



observation post

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Security Program Fails to Prevent Burglaries

By ARON BERLINGER

Despite the fact that \$7,000 in equipment has been stolen from offices and labs in the Psychology department in the last 2½ weeks, almost no increase in security precautions has been instituted so far in Harris Hall. The security there is as sloppy as ever.

The major theft in Harris Hall, which occurred on the weekend of February 9-10, comes at a time when many depart-

ments report an improvement in the security situation in their buildings.

Other departments plagued by thefts and vandalism include, Chemistry and Physical Education, where lockers are broken into almost daily.

The Music department discovered two weeks ago instruments worth hundreds of dollars missing from the huts near Eisner, but the Psychology department seems to have been the site of the greatest sorrow

and frustration.

The theft of tape recorders, microphones, amplifiers and other self-vault experimental machinery, from rooms 303, 304, 305; the forced entry to Associate Professors Francis Hardesty's office a day later, and the tampering with locks this last weekend in Room 106, involving more stealing, is the result of "serious lack of security, especially on weekends," according to Associate Professor Donald Mintz, the chairman.

"The building should be guarded 100% of the time, once it's less, the thieves will get in waiting for the appropriate time to do so," said Mintz.

Weekend guards and officials stated repeatedly that guards are stationed in Harris Hall 24 hours a day. The reality is much different.

When asked to comment on the security situation in the college, Security Director Albert Dandridge, the man in charge of the guards, refused to discuss this subject. Vice President for Administrative Affairs, John Canava, in charge of security, was not available for comment.

Research Interrupted

Last Saturday morning, no guard was seen inside or outside Harris Hall between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. Three times the open front door was closed shut by this reporter, and miraculously minutes later, a Building and Grounds (B & G) employee appeared to unlock the door, and place a chair against it to hold it open.

It would all be funny if there weren't some effects resulting from this situation. For Karen Sanders, a senior from the Bronx, it took a year and a half to get her

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Above: This physics computer and terminal valued at \$8,000 were left over the weekend in an unlocked room. Right: A \$15,000 polygraph belonging to the Sleep lab rolls out of Harris completely unnoticed. See Page 9 for details.



JEFFREY TAUSCHER

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New Registration System Offered

By LIZ CARVER

A pre-registration system, at a cost of \$250,000 annually, has been tentatively suggested despite a concession that it wouldn't prove to be a substantial improvement over the current system. This is the conclusion of a special report made by Robert Taylor, a former registrar of the College, who studied the proposal for four months.

Taylor, who submitted his report two weeks ago to President Marshak, said that the current system led to a registration which was a period of "frenzied activity" and, that in many cases, "students who seek and plead for a particular program... could conceivably haunt the College for the full four days."

He suggested three possible alternatives to the present system:

1) Use the current method but have course cards handed out by persons hired especially for the registration period, rather than faculty;

2) Use computers, as is done in many high schools, to plan the students' program, according to his course requests. Under this system, students would have no choice of section.

3) Use a "terminal system" with a computer which has been programmed with class schedules, expected enrollment, students' records, etc. The student would submit a proposed program

to the computer, which would handle the request on the basis of space available in each class. This third procedure is the one Taylor favors.

Register Months Ahead

The proposal would require students to register in December for the spring term and in May for the fall term. About 25 days would be required for each term's registration—ten for students already attending the College, five for entering freshmen, and ten for late registration. The summer session would require about 13 days.

The student will have been automatically registered for those courses where there is still space and will be notified of closed courses. He will then have to submit a new program with alternate choices. This procedure may have to be repeated several times.

At Queens College, according to Taylor's report, sophomores require an average of three tries, with freshmen needing up to six. Should a student have a special need for a closed course, he will be given time to consult with the departmental representative. If his request is approved, the student will be given a signed over tally card.

Taylor feels that this would reduce time spent waiting on lines, although he states that the lines he observed at the most recent registration "ranged from one to about two students. Only one had as

many as 25 students... Everything seemed quite calm and orderly."

The report also emphasizes the need for better advance planning of course of-

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Faculty Senate to Give Marshak Confidence Vote

The Faculty Senate will vote next month on whether to give President Marshak a broadly worded vote of confidence in his administration of the College.

The idea was suggested at the end of last week's meeting by Professor Julius Elias (Philosophy), who criticized his fellow Senators for not responding to "intemperate and rampaging individuals who make utterances of damaging and pernicious kind."

Elias was indirectly referring to Professor Stanley Page (History), who earlier had read a statement which claimed Marshak has supported Open Admissions because he wants to be known as "the glamor boy of the Third World."

The statement was greeted with derisive laughter, but no one directly challenged Page until Elias spoke.

Elias said that a vote of confidence would indicate firmly to Marshak that he has the support of most faculty and would serve as "a stinging rebuff to those sniping individuals who long for the days of President Robinson, who in the Thirties ruled over the College with an iron fist and a swinging umbrella."

Page had taken the floor in another in a series of attacks against the administration, which he and other conservative faculty have charged with permitting "standards" at the College to decline under Open Admissions.

He also accused Marshak of tolerating "virulent anti-Semitism," the open use of drugs, and the publication of "sexist pornography," apparently in one of the student newspapers.

Steve Simon



Defend Workers

JEFF HUNT

With its October 29, 1973 decree announcing the virtual restriction of tenure in each CUNY department to 50% of the teaching staff, the Board of Higher Education has launched yet another attack on workers and students throughout the CUNY educational system. The CUNY administrators and the Board now have the power to indiscriminately fire teachers whether or not they have been employed for five years. At CCNY, 70 to 80 instructors are being laid off. At Brooklyn College, 30 to 40 counselors, most in the special remedial programs, have already been laid off or given notice. Apparently 80 percent of the part-time staff will not be rehired at Manhattan Community College. Similar layoffs are occurring on all other campuses in the system. While the pay and working conditions of professors are generally superior to those of cafeteria, clerical, and maintenance workers, faculty are nonetheless part of the labor force and must be defended against layoffs.

In many unionized industries, employers have forced the union to accept probationary periods of three to six months during which new employees can be fired without reason. With the rapidly deteriorating economic situation of U.S. capitalism, the U.S. corporations and government are seeking to extend these probationary periods and to destroy many of the gains which are products of working class struggle. Tenure has effectively constituted an end to a long probationary period for the faculty.

Valid criticism has been leveled against the tenure system because it enables more conservative faculty and administrators to weed out leftists, minorities, and women by refusing them tenure. Nevertheless, at this time tenure is the only form of job security professors have, and therefore defense against any and all capitalist attack is basic to the interests of the working class. The elimination of tenure by the administration would destroy the job security of all, including radical and minority professors. While defending the tenure system against administration attack, we seek its replacement; job security must not be dependent on the attitude of department heads and administrators. Union control of hiring through a union hiring hall, which entirely excludes the administration, and an end to all probationary periods are necessary. To ensure that upgrading is independent of political, racial, or sexual prejudices, we advocate union control of upgrading on a non-discriminatory seniority basis. Full job security must be granted from the first day on the job for all campus employees, academic and non-academic.

The wage freeze, layoffs in basic industry, the "energy crisis," cutbacks in social services, the elimination of remedial programs for minority and working class youth, are all the inevitable results of the capitalist system which seeks to preserve the ruling class' profits by making the working class pay for the decline of U.S. imperialism's competitive position.

The establishment of "Kibbee's quota," like attempts to eliminate open admissions, are part of the capitalist offensive against the proletariat. Higher education must not be a privilege for the middle ruling classes, but must be a right for working class youth and all students. Open admissions alone is insufficient. Those working class and minority youth who must support themselves cannot afford even a free higher education, but require a stipend to cover living expenses. Free public higher education for all with stipend! No tuition at CUNY and SUNY!

The Revolutionary Communist Youth has consistently fought to defend open admissions and special programs at CCNY. Unlike the Attica Brigade and the Third World CUNY Coalition, we pose this fight in the context of the need for a racially integrated struggle by the working class against all cutbacks in social services including the layoffs of faculty resulting from the quota tenure system. A fight against tuition hikes and budget cuts cannot be restricted to the campuses because the cause of cutbacks in education is off campus. A program to fight the budget cuts must be part of a working class program to fight and overthrow capitalism, a fight led by a revolutionary vanguard party.

The author of this column is a member of the College chapter of Revolutionary Communist Youth (RCY), which endorses the views expressed here.

observation post

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On Immoral Moralists

BOBBY ATTANASIO

The expressionistic erotic drawing in question (done early in 1972) was created in the spirit (father, son and holy ghost) and celebration of a religious union—the coming of Christ, if you will. This kind of expression not only has the right to exist but should and must be defended at any price. The nun I depicted masturbating is enjoying herself. Are we still in such a sad point in time that sexual violence continues to be more acceptable to some people than sexual pleasure?

If God did exist, he's probably dead-killed (or crucified) by the same mind politicians responsible for most of our current social and political blunders. They blatantly manipulate information to deceive people. Sometimes overtly expressing their efforts toward the creation of a universal super-ego, whose orientation is as two-dimensional as the medium I chose for expressing my opinion—a practice I never considered to be a "mortal sin".

I am from a Catholic family and was once myself a reluctant believer—never fully accepting the notions of celibacy and eternal damnation as a natural or desirable way of life. I rejected this lifestyle about 8 years ago (or at the age of 13). While in junior high school, I had the misfortune of finding myself a participant in Tuesday afternoon "religious instruction" as a supplement to my rather inefficient or equally oppressive public school education. On this particular day, each week, we conscientious "gentiles" would attend these lessons in the hope of obtaining "useful knowledge applicable to our eventual ascent (or descent) to the universal Church in the sky (or hell hole)."

I remember attending mass one Sunday as part of our weekly class obligation and being struck by a slap which reverberated in my ears for hours. It had to do with the fact that my back was resting on the seat after maintaining a torturous position for 20 minutes.

I concluded my religious conviction was related to my pain tolerance level. Would I have been more "realistic" showing a nun coercing her pupils into repeating inane theories in God's existence with a whip in hand?

And who could forget the goon money collectors openly expressing their hostility toward non-contributors, passing with their holy baskets at least twice during a given ordinary mass day. (Christmas collections were obviously functioning

on a non-stop basis.) I actually feared going to church without money and would even avoid going if I felt what my mother had given me was not sufficient. It seemed here my material contribution directly determined my "true" involvement. I resented the fact that it appeared that way.

The Church continues to defend its archaic structure, fearing questions, real answers to people's problems and needs, loathing change, and denying self-realization of its rotten core. Self-deception is not progress.

The practice of promoting church-affiliated Bingo games runs a good chance of replacing the traditional crucifix as worship object—aside from becoming one of its more successful sources of revenue. Dependent people are desirable; Bingo is profitable. If organized religion was so marketable, why not propose an organized Bingo sect? All of this finally brings us to the inseparable issue of power and money (something the church dangerously possesses both of) in shaping "public" opinion.

The monies obtained by the church from "believers" is being wasted on slick advertisements of "biased" views. These views, are passed off as "public services" no less, telling people how they should live. These obscenely-worded propaganda posters adorning N.Y.'s subway cars "inform" millions of people daily on "the tragedy of an abortion." Where is this so-called "conscience", when a woman is denied the right over her own body, Righteous Christians?

At this point, it appears obvious that these immoral moralists would prefer forcing a woman seeking an abortion back to some butcher than to see her continue to be provided with more humane services. The fear tactics used in the corrupt persuasion of minds by the church hardly ends here.

For all those interested in this "controversy", I direct you to view an interesting show currently at The New York Cultural Center (through March 17) called the Belgian Symbolists and Surrealists. The reason for this slight digression is because of a particular etching I recently saw there. It shows a woman straddling the erect penis of a god-devil figure on a "cross", done about a century ago. Even this erotic work was one of many variations on this theme of fantasy, myth and sexuality.

Letters to the editor

Do We Have Agents Provocateur?

REPLY TO LETTER

You've found me out. I am an agent provocateur. Unfortunately, this happens to be one of the few truths in your letter.

I do not confine my writing to "sex mingled with human excreta and intercourse with human cadavers." I have never written a story about human excreta. I have written two stories about necrophilia. Considering that I have also written more than 30 stories for OP over the years, I could not agree that I have confined my writing to these things.

As far as the necrophilia stories go, what was wrong with them? I have a strange suspicion that you read every word of both, possibly more than once. Necrophilia is one of those things that have been kept in dark corners over the years and is virtually never written about. When something is written about it, the only people who object are those who think it should remain in those corners.

The main thing I tried to accomplish through those stories was to shed a humorous light on a taboo subject. If your mind can't handle that, I'm sorry.

As far as my hang-ups about masturbation, from the sound of your letter it appears you are the one with the hang-up. It seems I was able to confront a picture of a masturbating nun with no guilt feelings. I did this by running the cartoon in OP so others could also take pleasure in it. Again the only ones who were upset by it are those who cannot confront the act of masturbation.

