex's life. In 1964, he starred in a movie called *Poor Devils*. "What a bomb," said Tex. "Some Greek producer came up to me and said, in a very heavy accent, 'Tex, this is a magnificent idea. You must star in my film.' So I went along with the idea. The first day on the set I found out that the script was in Greek and I didn't know Greek, and worse than that, the cast didn't speak English. I don't think anyone ever saw the film. Uh ah hm."

He also was in a movie with Burgess Meredith, but "that fell apart when they ran out of money. It's funny though. Everybody else got paid, but poor Tex, hm, got the shaft."

He just recently did a pictorial for *Genesis*, a skin magazine. In it, he models different raincoats while this nude little brunette parades around him. "I had quite an enjoyable time doing it. I must say. My boss flipped, but really doesn't care." The five-page spread will appear in the April issue of *Genesis*.

Tex is planning to write another book on weather, "sort of a sequel to my last book, *Wonders Of The Weather*. He has no plans to write his autobiography. Why



should I do that? No one's ever heard of me outside of New York, anyway."

He has been married twice and divorced both times. He has one daughter who lived in Florida and works as a nurse.

Tex has no plans to marry again in the near future. "No chance," he proclaimed. "I've gone that route before. I may wait another five years and marry some 45-year-old registered nurse who can give me my insulin shots for the rest of my life. You know, there are some places that are hard to get to."

There is one woman who's been after him now for eight years. "She's some sort of nut, who's been in and out of mental institutions all of her life. She follows me around constantly and she has a few alias names, the latest being Patricia Goode. One day I got a call from some police sergeant who said, 'We have your wife

down here in the psychiatric ward, and she wants you to come down and get her out.' Well, I knew that something sounded funny, and I later found out that it was that same Patricia Goode. Let her stay in."

While most people are kind to Tex when they meet him on the street, there are some who can annoy the hell out of him. "Most people stop and say hello and then keep going. But others come up to me in a restaurant while I'm eating and annoy me. For them, I have one liners that usually give them the message. There's some people, however, who you can call anything and it still doesn't matter. They just keep on talking."

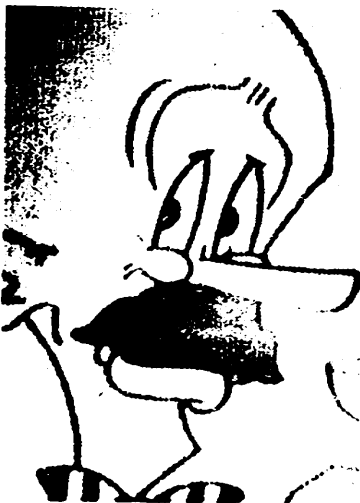
He also gets his share of hate mail. One piece inspired him to suggest that his listeners wear a flannel bra, which consequently led Roger Grimsby to say, "Cold as a witch's what." Most letters, however, are encouraging.

He says that the Eyewitness news team works together great. "It's because we hate each other so much that we can do it. You will never see any of us going out together. Why spoil a good thing?"

Walking around his apartment, one notices a collection of seven barometers, most of which were picked up at some junkyard. Most of his furniture is antiques. He also has a few paintings of himself in his earlier years and the famed "Uncle Wethbee."

Tex would not say how much he earns a year, but it is believed to be more than \$100,000. "I wouldn't give this job up for the world, even if they didn't pay me. If it were possible, I'd pay them to let me do the program. I enjoy it that much."

Tex has no plans for retirement. "Why should I retire. I'm doing what I enjoy most now. I may be in this business another 25 years."



One Year After Peace Agreement:

'U.S. Regulates Vietnam Like A Thermostat'

Liberation News Service

January 27 marked the first anniversary of the signing of the Paris Peace Agreements in which the U.S., along with North Vietnam, agreed to the following:

- withdrawal of American troops within 60 days
- ceasefire within 24 hours
- return of U.S. POWs
- U.S. to destroy or deactivate mines in the waterways of North Vietnam
- an end to the bombing of North Vietnam
- U.S. to help in the reconstruction of North Vietnam

At the same time, the U.S. was to respect "the South Vietnamese people's right to self-determination." A "Council of National Reconciliation and Concord," composed of representatives of the Provisional Revolutionary Government (PRG), the Republic of South Vietnam and the neutralist third force, was to direct elections in the south.

Of the terms of the agreement, only the return of U.S. POWs has been fully complied with. The fighting still goes on in South Vietnam—over 50,000 people have



Gabriel Kolko

died in the year since the agreements. American troops are out, but American civilian advisors, many "still wearing their dog tags under their civilian clothes," as one observer put it, are directing things. The bombing of North Vietnam has stopped, but ominous threats of a renewal of bombing have continually come from top administration officials.

As for the formation of the Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, South Vietnam's Thieu, even before the agreement was signed, started reclassifying political prisoners in his bulging jails as "common criminals," thereby avoiding their release as POWs. Included among those prisoners are some PRG members, as well as many people who are neutralists. Thieu has made sure that people who might make up the Council are unavailable—in jail.

The anniversary of the signing, however, was noted in a number of commemorations around the country. In New York, the Union of Vietnamese in the U.S. sponsored an event which included speeches by Deborah Wiley, who just returned from Saigon; former Attorney General Ramsey Clark; and members of the Union of Vietnamese. Gabriel Kolko, a leftist historian from York University in Canada, described the situation in Vietnam since the signing of the accords. An edited version of his speech appears here.

The Nixon Administration signed the Paris accords fully intending to violate these agreements. For the U.S., the signing was a tactical device in a decade-old strategy of leaving a pro U.S. regime in South Vietnam.

Nixon saw the need for a lower profile because the political situation within the U.S. as well as in the world required that. He wanted a cheaper war but he did not want peace. That was never his intention. There are many examples of this.

First, there are the U.S. civilian advisors. The decision to send civilian advisors back into South Vietnam was made in April of 1972 that was 89 months before the January 1973 accords were signed. Those personnel are over-

whelmingly ex-Pentagon employees, recent soldiers and all of them perform military functions.

Those proposals and their budgetary requests were submitted to the House Appropriations Committee in July, 1972. The basic information about this plan was released to the public (which of course doesn't read the House Appropriations Committee hearings).

The official statistics (which of course are too low) indicate that there are at the present time 8,100 U.S. citizens performing military functions in South Vietnam as well as 11,300 third country nationals (like Thais and South Koreans). This is at a cost of \$218 million in the middle of 1973. How long will they remain? The Nixon Administration insists on keeping this crucial bit of information classified, but these personnel have indefinite renewal contracts.

Shortly and immediately after the signing of the accords, the Nixon Administration deluged a fantastic quantity of offensive weapons to the Thieu regime. According to the Pentagon's own figures, in the year ending July, 1973, \$1.4 billion of new military material was given to Thieu—twice the quantity of the previous year. Former Secretary of Defense Laird admitted that more than \$1 billion of U.S. equipment had been left behind along with 600 aircraft. Other estimates put that as more than as high as \$5 billion worth of equipment.

In the fiscal year which ends in July, 1974, 450 additional planes and helicopters are scheduled to be sent to Thieu as what is called "replacements." This does not include 71 super-modern F-5E's which cost well over twice the amount of the plane they were going to replace. This leaves Thieu with the third largest air force in the world—2100 planes and helicopters. It is a purely offensive army which has one function and that is to engage in war, a war which would not be possible without the acquiescence and material support of the Nixon administration.

In this year, the U.S. budget figures released admit that the Thieu regime and the Laos regime together will receive at least \$1.8 billion in military equipment alone. That doesn't include economic aid which runs to approximately \$700 million.

What all these figures mean is the systematic violation of the Paris Accords with U.S. money and total U.S. control. The U.S. regulates the war in Vietnam like a thermostat—everything at its fingertips, everything dictated by the flow of material given to the Thieu regime.

In human terms, these statistics have an equivalent which cannot be counted. Of course there are no data-gatherers of barbarism, but there have been about 100,000 casualties in the year since the Accords. According to information even in the NY Times, there have been about 50,000 deaths. That is equal to the number of Americans who were killed there since the beginning of U.S. involvement. There were 820,000 new refugees—homeless people—created in the last year.

In February 1973 alone, there were 2,000 violations of the ceasefire. Up to 200 Saigon air strikes a day have been reported over the last year. In late May, 1973, U.S. embassy documents admitted that the Thieu regime was using up to 20 times the quantity of munitions as was being used by the PRG in defensive actions.

In addition, U.S. money and materials have provided every single lock on Thieu's prisons containing 200,000 or more people. Saigon has an army of 1.1 million men and a 120,000 man well trained, computerized police force.

