

Campaign Reforms Pass

In response to the Watergate scandals, both the House and the Senate have approved bills dealing with campaign contributions and spending, and public financing of elections. These two bills must now be combined by a Senate-House conference.

would be used in presidential primaries to match every \$250 or less of private donations received by a qualified candidate.

Presidential general elections would be totally financed through public funds with each major candidate receiving \$20 million. There is no principal difference between the House and Senate bills in these areas. The House bill also provides \$2 million to each major political party for its presidential nominating convention—a provision not included in the Senate bill.

The Senate bill also extends public financing to the congressional level. The House rejected 187-228 an amendment which would have provided for congressional public financing.

Under the Senate bill, congressional candidates would be entitled to matching public funds after the candidate had qualified. To receive matching funds, the candidate must raise 20% of the primary elections spending limit in contributions of \$100 or less. Major party candidates would receive federal funds for the general elections.

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One of the major provisions of the House bill is the independent enforcement commission, composed of four citizens, plus the Clerk of the House and the Secretary of the Senate as non-voting members. The commission would have broad investigatory powers, including subpoena power with authority to enter civil court to bring about compliance.

The Senate bill also provides for a tough enforcement agency but would extend the power of the commission to criminal action for compliance.

One of the major areas of disagreement between the two bills is in the area of public financing at the congressional level.

Both bills provide public financing of Presidential campaigns. Under the House bill, public funds (derived from the \$1 check-off on federal income tax returns)

OPlate of the Masses

observation post

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Davis Center Cutbacks May Imperil Two PHS Film Courses

FREDERIC SEAMAN

Funds pledged to Paul Minkoff of the Program in Humanistic Studies (PHS) for two film courses in that department by Herman Krawitz, former director of the Leonard Davis Center for the Performing Arts (DCPA) are now being withheld, jeopardizing the two courses. Humanistic Studies is the College's innovative and experimental program which is now in its fourth and final year. The courses involved are PHS 160, The Popular Film as a Political Instrument and PHS 162, Images of Women in Film, which is being sought in conjunction with Women's Studies.

Paul Minkoff, who teaches PHS 160, explained: "What happened was that when Herman Krawitz resigned as head of the Davis Center in July, the Center's administration decided to review the commitments that Krawitz had made and to cut back on film funds to \$300 a course instead of \$500. Then a decision was made to withdraw the funds from both PHS film courses."

The reasons given Minkoff were that the Davis Center could support only specialized courses for film students and that funds should never have been

committed to the two PHS courses in the first place. "We were also told that for this term only film courses given in the past would be funded," Minkoff said.

"We subsequently found out, however, that a course being given by the Romance Languages Department, The French Narrative Film, which was not for film specialists in any way whatsoever and

which was also a new course, was being funded as well," Minkoff continued. The course was withdrawn due to insufficient registration.

"The result is that the only courses from which film funds were withdrawn completely were the two PHS courses."

A total of eight film courses are funded and coordinated by the DCPA in

conjunction with the departments of Speech and Theatre, Art, and English. In addition to these courses for general film students, two advanced, professional level courses in film-making are offered by The Picker Film Institute Program, (which is a part of DCPA).

Prof. Arthur Waldhorn (English), the interim chairperson of DCPA since Krawitz's resignation, explained that "We couldn't fund all film courses. It was a simple matter of budget deficits. Professor Krawitz made honorable commitments but they couldn't be carried out because we had to reconsider our financial situation."

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Paul Minkoff

Students' Press Rights Upheld

After a two year court battle, the University of Mississippi has been ordered to publish the 1972 edition of Images, the student literary magazine. The

publication had been blocked by the university because the word "fuck" appeared numerous times in two articles concerning the emotional problems of

young black men.

The university was ordered first by a federal district court, then by the US Court of Appeals to publish the magazine. The Appeals Court found that the offensive word is "commonplace in various strata of society," and the magazine was protected from censorship by a state university under the First Amendment.

The decision was appealed to the Supreme Court, on the grounds that Images was an official publication subject to censorship or cancellation by school officials. In late May the Supreme Court let stand the Appeals Court ruling.

In a statement, Chief Justice Warren Burger said that students attending a state university had the right to be free from official censorship of their writings, but he added that the university was in no way required to continue giving Images or any other group the use of facilities or financial resources if the university considers it to be of "substandard or marginal quality."

The university was also permitted to stamp a statement disavowing responsibility for the contents of Images on the inside cover.

California IUD Dispute

Liberation News Service

A coalition of women's groups in San Francisco announced August 31 that it has filed a petition with the California Department of Health demanding strict new regulations governing intra-uterine contraceptive devices (IUD'S).

The petition requests that manufacturers be required to take all necessary steps to inform women of potential dangers of the IUD's, whose use has increased dramatically after the dangers of oral contraceptives were widely publicized in 1970.

The perhaps 8 million women using IUD'S in the United States are in potential danger of suffering from symptoms including heavy bleeding, insertion pain, serious infections and uterine perforations, and death. In addition, the failure rate of IUD's is higher than that of safer forms of contraception, and pregnancies with the IUD still in the uterus have resulted in serious complications.

Thirty-six known deaths related to IUD's were reported at Food and Drug Administration (FDA) hearings in Washington during the last week in August. In addition, in the first six months of 1973 alone, over 3,500 hospitalizations resulted from IUD complications, according to a survey done by the United States Center for Disease Control.

Because the FDA has classified IUD's as "devices" rather than as "drugs", it claims that it does not have the authority to require pre-market testing of IUD's. It is only after the device is marketed that the FDA can assume a regulatory function, and even then, only if it can prove in court that the product is dangerous to health when used as directed, or is improperly labeled.

Wendy Williams, a lawyer with the National

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Editorial

As a result of the controversy over the nun cartoon published last term in *Observation Post*, and *The Source's* charge of anti-Semitism on the part of the Paper, the Board of Education has established a Task Force on Student Fees. This committee will be considering not only the funding of student newspapers, but the entire system of funding student organizations by mandatory student activity fees, the administration of those funds, and the 30% rule (which states that at least 30% of the student body must vote in each college for Senate elections to be valid.)

In the past few years, this rule has become something of an absurdity; no one can remember when 30% of the students voted here. The situation seems to be much the same at other schools. Each year, in each college, Senates that are elected by less than 10% of the student body disburse fees and function as the "representative" of students.

Now several legislators (like James Buckley and John Marchi) are trying to cut off funds for all student activities, by introducing legislation to make the activity fee voluntary. While students would save about four dollars per term, they would also have no clubs, radio stations, or concerts. There would not be free films. And there would be no newspapers.

We urge all students who are interested not only in their non-academic pursuits at the college, but also in their freedom to know, to attend the hearings that the Task Force will be holding. It will take place on September 30, from 3 to 6 PM. Anyone interested may testify, either orally or in writing. To find out how to arrange for testimonial time at the hearings, contact the University Student Senate at 794-5546. Written testimonial may be sent to the Task Force at 535 East 80th Street, New York City, 10021 (which is also where the hearings will be held). If you don't testify, the legislators may take it upon themselves to speak for you, and probably what they say won't be what you had in mind.

What's the Story, Jerry?

By PETER GRAD

It is difficult to understand exactly what President Ford had in mind when he proclaimed a conditional amnesty and a two-year work plan for war resisters so that, in his own words, "they can contribute . . . to the building and betterment of our country and the world." But it is apparent that Ford is confusing morals and priorities.

In view of the fact that no such compensatory program was mandated for Nixon, nor was the ex-president being asked to "reaffirm" his pledge of allegiance to the principles of our constitution, one senses that a gross mishandling of justice has occurred.

Our president would have us believe that men who so admirably followed their consciences in an honourable, non-violent non-revengeful display of opposition to an unpopular, immoral and possibly constitutionally illegal war; that men who left their homes, families and friends so that they would not be compelled to act against their consciences, are to be considered criminals and fugitives of the law who must "earn" re-entry into our society.

But a former president who subverted the constitution, obstructed the course of justice and extended for six years a conflict that had never been legally sanctioned by congress while he at the same time condemned thousands of men to fight, kill and be killed, is respectfully referred to as "a courageous man who brought peace to millions."

Draft resisters who have refused to kill, torture or maim small farmers and villagers in a country several thousands miles away are decried as "deserters," convicted and sentenced to prison. But when, in a vengeful display of distrust and intolerance, a President who for no other purpose but for the maintenance of his own tenure in office childishly assails his critics, wiretaps and audits his enemies, arrests student demonstrators and lies to the press and a nation, he is to be prayed for.