I have just completed a short story that deals with people who share your problem. It will hopefully appear in a future issue. Stay tuned.

Thank you for permission to collect short tales of perversion. Would you consider writing one? It's always interesting to see the kind of things repressed minds such as yours can come up with.

Obviously, the material you complain about makes up only a small amount of what OP prints. We regularly deal with serious issues you raise, but that is no reason we must repress our sense of the bizarre.

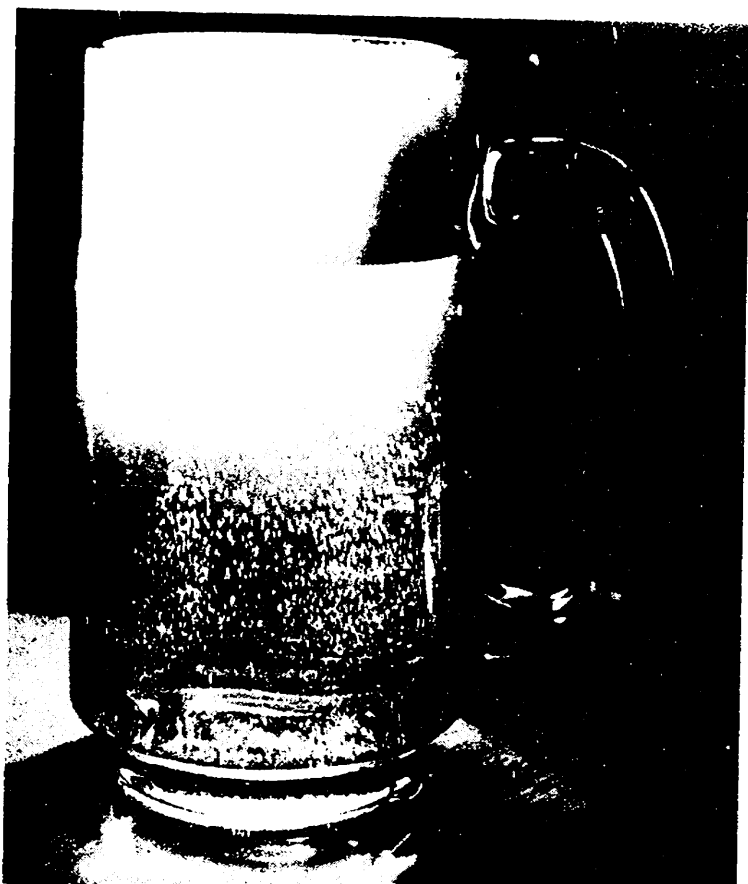
You cannot read about the things I choose to write in very many places, and I tend to think they offer a diversion from the depressing realities of the world, and hopefully send the minds of our readers off in new and interesting directions. I see I have done this to your mind.

—Bob Rosen

Sincerely,
Bob Grad

Students Favor Beer Hall, OP Poll Reveals

By ANNE MANCUSO and MARC LIPITZ



JEFFREY TAUSCHER

Queens Students Drink Every Day

BY JOHN LONG

Queens College opened a beer hall two years ago which has proved to be a major success. It has become one of the major places in Queens where students can get together and have a good time.

Queens College, across the street from John Bowne High School, opened a beer hall for the same reasons the College decided not to open one in Finley Center. Administrators and some faculty felt that the school's image would be hurt and its scholastic rating would fall as students paraded drunk about the school. But their fears have been for nothing, as these first two years have shown.

The Rathskeller (called "The Cellar" on weekends) in the newly-built Student Union Building has become an excellent example of a well-run, profit-making, college business.

Originally opened for a two-month trial period, the Rathskeller has become a hit with both students and the administration. The students look at it as a place to go at night where they can hear good live entertainment, while having a couple of drinks. The administration sees it as a surprise, both financially and in the responsibility students have shown.

"When the Rathskeller was first opened," David Katz, the cafe's staff manager, recalled, "the major concern of the administration was the adverse affects a beer hall might have on the campus. They thought that it would become a regular hangout for cutting students, and some teachers were worried about drunken students disrupting classes. But this didn't happen. Our slowest part of the day is during class hours. Students don't come in any great numbers until after six at night."

The Rathskeller also sells wine and hard liquor but they aren't put on sale until after three. Beer, however, is sold all day.

"Sometimes we get pretty busy around lunch time," said Katz, "but they don't order beer, as some would have you believe. Better than 80% of our lunchtime sales are pizza and sandwiches. Students just aren't interested in drinking during class hours."

After 7 p.m., however, things are a lot different. Most nights the Rathskeller has live bands appearing. They usually attract large crowds and on weekends, "the place becomes a sea of people." These are the students who drink, but in most

cases they drink beer instead of the hard liquors.

Katz is the only non-student involved in the running of the Rathskeller. He has a staff of 43 students who handle all operations, from the running of the bar to cooking all the food. Also included are the waitresses who handle all orders.

The payroll for these students exceeds \$1300 a week. The only security hired is on Friday and Saturday nights when the Rathskeller is at its peak demand, and Katz admits that even then they're not really necessary. "In its two years of operation we've only had two fights, and both were quickly broken up," he said.

One major problem last year which has since been overcome is the invasion of the Rathskeller by students coming from John Bowne High School, right across the street.

"Last year we had a lot of trouble with minors," explained Katz, "who would come in and order beer or anything else they thought they could get away with. We were beginning to get a lot of complaints by parents and Queens College students who were annoyed by their presence."

"Now we have a new system which has almost entirely eliminated the problem. We've made it mandatory to show your college I.D. when ordered a pitcher of beer, and the waitresses are told to check double proof of anyone suspected of being under age."

"On weekends we have mandatory check of double proof before you can get into the Rathskeller. So now the high school students are out of the picture and everyone seems to be satisfied."

Two of the waitresses, busy serving beer to a Thursday night crowd, confirmed Katz' views. "This has really turned into a nice place" one said. "There's no trouble here, and it's a good place to go at night, if you have nothing to do. You always know that they'll be someone here you know and can have a good time with."

Lynn, a freshman at Queens sitting at a table with friends, put it another way. "I think college students are much too mature to go crazy over a place like this. They realize that they're here to get an education and that drinking beer between classes won't get them one."

"I'd think your college officials would realize that you are mature adults who can certainly handle a beer hall on campus

without becoming drunks. If I went to your school, I wouldn't let them get away with it. If you people make enough noise you'll most likely get one."

Another student said, "This place is the best thing to happen to Queens College since Open Admissions. If your school is worried about students cutting, then they might as well cancel all student activities because they're more responsible than anything else for cutting. If a student's not interested in going to classes, it won't make a bit of difference whether you have a beer hall or not. Your school's just making up lousy excuses for their own moralistic bullshit."

Dave Katz also commented on the recent negative decision on beer at the College. "They're making a mistake by not opening it. The Rathskeller has been responsible for bringing unity to the school. Now students have an on-campus night spot to spend their free hours instead of going to some cheap bar or discotheque. Most nights, we offer better entertainment than they do."

He also said that the alternative idea of establishing a coffeehouse at the College "probably wouldn't succeed. We opened something similar here which has been a financial disaster. The prices are higher than those at the cafeterias on campus. Even though it serves better food, students have chosen to eat at the older and much cheaper snack bars."

He also claims that selling Schaeffer beer off the tap has been a blessing in disguise. "Schaeffer Beer has a special college services program. Every so often, they sponsor special events at the college because we sell their beer." One example he noted was a frisbee throw competition held recently.

Hunter College will open a beer and wine hall itself. The administration there has no apprehensions that a bar in the college will produce adverse effects. According to the Envoy, the student newspaper, students are felt to be mature enough to know how much they can drink and will not abuse their privileges. It is hoped that the beer and wine hall will help stabilize (if not decrease) cafeteria prices and subsidize the rest of the cafeteria.

Brooklyn College reportedly is also opening its own rathskeller.

And here at City, we can look forward to a coffeehouse that President Marshak says will serve "really decent coffee and cake."

Did you know that salt added to flat beer gives it a better head:

If you're among 42% of the students interviewed in a recent OP poll, chances are you don't care, since you never touch the stuff.

But for the 58% of students who confessed they indulge, this and other related questions about the Policy Advisory Council's recent rejection of a Finley beer parlor hold greater importance.

The poll consisted of five questions and put to 100 students, it yielded the following answers:

• Do you feel it is immoral to serve beer on campus?

8% Yes

89% No

3% Abstention

• Would you like to see a beer parlor in Finley Center?

54% Yes

32% No

14% Abstention

• Do you think students would spend a lot of time and money in a beer parlor?

48% Yes

48% No

4% Abstention

• Do you think a beer parlor would make City College a better place to meet people, talk to faculty, etc?

53% Yes

43% No

4% Abstention

• Would you like a beer parlor to serve other alcoholic refreshments, like wine?

56% Yes

37% No

7% Abstention

Hard liquor?

41% Yes

52% No

7% Abstention

The questionnaire was left open for comments and here students demonstrated their verve for on-the-spot witticisms. Additional responses to question four ranged from "absolutely" to "Busby Berkeley couldn't make City a better place to be."

A group of students carrying a bag of wine and beer offered an OP pollster a few swigs and remarked, "A beer parlor on campus would save us the time of going to Amsterdam Avenue to get liquid refreshment."

Not all of the responses were marked by such levity. Students seriously opposed to the beer parlor emphasized the College's alleged role as a "center of study" and pointed to the need for additional facilities for quiet study. But a significant number of students were indifferent to the idea. Remarks such as "It wouldn't bother me," or "I don't care" were common.

Some students who endorsed the creation of a beer parlor placed restrictions upon its operation. A senior majoring in Latin American history felt beer should only be available Friday afternoons. An English major said morning hours should be "dry." Both comments were prefaced by the fear that a day-long schedule of beer-serving might cause students to become drunk and/or disruptive.

"Students don't know what's good for them," remarked a sociology major as he vetoed the idea of serving hard liquor. Many students denounced the idea of hard liquor on campus, although statistically the results appear more balanced.

In an effort to further isolate areas of opinion, the total number of interviewees was broken into beer drinkers and non-beer drinkers. Without exception, every "yes" was answered by a higher percentage of beer drinkers. Seventy-six percent of the beer drinkers would like to see a beer parlor in Finley, as opposed to the 24% of non-beer drinkers in favor of it. Sixty percent of beer drinkers think a beer parlor would improve social conditions at the College while 45% of non-beer drinkers believe it has a socializing value.

Of the 42 non-beer drinkers interviewed, 43% would like wine served at the college. Sixty-seven per cent of beer drinkers also want wine served. When asked if hard liquor should be served at City's imaginary beer parlor, both beer drinkers and non-beer drinkers answered negatively. Sixty percent of beer drinkers didn't like the idea, while 67% of non-beer drinkers opposed it.

Whatever effect a beer parlor would have on the present student body, its presence would affect those outside the college as well. Said one student on leave, "If a beer parlor was built I'd come back to school tomorrow."

JDL Slams 'Paper' Edit

The College chapter of the Jewish Defense League this week called for the dissolution of *The Paper* and that "its staff be abolished."

The league says it has filed a petition with the Board of Higher Education seeking to block publication of the student newspaper under a by-law stating that no student publication may be directed against a racial or religious group.

The league was responding to the editorial in the Feb. 21 issue of *The Paper* supporting the establishment of *The Source*, the recently-created Jewish newspaper.

But the editorial also stated that "these are chosen because they said they were, wrote the BOOK that said they were and, on any Saturday night in any beauty parlor on the Grand Concourse, they prove the arc."

A league spokesman said that "the editorial only confirms the fact that there exists within the student body a group so illiterate and uninformed as to degrade the greatness of Jewish identity."

Foreign Students Wary of New Yorkers

By FRED SEAMAN

"In many ways I have become Americanized," explained Mustafa Cila, a foreign student from Turkey. "But in many other ways I still have a lot of problems...Especially when it comes to making friends."

Nadeem Khan, a Pakistani computer science major, declared that "American students are brilliant...but not friendly at all."

"Americans are culturally more advanced. They read a lot and think they are big philosophers," explained Iranian student Yehoda Aghayan. "When they talk with foreigners, they think they are dumb, because they can't express themselves very well."

Guy Duplessis, from the West Indian island of St. Lucia, stated that "if anybody stays here after graduating, it's for the money!"

These remarks point out some of the attitudes which prevail among the College's 600 foreign students and some of the problems they frequently encounter. Most of these students come from the developing countries of South America, Africa and Asia where there is a great demand for technological experts. Therefore, it is not surprising that the overwhelming majority of foreign students are enrolled in the College's School of Engineering.