Thieu has said he would not permit the PRG to function in South Vietnamese politics, which is specifically in violation of the accords. The November 10, 1972 Washington Post quoted Huong Due Na, Thieu's right hand man, that 10,000 communists had been arrested "in the past few weeks"—a process of arrests and repression that has not stopped since the fall of 1972. "Under the present state of

martial law," said the NY Times just after the signing, "the police and armed forces are authorized to shoot on the spot people who incite riot and applaud communists."

By mid-March, in fact, the U.S. was becoming quite aware that its diplomatic maneuvers towards the Soviet Union and China were not going to work quickly enough, if at all, to help weaken the PRG forces. So on March 15 and again on March 29, Nixon threatened to resume bombing in Vietnam—a bald case of blackmail which has been repeated so many times since then. The same time that the U.S. was threatening publicly, on March 26, Secretary of Defense Richardson was secretly ordering \$275 million to be set aside from the Pentagon budget for the resumption of bombing of Vietnam. \$225 million of that sum is still on the Pentagon budget. This is a sum sufficient to purchase 120,000 tons of munitions—about what was dropped on the Hanoi-Haiphong region in December 1972.

At the same time, the U.S. has maintained a vast military apparatus in the Southeast Asia at a phenomenal expense. The total war budget of military expenditures in Southeast Asia is admitted by the Pentagon to be \$4.6 billion. But this excludes the cost of maintaining its forces in the Philippines, Guam and Okinawa. There are of course 35,000 U.S. personnel with 610 planes in Thailand, 17,000 in the Philippines, 14,000 men with 200 B-52s in Guam, 45,000 men on boats including three aircraft carriers and 330 planes in the 7th fleet, etc.

The cost of this operation is so great that the administration is coming back and asking for supplemental appropriations, according to last week's papers. A few people knew about that last March because the Aerospace Daily said that the Administration would ask for additional war funds. It also reported a year ago that the cost of the war wasn't \$4.6 billion at all but actually \$7 billion. \$7 billion seems at this point to be even too low.

A month or so ago, my wife and I had the privilege of spending four days in the PRG zones where we moved about freely. We were repeatedly told by everyone we met on the various levels that their desire



was to obtain peace and national reconciliation by political means. National reconciliation, because it is obvious that after 20 years of war in South Vietnam, the overwhelming, overriding urge of the Vietnamese people is peace.

In Quang Tri province, we quickly saw that virtually dozens of local agreements had been signed by the PRG and various local Thieu forces in order not to have combat. On the other hand, where the Thieu army is disciplined by Saigon, combat has proceeded.

In Quang Tri and elsewhere, the PRG's main objective is to reconstruct. They are in the emergent process of rebuilding, of building machine shops and repair installations of every sort. They want to create regions of prosperity and peace throughout South Vietnam.

Thieu is in a fatal dilemma: he cannot survive peace and he cannot win the war. He cannot survive the peace because most

Vietnamese people want an end to combat and national reunification. He cannot survive the peace economically because his administration is the most corrupt of any despot in the last generation.

Inflation in the Thieu-administered areas is now at 65%. There have been 9 devaluations of the piastre this year. There is 20-25% unemployment. There's a rice shortage. The U.S. is giving Thieu \$750 million a year economic aid and despite this his bureaucracy is stealing it faster than they can reconstruct the country.

There are 10 million refugees in South Vietnam who cannot economically survive in the cities. But they aren't allowed to go back to their homes because to do that would be returning them to PRG-controlled areas. This also goes against the Paris Agreements which guaranteed freedom of movement.

This effort to stop the return of refugees to their homes of course is based on the theory that one controls the population. But for the PRG, "control" is a question of political loyalty, and control for Thieu is a question of who is in the range of your guns. A Washington Post correspondent commented recently on the pacification charts. He visited one village and reported: "This is listed as a village the government controls. But it is the kind of control jailers have over prisoners, as local officials admit, and not altogether effective."

It is not effective because not only does the PRG have a formal administrative territory which is very large within South Vietnam, it also has the control of the loyalties of millions and millions of people who live in Thieu's prisons and under the Thieu regime's oppression.

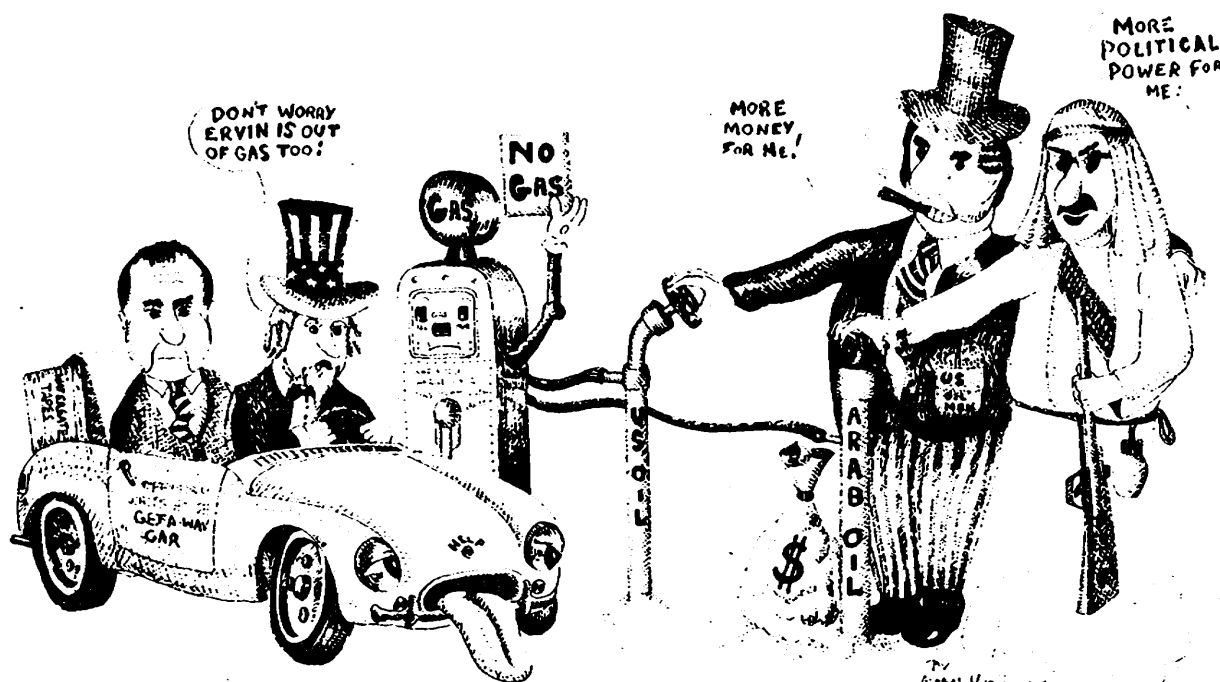
In PRG territory we met Saigon deserters. One group of them we met told us that when they had been impressed into the Saigon army, their salary per month purchased 30 days of food. Now it purchased 10 days of food and they wanted out. The PRG is welcoming many Saigon deserters back to their original villages. They were deliberately avoiding any discrimination against their families. We met many Saigon soldiers who were now fishermen and peasants and were quite content with the new peace and stability in the PRG regions.

Thieu has been using his money, provided by the U.S., and his 2100 planes to see if he can consolidate his physical control while there is still time. This effort has been accompanied by periodic U.S. threats to resume bombing in order to stay a PRG liberation army response. Both in October and early December, the U.S. moved carriers back into the Gulf of Tonkin, it froze its small withdrawals from its Thai bases.

The Washington Post stated, "Government officials and military commanders in Binh Dinh Province admitted freely that it was Saigon's forces that took the initiative in the current campaign." According to soldiers involved in the action, "The battle was actually set off by a government assault on a long-standing Vietcong military enclave." There could be many other examples of this, including Thieu's own confession January that "all of this was part of a pre-emptive action by the South Vietnamese Army to forestall a communist offensive."

Now pre-emptive or what used to be called anticipatory retaliation is another word for offensive operation. The PRG in October stated clearly that it does not intend being destroyed passively, that they will respond and respond with a magnitude of force necessary.

To sum up the whole process, it is obvious the Nixon Administration has pursued a policy in the last year in which the Vietnam was has continued with tens of thousands of deaths and casualties. He has succeeded in his strategy of dragging along a morally callous Congress which seems to ignore every sort of crime and to vote the funds necessary to perpetuate them. He has kept alive a wholly artificial puppet regime in Saigon with 400,000 and billions...



'Hey, Buddy, Can You Spare A Token?'

By RON MCGUIRE

To the best of my recollection it all began during the third month of the Great Food Boycott.

Hooded men and women filled the streets pulling their wooden carts (the U.S. had long since run out of petroleum and private cars were being scrapped to provide iron for the military). Occasionally, they would stop, ringing their Good Humor bells and intone the now familiar cry "Bring out your dead!" Despite the fact that the grave diggers strike had been settled, the men were too weak from hunger to dig any graves. So they burned the bodies down in Riverside Park.