For draft resisters who refused to participate in an action which would rob from the Vietnamese those very cherished principles espoused in our own democracy—freedom of expression, freedom of determination, freedom to live—there are no Bebe Rebozos or Alplanaps to finance a platform for their views or to pay legal expenses. Their suffering will not take place behind the decorated walls of a San Clemente mansion. They will receive no "transition" payments into the thousands of dollars when they return home, nor will they have a battery of lawyers and legal assistants to clear up procedural matters which still face them when . . . *Continued on page 8*

The Routine of Horror

By HERB FOX

I wake up every morning to go to a hospital. I start my day off with a sharp puncture into old, deeply wrinkled skin, into the hardened vessel walls, and watch the thick red-black blood being sucked up by the vacuum tube.

The patient may be old and dying or young and dying. It doesn't really matter which. You can sense a dying person—there is a look in their eyes of remorse, of giving up. There is a theory that you never die until your soul gives up.

Every morning, I see souls that are giving up. For eternity, perhaps, or maybe just until the next time around.

But you get used to it. You always do. My first weeks on the job were frightening. My required steady hands would shake, but not nearly as much as my stomach would.

After a while, though, it becomes just a job. Half dead, half alive, after a while you don't even notice. A patient is a patient is a patient. Not even people. Just patients.

It's the same game with every job. No matter how gruesome or monotonous, no matter how destructive or tedious, you get used to it. The routine of the job hardens you. The money counts, right? And, well, you all know that you can't fight the system. So grin and bear it.

The same way you can grin and bear a Zippo lighter flaming up a Vietnamese hut, or the rotting flesh at My Lai, or the mass graves in Cyprus, or the neat red bullet holes in children's bodies at M'Allot, or the pain of Black Lung disease, or the broken backs of farm workers, and on and on and on.

And it's even easier to get used to all of these things. You never have to smell the decayed flesh, or feel the heat of the fire, or taste the coal dust or the pesticides being sprayed on you. It's all a media image. It might as well be a TV tube fantasy

or a neurotic writer's expressions.

Most Americans have been hardened in a way no other culture ever has. I grew up with Hitler in my past, LBJ and Nixon in my past, and 1984 in my future, day to day. And, like a job, you get used to it.

Millions of people dying of starvation and thirst in Africa. Millions of living individuals. Each one unique, like ourselves. Each one with a different mind, a different heart, a different body.

Millions of humans. Six seros's after the number. More than you'll ever know. Dead.

Does it matter to you?

This might be our worst problem. Our bourgeois culture depends on other—"lesser"—peoples' suffering. And when they do, we don't want to know. Or care. Or feel.

Oh, of course, we'll all turn away in disgust if we see a real scene, in living color. An accident, or worse. The blood will be etched in our brains, but will always be put away, not to be remembered, at any cost. We can feel when directly confronted, but then try to forget. Business, back to usual, must prevail.

And if the horror is part of your daily business, like my work at the hospital, so much the better. The consciousness of routine takes over. Nothing will upset our patterns, even if those patterns incorporate what would be intolerable "normally."

Maybe all we need is to release—to let ourselves scream, hurt, cry. Not to turn away, but watch the daily horrors, let the sickening feelings creep up inside of us, so we vomit, shake, hate. Let it take all of us over for a while, let the years of blood and pain that have built up inside of us, out. Let yourself feel. Just let it out.

And until we do, we shouldn't even pretend to have hope.

An American Nightmare

By KAREN BOORSTEIN

I don't care what anybody says. This is the way it should have been:

Knievel Killed

Evel Knievel, the daredevil motorcyclist, was killed today as the Skycycle X-2 plummeted 600 feet into the Snake River Canyon where it shattered into thousands of pieces, while the horrified audience looked on. Knievel's body was also blown to bits.

Nixon Dead

Richard Milhous Nixon, the 38th president of the United States, took his life today after being sentenced to 25 years at San Quentin for obstruction of justice, as the horrified nation looked on. During the televised impeachment trial, as Judge Sirica handed down the sentence, Nixon reached stealthily into his Brooks Brothers attache case, pulled out his 357 magnum, released the safety catch, placed it in his mouth and quickly pulled the trigger.

As the horrified nation knows all too well, these events did not culminate in this fairy tale ending. Instead, "America's Children," (as Steve Stills should have taken the opportunity to sing at the Summersault Concert at Roosevelt Raceway) were once again left "Helpless, Helpless," as they sat and listened to the news of two incredible hoaxes in one day, unable to do anything about it but boo.

Bill Graham, producer and MC of the festival, took the microphone and started mumbling something about how he had "some news that belonged on the funny pages."

"Believe it or not," Graham said, "Richard Nixon has just been granted an unconditional pardon by Gerald Ford."

What choice was left to the 80,000 cynics but to sit back and make a determined effort to enjoy the concert? After all, the people who came there had to have a cynical outlook on life. Who else would shell out 10 bucks to sit on a concrete floor listening to a live concert that was comparable to nothing so much as one huge, Brobdignagian radio. (See Centerfold this issue)

Tensions ran high among the people that Lucian Truscott IV calls 'beerhippies.' There were several outbreaks of violence as the quick-tempered beerhippies smashed heads of innocent trespassers who accidentally violated the privacy of their beach plankets. Groups of rapidly aging flower children, peacefully listening to the music, stared in disgust as one beerhippie yelled, "Lemme at you, motherfucker!"

We used to think we could beat the system, that we were strong enough to overcome the obstacles which had kept our grandparents down, that we alone could fight the evils of a capitalistic society and reshape the world.

And all this while a beer hippie who seems to have taken to acid for the day is running around violently screaming, "Bring on the tripping groups," while Joni Mitchell sings about her life.

"I'm peaking on acid and there's no tripping music," he cried. His antics were put to an end when he smashed a greaser's styrofoam cooler and the greaser belted him out. Peace, love, happiness. Bullshit. Its all part of the disease anyway.

What caused the disease is the subject of at least eight million books, none of which have answered the question properly. What brought it on? The disease is here; no question about it. Evil Knievel, the all-time winner of America's guts and greed contest, and Richard Nixon, the champion of the avarice and power race to the White House and back. But Knievel did what America is really all about. "If you want me to put my life on the line, just give me six million dollars." Anything for a buck. Even a hair-raising trip from which he might never return. Knievel has often stated his motto on national television: "If the Good Lord made money to hold onto he'd have given it handles." He tapped the resources of his guts in order to obtain the big cash. He certainly didn't hang on to his money by accumulating 300 shirts the cheapest of which was 15 dollars, a hundred pairs of shoes the cheapest of which cost 50 dollars, a private jet plane, and no doubt (to his mind) "conquered" all the beautiful women who flocked about him in order to get a taste of that green stuff.

He did it all for fame, another facet of the American Dream. He risked his neck for Lady Luck. But he really didn't risk it at all. According to some economists, Lady Luck, better known as our economy, is doomed to collapse any day now. I'm sure he couldn't have loved his wife so much that he would be willing to die in order to make her an ultra-rich-widow. And if he did, well, the man's a bigger fool than we thought he was at first. He has no self respect. People who allow themselves to love someone else more than they love themselves are quite willing to die. Knievel, of course, being a schmuck, denies having any self-destructive impulses. People who believe in the American Dream don't consider him a schmuck because schmucks don't make six million dollars in one afternoon. In America you can't have money and be a schmuck at the same time.

So he quickly accumulated his six million and retreated from civilization into the wilds of Montana, leaving the star-struck kids of America racing their bicycles over piles of dirt. And I heard on the six o'clock news that the inner city hospitals' pediatric wards saw an increase in the amount of bicycle accidents during the next few days.

Here I am sitting around writing about the fucking American dream, just as Hunter Thompson did in a book I just finished reading this afternoon, and I came to the frightening realization that I too am chasing it. "I've got to get something published and get paid for it before I'm 24. That's where it's at." I just told myself. How can I go ahead and criticize the Nixon/Ford catastrophe when I'm no purer than they are. All is corrupt. I'm a corrupt columnist. Don't trust me. You shouldn't have read this.

observation post

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

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Atlantic City 1974: Ms. America vs. Miss America

By GALE SIGAL

Of two "beauty" pageants held in Atlantic City earlier this month, only one was the traditional exhibition of plastic smiling faces in an array of mindless bathing suits.

The other was not quite the conventional procession which has entertained millions of television viewers annually.

With 2,000 participants, the National Organization for Women (NOW) conducted its answer to the Miss America Beauty Pageant. The occasion was NOW's Eastern Regional Convention, conducted under the theme "No Myth, America."

Designed to expand the image of women, particularly in the media, the conference provided workshops and entertainment for an audience consisting mainly of women with perhaps a few dozen men.