"I wanted to get away from my family and meet new people," explained Yehoda Aghayan. Other students decide to study here because their own universities are overcrowded, or simply because it is more prestigious to study in the United States.

"Not only are the students themselves motivated," according to Associate Professor Harry Meisel (Student Personnel Services), the foreign student advisor, "but their families are usually highly motivated, too."

The College is popular among students because of its low tuition. "It's the only college I can afford," stated Jackson Ma, an Architecture major from Taiwan.



Harry Meisel talks to a couple of the foreign students he advises.

Furthermore, many foreign students have friends or relatives in New York. Although studying here may seem more convenient to many students, it does not mean that they actually like New York.

As a matter of fact, most of the 30 foreign students interviewed neither liked the city nor its inhabitants. "Over here I don't really feel like in an American city," said Nadeem Khan, who made a trip to Florida some time ago and discovered that "there are also friendly Americans."

Mustafa Cila was more specific: "I don't consider New Yorkers Americans," he said. "I consider them to be a different breed... Completely indifferent!" He has learned "not to expect anything from them."

For a foreign student, the first few weeks in New York are perhaps the most difficult period of his entire American stay. "CCNY doesn't meet the expectations foreign students have of the typical American college," Meisel explained. "Students come here expecting to find residence halls and we have to explain to them that the College doesn't have any."

Contrary to widely held beliefs, most

foreign students do not come from wealthy families and have to earn their way through college. According to United States Immigration Law, however, foreign students are not allowed to work more than 20 hours per week (40 in the summer) and may not be employed by companies which have federal contracts.

In view of these restrictions, foreign students are often more or less forced by the circumstances to work illegally, thus risking deportation. Usually, however, there is little actual risk involved, as these laws are not enforced very strictly. Things are changing, however.

"I have seen more deportation orders in the last year and a half than ever before," said Meisel, who believes that the extent to which these laws are enforced depends on the American economic situation.

As already indicated, foreign students frequently attribute high intellectual abilities to American students, although their general attitude towards them remains a mixed one. Fred Barnett, from Panama, believes that American students "are rather cold," and that "it's hard to make friends." "But when it comes to academic standards," he added, "they're

great!"

"During the class, I get along well with them," said Nigerian student Adamson Ifesanya, "but afterwards, it's over. I don't have any friends." Ali Bouchekouk, from Algeria has "met a lot of nice people. But," he added, "there are also many who are very fucked-up!" Female foreign students seem to get along better with Americans than their male counterparts. Linda Gabourel, a Spanish major from British Honduras, said that American students "are very friendly to foreigners."

Waged Moughrabie, a Syrian chemistry major, who transferred from Manhattan Community College, thinks that "it is more difficult to make friends at City College" because the school is so big and "everybody is so busy." Waged gets along with most students, though, even if they are Jewish. "As a matter of fact, I have some Jewish friends," he said.

It is not unusual for foreign students to reject whatever traditional prejudices prevail in their native countries. Nair Prabhakar from India has "a very friendly relationship" with students from Pakistan. "We are one country, except that we have a different religion. Here we don't think about that," he said.

Some foreign students look upon their stay in America as a welcome opportunity to enjoy sexual freedom. Ali Bouchekouk originally came here as a tourist, but decided to stay when he discovered that "there were a lot of opportunities with girls." Yehoda Aghayan told me that "many of my friends fooled around with girls," but that he wasn't the type. Waged Moughrabie thinks that "some girls are really helpful and friendly, but others just don't care."

"I date," said Haim Teicher, a 26-year-old Israeli, "but I feel there is a big gap...there's nothing to talk about." When Teicher, who fought in both the Yom Kippur war and the 1967 six-day war, first came to the United States four years ago, he was very disappointed about the seeming indifference of Jewish students toward Israel.

"They feel that they are Americans and don't really care about Israel," he explained. Teicher has met Arab students occasionally here, and although there were no open hostilities, "there were always differences in opinion."

The attitude of foreign students toward the Watergate affair often seems to reflect their general opinion on America. "I am really disgusted with all that is going on, but it doesn't surprise me," said Ali Bouchekouk, "because everybody here is hungry for money and power."

The prevalent attitude, however, seems to be indifference. Yaakov Sadovnik, from Israel, assured me that Watergate was "the least interesting thing" to him. "I let the Americans worry about that," said Jacove Goren, also from Israel. "I don't even think I have a right to worry about it," he added.

Adamson Ifesanya admitted that he didn't understand Watergate. "Besides," he said, "it's none of my business." Waged Moughrabie chooses not to follow American politics, because "it's too much of a headache."

Most foreign students apparently look upon their stay in the United States as a necessary and profitable inconvenience. As Yehoda Aghayan put it: "This country is the best place to live...If you are an American."

Italians Seek Redress From CUNY

By ROBERT NESS

Are blacks and Puerto Ricans pushing Italians out of faculty and administrative positions in CUNY? A group called the Association of Italian American Faculty, in a report to the Board of Higher Education charged "de facto discrimination in the CUNY system... CUNY does not realize the abilities of the Italian American professional nor the needs of the Italian American student."

The association states that despite the Italian's status as the second largest minority group in New York City, their participation in CUNY as faculty, administrators and students are wholly disproportionate.

Citing statistics from the City Human Rights Commission, the association charges that Italians "are not hired to the degree minority members of (other) groups are...In 1972, fewer Italian Americans were hired than blacks, Puerto Ricans and other minorities. This practice of hiring must be presumed also to have held for previous years since the overall number of black faculty in CUNY is several times that of Italian American faculty."

The report concludes that while 23% of Italian Americans in New York City have completed four years of college and 22% are in the highest category of professionals, blacks and Puerto Ricans, with a significantly lower percentage of graduates, are represented in about the same percentage in CUNY.

In regard to students, the report charges that "CUNY's special programs continue to be oriented both economically and philosophically toward the emergent ethnic groups while ignoring the needs" of Italian Americans. "While the 1970 census found that the poverty level for first and second generation Italians is almost equal to blacks, only eight of 396 special program counselors are Italian."

Special programs in CUNY—SEEK, College Discovery, and College Adaptive Program—on the average, have less than 2% Italian enrollment. Bill Temple, a CAP



Luigi Ballerini

counselor, stated there was no prevailing policy of discrimination in his program. "Anyone who applies and meets the financial and residential requirements is accepted," he said.

Israel Levine, the College's Public Relations Director, acknowledged that many students are denied admittance to special programs based solely on where they live. SEEK, one of these programs, has less than ten persons of Italian background receiving assistance at the College.

Alberto Taldi, a lecturer in Romance languages, stated, "We must remember that the percentage of Italian professionals in relation to Jews and Irish is small. The Italian family is not oriented to education. Italians go into business, politics and show business."

Traldi noted that the small amount of Italians at the College was probably due to geographics rather than outright discrimination. Dominick Tancredi, president of the Italian Club, notes that "one of problems at City is that Italian Americans are intimidated by those who speak Italian."

There is a rivalry between those who were born in Italy and speak Italian and those born here and speak little or none of the language, he explained. Many of those who take courses in the Romance Language department and are members

of the Italian Club are of the former group.

Assistant Professor Luigi Ballerini, (Romance Languages) agrees with Tancredi and said, "when we offer courses in English, there is always a great response." Last spring the department offered a course on Italian civilization and had 40 students registered.

Considering that most Italian courses average 20 students, Ballerini considered the reaction to the course "overwhelming." When asked why more courses are not being taught in English, Traldi said "We'd be happy to do so."

Next fall, the department will continue the Italian Civilization course as a two-semester subject. In the planning stages is a course on the Italian explores and discovers.

These courses were initiated by the staff rather than by student demand. An Italian American Studies department would not be considered until students and faculty showed support for it.

Students in British Isles Jolly Good, Feingold Says

Twelve students from the College are alive and well and studying in England, according to Professor Stanley Feingold, director of the City University Program of Study Abroad in the United Kingdom.

A total of 34 CUNY students are spending the academic year at institutions throughout England, Scotland, and Wales, studying such things as archaeology in Southampton, architecture in London, and English, liberal arts, and social sciences at nearly 20 other universities.

On a brief visit to New York last week, Feingold reported that students are experiencing few problems and that there has been no shortage of food or fuel.

"If the miners' strike leads to power cuts," he remarked "the English people

are likely to adjust with characteristic calm and a dedication to fairness."

During the recent four-week Christmas holiday enjoyed by all British universities, the CUNY students took advantage of low-cost air, sea, and rail travel sponsored by the British National Union of Students.

The 12 students who have escaped from the College for a year are Mark Anton, Ricki Bander, Jody Holtzman, Mary Beth LeFave, Nancy Matlow, Lindsay Moss, Julie Nemetz, Joseph Rao, Wayne Rugg, Robin Visel, Charlene Weisler, and Neile Weissman.

Information about study abroad may be obtained by writing to: Program of Study Abroad, Graduate School and University Center, 33 West 42 St., New York 10036; or by calling 790-4418/9.

Scholarship Offered

Minority students who plan on doing graduate-level work in psychology will be eligible for a special scholarship to be offered by the SEEK Program. The \$350 scholarship will be awarded every June, beginning this term.

The scholarship was dedicated in 1970 in the memory of Betty Rawls, a popular SEEK counselor who died in a plane crash. She was best known for her deep involvement in fighting for the rights of minority students at the College.

In 1969, during the take-over of South Campus by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community, she was its spokesman to the Faculty Senate and

worked tirelessly for a settlement based on the student demands.

Students wishing to apply for the scholarship should see SEEK Counselors Fernando Gonzales or Fran Geteles in Room 204, Mott.

Meanwhile, plans are also being made to grant \$1200 in scholarships to a dozen Open Admissions freshmen next fall from the Alfred Conrad memorial fund. Conrad, a former economics professor, was also a firm supporter of student struggles in the late Sixties and an advocate of broadening City University's admissions policies.

—Mark Hicks

Vets Money Ends Up In Construction Fund

By PAUL DIMARIA

Money from the Veterans Administration intended to reimburse the College for handling veterans' benefits forms is now routinely sent to the City University Construction Fund instead.

According to Richard Morley, the College's business manager, the V.A. processing fee is now considered to be miscellaneous income.

Processing fees from the Veterans Administration to other branches of the City University system, totaling about \$62,840, are also sent to the Construction Fund, which usually raises money by floating bonds. The amount intended for the College may be up to \$3400.

At present, the V.A. pays the College either \$3. or \$4. for each veteran filing a benefits form at the Financial Aid Office, depending upon the kind of form used. About 1000 veterans have filled out such forms this year. The money is received by the Bursar's Office and is then sent to the Construction Fund.

Morley said that a committee of CUNY Business Managers will recommend new fiscal guidelines at their next meeting. He mentioned that changing policy is a long process, adding that "I've been protesting this for over a year." The annual check from the V.A. will be received late in the spring term.

Donald Farley, assistant administrator for Campus Planning and Development for CUNY, said that he was not aware of money from the Veterans Administration being used in the Construction Fund, adding that the Fund usually returns instructional and non-instructional fees to the various CUNY branches when city

and state appropriations are received. However, Morley stated that the fund would not know all its sources of revenue without a careful check of its records.

Jonathan Saul and Ralph Stavitz, two counselors at the College's Office of Veterans Affairs in Shepard Hall, contacted Bernard Sohmer, Vice-Provost of Student Affairs, in December and recommended, "It is our firm belief that these funds should be retained by the College and used for veterans affairs. Since there are no stipulations for the use of this money, we believe that it should be used as a loan fund for needy vets and those experiencing delays in receiving educational benefits."

They said that this loan fund would be particularly helpful to veterans who fail to receive V.A. hardship payments on time, which happened to about 40 veterans last term.

Fred Kogurt, Assistant to Bernard Sohmer, said that he was not sure that it was legal to use processing fees for a loan fund. However, the V.A. has written to the Veterans Affairs Office assuring them that it was.

Ask Animal Aid

An animal protection society is being formed by students interested in finding homes or temporary shelters for the stray dogs and cats on campus.

According to Michael Martino, "We are also interested in helping organize students who plan to apply to Veterinary School, since there is no other place for them to go for advice. We hope our organization may open some doors for Vet School admissions since not too many City College students have been admitted recently."

People with ideas or suggestions for the group can contact Martino at 236-2543, Andrea Raffa at 942-8424, or Professor Hugh Salzberg (Chemistry) in Room 1101 Science.

Slavs Slandered, Novak Says

By DAVID BAHARAV

"The Statue of Liberty greets new arrivals to America by calling them 'You wretched refuse of the earth,' that is, 'hello you garbage.' I'm glad my mother couldn't read English when she came here. She'd be insulted before she even got off the boat."

So said author and Rockefeller Foundation executive Michael Novak in a wide ranging talk on the theme of ethnicity to the students of the Slavic Studies Department yesterday.