The consumer advocates held that if the boycott lasted six months the wholesalers would find their food inventories rising and be forced to slash prices. They cheerfully pointed out that the 25% reduction of population since the boycott began would eventually have to be translated into lower prices.

As Ralph Radar, one of their spokesmen, said, "Business must come to realize that in a supply and demand economy, consumers are a force that must be reckoned with. To those scoffers who say that people only buy what they need, I say that only a nationwide organization of consumers willing to accept starvation rather than high prices can exert leverage against the giant food chains and wholesalers. Just as we found meat substitutes during the Great Meat Boycott, so we are finding food substitutes during the food boycott. Chewing gum, tobacco and television are only a few of the dozens of products and activities we can substitute during the course of the day."

In the meantime, the Metropolitan Transit Authority raised the subway fare 60 cents after signing a new contract with the transit workers.

In the past, when the fare was raised commuters simply coughed up the extra nickel or dime. But this time, inexplicably, ridership declined 50 per cent.

The MTA, in an attempt to make up the missing revenue, raised the fare to 85 cents. Ridership declined even more. The MTA was reportedly considering raising the fare to \$1.25.

Meanwhile, Winston Smith, a young economist at Harvard, completed a study of transit fares showing that no matter what the fare was raised to, it was doubtful that the MTA would ever again break even. Smith's theorem held that there was a tipping point in terms of transit fares. When fares were raised beyond that point, people would find it more expedient to walk, ride bicycles, take taxis or even quit their jobs and go on welfare.

This was the backdrop for Wilma Johnson when she was shopping at the

Cathedral Market on 110th Street one sultry evening. The dollar had just been devalued for the seventh time in 14 months and Wilma wanted to buy a cucumber.

The transaction would be historic. Wilma put her cucumber on the check-out counter.

"That will be \$1.69," said Max Rosenbloom, the owner.

Wilma was furious. "Cucumbers were \$1.19 last week," she said.

"I know," said Max, "but after the President devalued the dollar, the Bengalis were able to buy up all the canned vegetables on the West Coast. The wholesalers just charged more for the fresh ones. Look, this is the only store with any vegetables left in stock on Broadway."

Wilma looked in her purse and found her

"Yeah," she said, "you owe me a penny change."

That night the President devalued the dollar again. No one in New York knew about it because of the nightly power blackout.

The afternoon paper carried the story along with the announcement by the MTA that the fare was being raised to \$1.50, effective next week.

Max Rosenbloom opened his register and looked at the two tokens. Soon, he thought, they'll be worth three bucks and the money in there won't be worth the paper it's printed on.

Max mused over his register a minute or two, then closed it. He took down the "No Credit" sign and scrawled on the back of it, "NO SOFT MONEY TOKENS ONLY."



last dollar bill, a quarter and two subway tokens.

"Max," she said, "I can give you a couple of tokens for the cucumber."

"What do you think I am?" he answered.

"Look," she said, "They're worth 85 cents apiece now. Hold on to them for a week and they'll go for a buck and a quarter each."

"Well, okay," said Max.

He took the tokens, and Wilma put the cucumber in her pocket book. Paper bags were 19 cents for small and 29 cents for large.

Max dropped the tokens in his cash register.

Wilma stood at the counter. "Anything else?" he asked.

Soon the merchants up and down Broadway were accepting only tokens as payment. The practice spread throughout the city. On Wall Street waitresses demanded executives show their tokens before being served.

Very soon the entire supply of tokens was in common circulation, leaving none to be sold at subway change booths. In a previous era, this would have caused havoc in the city, but since almost no one rode the subways anymore, it almost went unnoticed.

What did happen was that a black market developed in tokens with lawyers and stock brokers from Westchester racing to New York in chauffeured limousines offering hundreds of dollars to

kids playing basketball on 155th Street to purchase a few tokens. More often than not, the kids turned the money down offering to swap tokens for the limousine instead.

When the President announced the ninth devaluation, you couldn't buy a cup of coffee with a twenty dollar bill in New York. Merchants just wouldn't take paper money. Coins were going out of circulation as people melted them down to get at the metals, now worth more than the coins themselves.

Winston Smith, from his Cambridge apartment, proposed Smith's Corollary, which established that the strongest currency in the world was the New York subway token.

While the value of the dollar had decreased by 77%, the value of the token had increased by 900% during the same decade. He added that while the value of the dollar was merely backed by international good will and nebulous rates of exchange, the token was tangibly backed by the cost of a ride to work on the New York subway. He called this the Amended Labor-Consumer Theory of Value.

The Mayor had already authorized the minting of more tokens. With the release of Smith's report, a movement began to make the token the official currency of the United States.

For a brief period, tokens were traded on the international currency exchanges and proved to be not only stronger than the dollar, but stronger than the mark and yen as well.

The Mayor, acting on the advice of Winston Smith, who had hitchhiked down to New York, announced that no trade outside of New York would be conducted in tokens. Advisors were sent to Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities to help them develop self-sufficient token-based economies.

Loans were being negotiated with Detroit, Los Angeles, Seattle, Houston and other cities which, having no subways, had not developed their own tokens.

The President made an appeal to the Mayor to redeem the billions of dollars held by foreign investors with the much sought after tokens. The Mayor, however, acting on Smith's advice, replied that this was not feasible at the present time as New York was committing its token reserves to development.

When the President threatened to declare a state of emergency, the Mayor replied that the city was considering secession and would resist any federal encroachment on its territory.

Meanwhile, the contract with the MTA and the transit workers was being renegotiated. The MTA announced that if it gave in to the union's demands, the fare would have to be raised again.

No one seemed to care.

Letters to the editor. . .

(Continued from page 2)

one must put up with, yet ignore), while the latter faces more stringent measures. He simply cannot ignore the notices if he still plans on attending the college. As the article points out, such measures include "debarment from classes, registration and eligibility for transcripts." He has no alternative (outside of dropping out of school and forgoing his education) but to pay the fine. The library procedure in the case of a student's negligence seems to be one that has been well worked out to obtain its desired end. Yet, the delinquent faculty member merely gets a slap on the hand. It is, therefore, no wonder that their attitude, when queried about the matter, is so blatant and full of arrogance.

Yet one other important point was not covered in the article, one which merits consideration: What of the innocently accused student? This situation is a hard one to prove, if not an impossible task.

Last spring, on a Sunday afternoon, I had gone to the library to do some outside reading. When I finished, I returned the material to the bin since no librarian was in attendance. Several weeks later, I received a notice that the material was missing. I returned to the library and explained that I had returned it in the bin on the same day. A second librarian told me that they were doing inventory, so it might come up, but I should check again. (How does one check for books never taken out?)

Since I received no further notice, I assumed they had turned up during inventory. Not until the middle of the summer did I receive notice from the registrar informing me that I was debarred from the

OP welcomes letters from our readers on any subject. Letters must include the author's name, address and telephone number in case statements need to be confirmed. Identities will be withheld upon request. Letters over 500 words may be edited.

course I was attending in summer school. I returned to the library to straighten out the matter. They had found most of the material in question, yet one book had not shown up till recently (it now being mid-July). One librarian had the temerity to accuse me of slipping the weeks-overdue book in the bin, and implied that I was trying to escape the fine by doing so. The fact that I had not even used the library, let alone set foot in it, since early June when this issue first came up, left no impression on her mind.

I then decided to take my "case" to the dean. He was most sincere, and said he would try to straighten the matter out. This took several weeks and many false starts, one reason being he had "forgotten my name." The next time I saw him, he told me the librarian whom he wished to speak to was on vacation. Meanwhile, my summer school professor had received word from the registrar regarding my standing, putting me in a most uncomfortable position. I could not receive reinstatement from the registrar until I received some sort of advisement from the dean. The upshot of it was that he was able to reduce my fine from \$25 to \$20 on account of an "arithmetic error."

In all fairness to him, he did make one positive contribution: he told me that henceforth in order to protect myself, I should receive

receipts from the library for books returned, preferably the actual copies they use for notifying one of overdue books. This has proved most helpful since recently the library sent me a notice for an overdue book that was actually returned on time (the notice had gone out the same day the book was due). With the third copy in my possession, I was able to prove to them that the book had indeed been returned on time.

It is interesting to note that since my "differences" with the library, I have spoken with other students who have related similar incidents. One person told me that she was debarred from a class for a library book she had never taken out. She was able to clear this up with the library. Recently, another student told me that she, too, had been debarred from courses, when she had already cleared up her fines with the library. She hated to think what would have happened if she had not kept the receipt.

It seems to me that the library, at least as far as the students are concerned, should alter its policy of "shoot first and ask questions later," and ideally revamp its whole system of fining delinquents, insuring that the guilty will comply with the rules, (be they tenured faculty or student) and that the innocent will be protected from embarrassing and erroneous accusations.