The highlight of the convention was a march down the Atlantic City boardwalk. Behind signs of "Ratify the ERA" (Equal Rights Amendment), "A woman's place is everywhere", "Castrate Rapists" and "A woman's place is in the House and Senate", NOW members chanted slogans, all the while being scrutinized by the relentless eye of the amused or more

often hostile spectators.

The convention's welcoming speech was given by Frances Kolb, the retiring regional co-director. She outlined the aim of the conference as a way to display "an alternative to women as beauty objects and cheesecake". "Our beauty" said Kolb, "is not just in our bodies, but in our brains and in our strength."

Karen DeCrow, NOW's president, welcomed the audience to the "real Ms. America pageant." Ms. DeCrow, a Syracuse lawyer and author, came to the conference immediately following a conference in Washington, D.C. where she and various leaders of women's organizations met with President Ford. DeCrow objected to the fact that though Ford had invited many women representatives, he had not realized that there was a tremendous gap between the ideologies and objectives of feminist organizations and those of women's clubs such as the Daughters of the American Revolution.

DeCrow seeming slightly discouraged, noted that although Ford had declared his support of the Equal Rights Amendment, when asked to campaign in states to ratify it, he only said that he has an "... 18 hour day, a lot of priorities"

but would take the matter under advisement. DeCrow said she was "confused" over Ford's policy of being for day care but against massive day care programs.

Voicing the sentiments of Kolb, DeCrow concluded, "I am not here to 'zap' Miss America. In America today, where most women face total anonymity, being Miss Utah is better than not being Miss Utah. We're here to show the board, more exciting, sexier alternatives to being Miss America."

The most dynamic speech was delivered by Florynce Kennedy, Founder of the Feminist Party. A graduate of Columbia Law School, an author and a committed feminist, she is among the best known and best loved women in the movement.

Kennedy agreed with the other speakers in stating "Our quarrel is not with the women who must such to survive. When you see these women on the top, then you know just what a shit heap it really is."

In discussing "the body bit" Kennedy explained, "We're not above trying to look half-way attractive. We understand why they want to look attractive. One centerfold in Playboy pays a women

more than a PhD."

Kennedy roused the listeners to laughter when she advised "kill the myth that the bra was burned. Burn jock straps instead. The only thing left to decide is whether we burn them with the men in them or out!"

Kennedy later noted that the movement hasn't progressed much if one of our primary political issues is rape. "We haven't moved far if we still have difficulty keeping a stranger from invading not only our homes but our personal bodies. We don't even defend our homes, we have to defend our own vaginas!"

Amidst applause, Kennedy proposed that the best way to stop rape would be to "castrate a cop. In that way our comfort becomes a matter of their concern. No matter how physically weak we are, if we apply pressure in the right places, it's amazing how much can get done."

Voicing a thought that many feminists who either deal with the media or who read newspapers must have, Kennedy said, "The sports section of any newspaper demonstrates that we have a considerable distance to go."

EPA Lowers Pollution Standards If Air Is "Clean"

Liberation News Service

Announcing that "Air quality alone should not dictate entire patterns of economic and social growth," Environmental Protection Agency deputy administrator John Quarles recently proposed regulations which would significantly weaken existing air pollution prohibitions.

Quarles told a news conference on August 16 that the EPA's proposal would let the states give industrial and economic growth priority over protection of pure air.

He said it would allow construction of huge 1,000 megawatt coal burning power plants, petroleum refineries, oil shale processors, coal gasification plants and other installations that pollute the air where the air is currently more pure than national regulations require. Particularly affected would be the West, where the air is so clear that a person can occasionally see for 100 miles into the distance.

In the 1970 Clean Air Act, Congress required establishment of federal standards forbidding all pollution harmful to human health plus later more stringent

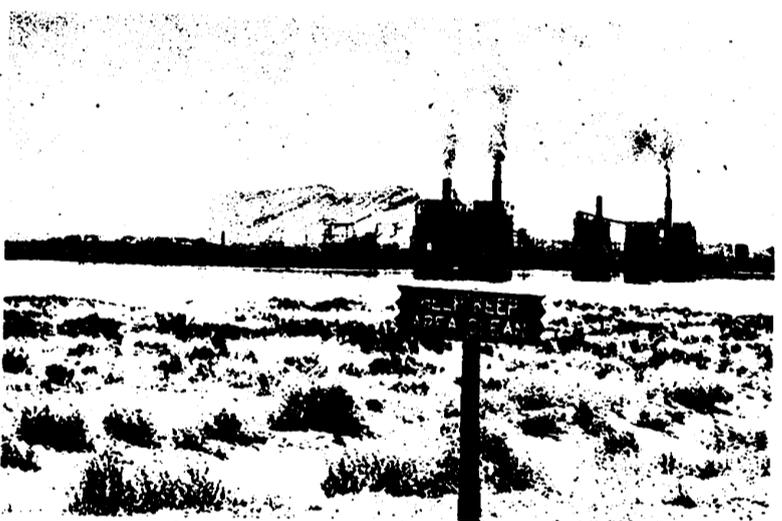
standards protecting animals, plants, property and environmental values.

In 1972, the Sierra Club took the EPA to court, arguing that the purposes of the Clean Air Act to "protect and enhance" air quality meant that air already cleaner than that required by the national standards must not be polluted at all. Federal courts agreed that the law intended to forbid any "significant" deterioration. The EPA's proposed regulations are the agency's answer.

It said, "Deterioration of air quality can be regarded as 'significant' only within the broader perspective of public expectations and desires concerning the manner in which a particular region should be developed."

If the EPA regulations are formalized as is, the Sierra Club promises to wage another court battle. The environmental group maintains that the EPA's proposed policy has already been rejected in the courts and would be rejected again.

Even so, the EPA is already negligent in watch-dogging air pollution permitted by the states. "The burden of the Clean Air Act rests mainly with the state," a spokesperson for the Sierra Club.



Four Corners Power Plant, New Mexico. The haze can be seen for 35 miles.

"The EPA is supposed to evaluate a state's plans and presumably reject them if necessary. But by and large the state plans are grossly inadequate. A

Government Accounting Office report has said that overall enforcement of air pollution regulations is a slow and inefficient process, quite inadequate."

U.S. Economically Supporting Chilean Fascism

Although U.S. officials continually denied that there was any over-all administration program designed to limit economic aid to the Allende government, large-scale loans and aid are now going to the fascist Chilean junta.

After Allende's election, \$5-million was authorized an additional \$1.5-million was provided to aid anti-Allende candidates in 1973 municipal by-elections. Some of these funds were provided to an unidentified influential anti-Allende newspaper in Santiago.

Kissinger's only public comment on the anti-Allende coup was: "The CIA had nothing to do with the coup, to the best of my knowledge and belief, and I only put in that qualification in case some madman appears down there who without instructions talked to somebody. I have absolutely no reason to suppose it."

One official disclosed, "In the period before the coup there was a pretty firm view on the part of the 40 Committee—which is Kissinger and nobody else—that the Allende government was bound to come to destruction and had to be thoroughly discredited."

"The State Department supported this, but in a different way," the official recalled. "It wanted to stretch out any clandestine activities to permit the regime

to come to a political end.

"The argument was between those who wanted to use force and end it quickly rather than to play it out. Henry was on the side of the former—he was for considerable obstruction."

Whether or not the U.S. directly intervened militarily in the Chilean coup is almost a moot point given the heavily funded U.S. schemes designed to encourage such a coup to take place, and there is no indication that such activities will end.

The U.S. continues to do its utmost to bolster the Chilean junta both economically and militarily. In 1974, more U.S. funds will have been spent in training Chilean military personnel than on the military of any other Latin American country except Venezuela.

The administration has requested another \$20-million in military training and aid for Chile which will be considered at Foreign Affairs Committee sessions in September. Amendments have been offered calling for the halving and complete elimination of the Administration's request for support. Even on the off chance that one of these passed, the U.S.'s past record offers every reason to expect that such support will only be given to the Chilean junta "covertly", if necessary.

September 11 marked the first

anniversary of the bloody Chilean coup, when U.S. armed Chilean military forces attacked the presidential palace, murdering Popular Unity President Salvador Allende, and initiating a regime of brutal repression. Tanks roamed through the streets and thousands of

workers, students, and peasants were summarily executed. Tens of thousands of others were rounded up in the National Stadium, imprisoned and tortured.

Immediately following the coup many

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California Senate Kills Free Farmworker Elections

The California State Senate has killed a farm labor bill which would have provided for free union elections for farmworkers. The bill, supported by the United Farm Workers Union (UFW), had already passed the state assembly by a narrow margin, but the powerful lobbying efforts of the Teamsters and the growers won out in the senate where it died on a "technicality."