Tracing the origin of Slavic-Americans, Novak said, "Most Slavs until the period from 1816 to about 1860 were serfs."

"You could never trust the government in the Slavic countries. There were always invasions from the east and west. The American experience was an experience of freedom that was not cherished everywhere."

"People were put in jail for speaking Slovak. My father came here to avoid being in the Hungarian army. He was a draft dodger, something his younger ancestors don't like to admit. The same people who today call white ethnics 'fascists, racist pigs,' these same people's father called them Dagos, honkies, polacks. The word 'divisive' is only used of white ethnics. But the group which

Committee Explores Bilingual Courses

By SOPHIA FEISULLIN

The Committee on Curriculum and Teaching (C & T) is currently exploring the possibility of teaching courses in the various departments in foreign languages next term. The move could significantly affect the course options of as many as 1500 students.

Following a precedent set at Lehman College, the Anthropology department last term introduced a section of General Anthropology (Anthro 10) taught in Spanish. The C & T committee argued over whether this course conflicted with College policy and finally approved it late last November.

The question of whether bilingual teaching should be extended to the other departments in the College of Liberal Arts and Science has been the subject of some debate ever since.

Associate Professor Ann Rees (Psychology), chairperson of the committee, doubts that the other departments will adopt bilingual teaching. "There are a lot of problems involved in it," she says, the main problem being that students who are not proficient in English may not develop enough language skills to function effectively in this country.

Not a Special Service

However, other committee members believe that students who improve their ability to read and write in their native language would be likely to carry over this effectiveness to English.

Lecturer Ramon Lopez, who taught the Spanish section of Anthro 10 last term, believes the course, because of its focus on issues relating to Latin American culture, sparks a greater interest among Spanish-speaking students than usual courses.

The bilingual section, he maintains, wasn't offered to make it easier for certain groups to get a passing grade. In fact, he claims that the assigned readings were on a higher level than their English counterparts. It is also easier to communicate certain ideas relating to the material in Spanish, he says.

The Anthro course is not seen as a "special service" to Spanish-speaking students, but rather as a means of "enriching the study of Anthropology" and also bridging "the language gap to work together with Latin American colleagues," stated Professor Eleanor Leacock (Chwmn., Anthro.) in a report to the C & T committee last term. Bilingual courses would also "alter the Eurocentricism dominating anthropology," she said.

Despite the apparent success of the Anthro class, an earlier attempt by the Math department to offer a remedial course in Spanish in fall 1972 was discontinued due to lack of student demand, according to Assistant Professor

Lee Kaminetzky (Math).

Professor Federico Aquino-Bermudez (Chmn., Puerto Rican Studies) believes students not proficient in English would learn better in their own language. "I will push that it will be extended to any department that so desires," he says, adding that he sees no reason why students can't be taught in other languages as long as there is no degeneration of content.

"The language barrier," he asserts, "does not indicate intellectual inferiority."

While some departments don't have a high enough Spanish student population to follow Anthropology's example, there are also a large number of French- and Chinese-speaking students on campus who could take advantage of bilingual teaching.

According to Aquino, bilingual teaching



Federico Aquino-Bermudez

to some degree is already taking place at the College. A good deal of communication within his department's classes is done in Spanish, proof he says that bilingualism works and can be adopted throughout the College.

Money Will Be Factor

Aquino believes that it is the responsibility of the College to provide "a good education for the students," no matter what the cost. "Whenever the chips are down, people question money and facilities," he states, anticipating that the non-availability of funds to hire qualified bilingual instructors would be raised as a prime objection.

If the C & T committee approves the idea of College-wide bilingual teaching when the issue comes up in April, the proposal will then go to the Faculty Council for final consideration, and then on to the Board of Higher Education.

Meanwhile, the Romance Languages department has just created a graduate-level Spanish course, called "Research Methods in Spanish-English Bilingualism," that will deal with the "educational implications of Spanish as a first language in the United States."

to class. But he did have time for some questions.

Asked about practical application of his ideas, he said, "Take this country's varying attitudes toward the elderly. Many ethnic groups respect old people, but all the laws of this country (and such things as the high cost of medicine) encourage people to put old people in homes."

He also made an interesting observation about the Nixon Administration. "Many of the people in the administration (like Halderman, Erlichman, Chapin, Kalmbach, and Nixon himself) were people who come from a 'rootless' California life and who rejected their background. They have no constituency, no one to answer to. Does Nixon care what the people in Yorbalinda think?"

"A guy like Ford, in contrast, thinks, 'I have to answer to those people in Michigan.'"

Novak is the author of twelve books on religion, philosophy, and politics. He is currently head of the Humanities Department of the Rockefeller Foundation.

On the IND Train, A Political Mugging...

By BOB ROSEN

What's worse than five incompetent, violent, well-dressed, nervy muggers on a midnight D train pulling into 42nd Street? Few things are, but you have to admire their nerve.

I've been mugged before. I know what mugging is about. Your average mugger will prey on you on a dark street in the East Village. If you have \$15, he'll take it. If a mugger is going to assault you, at least he'll make an effort to take all your money. He won't forget about your wallet and just take the change out of your side pocket.

You have to respect the nerve of five muggers who will attack you in the front car of a subway train with a cop in the second car, ten other passengers looking on, and the motorman going about his business five feet away.

It began when a friend from California and I boarded a south bound D train at Columbus Circle around midnight last month. Following the cardinal rules of late-night subway travel, we took a seat in the lightly-populated first car, five feet

from the motorman. His door was held open by some sort of clamp. If somebody started to bother us, we figured it would be no trouble getting his attention.

Immediately after the train pulled out of the station, five well-dressed black kids, about 18 years old, started hassling us and asking for money. After four years of going to school here, fresh out of a judo class, and only the other week having disposed of a potential assailant on 145th Street with my newly-acquired skill, I assertively refused to give the muggers my money. My friend followed suit. The ten other passengers calmly stared at the mini-drama.

This went on for two more stops. As the train pulled out of Rockefeller Center, the young criminals noticed they were making little progress with their crime. They formed a semi-circle around us, one of the muggers pulled out a large switch-blade knife and demanded our money. Following a basic rule of getting mugged (cooperate when the mugger has a weapon), I decided to cooperate. I began handing over my loose change as one of them grabbed my

other arm and tore off my wristwatch. They made no effort to take my wallet, nor an expensive ring that was on the same hand as the watch. My friend, obviously never having experienced anything like this in Portersville, California, freaked out and refused to give them his money.

The train pulled into 42nd Street. As it came to a halt, one mugger kicked me in the mouth, and another punched my friend in the face. As they departed from the car, another mugger raised his clenched fist in the air, and trying to give his crime political overtones, yelled that the Black Man had triumphed over the White Man. The mugger with the knife took a swipe at me with it. He missed. The blade skimmed along my coat and firmly hit against the back of the seat.

I was bleeding from my mouth and in a state of shock. The doors of the train closed, and the ten passengers went back to their newspapers. What happened to those vigilante groups I read about on the Upper West Side which saw somebody being mugged and came to his rescue?

I quickly assessed the damages: one state of shock, one bloody mouth, one freaked-out friend. I lost 50 cents in change, one token, one subway slug, and one \$15 Timex watch that lost five minutes each day. They tried to stab me, but they didn't try to take my wallet or my friend's wallet.

As soon as the train started moving, the TA cop who was in the next car wandered in. He began to scribble something on his pad (12 o'clock and all is well?). Still dazed, I motioned for him to come over. He looked at me, shook his head, and motioned for me to come to him. I staggered over, followed by my friend. "We've just been mugged, officer," I informed him. The train pulled into 34th Street, and we got off.

"Exactly what happened?" he asked. We told him.

"Why didn't you follow them off the train? There's cops all over the place on 42nd Street."

"You don't chase after somebody who has a large switch-blade," I explained.

"Maybe you're right," the officer admitted. "Come upstairs. I'll see what I can do."

Upstairs, we told our story to three other cops who diligently copied down the facts on their note pads. I stressed the fact that the 50 cents and the watch didn't really bother me. It was the attempted stabbing that shook me up. I didn't mention the slug. The cop who brought us upstairs attempted to contact somebody on the green police box phone. The phone didn't work. "Damn phone," he said.

When they were finished with the questions, they told us we could go home. "Is there any chance of catching them?" I asked.

"With the descriptions you gave us, very little," one of the cops said. They let us walk through the gate without having to pay an extra fare.

"Does this happen to you a lot in New York?" my friend inquired.

"I'd rather not think about it," I said.

"Maybe one of them will get caught using your slug," my friend mused, trying to cheer me up.

"That would be just great," I retorted.

"Where did you get the slug?" the cops all asked him.

"I ripped this guy off on a midnight D train pulling into 42nd Street. He didn't have much money so he gave me a slug, he'll no doubt say."

"The cops will check their records and I'll end up getting busted for slugs."

My friend laughed.

"They're not the type who use slugs anyway," I went on. "They probably just hack their way through turnstiles."

Another D train soon pulled into the station. Following a cardinal rule of late night subway travel, we sat down in the first car, only five feet from the motorman.



...And on the IRT, A Crazy Gang Leader

By JOE TSUJIMOTO

Most of the inconvenienced passengers stood alone on the crowded platform with their hands in their pockets and the News or the Times folded in the pits of their grey and black and brown arms. Though here and there people huddled together to confess their fright of the boy gone berserk, most of the crowd just stood watching the damaged Local grate noisily from the station.

Near the dirty porcelain wall at the rear of the station, an old Jewish lady standing beneath the blue and white lettering of "Columbus Circle," asked, with her palms in the air, "Why didn't somebody stop him? The black lady next to her, with the green and white Gimbels shopping bag squeezed between her legs, replied, "Yeah, I know. He just ran outta here, free!"

"Society doesn't need people like that!" uttered a white man in a soft grey overcoat and a paisley tie.

"He wouldn't have hurt anybody," explained a long haired Spanish man with tinted glasses to a lady with a child.

"I was afraid of flying glass," answered the lady, while her knee high child clung petrified to her pants leg. "He must have

been, you know, crazy. What was that thing he was using?"

"A thick walking stick," the Spanish man said. "The top of it looked like an African head."

"It was made out of wood and painted a flat black," I said, joining the talk. "He used it as a cudgel." Then addressing the Spanish man, I asked, "What was he saying when he was banging away at the walls of the train? All I could understand was 'Vamanos! Vamanos!' Was he angry at the train because it stalled?"

"He kind of babbled," said the Spanish man. "He said he was the leader of some kind of gang, and that he was in a hurry to get to 42nd Street."

"That's pretty funny," chimed in a blond girl wearing a pancho. "The train was going uptown. He was on the wrong train."

While the Local idled at the 50th Street station, the stop before Columbus Circle, a loud bang on the outside of the train startled the people near the front of the car. As the train started through the dark tunnel, a quick moving young Spanish boy dressed in a mustard vest with a thick gold cross dangling against his bony chest,

stalked through the door from a forward car. He banged the door shut and rapped the cudgel against the wall of the conductor's compartment; then slapped the ceiling and strode the length of the car, rambling and cursing in Spanish. Banging the grey walls, he left through the door to the following car.

A few passengers merely shrugged, or smiled at each other in embarrassment. The Jewish lady panned the faces across the aisle with a troubled expression. The woman with the child looked toward the door, wary of another performance. The Spanish man moved not an inch and toyed with his 35mm Yashica camera which he cradled in his lap. The other forgot, or so it seemed.

At Columbus Circle, the train stalled. And again the banging again. Whack! Rattle. Whack! Rattle. Whack! Then suddenly, the door flung open and in came the boy with the stick and the cross, his skimpy coat was thrown across his forearm like an opera cloak, rambling and ranting, louder and louder, mustache and coat and vest flying in tandem with the stick that struck the subway walls. Again and again and again. Quickly, the passengers fled to the

platform as the boy half-ran down the aisle, striking meat hooks the ceiling, and the glass-encased map on the wall. Still the train did not move, nor the man with the camera. Whack! The boy struck the laminated, gummed window of the door, leaving a spider-webbed impression, a bazooka hole. Crash! Crash! Now the filthy grey windows shattered above the vacant seats. And the crowd pushed back to the station wall, frightened and breathless. The boy leaped cat-like from the car and repeated the destruction from the outside in. A woman's shrill voice from the platform bench, cried weirdly, "Right-On!" Then the crowd parted, and the boy vanished. And the old Jewish lady with her palms in the air asked, "Why..."

The next Local stopped at the station. But what lingering talk remained of the incident was hushed by the rustle of parcels and papers as the eager crowd rushed to get in. And the Spanish man, and the lady with the child, and the blond with the pancho and I-like most of the crowd-withdrew into our overcoats, our hoods, our scarves, and stayed tactfully inert. After all, it was Washington's birthday and there were things to do.