A graduate student

Appeal for Volunteers

Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark is in the process of organizing a campaign for the United States Senate, and we are looking for students who are interested in working for Clark's nomination and election.

Clark is going to run an innovative campaign, concentrating on issues, instead of following the usual hand-shaking, soap-selling type of procedure. There will be no 30 or 60 second media "spots;" all television and radio time will be of greater length in order enable Clark to discuss issues. Also, no contributor will be permitted to give more than \$100 to the campaign, because Clark believes that a campaign should be funded by larger numbers of small contributors, rather than a small group of larger contributors.

A candidate should be able to get elected without having to pay homage to wealth. The campaign will therefore be funded by small contributions which will be solicited by volunteers. These are but a few of the important differences between this campaign and more conventional ones.

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STATE OF NEW YORK,

Plaintiff,

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Index No. 40529-71

THE ABORTION INFORMATION AGENCY, INC., JOHN A. SETTLE, JR. and SHARON C. PETERS, Defendants.

Pursuant to Article 11 of the Business Corporation Law and Sec. 63, Subd. 12 of the Executive Law.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, BERNARD BIENSTOCK, that he has been duly appointed Permanent Receiver of the property of the corporate defendant, and has duly qualified as such and entered upon the performance of his duties, and that, pursuant to Sec. 1207 of the Business Corporation Law, said Receiver requires:

All creditors and claimants including any with unliquidated or contingent claims and any with whom the corporation has unfilled contracts to present their claims to said Receiver in writing and in detail at the office of his attorney, MORTIMER M. ROTHSCHILD, located at 475 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10016 by the 15th day of May, 1974.

Dated: November 5, 1973.

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Receiver of the Property of
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Rocks Hurlled By EPS Students and Faculty

(Continued from page 1)

regarded as the greatest son of a bitch without competition in this department."

But as far as students are concerned, there are others in the running. Professor William I. Donn, for one, is apparently considered obnoxious and indifferent by students. When given the evaluation questionnaire to hand out to his class, he loftily announced while waving the paper, "I'm the highest paid teacher in the department, and this paper doesn't have any meaning for me."

Donn, who spends much time doing work at Columbia's Lamont-Doherty Observatory Research Center in Riverdale, was asked last Monday to elaborate on his opinion of the usefulness of the student-run teacher evaluation survey. He offered an opposite viewpoint: "I don't know how factual and worthy they are, but I would not mind having my ratings released. I'm a good teacher up on the top with no further possible promotion, and whatever students rate me will make no difference. After all I'm not an aspiring assistant professor."

"The student evaluation process is really a popularity poll and does not indicate the effectiveness of teaching," explained Ratcliffe. "Take myself, I'm demanding a drive for work and do not tend to give high grades without justification, which means that I'm not popular."

If so, who should evaluate the teachers? "Graduate students who are equipped with hindsight."

Gerhardt Schmitz, a graduate student in the Oceanography Institute, was an active member last year of the student advisory committee, which was asked by the department to conduct a teacher evaluation in lieu of the one the Administration survey.

Schmitz and his fellow students used the results in making their appraisals of teachers coming up for promotion and tenure. He now admits it was a mistake not to keep a copy of the results for future use by students.

"The executive committee had strong opposition to the advisory committee from the start, but did not mind having them, knowing its advice could be disregarded," noted Schmitz.

One faculty member described his colleagues on the executive committee as having "the strongest feeling against the students' evaluation, showing a shitty attitude toward students." He added that a handful of teachers "don't want to participate in anything, beside the monthly 'march' to the basement of the administration building where salary checks are handed out."

The main rationale usually offered by faculty as to why students should not be permitted to evaluate teachers is that "they aren't qualified to judge us." Yet students' opinions have more influence than is publicly conceded.

Ratcliffe admits to consulting ratings while assigning courses to his faculty, and in recent years, student opinion sometimes has had decisive impact on



William Donn

cases of promotion and tenure in which all candidates were considered even in all other determining factors.

Assistant professors Simon Schaffel and Maurice Rosalsky are "living examples of incompetent teachers," according to a consensus of those interviewed. The latter allegedly gained his job by political favoritism and has taught the same course material for the last 20 years in spite of advancements in the field. Fortunately for day students, the College assigns teachers like him to the evening session.

Only once in three or four years do these teachers get a course they want to teach.

As for Schaffel, "He talks about everything except Geology—the College's history, the nuns under Finley, the World War," a former student of his commented.

Ratcliffe answers complaints against faculty with a few against students. "There wasn't long ago that students would accept the challenge of a demanding classroom. They were more serious and more willing to give themselves in class discussions. Today they are, for the most part, basically uninterested

students. Few of them are members of the Geology Society, and this year they didn't even have a Christmas party."

"It's not quite so," thinks Ellen Dart, a Geology Society activist. "There are good students and there are bad ones as in any other department, but encouragement by teachers is often lacking," she said.

"Professor Fagan, for instance, has a wide range of knowledge, and it is pleasure to listen to him, especially when we are on a field trip. 'Don't leave garbage around—otherwise I will fail you,' is a favorite line of his. But it's really hard to get close to him. He is very private and doesn't socialize with students," stated Ellen.

"Students at City have much better access to their teachers than Columbia's students have. All they have to do is to take advantage of it," claimed Donn.

On one occasion, at least, students didn't take advantage of what the department offered to them, pointed out Assistant Professor Philip Goodell, a highly regarded teacher.

Every summer, majors in EPS take a six-credit field trip to Montana for a month, costing more than \$500 for the round-trip air fare, lodging and car rental. It's the highlight of the undergraduate years in this department and the best chance to get close to the real thing.

Last year, back in New York, three teachers were sitting in their offices, waiting in vain for the students to come and analyze their experiences and academic work on the trip. Only three students showed up. But they were more

numerous a month later when the time arrived for complaining.

The major criticism, expressed in a heated atmosphere, concerned students' involvement in the planning of the trip, the high expenses for a required course, and "double standards" applied to non-majors who are treated with more attention and helped to overcome obstacles while satisfying the course requirements with a less input than majors.

Ratcliffe's request for a subsidy for the field trip was turned down by the College last year. The whole experience seems to have made both faculty members and students somewhat disillusioned as to the prospects of better understanding among themselves.

On top of all this, fears are creeping into the department about their future after the CUNY Oceanography Institute, which now shares courses and faculty with the department, moves to the Wave Hill estate in the Bronx. The institute, a CUNY-wide graduate research facility, might want to offer courses to undergraduates instead of concentrating only in research projects, thus causing a decrease in enrollment in EPS and a loss of teaching lines.

Some faculty members, including the chairman, say that a similar pattern occurred when Columbia moved its graduate studies to Lamont. Donn insists that "Columbia is good as ever and it's not true that the quality of the department is endangered. What we really need here are more parking facilities so we can come in and remain on campus at our will."

Tenants Hold Out...

(Continued from page 1)

waiting for apartments in the finished project.

Lopez, through community meetings as well as political channels, has attempted to waive this distinction. "They pay rent, they have a right to go into the new building," he says. As he sits on a clawed living room sofa, occasionally dropping the cat climbing over him onto the floor,

he relates the details of the protest, slowly at first, and then in short bursts of anger.

Eviction Notices Scare Tenants

Soon after the city took over the buildings and began to send eviction notices, "the other people were scared" and quickly moved out. Lopez remained in his apartment and began to notify people and community organizations about the vacant apartments. The more tenants who occupied the building, the greater the resistance against the demolition and soon all available apartments were taken.

The city began collecting an average rent of \$77 for the four to six room apartments, with money for initial repairs coming out of the tenant's pockets.

When asked about the city's reaction to the influx of new tenants in a building slated for demolition, Bogner replied, "The city never takes a hard-nosed approach when dealing with people's lives." He revealed that tenants who originally moved out of the building were invited back, with the city footing the moving bill, and that all of the "new" tenants are really returning "old" ones, a claim challenged by information from Lopez and new arrivals to the apartment building. It follows that all tenants would then be "original" tenants entitled to relocation in the new building, a conclusion which has yet to be accepted by the city.

Buildings Have Three Years

Through community meetings and help from Borough President Percy Sutton's office, Lopez was assured that the apartment building would remain standing until 1976, the proposed year for completion of the project. Since he is guaranteed an apartment in the new project, his personal fight appears over, but he continues to push for the equal right of his neighbors.

His initial involvement in the protest has caused him to feel responsible for these tenants whose futures are yet undetermined; tenants like Elsa Gonzalez. She moved into her apartment nine months ago after learning about its availability at the Manhattanville Development Center at 1488 Amsterdam Ave. She and her family live in a four room apartment, convinced by a real estate agent that she will be able to move into the new housing project.