The bill would have allowed farmworkers to have secret ballot elections in order to vote for the union of their choice. It would have also allowed recognition strikes as a means of certifying a union as a legal collective bargaining agent.

"The fact that the Teamsters are fighting this bill in Sacramento while saying publicly they favor secret balloting is proof they fear the results if

farmworkers are allowed to express their choice free of pressure and intimidation," charged Cesar Chavez, president of the UFW.

The Teamsters and the UFW have been battling for several years over the unionizing of farmworkers. By 1972 the UFW had nearly 60,000 members, more than 100 contracts, and was growing rapidly. But fearing this strength, the growers wanted a less militant union and the Teamsters were more than willing to cooperate. In recent months the Teamsters have taken over many UFW contracts, leaving them now with less than 10,000 members and about a dozen contracts.

"That's not the issue—how rich or how big you are," retorted Chavez to accusations that his union is not

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Spare A Ticket: Veteran Grubber Tells His Secret

By LEO SACKS

I settled down with this story-line some eight or nine months ago, and have had an unusually rough time developing it ever since. Originally, I had hoped to present this lifestyle at its artistic best, relating the complexities and highly crafted innerworkings of one of the more successful guerilla tactics to sweep this city since the murphy. I wanted to tell of the desolate winter nights spent in the freezing cold, numb to the jaws of my pants as I paraded down 14th and 3rd thoroughly drunken and played an ever-evolving game of wits with weekend hippies in New Riders t-shirts. Those were my drooling, undaunted days of hell-raisin' exploit with the founder of it

all my close friend and associate, Gerald Barnes.

But during the course of the recently completed summer campaign something drastic happened. My interest in ticket-grubbing abruptly about-faced. I had run out of both steam and patience with the directionless Neophytes that had flooded the ranks all season long. I'd grown dissatisfied with their expedient disregard for procedure and lack of technique, tired of the tripped-out kids from the Island who yelled "Grateful Dead, Grateful Dead!!!" and then asked me, incredulously, "You mean you want it for free, man?"

So after several weeks of rehabilitation, I returned as the veteran

third party reviewing the troops from just the right distance. Yes, it's nice to have found a quiet corner.

Quite simply, bumming tickets is doubly hard if you're not born with the requisites of the trade. Good looks are of essential importance since it is such a chemically dynamic medium. The ability to flash revealing bits of yourself (the girls call it charisma) are of crucial concern, as is the rocket fuel, which makes your desired plateau all the more accessible. (As a rule, real ticket grubbers, drink Tennessee Southern Mash with a bit of Bud to ease the cold reality of it all, more so to keep warm when left hanging on the street.)

Most rock 'n' roll junkies turn to bumming tickets to support their concert habits. Since ticket bummers are a dime a dozen, you've really got to work hard at distinguishing yourself. (A faint gleam of perspiration just to show you're sincere works wonders). Bouts with your conscience are often required because of the necessity of developing an attitude that entitles you to a free ticket, almost as if it was expected of someone to present you with one. So you see, if you're not strong-willed, you're in tough shape.

* * *

"Ticket bumming is what you are, and

believe me, you have no choice in the matter," says Gerry, New York's famed rock 'n' roll fixture, "for the simple reason that once you've asked 'Can you spare an extra ticket,' there's maybe five seconds for the ticket holder to perform a character analysis on you to see if you're worthy of it."

"Since I've seen just about every rock group for free over the last three years on the 'Spare a ticket?' deal, it's nice to know I've such a good rapport with my fellow rockers, with the exception of Edgar Winter's crowd, who don't even get along with themselves." Gerry enjoys Joe Walsh and Barnstorm, and hopes they make it big someday.

For a while there, I remember having the rock 'n' roll shakes pretty bad. I was hopelessly hooked on the inviting sound of a live guitar, wary of the evening that I'd trade my soul for an extra ticket. (Of course my parents were warned of this likelihood way back in the breakfast of my youth.)

But like the elusive white Dodge in *American Graffiti*, I never once lost sight of the fleeting pack of teen-angels from the remote regions of Kew Gardens, whispering to one another, 'You keep an eye on me and I'll watch out for you.'

Thanks for the memories.

Summer in the City

BY FRED SEAMAN

When I'm asked what I did this summer and I reply that I stayed in New York and, no, I didn't work more often than not, people give me looks ranging from mild surprise to outright incredulity.

It seems that everybody who manages to save some money during the year flees the city as soon as possible. While those who stay back do so because they have to work to earn money.

Let me tell you about New York's summer season from the perspective of someone who spent the last couple of years in a small German village. There, the main pastime was to spend half the day in beer pubs playing cards, pinball machines and billiards, and, of course drowning in beer.

I doubt that there is another city in the world that offers such a vast amount of concerts, film festivals, street festivals, and all sorts of exhibitions and other events, most of them free.

On a typical day I would get up around 10:30, enjoy a leisurely breakfast and then make my down to Bryant Park at 6th avenue and 42nd street for a noontime jazz or rock concert. Afterwards I might enjoy a film double feature by old masters like Bergman, Hitchcock, or modern innovators like Fellini, Godard or Bunuel.

Emerging out of the theatre in the late afternoon I would then revitalize myself with a gyro, anchovies pizza, or Baskin-Robbins triple cone (or all three at once). Thus fortified I would then proceed to Lincoln Center's north plaza, or some other place, for another free concert.

Throughout the summer a great many jazz concerts were regularly scheduled at various locations around Manhattan; the Uris Plaza at Broadway and 50th street, the steps of Federal Hall on Wall street, Bryant Park and Lincoln Center, to mention only a few. The city's own Jazzmobile also brought over a hundred concerts with some of the greatest jazz musicians of our time to street corners all over New York.

There was also the "Festival on the River," which featured three hours of jazz on a nighttime cruise aboard the Staten Island ferry. The ferry was often

so jammed that it became impossible to catch even a glimpse of the musicians, but the breathtaking view of the Manhattan skyline by night is alone worth the \$3.50 admission. And speaking of festivals, one has to mention the Schaefer Festival in Central Park. What most impresses me about the Schaefer are the long, disciplined lines of patient fans that begin to form hours before the concert starts (everytime I cut in the line I'm surprised that nobody seems to mind).

When it came to films, I always had a hard time choosing a program, because on any given day there were at least two or three equally interesting double features to choose from. There were over a half dozen festivals in various movie houses around Manhattan featuring outstanding films by many European and American directors, as well as a city-sponsored festival of short films in the parks.

In addition, there was a wide variety of special retrospective series on, among other things, the Japanese and Mexican cinema, and the films of Chaplin, Buster Keaton, the Marx brothers and Alfred Hitchcock.

Since my special interest is in European cinema, I tried to see as many films as possible by lesser known European directors that I wasn't yet familiar with. I discovered the fascinating films of Ken Russell, a cinematic wizard from England who deserves much wider recognition. Right now, he's working on a screen version of The Who's classic rock opera *Tommy*, and if his past work is any indication, it's destined to become a superb visual experience.

Joe Papp's Shakespeare in the Park featured *Pericles* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Delacorte theatre in Central Park, but apart from the lavish sets and costumes, the plays were not very impressive. In both cases the plot remained me of TV soap operas, which is not to insult Shakespeare, who is credited with authoring only the third and final act of *Pericles*. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is believed to have been hastily written at the request of Britain's Queen Elizabeth, who wanted to see Shakespeare's hero, Falstaff, involved in a romantic affair.

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Concerts to Forget

Continued from page 10

Elgar. The following piece was supposed to be played at the coronation of King Edward VII in 1902. They never played it. The king got sick. This is what they should have heard."

It was "Pomp and Circumstance." I recognized it from *Clockwork Orange*. One could see the kind walking in very, very slowly. A long hall. Positively majestic. As he approaches the throne, the music gets louder and louder. Bingo. He sits down.

That was the last piece on the program, but he played one more anyway. "There has been a fantastic revival of a certain composer of rather dubious repute. I was dared to play him.

Well, I'm not going to watch the parade go by and sit there and say 'hmpph' I'm not going to play him!" It was Scott Joplin. Everyone was delighted at this slumming.

"As a famous cartoon character once said, 'That's all folks!'" The retarded dude came up to me and whispered, "I watched his career since he began playing in bordellos."

The New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle, has organ recitals every Sunday at 3 PM. There are always pictures and exhibits. Admission is \$1.50, \$1 with student ID.

Campaign Reforms

Continued from page 1

The House bill would place strict limits on the amount individuals could contribute to federal candidates. No person could give more than \$1,000 per election to any federal candidate, or more than \$25,000 annually to all candidates for federal office. The Senate bill would permit a \$3,000 individual contribution throughout an entire campaign, with a

\$25,000 annual contribution limit. However, under the House bill, group contributions could be as high as \$5,000 per election or \$10,000 total through the campaign. The Senate bill limits group giving to \$6,000 throughout the campaign.