Women's Day Festival Began in the Streets

Liberation News Service

International Women's Day will be celebrated across the country this year on March 8 and 9 with marches, demonstrations, fairs and presentations.

On March 8, 1857, women garment and textile workers demonstrated on the Lower East Side of New York City against their oppressive working conditions. The steam-powered sewing machine, developed in the 1850's, had moved clothing manufacture from the home to the factory. Sweatshops proliferated. Women, men and children, easily intimidated and isolated because they didn't know English, worked long hours under unsafe conditions in dark

International Women's Day will be celebrated on Thursday, March 7, all day in Finley Center's Bultenweiser Lounge. The Undergraduate Women's Caucus sponsor of the festival, describes it as "an opportunity for women of all cultures from the College community to share in their sisterhood."

Events already scheduled are a self-help demonstration, 'Women in Prison' slide show, a karate demonstration by the N.Y. Women's Martial Arts Union, a performance by rock-poet Patti Smith, Virginia Jarvis speaking on working women and a screening of "Salt of the Earth." Other events and times to be announced.

crowded tenements. And of course, women and children were paid less than men.

The women decided to march toward a wealthy neighborhood nearby to "shame the rich." However, when the procession got out of the slums they lived and worked in, the march was violently dispersed by the police. Some women were trampled and others arrested.

In the years 1890-1910, the number of women workers in the U.S. doubled from four to eight million.

On March 8, 1908, thousands of women garment workers marched again from the Lower East Side, with almost the same demands as 61 years before. They marched for an eight hour day, better working conditions, and an end to child labor. They also wanted the right to vote.

According to International Women's Day pamphlet written by Alexandra Kollontai in 1920, "The first International Women's Day took place in 1911. Its success exceeded all expectation. Germany and Austria on Working Women's

Day was one seething, trembling sea of women. Meetings were organized everywhere—in the small towns and even in the villages, halls were packed full.

"This was certainly the first show of militancy by the working women. Men stayed home with their children for a change and their wives, the captive housewives, went to meetings." Thirty thousand took part in the largest street demonstrations.

On International Women's Day in 1917 in Russia, women marched in St. Petersburg demanding lower prices and bread against the advice of all organized political groups. The women had decided to go on strike.

According to Sheila Rowbothan in *Women, Resistance and Revolution*: "When the women sent delegations to the factories, thousands came out and were joined by working-class and middle-class housewives who were affected by the shortage of food and high prices. The Army was called out but did not fire on the women. Encouraged by their success, workers came out onto the streets in great numbers the following day."

The women's demonstration began the February Revolution (March 8 was February 23 on the old Russian Calendar) which overthrew the Czarist government and led to the Bolshevik Revolution eight months later.

In 1970 on International Women's Day, 13 Tupamaro women in Uruguay escaped from the prison in which they were being held.

International Women's Day has been observed over the years mostly by socialist countries. In 1969, however, feminists in the United States rediscovered International Women's Day. It has been celebrated every year since then with events around the country.



Free Speech For Racists Debated

By PETER GRAD

Does the first amendment guarantee free speech to racists? The question was debated at Columbia University this Monday in a debate sponsored by the college's Committee Against Racism (CAR).

Nat Hentoff, a writer for the Village Voice and the New Yorker, Finley Campbell, the National Chairman of CAR and Bob Leonhardt of the Progressive Labor Party offered their interpretations on the question and afterwards answered questions from the audience.

"The first amendment is absolute," Hentoff asserted, in opening the forum. "Once someone starts to cut or set limitations, you ain't got no more first amendment."

The discussion mainly centered around William Shockley and Arthur Jensen, two proponents of a theory suggesting black inferiority due to genetic deficiencies. Shockley recently was forced to walk off stage during a debate with Roy Innis at Staten Island Community College when student members of the Progressive Labor Party (PLP) persistently shouted him down.

Following the SICC incident, Hentoff sharply criticized the demonstrators in a Village Voice column while clearly stating his strong opposition to Shockley and Jensen's theories. In turn Hentoff has since been criticized by the PLP and CAR for his defending Professor Shockley's right to speak and for giving newspaper space to the professor's ideas.

"The demonstrators at SICC were tactlessly stupid," said Hentoff, reiterating his stand expressed in his article. "There wouldn't have been any attention given to him if there were no furor over his right to speak. Racists reading these accounts will rationalize 'What are the demonstrators afraid of and it in effect gives Shockley's contentions more credibility' explained Hentoff.

He further stated "You make the guy more important as far as media attention."

Bob Leonhardt attacked Hentoff's "liberalism" and was quick to note that the framers of the constitution were slave holders.

In citing Thomas Jefferson, Leonhardt said "He (Jefferson) was right in terms of the needs of his own class, the rich and powerful. The first amendment was useful to create an impression of democracy for all, but there were fairly stringent property laws for freedom and the right to vote."

Leonhardt continued "Jensen makes the brilliant discovery that black people are dumb and born that way. Herrnstein says unemployment is in the genes. Shockley advocates genocidal sterilization for black people and Samuelson expounds on how to make capitalism palatable to freshman. These are racists and they're the ones who get on TV!"

Leonhardt, mocking Hentoff's assertion that racists should not be forcibly restrained but rather allowed to express their views openly in forum so they may be openly refuted, said "In World War II, the Russian socialists didn't say 'Hey Adolph, let's have a seminar'."

Hentoff would say, "You may kill or gas me but remember, I defended your right to say it."

Leonhardt's remarks were generally greeted with applause as were many of Finley Campbell's statements. A substantial number of the audience was comprised of PLP, Attica Brigade, Socialist Workers and SDS groups who although they have differences among themselves, were fairly united in their opposition to Hentoff.

"We're not talking here tonight about the old racism which stressed all niggers are dumb and stupid," said Campbell. "We're here to deal with the new racism, a neo-racism which exempts above average blacks from genetic and cultural disabilities. Jensen won't say 'Blacks on the average' but rather 'We think some of them are OK but most are no good.'"

Shockley, whose genetic theories have attracted widespread national attention, is not a geneticist, but a physicist who won a Nobel Prize for his work in electronics. What has gained him perhaps more notoriety than his racial theories is his proposed solution: dysgenics. Under this operation, bonuses are offered for

sterilization of inferior individuals so that they will not propagate genetic defects. Shockley contends that this suggestion would be made to individuals "regardless of sex, race or welfare status," as he put it.

"Shockley has the right to stand on a box, scream in the streets or take an ad out in the Village Voice, but he has no right to teach a course 'proving' the genetic inferiority of black people."

"At SICC, he didn't get that right," said Campbell.

Although there were many in the audience who sided with Hentoff's "absolutist" stand, almost all questions were directed against him. They were not all restrained.

"I think the whole idea of free speech is bullshit," said one young worker. "Free speech only works for the rich, not the poor."

Hentoff replied, "If that day comes, it'll be because you were able to discuss and spread your ideas." The audience responded positively.

But some questioners were even less restrained.

"The only freedom we're gonna give Shockley" said one PLP worker, "is which hole he's gonna be buried in. The only freedom you have is to put them 6 feet under the ground and I believe you (Hentoff) belong 6 feet under the ground."

Earlier in the debate, Campbell presented Hentoff with an honorary membership in CAR. Hentoff accepted it, saying "Finley and I have only tactical differences." Campbell agreed.

"We want to face racist ideas with the broadest means possible" said Campbell.

The meeting ended almost symbolically as the next to last speaker, Dr. Cyril Moore of Albert Einstein College's chapter of Health CAR, and only the second to defend Hentoff said "We have to be careful with the matter of delivery of free speech. The purpose of free speech is to afford everyone an opportunity to say what one has to say."

The cause for the first amendment came out a bit stronger at the end of Monday night's debate.

PSC Critical Of Crowding

Overcrowded remedial math classes at the College were cited by the City University faculty union as it accused the administration of Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee of underfunding the Open Admissions program and failing to "maintain the academic character of the University."

The charges came in a grievance filed by the Professional Staff Congress (PSC), citing violations of negotiated class size limits.

The recommended limits—15 students in remedial courses and 25 in freshman English composition classes—are contained in a Letter of Agreement negotiated Oct. 1, 1973 between CUNY and the PSC.

The union claims that the University has failed to provide the colleges with sufficient funds to adhere to the limits in classes that began Feb. 4.

Besides the math classes at the College, 17 sections of which have an average enrollment over 21 students, the PSC cited Bronx Community College, where class size has reached 24 in remedial mathematics and 34 in freshman English composition, and Staten Island Community College, where 35 students are enrolled in freshman English courses.

According to PSC President Belle Zeller, the union singled out remedial and freshman courses because of their critical importance to Open Admissions students.

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An additional shipment of this term's Student Senate Course and Teacher Evaluation Handbook is expected to arrive very shortly. If you didn't receive a copy during the registration period, now is your chance. They will be available either in the OP office, Room 336 Finley, or the Senate office, Room 331 Finley. Faculty may reserve copies by calling 621-7182

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Mix together in punch bowl with pineapple and lime slices. Serves approximately 10 medium size cups.

SANGRIA AKADAMA

2 bottles Akadama Red
1 quart of club soda
1/2 can frozen concentrated lemonade
Mix with lemon and orange slices in large pitcher. Serve over ice.

PLUM DUCK

1 bottle Akadama Plum
1 quart extra dry champagne
1 small block of ice
Sliced oranges and strawberries
Mix in punch bowl; serves approximately 10 medium size punch cups.

AKADAMA BRASILIA

Equal parts Akadama Red and orange juice
Spritz of soda
Serve with ice.

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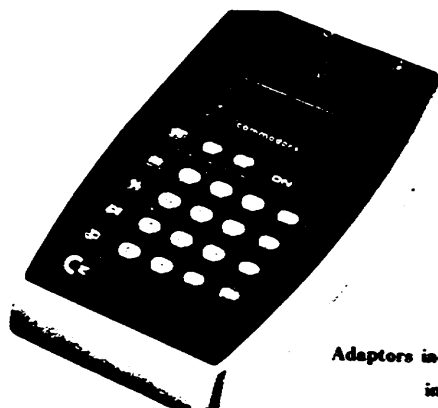
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Thefts Major Problem In Some Departments

(Continued from page 1)

honors project in psychology under way, but only one weekend to have it halted by the theft of all the equipment she needed, including instruments she designed and built herself.

"I cried and screamed and still am very upset to talk about it, but nothing can be done now," she said. "It's a big personal letdown. There is no money to replace the equipment lost, and even if it was available, it takes time to set it all up and I wouldn't finish the project by June to graduate."

A \$500 federal grant enabled Karen to work on her "sleep dream" project, and more grants help other professors and students in the department to work on theirs.

The incoming flow of grants has been endangered by the loss of valuable equipment. "People will think twice before making a proposal for a grant," noted Mintz. "If money is granted and projects are halted because of thefts, professional reputations are on the line, and teachers wouldn't take that risk. Instead they would collaborate on a project with other professors somewhere else, where labs are secure. Once a grant is housed elsewhere, our college, students, and faculty will be the losers."

Professor Louis Gerstman is one psychology teacher already conducting his research outside the College.

How insecure Harris Hall really is one learns by speaking with graduate students who spend much time there including a weekend. "We lock ourselves in the lab," remarked a female student. "The guards are often sleeping, and on one occasion last summer while one slept, his shirt, hat and attache case were stolen from him."

"They are supposed to be here all night, but after midnight you seldom see one," noted another student unwilling to be identified.

Reporter's Observations

Last Saturday, no guards were seen in Harris Hall during the day. On Sunday, a guard was sitting on a chair on the ground floor asking visitors for an I.D. card and a signature on a sheet of paper. It was enough to scribble some name and wave the card in front of his eyes to get an okay nod.

Once inside the building, one can enter the gateless tunnels which lead to Compton, Goethals, Baskerville and Shepard.

In Room 108 Goethals, the door was unlocked. Once on the upper floor, we

Want A Computer?

After the labs in Room 304 Harris were broken into, OP decided to check if security was tightened up there.

Saturday at 10 a.m., the front door was wide open, and we entered the building to go up to the third floor. With a key to the lab obtained from the department, we unlocked the door.

A Polygraph worth some \$15,000 was chosen for "The steal," and taken down to the first floor and out into the Quadrangle for a breath of fresh air.

After five minutes of taking pictures, we moved it back in, although encountered by a graduate student who asked what we were doing. "Just moving this instrument into the building" was the reply, and she was gone.

The next day, Sunday, when this student was told what happened, she related that she went to the lab and told her fellow students what was going on and that they contemplated whether to call the police or not. She said they finally decided against it "since you people

pushed the elevator button. A loud ring went through the building, and a minute later when we rang once more the only one to come was the elevator.