The snarling of communication between the Department of Real Estate and the tenants is due, in part, to language difficulties because most of the tenants are Spanish, and the lack of involvement of both sides.

CUNY Senate Head...

(Continued from page 3)

issues which affect all the colleges. At least, all students should know that at any one given time there is an opportunity for representatives to meet and discuss issues. Basically, the power of USS lies in its constituency. If students become unified in this University, then that's where the power lies."

The USS Chairperson has unofficial status on the revamped BHE, City University's policy-making body, a post established as a result of Hershenson's demands for a full student representative on the Board. Although he cannot vote, an undergraduate student is being allowed to attend executive sessions for the first

time in BHE history, something the colleges' presidents are denied. "My role is to explain the student views," he said. "It's an advisory role."

The primary question that comes to mind is whether any Board members will listen to a student, and indeed, why should they. But Hershenson insists, "I'm a firm believer in good faith. Members of the BHE have been appointed to be the governing body of CUNY. I expect that the Board members will be interested in listening to the student views."

The first BHE meeting on January 28 was merely a getting-to-know-you session, with each of the Vice Chancellors speaking. Although no formal action took place and there were very few opinions voiced, Hershenson already feels that "it is a very forceful, articulate Board with people from all walks of life on it." He says that one major question now arising is how the committees which study specific issues should be set up. "The structure is really hanging in the air," he said.

A fear expressed by one USS delegate is that with the new Board being cut from 21 to 10 members, fewer committees will be set up, thereby increasing the power of the Chancellor. But Hershenson answers, "I think the Chancellor has been extremely responsive in the concepts of the University, as in open admissions, and in opportunities for students to experiment and be creative in different programs."

Hershenson warns that people shouldn't be deceived by Governor Malcolm Wilson's suggested increase of funding for the open admissions and SEEK programs. "All Governor Wilson did was to maintain the proposed budget for CUNY," he stressed, claiming that the new budget would be detrimental to the University's community colleges.

Perhaps little can be done to raise the student body from its lethargy, but Hershenson simply leans back and contends, "If I wasn't optimistic, I wouldn't be sitting here."

Dylan and De Bucks...

(Continued from page 11)

but brilliant, beautiful, touching, though they're all old tunes.

A professional operation all the way, from Bill Graham right through stage door exit. Perfection: no fires, no stolen equipment, no bombs. Uncanny, but maybe it's a reflection of the respect fans have for this concert series. New or old, he's loved. Rich or poor, it doesn't really matter—and that's what distinguishes the now from the then. "The Times they Are A Changin'"...encore—and Dylan understands. That's why he doin' this gig. "And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden."

He deserves credit, aside from de big bucks, after breaking with the guardian angel record company, Columbia, the label that proved its immaturity at his departure by releasing a bunch of middle-of-the-road out-takes not worth the vinyl they're printed on ("Dylan"—come on, couldn't you guys think of a catchier title?). And they're going to search far and wide for another moneymaker like him.

He went out on the road after a flurry of

bad or mediocre album reviews and bad mouthing from disgruntled idealists who cling to every lyric he pressed. He went out in search of a disaffected audience that has seen and lived through more change, good and bad, than has gone down before—and for the most part, it was a smash.

—Ken Winkoff

Between sets at the Dylan Concert I took a trip to the men's room. Being in a state of altered consciousness and not really paying much attention to what was going on around me, it seemed like the average men's room crowd you would find at a concert. I went about my business and upon leaving the toilet stall I noticed that a woman was next in line to use it. Behind her were two more. I looked around the room and noticed they were all over the place. It was a co-ed men's room at Madison Square Garden. Think about that. I mean, can you see it happening at a Ranger game? Had Dylan brought with him a resurgence of the "Woodstock" spirit?

—Bob Rosen

'Last Detail' Reflects America

In the recent era of the Draft, before the "New Action Army" got *with it* and decided it wants to join us, the slogan it used to lure recruits was "The Army Builds Men." For the Navy, it was something about how you could see the world.

Well, now that we're in the post-Vietnam era, along comes a movie that debunks the myth by showing how an 18-year-old sailor gets shafted by his commanding officer and in a strange development, quickly matures under the influence of the two lifers who are escorting him to prison.

Actually, though, *The Last Detail* is not just a movie with a message. It has a touching and humorous story line supported by strong performances by Jack Nicholson and Otis Young as the career sailors in the Shore Patrol, and Randy Quaid as their kleptomaniac prisoner.

It would have been very easy for them to fall into stereotypes and curse their way through the movie without too much difficulty. But Nicholson especially makes his character so believable that the premise of *The Last Detail* stands up.

Nicholson is Billy "Bad Ass" Buddusky, a loner who once tried marriage and has now found his haven in the Navy, for better or worse. He is surly and sure of himself, but always aching for a good fight, the kind of a guy who can't go to sleep without polishing off a few six-packs of beer and then wakes up in the morning to rinse his mouth out with another can. He is the "honcho" on this mission, a fact he will let no one forget, as he takes full advantage of his off-the-base assignment.

For Nicholson, this role represents a broadening of his screen personality, which has been developed in his portrayals of a lovably, philosophic, alcoholic lawyer in *Easy Rider*, and of a hard-hearted, use-'em-and-leave-'em male chauvinist in *Five Easy Pieces* and *Carnal Knowledge*.

In *The Last Detail*, you can love him and hate him at the same time as you laugh with him and at him—which is precisely the attitude that his partner on



Randy Quaid(left) is the prisoner, and Otis Young and Jack Nicholson are taking him to jail.

the detail, Mulhall, played by Otis Young, seems to adopt. Mulhall at first agrees to Buddusky's plan to run Meadows, their prisoner, up to the Portsmouth Navy Yard brig at top speed so that they can have time off for their own jaunts.

Reluctantly, he also goes along when Buddusky switches tracks and decides to show the prisoner "a good time" before he starts an eight-year term for trying to lift \$40 from a charity collection sponsored by the base commander's wife.

Buddusky is so taken with the helpless character he has on his hands—or at least with the possibilities this situation gives him for being a warm and paternal "bad ass"—that he insists on teaching the kid how to get drunk-sick on beer, getting him into a fistfight, taking him to visit his mother, letting him ice skate at Rockefeller Center, and introducing him to "the wonderful world of pussy" at a whorehouse, among other things. By the time Buddusky is through with him, Meadows may still be helpless, but he is no longer an innocent.

One of the key signs of his newfound maturity turns out to come when he defies a waiter and sends back an order of eggs-over-easy when he doesn't like the way it

was fried. Meadows is growing up, and Buddusky beams like a proud father.

The film manages to work in some other scenes which are gems, and which need not be singled out. They all seem to contribute to the overall impression of this film, allowing the three characters room to establish themselves as real people stuck in a system which they cannot control.

As the movie progresses, and Buddusky seems to become more playful, the hope builds that he will just let the prisoner escape before they reach the brig. In a few days' time, he has given Meadows his first glimpse at life, but he is just as much a prisoner of the system as the petty thief. In the end, Buddusky does his job, and they go their separate ways, without exchanging a word.

There is no romance in this movie, no views of exotic foreign ports or civilians impressed by the men in uniform. These men were not "built" by the Navy, they were stultified. While in one sense, *The Last Detail* may seem to be another in the vogue of movies about men in groups, it also reflects the current American character very well.

—Steve Simon

Mitchell and Stills Bomb in NY

I guess it has to happen when you run in the same crowd as Neil Young. Almost exactly one year ago, Neil Young gave an absolutely horrible performance to a sell-out house at the Garden. He no doubt made a lot of money.

Last Wednesday, Joni Mitchell gave an uninspired, boring performance to a packed house at Radio City Music Hall, many of whom stood in the bitter cold for six hours to get a good seat. (It was general admission seating only.)

Joni's new back-up band, Tom Scott and the LA Express, debuted for the first half hour of the show. Scott is a cool one. When he wasn't swaying to the music, he was conducting the LA Express, Mitch Miller style. He did not seem to realize people were laughing at him.

Then Joni came on to do a couple of songs and this was followed by intermission.

The second half was an uninspired hour and ten minutes, with the LA Express backing Mitchell up on a couple of numbers. There were no string ensembles this time as she had at Avery Fisher the night before. If I counted correctly, she presented the amazingly subdued crowd with seven of her old favorites. The rest of the time she spent singing every cut on her new album. Whenever someone would yell out a request, they would be shushed.

The only appropriate song of the night was "For Free." It contains the lyric, "Me I play for fortune." I'm compelled to agree with her. She sang "Both Sides Now" and pretended to forget the lyrics. Did she really expect the crowd to believe this?

The Joni Mitchell concert was not the place to be after an afternoon of textbook shopping. Those fucking Canadian rip-off artists.