Thanks to Common Cause for this information.

Attica Defense Begins

Liberation News Service

Trials scheduled to begin September 3 for the 60 Attica defendants charged with more than 1400 felony counts stemming from the Attica Prison uprising were postponed a week when the defense moved to dismiss the cases. The trials come almost three years to the day since the Attica massacre of September 13, 1971 when an assault by 1000 law enforcement officials armed with shotguns and hunting rifles left 43 dead in their wake—including 10 hostages who died from police gunfire.

The defense motion to dismiss the cases is based on two counts. First, the Attica Brothers Legal Defense (ABLD) released the results of an attitudinal study of potential jurors in Erie County New York indicates widescale bias against the 60 defendants.

The study shows strong and pervasive prejudice against black people, persons who seek change and persons accused of crime—all leading to the conclusion that most people in Erie County could not function as impartial jurors if called.

The study was carried out by the Fair Jury Project of the ABLD which earlier this year completed a study of the jury

selection system in Erie County resulting in the throwing out of 97% of the jury pool because of discrimination. Conducted according to approved scientific research techniques, the investigators drew on a sample of 651 registered voters in Erie County by telephone. Examples of the results are as follows:

With regard to the Attica Rebellion, 89% of the potential jurors interviewed blamed the prisoners not only for their protest of prison conditions, but also for the killing of 43 persons and injuring of many others—responsibility for which lies with the guards and state officials who did the only shooting that was done at Attica. 19% of the people still believe prison officials' stories that there were castrations and throat slittings resulting in death.

Concerning prison conditions and protest, most people saw all strong protest as unjustified and in fact, one third would have black militants and radicals put in prison solely for their beliefs. Half of the people believed that prison conditions are satisfactory to excellent.

On fair trial issues, nearly a third tended to blindly support the actions of state authorities and to believe their testimony over the testimony of others.

With regard to race, 42% of potential jurors volunteered some form of racial stereotypes demeaning the character of black people.

With regard to authoritarianism, over half believed that the police should not hesitate to use force to maintain order and that laws should be strictly and inflexibly enforced no matter what the human consequences.

63% believed that prison disturbances are caused by "outside agitators" rather than by inhuman prison conditions; 32% that prisoners should have no rights whatsoever; and 53% that it is better to send innocent people to jail rather than letting some guilty people go free.

The defense motion to dismiss all charges is also based on the August 23 press conference statement of vice-presidential nominee Nelson Rockefeller. When asked about his controversial decision to retake Attica Prison by force when he was governor of New York, Rockefeller said, "We cannot tolerate those who circumvent the law, especially when hostages are taken and guns held to their heads."

Judge Carmen Ball will decide whether to set a hearing on the defense motions for dismissal on September 11. Prior to their current motion, the defense had made several motions to postpone the trials but all were denied by Judge Ball. One reason for a postponement, the defense said, was that although \$750,000 was allocated by the state legislature for Attica defense, they have yet to receive a penny and need the money in order to carry on with the defense.

School Explores Effect of Docility on Learning

Liberation News Service

Deborah Sims' fifth grade reading class at Grant Park Elementary School is a model of decorum. The children are quiet, orderly, restrained. They raise their hands when they want to speak and study patiently and silently when instructed to do so.

The class is one of many in Atlanta conducted according to principles governing Project Success Environment, a behavior modification program directed by Marion Thompson, principal at Grant Park.

Are these orderly Project Success children learning more and better in their disciplined environment or are they just making life easier for their teacher? Are they being trained for productive adult lives or being programmed into docile, passive workers?

Teacher Deborah Sims has no qualms about the program. "It tends to make the children more independent and creative," she says. "They begin to control themselves; this works toward inner control and that, in turn, leads to all the other virtues. They begin to see themselves

as productive individuals. Project Success reinforced their awareness that they will be adults and that they must have control in order to do a job. The program puts them in the process of becoming individuals."

At the beginning of a Project Success year, students are rewarded just for coming to class. The first class day the teacher makes sure each child is rewarded numerous times just for sitting still or other small non-disruptive acts. Children are taught that if they follow a small number of clearly printed rules on the

walls of the classroom they will receive check marks on a card which they can trade in for goodies when the card is full.

The language of Project Success Environment also reveals its machine-like orientation. The activity room is a "back-up system." Getting to be a teacher's helper is referred to as an "activity reinforcer."

The "kernel idea" for Project Success comes from the animal laboratory but Dr. Howard Rollins, Emory University psychologist and the scientific brains

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United Farm Workers vs. Teamsters

Continued from page 3

representative because it has fewer contracts. "The issue is, do the workers have the right to determine which union they want or are the workers going to have to take the union that growers said they should have."

Chavez emphasizes that the switch to the Teamsters was made by the growers, not the workers themselves, and he charges collusion between growers and Teamsters to eliminate the more militant UFW.

"What they [the Teamsters] did is just amazing. It was one of the rottenest things anybody had ever seen done, to come in when we're negotiating a contract—an incumbent union—to come in without an election and take those contracts."

"This bill will stop the robbery of contracts by the Teamsters," explained the bill's sponsor—Assemblyman Richard Alatorre—prior to its defeat. "It's the only surviving vehicle left in the legislature that will grant farmworkers the right to choose their own union by secret ballot."

While there is already a federal law allowing workers to vote by secret ballot on which union they want, this does not apply to farmworkers. The defeated bill had outlined a procedure for secret ballot elections among farmworkers, and

required growers to hold a workers election seven days after a union files an election petition. In addition it allowed 50% of the workers to petition for an election on a ranch even if another union already had a contract with the ranch owner.

But this is just what the Teamsters were afraid of. Had the bill passed, they would certainly have faced election challenges almost immediately. Under the bill, "legitimate" union contracts could not be challenged for at least a year after the contract was signed, but since the Teamsters were never voted in as a bargaining agent by the workers themselves, they are hardly "legitimate," and their "sweetheart contracts" would have been no bar to an election.

The Teamsters were not alone in their opposition to the farm labor bill. The State Chamber of Commerce, the Retail Grocers Association, and the California Farm Bureau Federation all joined them in vigorously lobbying to kill the bill. The growers' main objection was that it put no restrictions on the farmworkers' rights to strike and boycott. They also didn't like the fact that certification elections would be held during the harvest time, since migrant workers, who are the backbone of the UFW, only work during the harvest.

Faced with such powerful opposition,



it is significant that the UFW bill was able to get as far as it did. Its approval by the California Assembly Ways and Means Committee, and then the full state assembly is probably due to the pressure exerted by the UFW. Unlike the growers and Teamsters, the UFW did not confine its efforts to behind the scenes, "closed door" lobbying, but instead took the issue to the streets.

Three times the farmworkers massed in Sacramento. During the Labor Relations Committee hearings, hundreds demonstrated outside, while over 600 filled the gallery. Politicians were pursued through the halls and numerous small sit-ins were held in offices. Tens of thousands of individual letters flooded

the capital.

While Republicans were open about their opposition to the UFW bill, Democrats did not want to adopt an openly anti-union position since an election is coming up in November. The Farm Workers held solid for their demands, kept the pressure up, and won the assembly battle.

In the senate however, these politicians were provided with a "procedural" excuse. Due to the late date, the required four day waiting period between assembly and senate votes would have had to be waived in order for the bill to be approved during this session. While this type of waiver is not at all unusual, the Senate voted to deny it.

What's Up Doc

Liberation News Service

The 1972 "Personal Adjustment" test is a part of one of the many national entrance exams which practical nursing school applicants must take. Stating that this section is designed to measure one's adjustment as a citizen, the directions go on to explain that the following statements are opinions... "There are no right or wrong answers... mark whether you agree or disagree with the statement."

But when questioned, the women administering the exam admitted that these responses were marked by a computer and that the computer knew which responses were right or wrong.

Following are some of the 90 "opinions" taken from the test. (Although all of the wording is not exact, the meaning is unchanged).

- Unions are beneficial for health workers.
- Pensions take a worker's money and give him little in return.
- An honest day's pay for an honest day's work is a saying devised by the capitalist to exploit the worker.
- The rich get richer and the poor get poorer.
- Money can keep rich people out of prison.
- The government should own all public utilities.
- Don't bite the hand that feeds you.
- Employees are more honest than their employers.

One would imagine that if you answered 'yes' to more than 3 or 4 of these 'opinions' then neither the computer nor the practical nursing school would consider you desirable for their practical nursing program.