In the new Science Building, a visitor was asked to sign his name. The unlocked doors of Rooms 1009, 1011, 1029 carry a sign: "Please do not add or remove stools or chairs from this room," signed by Professor Theodore Axenrod (Chemistry). Inside the rooms are precious instruments, mostly \$5 to \$40 balances, each worth some \$1000 according to Axenrod. They are relatively small instruments and vulnerable to vandalism. Rooms 919, 928, 732 also were open, containing typewriters, expensive books, and telephones ready to be used.

There are no guards on the east side of the building, where plywood covers broken glass holes on some doors; and on the Convent Avenue side four guards, one immersed in reading while the other three keep an eye on the heavy tractors across the street.

"Do I have to show an I.D. when I enter this building?" one guard was asked. "Yes," he answered, "and sign your name." Moments later, half a dozen students entered the building signing their names alone.

looked so respectable."

In the Science Building, a digital computer pb8/e and a terminal worth some \$8-10,000 were taken out from Room 201 to the elevator on Sunday.

What thousands of students might see as an obstacle in their way up to their labs and classes turned out to be a blessing for the Physics department and a facesaver for the College security force: namely, all the elevators were jammed, thus preventing the removal of the computer from the building.

Ten minutes later, the computer was back in its place, but a final attempt was made to effect its removal. On our way out, we asked the guards at the front entrance to give us a hand to move some equipment out of the building. They refused, but the reasons was, "It's not our job."

This operation was undertaken without the approval of the chairman, who was asked to cooperate and refused to supply us with a key.

-Berlinger

Finley Center is supposed to be closed on Most Sundays, according to College officials, but the front door to Steiglitz hasn't been locked for the last two years at least.

"Excellent security here. It's very hard to get into this building on weekends," remarked David Pakter, a graduate student in Art sitting in a back room in Eisner, drawing a muscular body. It might be so, but last Sunday between 2 and 4 p.m. the front door was unlocked, and no guard was anywhere around.

Since no response could be obtained from the College officials responsible for security matters OP attempted to find out what is done after a report of an unlocked door is made.

There were more than a dozen offices and labs found unlocked around the

college this weekend, and Room 201 J was reported as a test case.

Case of Unknown Room

This room contains a computer, its terminal, and other instruments. Saturday afternoon, a guard in the front of the Science Building was informed of the open door. Sunday, when it was still unlocked, another guard was told, and he replied, "I told Clinton about it, it's OK." That same evening, the door was still unlocked.

Reached yesterday, G. Clinton, an employee in the Buildings and Grounds department, claimed, "I was told Sunday by the Security about Room 206, and I locked it." Asked whether he was ever told to lock Room 201, he replied in the negative, adding that the Physics Department staff, to whom those rooms belong, are careless about locking their doors.

Mario Forentino, Clinton's supervisor, contended that he "was very busy Saturday, and didn't get any information about Room 201 being unlocked."

Henry Woltmann, superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, said he did not receive any report on the incident on Monday. "Today, Feb. 25, I got a report that a door was open in Eisner on Feb. 10, so would you expect me to already have a report on J201?"

Professor Robert Lea (Chairman, Physics) noted that Professor William Miller, and others who share J201 have told him that the office was locked when they left Friday. "It might be the cleaning staff," said Lea.

"Everybody is down on the cleaning staff, instead of making sure their offices are locked," Dean Eugene Avallone (Campus Planning), somewhat irritated, remarked yesterday. "Some professors in the Science Building put their room number on the keys instead of complying with the code system, whereby no key is identifiable to a certain location. Almost everybody in the department gets a key. Would you expect a perfect situation to exist in these conditions?" he asked.

BHE, Now Open To Public, Mulls Mundane Matters

By MARC LIPITZ

The newly-appointed Board of Higher Education (BHE) held its second meeting Monday, initiating a new policy of open sessions with press and public in attendance. The public meetings are a result of chairman Alfred A. Giardino's commitment to a more open environment for the Board.

Items of relevance to the College which were voted upon included cost estimates and authorizations to invite bids for the renovation of Shepherd's Hall leaking roof; a multi-purpose, all-weather athletic field on South Campus; electrical, ventilating and plumbing work for the North Academic Center; construction of geology laboratories in the basement area of the

new Science Building; and preliminary plans for the Davis Center for Performing Arts.

After each item on the agenda was commented upon by Board members, it was unanimously approved. The relative ease in voting was due to the fact that every issue involved had been previously reviewed and discussed.

When the idea for open meetings was originally proposed, Jay Hershenson, the student representative on the BHE, hinted that future meetings might actually be window dressing, with decisions reached at a prior executive session.

The conference room, adorned with a plush rug and gold curtains, was filled to capacity by a formally dressed audience (only a reporter from OP was lacking a jacket) and Board members' polished rhetoric. The solemn sound of speakers and camera shutters was only broken during a discussion on the establishment of a Hall of Fame, when someone asked, "Out of curiosity, who will be in the Hall?"

The Chancellor leaned back and said, "Let me see, Fiorello La Guardia, George Washington Carver...I forgot who else, but you must be dead for 25 years." Once again knee-slapping laughter echoed through the room, with one newsmen appearing to dash for the bathroom.

Following the official business, Chancellor Robert Kibbee spoke of difficulties facing the University's community colleges. The amount of money available from the state as compared to the estimated operating costs will leave the community colleges at a deficit of 23 or 24 million dollars, he said.

Hoping in the future to set up committees and begin dealing with the main priorities facing the University, the Board adjourned. Future meetings, also open to the public, will be held on the last Monday of every month, at the BHE headquarters, 535 E. 80th Street.

New Registration...

(Continued from page 1)

ferings and schedules by department chairpersons. Schedules will have to be in approximately seven weeks earlier than the present deadline, so that the computers may be programmed and schedules distributed to students earlier. He admits that "problems of space and teacher preference intrude."

The only student input on the proposal was from a meeting with Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer at which two students appeared. Taylor says that after talking with several students over the past few months, "I found, somewhat to my surprise, that they were not dissatisfied with present procedures."

This report comes at a time when the College is already considering a plan for the registration of freshmen in the early summer.

Recent talks with the registrar and counseling officials shows that registration by the end of May as proposed for the freshmen would pose great difficulties in having the class schedules ready in time and in providing adequate counseling to 2000 students in just two weeks.

Three years ago, when a similar system was proposed, Registrar Peter Prehn expressed reservations about the plan. He felt that departments were already getting their programs ready as early as possible. George Papoula, Director of Admissions, felt too many program changes would be necessitated by a pre-registration system. His estimate was that up to 70% of students might change

as opposed to approximately 25% under the present system.

Taylor estimates the percentage to be closer to 50%. He lists its advantages as "being faster for the student" and saving of "faculty energy", and its disadvantages as being more time-consuming for the College, as well as much more expensive.

It's What's Happening

BRAIN MODEL

A "Holographic Brain Model" will be demonstrated tomorrow by its creator, Eugene Dolgoff, a pioneer in holography, the science (or art) of 3-D photography. He will discuss his research into the functioning of the nervous system from 12 to 2 PM in Room 1 Science. The talk is sponsored by the Caduceus Society.

EARLY MUSIC

A concert of "early music" will be offered tomorrow at 12:30 PM in Room 200 Shepard, featuring works by Barsanti, Cima, Dowland, Turini, Purcell, Fontana, Lorenzo di Firenze, Morley, and Vivaldi. Part of the Music Department's regular spring concert series, this free event is being held in cooperation with the Davis Center of the Performing Arts.

"INSCRUTABLE" TALK

A talk on "Conception and Contraception" will be given by Dr. Gerald Oster, research professor of Obstetrics

and Gynecology at Mt. Sinai Hospital, on Thursday March 7, at Noon in Room 1 Science.

FREE TAX SERVICE

Students needing aid in preparing their income tax returns can use the free services of alumni who are accountants. The tax consultants will be available in the Alumni Association office, Room 434 Finley, 6-9 PM tomorrow night as well as on March 7, 13, 18, 19, 27 and April 2, 4.

To obtain the free aid, the student should bring along his ID card, W-2 forms and other pertinent documents. To avoid the expected last-minute crush, it is recommended that students visit the office as soon as possible.

SOCIALIST ACADEMICS

The Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, a group founded by Michael Harrington after he left the Socialist Party, will hold an all-day meeting on Saturday, at the CUNY Graduate Center, 33 W. 42 St.

Life Is A Cabaret? Or A Bottom Line?

Old clubs in the Village are no good. Time warp trips occur as you feel that you are sitting in Abe Lincoln's musty, hard-seated schoolhouse while obnoxious waitresses and waiters serve oddball concoctions priced well into Nixon's twelfth term of office. Not to mention those Hydrogen bomb blasts coming from the stage (just three feet in front of you), making your whole body carry the bass lines. Your ears just come along for the ride.

"No More!" they cried, and two veteran behind-the-scenes music makers opened the Bottom Line last week. Located at W. Fourth and Mercer Streets, the Bottom Line is Comfortable! Modern! Cheap! (well, almost). And plastic.

Plastic. Because it's all too consummate. Everything is planned just right. The tables are arranged so that everyone has a perfect view. The sound system is barely extravagant—high in quality, but fitting in volume. The red carpet is a warm surprise compared to the sound of wood panels creaking under your feet. The tables and chairs are smooth and shellacked—guaranteed splinter-free. The drinks are only minor rip-offs—\$1.75 for liquor, as opposed to the \$2.00 cokes we're all used to.

The Bottom line is plastic because, for the first time for a Village club, there is a reason to go there other than the music itself. Nobody enjoys Max's or the Bitter End. Going there is a test of your faith in

the music. But going to the Bottom Line is a test of your ability to enjoy food, drink, warmth, comfort, and music as entertainment. It should have been expected. Music means a lot less to people than it once did. Rock has turned increasingly toward Show Biz for direction, and the Bottom Line is just one more path opened up. We're on the verge of an economic depression that will destroy any last lingering cloud of popular music as a meaningful phenomenon. Lights. Camera. Action. The show will go on.

Maybe I'm being too harsh. Let the Bottom Line stand on its own merit. The place works, and it works well. The music is top notch (Dr. John during opening week). The sound is solid and perfectly

mixed. The price of admission is reasonable (\$3.00 weekdays, \$4.00 week-ends, with no minimum food or drink required.) The seating arrangement is far from cramped. The bathrooms are clean. What more can you ask?

Still, there's something about the place that rubs me wrong...

The Bottom Line is self-described as a "cabaret-theatre." A Cabaret! Yes! That's it. All the heads seated around the tables—well dressed, made up for a good time, drink in one hand, cigarette in the other, throwing their heads back in laughter as the jokes are being passed around like joints. The lights go off and the applause is politely full. All heads turn toward the stage...

And don't I expect to see Joel Grey scamper on to the stage... "Welcome, strrrangers..."

—Herb Fox

In Future Fame: Forest Green

Every so often you stumble upon a band who won't shake the foundations of your musical consciousness, but who will just attract your ears and keep them satisfied, because the music is simply good.

These bands fall somewhere in that "middle ground" between the brilliance of the Who or the Kinks, and the lameness of Deep Purple or Alice Cooper. This "middle ground" includes such well-known bands as the Climax Blues Band or Argent, both loved and respected, but not considered genius. Someone must, by definition, follow a pacesetter.

Forest Green is an unknown (outside of Philadelphia) rock band that will soon be making waves within "middle ground." The band's synthesis of jazz, classical and folk music into one tight rock set (and doing it without the trudging arrangements and pseudo-intellectuality of Chicago or the Moody Blues) is stunning, both on record and in performance.

Forest Green consists of seven musicians, who are all, save one, classically trained. But their classical ambitions became rerouted when it became apparent that (a) the only way to get into a classical orchestra is if the 90-year-old bassoonist dies, and (b) rock and roll looked like it was here to stay.

So, in 1970, Donald Hettinger (flute, alto, bassoon) and George Cohen (piano), two friends at the Philadelphia Musical Academy, decided to form a band. Add another flute, bass, guitar, drums and organ, give up school and jobs ("We lived on bouillon for dinner") in order to practice and gig together in one big house, work your ass off for three years building up a reputation as a fresh, hard-hitting band in Philadelphia, and you've got it made. A record contract from Capitol Records. Easy enough.



But what a record Forest Green put together. Take a song like "Black Magic"—an instrumental. Two ethereal flutes lead a piano into delicate areas of folk and classical music, building a mellow theme, elongating it, speeding it up, slowing it down, back to the original line, and then off again in a new direction. The music is firm but gentle; soothing to your soul.

But that soothing comfort doesn't last too long. For the band then jumps into a rocking "Beggar Man." The stinging guitar sounds like good old rock and roll, all right. But those horns? Big band jazz? Oh, yes, but nothing laborious like Blood Sweat and Tears. These horns are light and sparse, just adding the right punch where it's needed. Forest Green far outpaces other "classical or jazz-rock" groups because of their agility. Their drums and bass keep things moving to a sharp rock beat, and no one has time to just mosey along.