Speaking of people who hang out with Neil Young, the performance Steve Stills gave at Carnegie Hall last Friday night was the kind of thing that can make you never want to go to a concert again. The tragedy of it was that it could have been a great concert, if Stills wasn't such a

prick. Instead, he managed to alienate himself from the 4000 plus ex-fans who booed him off the stage.

Things started off just fine as Stills came out on stage and launched into a hard rocking version of "Love The One You're With." His new back up band was sounding really good. Then, in the early part of the set, his organ went out and Stills never recovered from the shock as he stormed off the stage after only three songs.

He came back 20 minutes later without the band and began apologizing for the organ. "If you're wondering why I'm acting so uptight," he said, "it's because the organ went out in the middle of the set. I've seen a lot of bands fall apart over a lot less. If you think I'm making excuses, I'm not."

Stills then sat down and surrounded himself with various guitars and banjos. He began what could have been a great acoustic set. Unfortunately, when he wasn't busy taking a drag on his cigarette, he was blowing the lyrics on songs like "4 and 20" and "Blackbird." When he did a

song that wasn't greeted with enthusiastic applause he said, "I liked that song. I'm sorry if I bored you."

When the band came back, Stills would do a number with them and then start wandering around on the stage like the proverbial lost sheep. He seemed exceptionally nervous. Finally, midway through the set, Stills appeared to be really getting into the music and it seemed as though he would redeem himself for earlier sins.

But he blew it. Just when it looked like the crowd had forgotten about what happened at the beginning, he waved goodbye and walked off stage.

Of course he returned for the mandatory encore, but proceeded to do an incredibly half-hearted version of "49 Bye-Byes." The crowd gave him a standing ovation anyway, obviously hoping to coax a few more songs out of him. He turned to the crowd, gave them an indescribable fucked-up look and marched off the stage for the last time. The cheers immediately turned to boos.

—Bob Rosen

Poignant 'Black Girl'

The Finley Program Agency will resume its weekly film presentations this Friday in the Grand Ballroom, Room 101 Finley.

One of the two films, scheduled for showing, at 2 and 6 PM, is *Black Girl*, a refreshing change from the Blaxploitation flicks which seem to dominate the Black film market. The other film is *Trouble Man*, starring Paul Winfield and Marvin Gaye, to be shown at 4 PM.

Black Girl is the disturbing and thought provoking account of the conflict-ridden existence of a suburban mother and her three illegitimate daughters by two different men. She makes no secret of her discontent with her daughters' failure to live up to her expectations, which is that they graduate high school and attend

college. She constantly praises her oldest adopted daughter who succeeded in doing so, and of whom she is very proud.

It may sound very complicated, but *Black Girl* is the most intelligent Black film I have seen in a long time. The film's most important asset is its merciless sincerity. The camera eye captures every emotional nuance and skillfully unmasks the heavy pattern of hatred, jealousy, prejudice, and ignorance. But the film goes beyond merely photographing and recording reality. It actually reproduced and analyzes the behaviors and emotions that exist.

Although there are many witty and humorous sequences, *Black Girl* is a sad movie. Even while you are laughing you can't escape a sense of creeping misery.

—Fred Seaman



Dylan and De Bucks

Dylan, he pulled in de big bucks. Five million? Maybe more. A lot of people cry "ripoff." Maybe not. It's hard to believe anyone who saw the Dylan/Band concert in any of the 21 cities felt they were taken for a ride.

The most impressive thing about the show seemed to be that Dylan finally achieved his goal of becoming the world's greatest rock 'n' roller. The Hibbing (Minnesota) High School yearbook features a picture of Bobby the Graduate with the caption: "I want to be like Little Richard." And it was his homecoming rocking, not the nostalgia, that provided the greatest momentum at the Garden that Thursday night.

The Dylan/Band combo is one of the greatest rock groups ever assembled. That's pretty heavy, but if the Garden's boys in blue hadn't been so uptight about letting people move about freely, there would have been mucho dancing in the aisles. But they didn't and there wasn't, and rock reporters will observe that the audience was "calm but polite." Polite, yes, but not calm. Spellbound, maybe, but not by the appearance of Dylan himself as much as the rock and roll music.

Another surprise was that the set was pretty much evenly divided between the Band and Dylan. Robbie Robertson



stepped up to sing a medley of the Band's greatest hits ("Stage Fright", "The Shape I'm in," "Cripple Creek", etc.), and it was pretty much like any one of a number of Band shows with one exception: an excellent rhythm guitar player named Dylan. For Bob proved he could really play the guitar, and that harmonic solo on "Lay Lady Lay" was just too.....

Enough with the raves—let's get down to basics. There's little doubt here that Dylan performed all those great songs of the past for purposes of sheer nostalgia, but why not? Those songs deserve a Dylan performance—he wrote them, so why shouldn't he sing them? And the audience wasn't in the least bit disoriented by the new Dylan singing the old Dylan. The "new Dylan" is not the "new Nixon." In fact, he's not new anything. That's just a cliché journalists use to capitalize on the drama of the Dylan revival. Superfluous, fancy.

"And though the rules of the road have been lodged/It's only people's game you got to dodge." Every song from "This Wheel's on Fire" to "All Along the Watchtower" was hard driven clear-direct hit on everybody. Some of his countrified treatments, like "Just Like a Woman," were almost tongue-in-cheek

(Continued on page 9)

Now It's Aronowitz Country

What follows is an interview with Al Aronowitz, who is responsible for bringing a series of concerts by country and western performers into the usually un-hick Big Apple, called of all things, "Country in New York." Alfred G. Aronowitz became a close observer of the rock scene, writing articles for rock magazines and a regular column for *The New York Post* a couple of years ago.

Once before, he has tangled with *Observation Post*, when OP seized upon the "Paul is Dead" fad in 1969 to run a front-page parody of the controversy. Unfortunately, Aronowitz took OP seriously and chastized us in *The Post* for suggesting that the Prudence in the Beatles' "Dear Prudence" was John's nickname for Paul. "A couple of puffs on a joint and the coincidences keep growing," he said then.

As the interview begins, we learn that Aronowitz has picked up the art of the put-on. Asking the questions for OP is John Long, who took advantage of the invitation to Sardi's to order a few too many vodkas with orange. Also present was Myrna Post, a public relations assistant to Aronowitz.

We're interested in running features on both the Charlie Rich and Merle Haggard concerts. What can you tell me about either?

Charlie Rich is really doing well, real well.

How about Merle Haggard?

Oh! What can I tell you? Merle Haggard has been a pervert for as long as I've known him. He's got a wife, three mistresses and two cats. He goes to bed with all his women at the same time. Every once in a while, he has some strangers come in and join him.

Myrna Post: You're kidding me. Really?

It's the honest truth. He smokes pot day and night. He sniffs amphetamines still, even though every one I've known who's sniffed amphetamines is either dead or in the nut house.

Myrna: Sniffing amphetamines really... sniffing or shooting. And he doesn't write his own songs. Actually, there's a dwarf he keeps sealed off in a back room. Myrna: Ah, come on, silly. Watch out, he'll write all these things about Merle Haggard.

It's all true...

Well, what gave you the idea of "Country in New York?"

For years I've been telling the club owners and promoters to book country acts. They said, 'yeah yeah,' and they never did... Then *The Post* dropped my column because the executive editor got jealous. My popularity had gone up, and he wanted me to write the type of column Bob Williams writes. He didn't want a column that would stand out and attract attention. He finally got rid of Hamill too because he was much too popular. You see Paul Sann of *The Post* is getting old and paranoid. He was the greatest, but we all got zapped out. Look at me, I can't even get it up anymore... I'm just making up excuses. There I was, no income, my power base gone, homesick with ulcers

Anyway, last year, a former friend of mine, who later turned out to be an embezzler, said he had a date open in one of the halls and what should he put in? And I said, 'Jesus, I'll put a country act in. We should put live country in New York.' So I put Tammy Wynette and George Jones on March 25 and Ferlin Husky, Johnny Paycheck, and Joe Stanford on April 18. So I netted \$400 on Tammy and George and lost \$10,000 on Ferlin Husky. However, those two shows gained a lot of potential...

Do you consider WHN radio a big boost?

Yeah, because I started booking country before I even knew that WHN was going country. Believe me, I was very worried. How do you book country acts in New York without a country radio station? But I was gonna do it anyway by using all these country radio stations out in the sticks... We were gonna have charter busloads from places in Connecticut and New Jersey. For the Buck Owens show, we had a special country Long Island Railroad train. This was how I was gonna do it. Of course WHN's coming into the picture was a big plus and their ratings have been going up ever since, so that now their second only to

WABC radio.

Ray Charles, more or less, started me in country.

How's that?