Life Doesn't Go Smoothly For Shepard

BY MARC LIPITZ

Jean Shepherd writes that the world is divided into two streams of people marching endlessly on the road of life, but on opposite sides of the street. "One crowd goes on to become the Official people, peering out at us from television screens; magazine covers. They are forever appearing in newsreels, carrying attache cases, surrounded by banks of microphones while the world waits for their decisions and statements. And the rest of us go on to become... just us."

"Countless sufferers at this hour are spending billions of dollars and endless man hours lying on analysts' couches, trying to pinpoint the exact moment that they stepped off the track and into the bushes forever."

While thousands of official people spent last Saturday at home or the ballet, sipping after dinner liqueurs and chatting casually with swapped mates about the sociological problems of the day, we of the other side converged upon Carnegie Hall in a mass of self assertion.

They came from all over; Brooklyn, Long Island, New Jersey, packing families into Oldsmobiles, Amtrack, the city subway system. Perspiration dripped from every nose; belching sounds came from every three stomachs; the stale taste of Twinkies lingered under a few breaths; and hardly a soul could wait to get out and stuff their bellies or guzzle a can of Blatz Beer. It was a night of the people, prompting host Jean Shepherd to proclaim, "Tonight the slobs of the world have triumphed!"

Jean Shepherd, humorist, essayist, radio voice of the night people, and philosopher of life was giving his annual one-man show. I knew it would be a mixed night of greatness and subterranean humor when I stood up from my seat and realized that an entire level of seats, priced the same as

mine, was empty and totally closed off. The show had yet to start and I was already being screwed by the producers.

As the lights dimmed and the curtain partially opened, with dim lights raising the audience's expectations, the announcer blared, "You are here to have a good time, but please take no pictures, don't bring any food into the..." The management's timing was no better at making announcements than at selling tickets.

But the minor problems affecting the show were what Shepherd was really talking about. Life doesn't go smoothly. It's one long play with thin plots, weak

characters, and rotten dialogue. "I don't make life," Shepherd says. "I only report it."

And he did a good job that Saturday night, beginning his monologue slowly, sometimes tiring, but gathering momentum and good fun as the night went on. His style is to ramble from story to story, jumping all over and then returning to home base, ala Mark Twain or Will Rogers. It doesn't always work, but when it does, no one is better.

After the first monologue, the lights faded into a dim yellow, and there we witnessed Richard Nixon meeting Saint

Continued on page 12

Big Brother Is Listening

Liberation News Service

According to information leaked to Intelligence Report, overseas phone calls made from the United States are systematically monitored by National Security Agency (NSA) for evidence of radical political activities and drug traffic.

According to Winslow Peck, a former NSA intelligence analyst who writes for Intelligence Report, the NSA has been eavesdropping on private lines since the late 1960's, but until recently, the decision to record the conversations was made on the basis of who was calling whom, and what country the call was placed to.

Now, selective computers do the monitoring, listening in on conversations for certain key words which might indicate that radical politics or drugs was the topic of conversation. Words such as "marijuana," "hash," "cocaine," or "dope," turn on the tape recorder and the result (sometimes garbled, according to IR's source) is forwarded to Federal

Drug Enforcement authorities. Words like "Marx," "Lenin," "Mao," and "revolution," also trigger the computer and the tape recording of that conversation is sent to the FBI, CIA, or appropriate agency.

The NSA, Washington's largest and most secretive intelligence service, was formed in 1952 to monitor foreign communications, break codes and ciphers, and to provide communications security for the U.S. government. Its global network of monitoring stations—on land, at sea, in the air, and most recently, in orbit around the earth—systematically probe the military, diplomatic and commercial communications of all foreign countries.

The monitoring or transoceanic telecommunications (telex and telephone) began as part of the NSA's program to collect commercial intelligence, which, according to Peck, has come to equal diplomatic and military intelligence in its importance to the Agency.

U.S. Bolsters' Chilean Junta

Continued from page 3

questioned what role the U.S. had played. U.S. economic policies during the Allende years were clearly designed to choke the constitutionally elected Marxist government. U.S. naval advisors, pilots, and technical assistants were all present in Chile at the time of the coup. And the planes which dropped bombs on the presidential palace and factories were American made—gifts the U.S. had extended to their friends in the Chilean military during the Allende years.

The U.S. government, wholeheartedly denied any suggestion of its involvement—admitting only that it had knowledge of the coup 16 hours before it took place. During subsequent investigations State Department officials insisted, under oath, that the U.S. had made no attempts to interfere with Chile's internal politics. One year later, in direct conflict with these statements, the facts of the case are being uncovered.

Secret testimony by CIA director William Colby was made public September 8 in both the New York Times

and Washington Post, which admits that the Nixon-Kissinger administration targeted \$8-million for a covert campaign against the Allende government during 1970-1973, as well as \$3-million during his unsuccessful 1964 election campaign.

The goal of the clandestine CIA activities after 1970, as disclosed by Colby at top secret hearings last April, was to "destabilize" the Marxist government of President Allende and make it impossible for him to govern. In testimony before the House Armed Services Special Subcommittee on Intelligence, Colby claimed that the CIA's operations from 1970 of using heavy cash payments to bring down a government antagonistic to American interests.

Colby emphasized that all of the CIA's operations against the Allende government were approved in advance by the "40 Committee" in Washington—a secret high-level intelligence panel headed by Secretary of State Kissinger.

The pattern of clandestine U.S. operations against Allende which emerged from Colby's testimony is as follows:

A total of \$3-million in CIA funds was poured into the Christian Democratic Party in 1964 to support the successful candidacy of its nominee, Eduardo Frei, who was being opposed by Allende.

In 1969, some \$500,000 was authorized by the 40 Committee to "fund individuals who could be nurtured to keep the anti-Allende forces active and intact."

During the 1970 election which Allende eventually won, \$350,000 was authorized to "bribe the Chilean Congress which was at that time faced with deciding a runoff election between Allende and the Opposition candidate." The bribe was part of a much more complicated scheme intended to overturn the results of the election—a plan which was only rejected later when it was found to be "unworkable."

An additional \$500,000 was given during the 1970 election to "opposition party personnel."

Only one month before the military junta seized control, the 40 Committee had authorized an additional \$1-million



for "further political destabilization." While the CIA was conducting these clandestine operations, there were significant reductions in United States foreign aid grants to Chile, in development bank loans and in lines of credit from American commercial banks. Commodity credits for vitally needed gain purchases were also severely restricted.

California IUD Dispute

Continued from page 1

Rights Advocates (one of the groups filing the petition) argues that in California, the Department of Health has authority to regulate the IUD's but has taken no steps to do so.

Lack of adequate warnings and regulations on the sale of IUD's has finally taken its toll on one manufacturer—the A.H. Robins Company of Richmond, Va.—maker of the Dalkon Shield. In July, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare banned 3,000 federally funded birth control clinics from using the Dalkon Shield when it became known that 36 women using the IUD had suffered spontaneous septic (infected) abortions in mid-pregnancy, and four had died of resulting blood poisoning. New information gathered since shows that 11 deaths and 209 septic abortions have occurred.

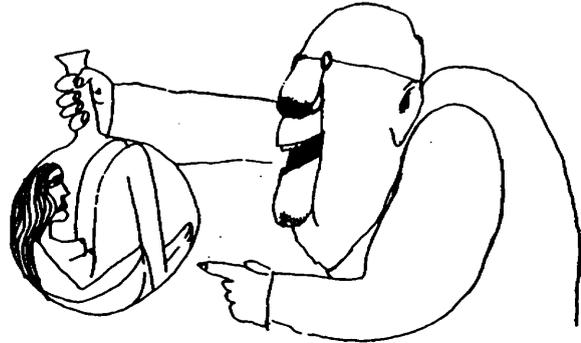
The petition filed in California by two public interest law firms asks the

California Department of Health to ban the further sale, distribution or advertising of the Dalkon Shield.

Negligence on the part of the G.D. Searle Co, which manufactures the Copper 7 IUD has recently caused the FDA to recall up to 200,000 Copper 7's. Many doctors have complained that seals of the packages were defective, and that the IUD's may not be sterile.

The California petition also asks the banning of all IUD's currently on the market until they have been carefully tested and evaluated; distribution of information to patients, physicians and medical schools advising dangers to use; that all IUD advertising be required to spell out the dangers; and that all manufacturers collect data as to the effects of the devices and make this information available to the California Department of Health.

Critical of the disregard for women's safety among those in the IUD business, Laura Brown of the Feminist Women's



Would a Woman design an IUD?

Health Center in California said, "No woman would have ever designed some of the IUD's the way they have been. Men

who have nothing to lose have controlled the research, manufacture, and distribution of the devices."