On stage, the band brings forth an air of naivete. They laugh and smile a lot. They

talk to the audience, joke with them, invite them over to a bar next door after the set to "continue the party." And when they play the music, the members look like they're in heaven. The broadest grins you ever did see. They all move along with their good-time music, happy because they know their music is working its magic on the audience.

In Philly, Forest Green has attracted, "like a clip from Hard Day's Night," girls crying for them, people running up, asking "Can I touch you?" and "I've been depressed for six months, but your music made me happy again." Those reactions help keep Forest Green naive.

But it won't happen in New York that way. Not in the Hip Apple self. Forest Green will just have to rely on their music, not their charisma.

In the next six months, Forest Green is going to be covering a lot of that "middle ground." They're going to be a household word soon. And if they're not, it won't only be their loss.

—Herb Fox

Moral In A Musical

Once I Saw A Boy Laughing. As a matter of fact, I saw several boys laughing, six to be exact, but their laughter was not the infectious sort. The audience tittered here and there, but this was not the sort of play where the audience rolled in the aisles. By the end of the second act, there was no laughter at all, "either from the audience" or the actors, as the play had taken a sudden turn toward tragedy.

The action takes place in a cabin where six young soldiers are stationed in the midst of a war. I suppose they are there to guard something, or protect something, or whatever it is the army does or doesn't do.

The first act is filled with four letter words and watery jokes. For instance: "I missed the whole war. That's serious, it's not like missing a bus or something where another one comes along every ten minutes," or "They haven't been able to kill us so they thought they'd bore us to death." The funniest part was when one of the soldiers performed a perfect rendition of Lily Tomlin's "Ernestine."

At the end of the first act, one of the men is found dead and hanging from a tree. The tone of the play has now become rather sinister, portentous of things to come. Shock and silence reign supreme in the audience.

Soon after the second act opens, there is another violent death. The original six have now been reduced to four. The killer turns out to be one of these four. He is killed at the end by the only guy who manages to survive the play.

The program reads: "Place: A piece of land in nowhere." This seems to be the symbolic embodiment of the moral message of the play. You never know who your friends are; you never know who is really on your side. It can happen anywhere, anytime, or anyplace. Perhaps this message is stronger during a war, but it does transcend beyond the bellicose backdrop.

Interspersed throughout the play are some very lovely songs, sung by Scott Mansfield and Dennis Simpson. My favorites were "So Long, Suzanne/A Song For Boni," and "Morning Child." All the songs were backed by what sounded like an electric guitar, a cello and a recorder, which added pleasantly to the haunting melodies and lyrics.

Gail Mansfield directed the play which her brother Scott wrote and starred in. She appears to have a good sense of dramatic timing. However, I think the play could benefit by cutting some of the jokes in conjunction with a heightening of the suspense. This play could conceivably be termed a "who-dun-it," but it lacks the necessary build-up of excitement towards the climax.

I think this play would have a greater chance for survival if it had opened during the height of the Vietnam War, rather than now when the furor has died down and most people are more concerned with domestic affairs. The other major flaw is that when we cut through the inherent dramatics, all we are left with is a morality play.

Karen Boorstein

Hot Tuna: A Piping Phosphorescent Rat

The Phosphorescent Rat, Hot Tuna's latest effort, is a perfectly agreeable work of steady, irrepressible fun. They may look like a neurologically unfit trio, and sound a little fuzz-toned, but for my money, Hot Tuna is the truckin' band. There's some offily fine rocking on the first side, ranging from tempered to charged to delicate. And though the second side (whose emphasis on the mellowed acoustic is often erratic) is not as fervored as the first, it's overall impact is just a stunning little piece of production, including glistening strings, woodwinds, and steel drums.

Hot Tuna is Jorma Kaukonen on guitars and vocals, Jack Casady on electric bass and bass balalaika, and Sammy Piazza on drums, spoons, and various percussion. Nine-tenths of the recording are selections that Kaukonen wrote, and as if it's something of a surprise, he's one hot damn author.

From the opening chords of (It's Good Times Now That) "I See The Light," the success of Rat is imminent. A little Jorma guitar, tailspin, a Piazza stop-START/stutter maneuver, and a modest Casady bebop make for a most credible sound, a real organic recipe. "Letter To The North Star" glides with the reminiscent ease of "Keep On Truckin' Mama" and rocks with a particularly good feel. Casady's bass balalaika is a mellowed

joy and Jorma's voice is chock full of that characteristic corniness.

Kaukonen's soaring guitar lines are the impetus for "Easy Now." The track literally weaves a melody of motion. Jorma's sound here is a charged and exciting adventure, and he's fluid yet brisk enough as to evoke the invigorating charm of the Airplane's "Feel So Good" from Bark.

It's a little hard to digest at first, but nonetheless a good part of "Corners Without Exists" is potentially tear jerking. Imagine! It's a gentle and soothing piece, and Jorma's voice is effectively sensitive. The glossy string and woodwind overcoat is supplied by Tom Salisbury. As on "Day To Day Out The Window Blues," Jorma's guitar is remarkably agile and manipulative, the tangible equivalent of a split end with demon-like moves. The guitar refrain is especially nifty, and it's a really fun close to a tremendous first side.

The selections on side two are highly relaxed though not as collectively satisfying as those on the first. There's nothing here to really run home about with the exception of "In The Kingdom," most probably the strongest cut on the disc, and "Sally, Where'd You Get Your Liquor From," which is a masterful truckin' tune.

—Leo Sacks



Rock Poet

Rock and roll and poetry merge when Patti Smith comes to City on March 7, as part of the International Women's Day Celebration. Patti's poetry combines the rhythms and consciousness of rock and roll, with the visions and syntaxes of beat poetry. Whether you love rock and roll and hate poetry, or love poetry and hate rock and roll, Patti Smith is an artist to observe. Her readings are disturbingly electrifying and intense. She's guaranteed to stun you. She will perform in Rutenweiser Lounge in Finley. Check Women's Day posters for the exact time.

—Fox

Tom Paxton: His Own Life and Times

BY JOHN LONG

Appearing relaxed, if not somewhat stoned, Tom Paxton roused the crowd at Cafe Finley on February 15 with a great combination of humorous and powerful folk songs. Although he's been out of the limelight lately, Paxton still shows the style and humor he's noted for.

Unaccompanied, he gave the crowd what they came to see. From the sordidness of "Saturday Night" to the harsh reality of "Jimmy Newman," Paxton showed why he is considered "a master of communication." The crowd at Cafe Finley could respond to what he said, because, deep down, there's a little bit of Tom Paxton in everyone.

Paxton had the crowd singing along all night. Most of these people would never sing at all under other circumstances. And it wasn't just "The Last Thing On My Mind" and "Ramblin' Boy" that they sang. It was songs like "My Lady's A Wild Flying Dove" and "Whose Garden Was This." That was more than even Paxton could have asked for.

Before the concert and as he drove back to his East Hampton home, Paxton talked freely about his career and his plans for the future.

He broke into the music industry in 1960. "I had just gotten out of college," he explained, "when I got a job working at the Village Gaslight. I became a staff singer there and played five to six nights a week for almost nine months. This was the same time that Dylan was making a lot of noise around the Village."

Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger influenced Paxton's early writing the most. When I was going to college, theirs was the only music we would play. I used to

play Woody's music all the time until I started writing my own."

Between 1961 and 1965 Paxton spent a lot of time playing clubs around the country, as well as the Gaslight whenever he was in town. "That was when there was money in folk."

In 1964, he wrote "Ramblin' Boy," which has been one of his more successful songs over the years. Paxton once said, "If I detect the first ten rows in slumber during 'Ramblin' Boy,' I'll begin to get the idea, I suppose, that the audience has heard enough of it. Until that day, he will ramble and ramble and ramble."

In the same year, he also wrote "The Last Thing On My Mind." "This is the closest thing to a top ten hit I've ever had," Paxton commented. "I was astonished to learn that it was being sung at clubs throughout England." This song, and a few others, are the major reason why he received invitations to play in Europe.

His big break came in 1965 when he went to England for the first time. "I was a big hit in the clubs around England and Scotland. Their folk-song clubs are somewhat similar to Cafe Finley. I like playing places like these, so when I started to sell out, it just seemed like the perfect place to be."

When he came back to New York in 1968, he decided to buy a house in East Hampton because "the people out there are great. Everything is hassle free, and it's a great place to write my songs, most of which I write in the kitchen."

He introduced one of those kitchen-brewed songs to us at Cafe Finley. It's so new that he hasn't given it a name yet. "If you wrote it, it has to be great," yelled

someone from the crowd. The song's about freedom and, more specifically, Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who has just been exiled from the Soviet Union.

Some of his critics say that his lyrics haven't been topical enough. To them he answers, "I don't write my songs for impact, although 'The Hostage,' about Attica, should answer some of my critics. I just write about everyday things, be it a nursery rhyme or a heavy political song."

In 1970, he appeared in a series of concerts at Carnegie Hall, entitled "A Tribute To Woody Guthrie," an exception to his antagonism for revival concerts. They invited me to the Folk Revival at the Nassau Coliseum last month, but I turned them down," he said. "There whole idea is to bring back the songs and voices of yesterday. The hell with that. I'm not finished in this business, by any means."

Paxton has cut ten albums (seven on Elektra and three on Reprise), the latest having been recorded last summer. He doesn't have a label to record on now, but says that he'll worry about that when he has enough material to record. I'm writing songs now, and I'm also trying to get a backup group together," he said, adding that "his former pianist and sometimes co-writer David Horowitz has gone his separate way."

He prefers that his audience stays straight at his concerts but says it really doesn't matter. "I'd like them to get off on the music." It seemed that a lot of people did just that when he sang "Talking Vietnam Pot Luck Song." The whole atmosphere of the song, with Paxton looking like some stoned-out dude, made some people light up a few joints.



He was surprised that so many people knew his songs at Cafe Finley. "That's the great thing about folk music. Anybody can sing it, alone or in a crowd."

The next Cafe Finley will be this Friday with Susan Pillsbury appearing. She's just recorded her first album and appears to be an up-and-coming folk artist.

Dylan: Album 12

From the other room, Planet Waves sounds like the old, pre-John Wesley Harding Dylan. But if you listen long enough, this phenomenon can be explained when you realize that most of the songs sound the same. Dylan's gobbled voice moans over side B tunes played by Robbie Robertson and the Band. Their accompaniment is quite bland, as they never distinguish themselves in solo or instrumental breaks.

Since it is impossible that a dying goat could bleat for as long as this album runs, I must assume that something is wrong here. Dylan's harmonica all too often cries when there is no call for sadness. Dylan's voice whines when there is no cause for pain. In essence, the entire album could very well be a put-on by Joan Baez, doing an impression of Dylan singing in the shower.

"Tough Mama" and "Dirge," on first appearance, are like old Dylan favorites. The awakening comes when you listen to the words, or lack thereof. "Dirge" is a love song in the tradition of "I Want You," but without one-fourth the force or bit. The music is too slow; uses a plethora of guitar string plucking, and Robertson which results in a gimmicky effect, as though the song were aimed for AM radio.

"Hazel" and "Going, Going, Gone" sound like Elvis rejects. "Forever Young" (first side, there are two of them) is written in the early Beatle style—mindless rhyme with a rock and roll beat. It is quite likeable in face of the rest of the album, though Dylan really doesn't have the right sound for such a song. "On a Night Like This" is a great single, even though it lacks the strong accompaniment present in songs like "If Not for You."

Planet Waves ends with "Wedding Song" which by this point in the record, I had hoped was a remake of the Paul Stookey tune. But it wasn't. It disguised itself as a ballad, but again the lyric content was not there. In its place were meaningless rhymes of devotion, not bad-natured nor romantic.

In all, I suspect that all the songs here could have been an outgrowth of Dylan's shower vocalizations. But the reason I listened to this album clear through, even though I detested it, could best be explained in Dylan's own words:

"Something about you that strikes a match in me."

Or is it that you remind me of something that used to be?"

—Robert Neas

The Academy and the Reality

By AMOS NEUFELD

I was really surprised on hearing Len Harris, the C.B.S. Evening News film critic, read off the five nominees for the best film of 1973. I was anticipating hearing Francois Truffaut's *Day for Night* and Martin Scorsese's *Mean Streets*. As Harris proceeded in listing the nominees for Oscars, I closely watched his lips waiting to see *Mean Streets* take shape or the word "day" form on his lips, hoping it lead to *Day of the Dolphin*.