I did a big piece on him in the Sixties for the *Saturday Evening Post*. So I spent a lot of time hanging out with him, and he told me how he grew up in Gainesville, Florida. All he could get on the radio down there was country music, and he loved it, you know he's blind. You see, he understood that it was redneck, but he grew up in it and loved a lot of the songs. After he made his name by taking black Baptist gospel music and putting secular lyrics to it, he went back to country music and all those great country songs that crossed over and became big hits: "I Can't Stop Loving You" and "Your Cheating Heart" and "You Don't Know Me," which was one of the most beautiful songs

How did you go about booking "Country in New York?"

Well, I'll tell you. I did such a job with that column that I'm still coasting off it. I've done a lot of favors for people that I don't even know about. I wrote what I thought was proper and had to be done, and now that my column was dropped, I'm finding out that a lot of those things that I did people considered favors. They admired what I did. So I made a lot of friends in the music industry. I'd also been booking acts since 1964 so I know the business. I didn't want to book "Country in New York." I offered it to other New York promoters, but they didn't want it. So I decided to book it myself.

You said that you didn't want to book "Country in New York?"

Innovative Charlie Rich

Charlie Rich surprised just about everyone at the Felt Forum last Saturday night when he combined pop with country music at the latest in the series of Country concerts being held at the Felt Forum.

Rich showed remarkable range when singing the more traditional pop songs, "Break Up" and "Let's Do the Dance Of Love" after country material like "You Don't Know Me," "The Most Beautiful Girl," and "Behind Closed Doors." My major complaint was that he only played 25 minutes which nowadays is highway robbery.

It was the back-up group, Tom T. Hall and his Storytellers, who by far, stole the show. They continually had the audience on their feet with songs like "Ravishing Ruby," "Old Dogs, Little Children, and Watermelon Wine," "I Love You Too" and his big hit of last year, "Clayton Delaney." Hall is one of those rare performers who successfully combines the story with the song. He never hesitates to joke about why he writes his songs, and most of his jokes between songs are well done (he had the audience in continual laughter). One of

these years he'll get the recognition he deserves.

Bill Monroe and his Blue Grass Boys excelled with songs like "If I Should Wander Back Tonight" and "Kentucky Mama." Bill Marader showed why he is considered one of the best bluegrass banjo pickers around on "Blue Grass Break-down." If you get the chance to see him perform, don't hesitate - it will be well worth it. I have the feeling that if it was up to Monroe, the group would have played all night.

The audience really loved it, but it was too bad that there weren't more young people there. It's about time that we started expanding our music to areas other than rock. Tune into WHN every now and then and see if you don't start to like what you hear.

Upcoming country shows at the Felt Forum are Lynn Anderson and David Bromberg on March 16, The Merle Haggard Show on April 5, and the Tammy Wynette-George Jones Show on May 11.

—John Long



all it means is that somebody kissed an editor's ass until he got the job. What folk or rock acts would qualify as country?

Maybe Bromberg. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Linda Ronstadt, the New Riders, Eagles, Poco, Loggins and Messina could all cross over to country. The New Riders and Loggins and Messina don't need to cross over. They have a solid audience behind them. They sell-out everywhere they go.

Yeah, but they need to expand their audience. They only cater to freaks now. But the freaks are the people who buy the tickets, who wait on lines to get the best seats. Why should a group like this take a chance on losing some of this audience to the country crowd, which does not buy tickets as much?

All groups need to expand. It's necessary for any act to survive. We were able to book the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band for the Buck Owens show and David Bromberg for the Lynn Anderson show. The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band has greatly expanded its audience because of country music. Country music is here to stay.

Beatleday

On Sunday, from midnight to 5 AM, WBAI (99.5 FM) will present a special celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Beatles' first American tour.

This program, entitled "Look Up the Number," will examine the development of the Beatles sound by means of exploring their roots—from their influence by the Sun Records sound (Elvis Presley, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis) to the reign of Apple Records. Special features include never-before-heard Beatle tracks, interviews with the Fab Four, listener-phone calls, and other treats.

Mandel's Ill-Fated 'Felix' Folds

Robert Mandel, an instructor in the Speech and Theater department, directed an ill-fated play called *Felix*, which closed after a week of previews in early January.

Although this was a sad turn of events for Mandel and the others involved in the play's production, it probably could be considered a blessing to theatregoers. There were parts of it that I loved, but I felt that it would need major revisions in order to survive.

Felix was a serio-comic tragedy which told the story of a Boston dispatcher who lost his job after twenty years of devoted service to his company. Any red-blooded American would have run to the nearest unemployment office, but Felix didn't even bother to collect his final paycheck. Instead, Felix left his wife and took to the streets of greater Boston. He did try to find another job, but found nothing available to a 47 year old man without a high school diploma, with the sole exception of a shady operation involving dope dealers working behind the front of a filling station.

Felix chose to remain a bum. His wife wanted him to come back to her, but Felix was not interested. Both his daughters have long since left home, a fact which

may or may not have influenced this decision. The closing scenes of the play showed Felix in rapt conversation with a 14-year-old carnival girl, who is as rootless as he is rapidly becoming. The girl, Wink, who was reminiscent of Anybody's from *West Side Story*, asked him to join her carnival, but Felix chose to remain alone.

This kind of play should have had the strong emotional impact and purging catharsis of, say, Mart Crowley's *The Boys in the Band* or Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Unfortunately, it fell short of such drama and missed the mark. The play was weakest where it should have been strongest: in its believability. I could have understood if Felix turned first to alcohol in his despair, and then to the streets. No one consciously chooses to live in the streets. I could have understood if he chose to run off with Wink, the carnival girl. He could have been searching for his lost youth, and by so doing would have made the play a lot more interesting. But, I could not understand a man who did nothing towards self-preservation beyond a few abortive visits to an employment office.

The fault then was in Claude McNeal's script. All of the acting was excellent,

especially Dick O'Neill as Felix, Penelope Milford as Wink, and Greg Antonacci and John Perkins as two of the men on the loading gang. The play flowed quite smoothly, due to Mandel's admirable direction. When I spoke to him after the performance, he seemed to be wearing a worrisome but hopeful expression. However, as a concerned former student of his, I may have been projecting my own feelings.

If I were to rewrite this play, I would concentrate the drama on the pairing of Wink and Felix. There was some excellent social commentary already present in the closing scenes of the play. Wink tried to comfort Felix when he began worrying about his daughters. She told him that girls always manage to get along, and pointed out some girls she knew who opened a massage parlor. Poor Felix was not at all comforted by her assertion.

Unemployment is a topic that is relevant today, but Felix's reaction to it was not. The play needed a better combination of relevance, believability and dramatic effectiveness. The play had several elements of a hit play, but obviously not quite enough.

—Karen Boorstein



Scatological Turd Class

By MICHAEL PEREZ

In Haiti there's a little group of persecuted people who have never been mentioned to foreigners or even in local social gatherings. Visitors to the country never hear about them because nobody talks about them. They are at the bottom of Haitian society. They are the Turd Class, the "Bayakous," commonly called koukous.

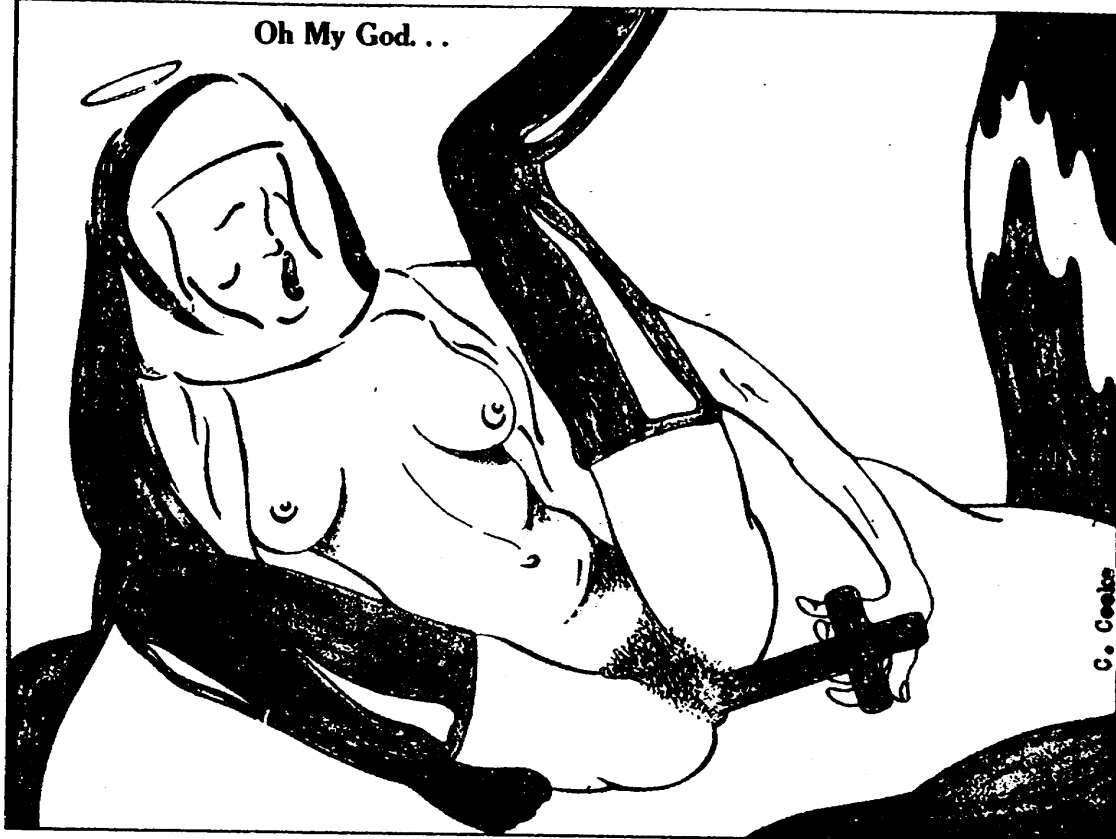
As the sound may suggest, it is a dirty name, because the Bayakous are by nature very dirty people. Before I say more about the miserable koukous I must make clear the reason for their existence and their persecution. In Port-au-Prince there are only a few houses with modern toilet facilities. Close to ninety-five percent of the houses in the city have outhouses. The architecture of an outhouse is very simple. It is a deep pit covered with wood and provided with a seat and closed up with four walls for privacy. You all get the picture? Well, the picture is you don't have to flush anything. You just drop it in there, then you wipe and leave. People drop anything in there, from cats (dead or alive) to aborted fetuses to feminine napkins. It's pretty handy to get rid of evidence, too. Nixon, or even you, could use one in his backyard in case that shredder should stop working at a crucial moment.