The Nixon Pardon Called "A Slap In The Face"

Liberation News Service

Gerald Ford's decision on September 8 to grant Richard M. Nixon an unconditional pardon for all crimes that he committed in his five and a half years in office means that Nixon cannot now be convicted or sent to prison for any violation of federal law in connection with the Watergate cover-up, the misuse of Government agencies under his control, income tax violations, or any of the areas in which he is believed to be criminally liable.

He will not be exempt from testifying at the upcoming Watergate trial, however, and can be the subject of civil damage suits in the future.

No conditions were placed on Nixon in exchange for his pardon other than that his presidential papers and tapes be preserved for three years for use in any court proceeding. After that time the tapes are his to do with as he pleases. On September 1, 1984 or after his death,

whichever comes first, the tapes will be destroyed.

Reports indicate that Ford had originally asked for a full statement of Nixon's role in the scandal as a prerequisite for the pardon, but Nixon flatly refused and, reports the New York Times, reacted with "a display of anger embarrassing to some of the others in the room" when he was given a rough draft of a suggested statement brought to him by the White House.

In a statement accepting the pardon, released within 10 minutes of Ford's announcement, he said only that "I was wrong in not acting more decisively and more forthrightly in dealing with Watergate."

Hal Mayerson, a Legal Aid Society lawyer interviewed in New York City Criminal Court also pointed the inequality of the pardon. "You get a lady here who's going to jail for stealing a blouse or some guy in on assault because

he got tired of living with the rats and hit somebody. And here's one of the biggest plunderers in the history of the world going free."

Ford was supposed to have been moved by unconfirmed reports that Nixon was severely depressed and that his health was in danger. There have been many contradictory reports about Nixon's health. A former counsel to Nixon told the New York Times that Bebe Rebozo and Robert Abplanalp had been actively pushing the bad health angle, implying that they wished to stir up sympathy for their friend.

Ford felt compelled to "show mercy.... Theirs (the Nixon family's) is an American tragedy in which we all have played a part. It could go on and on and on or someone must write 'The End.' I have concluded that only I can do that."

Undoubtedly the 60 Attica defendants currently facing 1400 felon charges in a trial scheduled to begin three years after the "crime" are angered that no one felt compelled to show mercy for them and their families.

"Ford's pardon simply underlines the double standard of justice in this country," said a statement by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War/Winter Soldier Organization. "The rich and powerful can get away with anything and Third World, poor, and working people go to prison."

The obvious parallel between Nixon's unconditional amnesty and the conditional amnesty that Ford now advocates for resisters of the Vietnam war also angered many. "I was a deserter myself, and I lived underground for three years," said a spokesman for Safe Return.

a group which supports unconditional amnesty for war resisters. "I was considered a criminal. It's a slap in the face to me to see Nixon go free."

Understandably, the Watergate Grand Jury was also reported to be "extremely upset" with Ford's pardon. The foreman of the Grand Jury, Vladimir N. Pregej, said that Ford's action had "short circuited" the panel's investigation. Earlier this year the jurors had wanted to indict Nixon in the Watergate coverup but were told by Special Prosecutor Jaworski that they could not indict a sitting president. Instead they unanimously voted to name him an unindicted co-conspirator.

But thanks to Gerald Ford, Nixon is once again out of our reach; the beneficiary of "the greatest plea bargain in history," says Albert Jenner, former associate council for the House Judiciary Committee, "The prosecution gets nothing. Mr. Nixon gets everything."

"Everything" includes Ford's request, currently up for Congressional approval, for \$850,000 in special appropriations for Nixon over and above his \$60,000 annual pension, his \$96,000 annual staff allowance and his entitlement to federal office space and Secret Service protection.

In addition, Nixon will sell his memoirs, reportedly for a cool \$2-million advance. Literary agent Irving Lazar said "he (Nixon) wants to be part of things, to make a contribution in the quest for peace... He was in great mental and emotional condition. He doesn't look beaten. He was in great form."

And no wonder.

People Who Need Your Help

Frank Giese, a professor, and Jim Cronin, a graduate student (both of Portland State University) are under indictment for conspiracy and bombing of Federal buildings in Portland. In addition to specific bombing charges, such as "Overt Acts" as "receiving phone calls," "going to the residence of Ira Keller, and "holding meetings," are listed. The defense has asked for dismissal of the case on the grounds that the charges are duplicatory, and the government has undertaken illegal surveillance. For

further information, please contact the Giese-Cronin Defense Committee, P.O. Box 11866, Portland, Oregon 97207.

The survivors of Wounded Knee are about to receive 100-150 new indictments for their participation in this action. Money is needed for bail funds, and to continue the defense. To help, or find out more about the cases, write to Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee, Box 255, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, 57101.

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PLACES AND DATES: San Francisco, The University of San Francisco, Oct. 5-6, Nov. 23-24, Jan. 18-19, April 12-13, July 12-13; New York, New York University, Sept. 28-29, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, Feb. 1-2, July 19-20; Los Angeles, Pepperdine University, Oct. 5-6, Nov. 16-17, Jan. 25-26, April 5-6, July 12-13; Seattle, Seattle University, Nov. 9-10; Honolulu, Hawaii Pacific College, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, July 19-20. All seminars in four sessions - 9:00 a.m. to 12:00 p.m. and 1:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m., Saturday and Sunday.

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Jerry...

Continued from page 2 they return. But now Ford speaks of a recital of allegiance to the country for these resisters.

What could be a nobler or more courageous display of honor or allegiance to a nation's destiny than to refuse to participate in an action one earnestly believes would harm his country, breaking his nation's and international law, and causing the needless destruction of a country, its land and its people?

These men did not rob the Vietnamese (or Americans for that matter) of their constitutional rights—they refused to kill or impose themselves upon an essentially defenseless people.

They did not draw up enemy lists, they sought peace. Not "peace with honor" by bombardment and chemical warfare, but peace through absolute military withdrawal in a land we had no right to be in.

They did not cower or lie over the issue of their resistance to the war. They stood up and outright in peaceful demonstrations, through fliers and literature. They did not cover up, use people's money to steal confidential information, bribe prospective judges or hire plumbers to cover their mistakes. But many were gassed, thousands were arrested and some were shot and killed.

Neither Nixon, nor his military advisors, nor their sons had to stand in the front line of battle.

There is a serious misconception of the concept of justice when one seeks retribution from those who boldly submitted themselves to exile for the cause of peace, while compassion and pardon are mandated to be an egocentric, hateful and corrupt individual who happened to maneuver into this nation's highest office by fraudulent campaign tricks and a multi-million dollar backing.

President Ford and the rest of the nation as well might do well to welcome these men home with the highest of praise and respect. They represent the moral fortitude and respect for humanity which have been sorely lacking but which are absolutely indispensable in the world's most powerful nation.

Its about time we had a little law and order around here.

Two TV Programs on Poison Triumph

Continued from page 10

she demonstrates that she has finally learned the rules of the game. In a softspoken, sincere tone of voice she explains that Lasko slapped her, "and then I lost my temper and I'm really sorry about that. I guess the other girls just went crazy after that... I wish I could take it all back. I know I need to pull my head together... and this place has helped me while I've been here... It really has. I'd like to try again. I'd like to apologize to Miss Lasko." The staff is visibly impressed by this speech.

"Well, Chris, you seem to have a good attitude and a will to improve yourself," the chief supervisor answers, convinced of Chris' sincerity. Only Miss Clark realizes that Chris is lying. Deeply disappointed she later tells Chris, "you lied... I don't know what to do now," and Chris sadly replies, "what's the difference?" The End.

This film is valuable because it attempts to deal seriously with a real issue. It doesn't always succeed—many scenes are simply too neat and oversimplified, and throughout the whole film various stereotypes creep in.

I can imagine that a great number of people were for the first time, brought face-to-face with the complex problem of correction homes and their inability to respond to the needs of juveniles placed in them supposedly to be rehabilitated.

Stone in the River probably reached no more than a fraction of Born Innocent's prime-time audience, although in many ways it was the superior program. It could not be presented on prime-time because there was nothing entertaining about it. It took a dead serious look at the widespread practice of subjecting prison inmates to so-called behavior modification programs (also known as "brainwashing").

The principle behind behavior modification is simple. Undesirable behavior is punished and desirable behavior is rewarded. With time, a subject's undesirable behavior or attitude is supposed to be modified and made more acceptable.

Stone in The River's main character is a black activist priest named Burke, who is beaten and jailed for resisting the draft

at a time when the U.S. was still fighting in Vietnam. When he can't be persuaded to participate in a behavior modification program voluntarily, he is drugged and forcefully carried out of his cell. The prison warden is finally able to lure Burke into signing a document committing himself to the program by promising him that he would eventually be allowed to set up a teaching program among the other inmates.