As he listed the fourth film, I realized it was an impossibility for both films to make the list, and when he listed the fifth, I realized my perceptions of what makes a good film did not run along the same line as that of Hollywood-centered Academy. I was surprised to hear *Cries and Whispers* listed among the five nominees, for I remembered seeing Bergman's perceptive work on the relationships of four women in December, 1972.

Due to technicalities of the rules for what can and cannot be nominated, *Cries and Whispers* surprisingly is eligible for best picture, while Truffaut's *Day for Night* which already won both the New York Film Critics Award and the National Society of Film Critics Award for best film, as well as best director for Truffaut and best supporting actress for Valentine Cortese, is limited to the Foreign Film category this time and will have to wait till next year as *Cries and Whispers* has done. Even though a year late, Bergman's *Cries and Whispers* is a welcome blessing to the otherwise unexceptional run-of-the-mill products.

At first glance at the five, ranging in quality from the special effects make-up voodoo of *The Exorcist* to the well-polished Hollywood factory entertainment piece, *The Sting*, with Redford appearing again with Streisand in *The Way We Were*, to finally George Lucas' welcome exception, *American Graffiti*.

I'm dumbfounded when seeing movies such as *The Exorcist* with its roller coaster ride of special effects and makeup, take the place of a powerfully perceptive and amazingly honest movie as is *Mean Streets* on the list of Academy Award nominations. Not only was the film overlooked, but so were the brilliant performances of Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Out of the jumble of movies put out each year a few rare gems appear. *Mean Streets* is this gem. An Oscar nomination is merely a reflection of a Hollywood-based



industry trying to keep itself alive by awarding its own children prizes which go far in increasing box office attendance with a naive public. Foreign films and films by young directors with no roots in Hollywood often go unrewarded, irrespective of their achievement, by the Academy, which instead votes its Oscars to such brilliantly empty films as *The Way We Were*, *The Sting* and the ridiculous but nevertheless popular "success," *The Exorcist*.

The National Society of Film Critics and the New York Film Critics Circle, not dependent on Hollywood for its livelihood, seemed more clearheaded on the day of its presentations by strongly acknowledging Truffaut's *Day for Night* with three awards apiece for best film, best director and best supporting actress in Valentine Cortese. It acknowledged *Mean Streets*'s Robert De Niro with best supporting actor award and likely considered *Mean Streets* and Scorsese for other awards.

On the other hand, the Academy didn't consider *Mean Streets* worthy of a single nomination, being Hollywood-oriented. The Oscars shouldn't be taken so seriously, even though the nomination itself greatly increases box office attendance, and that's the better part of the game for Hollywood.

Not knowing presently what has been nominated in other various categories, I'd be willing to guess Paul Newman's fine movie, *The Effect of Gamma Rays on the Moon Marigolds* has been totally overlooked in the major categories, as well as excellent foreign films such as *Love from Hungary* and Werner Fassbinder's brilliant *Merchant of Four Seasons*.

I hope I am wrong and films such as the above, get the recognition they deserve from the uninformed mass audience, while the jazzed up, schmaltzy Hollywood products get a long deserved rest from the Oscars.

By GARY ADERMAN

Sing me a song of Southern California—sunny Southern Cal in the summertime, when the warm winds blow and the women are better looking than anywhere. Tourist haven of the West Coast, Mecca of the rich and runaway alike, stomping ground of Hell's Angels and "Economy" rent-a-car dealers, who do a thriving trade in Rolls Royces.

Southern California—home of Disneyland, the flag bearer of middle America, defender of cleanliness and good taste in body and mind. Disneyland, the last logical hallucination.

Disneyland looked good to me that morning last summer as my Greyhound pulled into the small Anaheim stop, considering that anything looks good after a long night on a Greyhound. I tossed my bags in a locker, a tab of LSD in my mouth, an ounce of grass and some clothes into a rucksack (in case a young lady with a motel room should fall victim to my charms), and walked over to the park. Disneyland—monument to imagination and creativity, as long as there's money to be made off them.

I finished my third joint roughly a hundred feet from the main gate (that's right, Nixonian America, I was getting high right in the parking lot), got on line, paid my money, and passed through those pearly gates.

My tab of acid told me I was in for an experience that day. Before I left the park that night I found myself inclined to agree.

Disneyland—1001 employees with short hair and plastic smiles, 1001 security men (complete with walkie talkies) dressed up like trees and park benches, 1001 people telling you what to do before letting you on "their" rides.

The people who run the rides are all dressed like cartoons, and by the time they've told you where to line up, how to line up, how and when to board, and after strapping you in, even if you'd rather be imaginative and fly without a belt, you just don't feel like going on the god-damned ride anymore. Disneyland—"We'll be nice to you tourists, but if you don't do things OUR WAY we'll scream for the brain police."

Disneyland—home of Tom Sawyer's Island. I said to my friend, Acid, "What better place is there to smoke another joint than on that secret hideaway island? I'll bet that's what of Tom used it for."

There are some drawbacks to getting high on Tom Sawyer's Island, however. First off, every single spot on that island where you could possibly hide out and smoke is labelled with a big sign, SECRET HIDEOUT, and all of a sudden there are a million kids running around and hiding out. The security men dress like mounted policemen without their mounts, and cast suspicious glances at everyone. They certainly rubbed Acid the wrong way, and he in turn made them look odder than they already appeared, which was a pretty rough job, even for Acid.

Stoned and tripping, I bounced into the john, locked myself in, and rolled a few joints, still hoping to find some place to smoke. Acid just laughed at me, and made the entire john tremble with the force of his laughter.

Some little kids started knocking on the door ...

"Hey! Come outta there awready, willya!"

"In a minute. In a minute."

Out on the island again. Where can I smoke? Nowhere. I went on the sky ride. Where else?

The rest of the day slipped by, and I slipped along with it. In order to increase the intensity of my trip I didn't eat anything the day before, nor did I eat much during my trip. I watched a lot of



Land of the Free an authentic account of heavy swashbuckling in America's dreamland

bald-headed Marines humping through my field of vision. Their haircuts made them look like pure, thoroughbred American youth, the kind you'd expect to see in Disneyland. Acid made each one look like Dennis the Menace, though, I watched a "rock" band that was so ridiculously clean it made me want to cry. Acid told me that when their job of playing at Disneyland was over, they would each resume their regular jobs of pledging allegiance, full time.

Anyway, my debut wasn't scheduled until after sunset.

Disneyland at night, all lit up and sparkling. Me and Acid hanging out watching the girls go by. Acid showed me a trick of his, where he turns beautiful girls into hideous witches, and plain girls into sensuous demons.

"Cut that out, Acid. How am I supposed to know who to try and pick up?"

But Acid just laughed and said that I should be able to rise above such petty things.

And then it came. I was standing in the middle of some cowboy town when all of a sudden the Marshal came over to me. He was, as you'd suspect, tall, blonde-haired, and square shouldered, not-to-mention clean-shaven to the point of not even having a nub on his face. He smelled like he squeezed the essential oils out of an apple pie and into his cologne bottle.

"Did you come in here with that jacket?" he asked in his best Randolph Scott voice. The Marshal was referring to my denim jacket, copiously decorated

with colorful patches, none of which Mickey Mouse would ever be seen with. Among others, there was a "Legalize Pot" patch on my arm, a large round patch on my back picturing a pot plant with "Mary Jane" inscribed above it, and one that read, "Fuck for Peace" cleverly designed so that "Fuck" was made to look like a dove, hung on another arm. A patch featuring a rooster wearing a super suit and cape, flexing his muscles and looking real determined, read, "Super Cock," and was prominently displayed on my front pocket. I was the very picture of patriotism.

Actually, I didn't wear the jacket into the park, but he didn't know that.

"Of course I came in here with it. What's wrong with it?"

"It's in violation of our dress regulations. Those patches don't belong in a family place like Disneyland. You'll have to come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"To the security office."

That's where it hit me. I wouldn't have minded if he'd just asked me to take the jacket off. But the SECURITY OFFICE. Shit! If they could take me there then they'd probably search me, and I knew what they'd find. But how could they do this? Being dragged in and interrogated for dressing wrong? I didn't know if they could get away with that in Southern California, but I was sure they couldn't pull that off in America! Not even Nixonian America—at least not yet. But I couldn't talk little Himmeler out of it. Ol' Acid couldn't either. So it was off to Security for the both of us. My escort didn't know my good friend was with me, though. The road to interrogation certainly pissed Acid off, and all during our walk he did his utmost to make me obstinate.

"Walk ahead of me, please," the Marshall always gave order.

"Why can't I walk next to you?"

"Just keep on walking, will you. Follow the beam of my flashlight."

"What flashlight?"

"Just turn right, up ahead there."

"Which way?"

"I said right!"

"Turn right where?" "Will you keep

walking!"

"I still don't understand why you're taking me in."

"We'll talk about it when we get there."

"Where'd you get those cowboy boots?"

"Why do you keep putting your hand in your pocket, there?"

"Well, you see, I like to play with myself."

The Security Office, housed in a building that is hidden away from the usual, luxury model tourist. I certainly wasn't traveling first class, though, and for all I know, that was the reason I was being taken in.

Hustled into a back office, I faced my interrogator. There he stood, short, fat, sinisterly bald, and without even a trace of oil on his skin. Indeed a staunch, upright, citizen-on-the-go. I sat down, and Broderick Crawford proceeded to ask me the usual where-do-you-come-from-and-how-did-you-get-here question. He told me that I was in violation of the dress code, and that if I wanted to stay in Disneyland I'd have to put my jacket in a locker just outside the main gate. He firmly informed me that Disneyland was private property, and that I was just being allowed to use its facilities. When I casually brought up the fact that I happened to have paid to get in, he shrugged me off and said that it didn't matter.

Broderick then asked me if I'd been drinking, but before he finished his sentence I got right up and breathed a long one into his scrupulously ugly face. The stagnant breath of two days' fasting and a day's tripping nearly knocked the old storm trooper out of his chair. It even made oil ooze out of his skin. Obviously, I hadn't been drinking. I sat down again, but my stoned out shape had begun to take its toll on me. I sat on the edge of the chair and trembled a little. Acid said he was introducing me to his cousin, Speed.

Baldy asked me, suspiciously, why I was trembling. I thought fast, and told him point blank, that I had never encountered his breed of prejudice before, and that I was afraid he had something up his sleeve. Something like an axe handle. But he just smiled, and assured me, in a fatherly way, that political button of any kind, even Nixon buttons, were banned from Disneyland. I pegged that one as a lame attempt on his part to keep me from picking up his phone and dialing the local American Civil Liberties Union.

Anyway, after some more bullshit, the skin head told me that the half-wit who brought me to his office would now show me the way to the lockers. As I rose to leave, though Broderick made a last grab at my rucksack, and asked me very seriously if I had any knives or guns in there. I picked up my jacket and proudly announced that the patches on it should suggest pacifism, if anything. He stared at my pot patches, and said solemnly, "I hope you don't believe in this, uh, Marijuana. You know its possession is a felony in California." I looked him right in his fat eye and told him that when one travels, one does not bring along drugs.

And I left.

Outside the main gate I saw a few surly Anaheim policemen and a couple of Disneyland officials, standing around. I walked over to them, and politely asked where I could secure a copy of Disneyland's dress rules for myself. All their heads turned and stared at me at once, hungrily. One of them asked me, coldly, why I wanted a copy. I told him I wanted it for a souvenir. One of the cops said I should look around and see for myself what everyone else was wearing. But it was the Disneyland official who told me, smugly, that the code "isn't down in writing."

Hail to you, O' Disneyland, where one can visit the American Propaganda pavilion (sponsored by some big company) and watch 360 degrees of movies depicting the greatness of America, while you listen to the narrator extol the virtues of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights which proclaim individual freedom for all. Then, one can drop into the new, "Life of Walt Disney" attraction, and listen to the old man himself, speaking from beyond the grave, extol the virtues of imagination, creativity, fantasy, and innovation.

And then you get busted for violating an unwritten law, enforced at whim, just because you exercised your own imagination, creativity, fantasy, and innovation.

Only in America.

Black Slime Will Get You

It could make a great science fiction film for an enterprising director—a horrifying monster ready to ooze on to the unsuspecting beaches of New York. But, it's not a prop or tricky camera work, it's real: a 20 mile square oily, black muck that kills everything in its path.

The muck is the proud product of New York City and nearby New Jersey municipalities which dump organic and inorganic residues from sewage plants into the ocean 10 miles off the coast. An estimated 500 million cubic yards of

sludge is dumped by barges yearly.

The creeping sludge which has resulted from years of this practice could pose a threat to sea life. Experts agree the sludge kills everything it engulfs, but say they don't really know what overall effect the goo may be having on sea life or what will happen if it invades the shoreline.

Meanwhile, the sludge oozes on. One Brooklyn College marine scientist, Dr. William Harris, says the muck is only a half mile off Long Island's heavily used beaches and seems to be moving closer.