Now as you all can imagine, as time goes by, the pit fills in. When it does, you can reach and touch the merd easily if you were filthy enough to do it; or if it was necessary, in case your grandmother's false teeth or your hat fell in there. So now comes the question of what to do when the hole is filled. Well, two things can be done. Either dig another pit and close the used one, or empty the one pit that's filled. That's when the Bayakous come in. They come and barrel the shit away. They have a truck specially for the job in which they dump the merchandise. It is the only truck of its kind and is very notable. Every time it goes through a neighborhood, people in the streets yell: koukou! koukou! Bayakou manje poupou!, which means roughly, "the shit people are here!"

The Koukous come at night. They creep up the street and slide silently into the backyard. They're like vampires. They can't stand the sun or bright light. People they know might recognize them. Imagine finding out a neighbor or an uncle is a koukou! It's also convenient for the inhabitants of the houses for the koukou to work at night. When they go digging in the dung and start barreling it to the truck parked outside, the smell of the stuff spreads and stretches to the furthest and tiniest corner in the yard. The stench serpents under the door, between window cracks, and inevitably into your nostrils. Many a person has been kept awake, or even has been awakened by the smell until it makes him high, and spirals him into slumberland.

The Bayakous, although with no identity, are a very proud and sensitive bunch of guys. When they go in a neighborhood to work, if they're bothered in the least bit, they cover every wall in the area with shit. So in the morning you find yourself gasping and holding your breath when you go outside. As very often nobody will touch the stuff, it stays on the wall until it dries off. That in turn is the cause of the hatred/fear of the Bayakous. That is probably why, also, nobody would let their sister or daughter marry one. Doctors tell you that after a time they get used to cutting up people and that it doesn't bother them anymore. Bayakous don't talk to me (in fact, they don't talk at all, even to each other), but I would expect them to say the same thing. After all, people get used to anything, dung, persecution, crime and even Nixon.

Oh My God. . .



Irregular Life Leads to Ex-Lax OD

By GORDON TUFFIN

Phillip was the product of bewildered parents who, in spite of complete ignorance about sexual matters, managed to achieve sexual intercourse. The father was so dismayed by the accident that he pulled a plastic bag over his head and asphyxiated himself. Thus, the child was born fatherless. And he was born to a mother who had an abnormal fear of feces.

She devised a rather bizarre method of toilet training. She regularly injected the child with Kaopectate. Phillip would not shit for three days. Then she would stop the "medicine" and bring Phillip into the bathroom where he would shit for three hours. Child and mother went through all this hassle in order to avoid those messy accidents that other mothers had with their babies.

Fortunately, Phillip had a doting grandmother. When he was three, she started giving him little bits of a chocolate substance. The child was told it was candy. The candy made the child feel good. The candy was Ex-Lax.

After two years, Phillip began to shit like a normal human being. His disturbed mother made him take three spoonfuls of Kaopectate during each meal.

As Phillip grew, he had to struggle against peer-group pressure to become a "regular guy." Phillip's mother had threatened that if he ever became a regular guy, she would sew up his anal cavity. However, one night, the adolescent yearning to cut the invisible pulmonary chord caused Phillip to take a swig of wine. His friends advised him it

would loosen him up. Now, at that stage, Phillip may have been rebellious, but he was not suicidal. He told his friends to have their fill and leave him the rest of the bottle. When they handed him the bottle, he took out a plastic container of Kaopectate and poured one fourth of it into the bottle. His friends' faces turned green. When he actually raised the bottle to his lips, they almost puked with horror. He downed the mixture as if he were drinking a vanilla soda.

Eventually, Phillip started hanging out with a bunch of degenerates, who convinced him to take a tab of LSD. Under the influence of the drug, he ate three boxes of Ex-Lax and sat on the toilet for ten hours. Afterwards Phillip ran into the dude who had dealt him the dose. The dude asked, "How was the trip?" "Shitty," replied Phillip, smiling beatifically.

When Phillip reached legal age, he moved out on his own and managed to regularize his bowel movements. But happy bowels do not always make a happy person. One day he became depressed and decided to do himself in. In the evening, he went to the drug store and bought twenty boxes of Ex-Lax. He told the amazed druggist that this family had a history of irregularity.

The next morning he ate a breakfast of scrambled eggs and spicy sausage. After the meal, he ate some Ex-Lax while he dashed to the toilet. While he was shitting, he kept eating Ex-Lax. He thought that he would shit his guts out. He congratulated himself on having found a unique method of suicide. They would say that the son had had more imagination than the father.

After eating the tenth box, Phillip was too weak to sit on the toilet. He slipped down to the floor and started to shit blood. The red brown liquid seeped through the floor and leaked through a crack in the ceiling of the apartment below. It dripped onto page 3 of a paperback edition of Portnoy's Complaint, which a woman was reading while she sat in the john.

The woman went down to the super's apartment to complain and led him to her bathroom. The woman was disgusted, "I pay two hundred a month for this rat-hole! Look at this shit!"

The super went upstairs and used a master key to get into the apartment. The entire floor of the apartment was coated with goooey ooze. The super followed the ooze to its source in the bathroom. Phillip lay there, dry puking, too weak to move in his own excrement. The super called the hospital and reported a narcotics OD. Phillip would have been treated as such if a policeman had not inspected the bathroom and observed the empty Ex-Lax boxes. If Phillip had been treated as a heroin addict, he would have died. Instead, he was treated as the hospital's first known case of voluntary excess intake of Ex-Lax. Phillip lived.

One morning he woke up and saw a nurse.

"Where am I?"

"The hospital," the nurse replied. "Why did you try to kill yourself?"

"I wanted to be unique."

"Honey you're a unique fool. What did you take, goofballs?"

"No, Ex-Lax. Isn't that unique?"

"Yeah. Well anyway honey, you must feel like shit."

WANTED: Short Tales of Perversion

Been reading the Voice lately? Notice the "Making a Long Story Short Contest" in the Scenes section? The weird section has come up with a perversion of that contest. We call it "Making a Perverted Long Story Short."

The rules are simple. The story has to be about a sexual perversion, and it has to be 150 words long, not counting the title. There are hundreds of sexual perversions to choose from. Any one will do.

The following story is an example of what we're looking for.

"Hey man, we gotta get some pussy tonight."

"You know it," his friend replied.

Larry and George walked downstairs to hail a taxi. It was a brisk night.

"Did you bring the obituary section?" Larry questioned.

"It's right here."

George lagged down a back. "Get on the drive and head downtown," the driver was told. "We don't know where we're going yet."

Larry thumbed through the obituaries. "Here's one," he exclaimed. "A twenty-

two year old girl who took an overdose of sleeping pills. She just died this morning. The body will still be in good shape."

"She'll still be sweet and juicy," George said licking his lips. "Where is she?"

"Riverside Funeral Chapel, in Brooklyn." They told the cabbie where to go.

George looked at Larry. Larry smiled at George. Their hearts and souls were at peace. Tonight they knew that there was pussy waiting for them in Brooklyn.

-Bob Rosen