Burke's behavior modification unit consists of about a dozen inmates who work their way through a series of "steps" that carry a growing amount of "privileges" with them.

Step one consists of solitary confinement. In step two inmates are granted the privilege of a weekly shower and are allowed to receive mail. In step three they work for minimal pay and are allowed to have short visits. After successfully completing step four, an inmate is considered to have undergone a positive attitude change. "rehabilitation" is completed and he is ready for release.

Fiercely proud and committed, Burke finds it difficult to cope with the humiliations he is subjected to and clashes with the guards occasionally. He is repeatedly placed in solitary confinement, losing all his privileges, but virtually gritting his teeth he finally makes it to step four, and one of the guards hints to him that he has only "one more river to cross."

In the final scene we see Burke with his valise in hand, saying good-bye to the other inmates. But just when he is about to walk out a free man, he is ordered back by the head guard, who explains to him that he must have his hair cut before he leaves.

When Burke hesitates, the other inmates passionately urge him to go along with the chief guard's request, but Burke feels that he cannot submit to this final symbolic assault on his dignity and refuses to obey. The guards overpower him and order one of the inmates to cut his hair while they hold him. The inmate refuses.

Bewildered at this open defiance, the chief guard turns to the other inmates, but they too refuse to carry out the

order. By standing firm on his convictions until the very end, Burke has created a sense of solidarity among the inmates against a cruel and unjust penal system that disregards even the most basic of human rights.

We must keep in mind that television is by far today's most influential medium of communication, affecting the attitudes and consciousness of tens of millions of Americans. For many people it is the only way to be confronted with contemporary problems.

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NEW GROUPS THIS SEMESTER!

Beach Boys Spread "Good Vibes" At Roosevelt

photo by Peter Grad

By JOHN LONG

I never really grew up with the Beach Boys. I mean, I knew their songs, but they were one of many groups on AM radio in those days and it was easy to lose appreciation of the great groups when so many good songs were coming out. And as anyone can tell you, after awhile all the shit sounds the same.

It wasn't until March of this year that I really discovered the Beach Boys. I was listening to WNEW/FM (what else?) when they started playing a long array of Beach Boys hits in an apparent salute to them. When I heard all this good material coming out of the radio I was surprised at how much they had actually done; All those good songs were theirs. How many were there? Fifteen? Twenty? Twenty-Five? Probably more.

Still, I never bought a Beach Boy album. After all, they come from way back and it seemed hardly worth the time or the expense to listen to their new stuff. Besides, I gave up on revivals after I bought the Mama's and the Papa's disaster *People Like Us*.

Then the Roosevelt Raceway concert was announced. I had always wanted to go to a big name rock festival and here it was, four super acts on one bill.

The obvious drawing card to this

concert was Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young and Joni Mitchell. The Beach Boys and Jesse Colin Young seemed like extras, a nice way to spend the time while waiting for CSN&Y.

A Surprise Show-Stopper!

Little did I know, that the Beach Boys would steal the show and leave a lasting impression of what it was like in the days when I was too young to realize what was going on. They had the crowd on their feet for their last ten songs and they even had my dead legs dancing around.

And the amazing thing is that they only played two songs that could be considered new. The rest were hits from the past, and to hear the Boys sing them like they used to was just amazing.

Some people tell me that they were much better at Nassau Coliseum and Roosevelt Stadium. Perhaps it's because they were top billed and played for a longer time.

Still, they were very impressive and had to overcome a lot of handicaps, like a sound system that distorted the base as it drowned out their voices.

The entire concert was marked by technical difficulties, but the only band that appeared unaffected by the poor sound system was Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young.

Plumb Tuckered Out

The problem with big concerts like these is that they tend to last too long. Often the crowd becomes tired and bored by the time the big name act gets on

stage, and that's what happened to CSN&Y.

They came ready to give the best performance of their careers and were greeted by only a fraction of the original audience. Not having slept the night before, I was very tired and did not stay for their entire set. Some people who stayed till the end said they played for six hours.

When I left, about two hours before the end of their set, only half the crowd remained. CSN&Y seemed to be laboring through an unbearably long acoustic set. Even the lyrics seemed slurred, especially in "Helpless", which has been one of their more successful songs. They made little attempt to correct the poor sound, playing as if it did not exist.

Crowd Got Their Money's Worth

But then, I was pretty tired myself and maybe it's not fair for me to judge them. After all, if nothing else, they did give the crowd their money's worth even if everyone was pretty tired. As a matter of fact, CSN&Y probably gave the best performance of their career.

One of the surprising things about the concert was the lack of nudity, and believe me it was hot enough to warrant some. It makes me wonder about how things have changed in the past few years. First the decrease in drug use, then the absence of gate crashing, and now, not even nudity to arouse your spirits. I think at the next rock festival I'll just sleep.



Joni Mitchell's Woodstock is Only a Disgruntled Crowd

By KAREN BOORSTEIN

Well, I finally managed to make it out to the rock extravaganza at Roosevelt Raceway. Many people camped out on the line the night before, and though I went to sleep with every intention of getting up at the crack of dawn... you know what they say about the best laid plans of mice and men.

Anyway, we arrived in Westbury around two in the afternoon, just after the Beach Boys came on stage. And, lo and behold, would you believe that with 77,000 people at the raceway, we found two friends whom I had originally planned to meet before the concert.

A Sea Of People

The place was jam-packed with people. Where we were, (which seemed to be miles from the stage) there was enough room to spread a blanket and stand, sit or just walk around. But all I could see around me were people.

From our spot, the stage could be seen, but not the performers. I guess I should at least be thankful that I could hear them.

So with nothing to do but lay back and listen, that is exactly what we did. Periodically, people around us would stand up and look towards the stage. But after getting up a few times it seemed futile; we could not possibly see the

performers.

After a break, during which Dylan records were played, the sweet, clear strains of Joni Mitchell's voice wafted out over the audience.

Apparently, I was one of the few people who enjoyed her performance. People complained that they could not understand a word. But Joni sang songs from two of my favorite albums, *Blue* and *Ladies of the Canyon*. So I didn't have to hear the words. However, I admit that when I did try to listen to the words I found them blurred and uneven.

Joni Relates Life Through Song

Mitchell has often been criticized for making all her songs autobiographical. To me, this is what makes her so enjoyable. She spills out her life and her feelings through her songs. She puts herself into her songs. She is, a poet in the same sense that Dylan is a poet although, I feel, she is not as great as Dylan. Her voice, like Dylan's, is not particularly melodious and the strength of her songs lies in the words.

The worst part part of her performance was when she announced, gleefully, "It's like a mini-Woodstock," and then began to sing "Woodstock." An aging hippie nearby commented, "They

are so naive. Imagine, being sucked in by all that crap."

Woodstock was a part of the sixties, and nothing can bring it back. Why can't current rock festivals belong solely to the seventies?

Although what I heard of the concert was tantamount to lying on a concrete floor strewn with sand and listening to a monstrous radio, it made a fairly pleasant end-of-the-summer afternoon.



photo by Peter Grad

Restless Stayovers Get Shunned By Small Crowd

By JOHN LONG

One of my great fears about attending big rock concerts is being caught in the monumental traffic jams that usually accompanies them. Often people with tickets never get there because of these jams while adventurous freeloaders, who leave days before, gain admission when the gates are crashed.

It was with this in mind, that my friends and I decided to leave on Saturday night for Sunday's "Summersault '74."

I knew that the promoters had sold less than 100,000 tickets but visions of Watkins Glen overcame me. I even feared that we'd be too late to find good seats but at least I knew we'd get in.

No Jams, No People

Much to my surprise, however, there were no traffic jams, long lines of people, or roving bands of hippies. As a matter of fact, it was nothing like your typical

summer rock festival.

When we arrived, there were only about 500 people scattered around the raceway parking lot. Some had arrived in the early afternoon but most, like myself, had just arrived, content to sleep out on the line all night to insure that they would get a good seat.

At first I was shocked at the small number of die-hard fans who were willing to sacrifice a few hours of sleep. Of course, everyone knew they wouldn't sleep; it was more like a party. The sounds of Emerson, Lake, and Palmer could be heard all around the parking lot.

Plent

There were drugs around a free tok more of a b. one that gre night wore

Booze

ole absence of ot so scarce that found. It was rinking crowd. ortable as the k of toilet facilities: ontinued on page 11

C.S.N.&Y in the Evening

By ROMAN ROZU

Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, L.I. wasn't to my expectations, the ideal place to hold "Summersault '74." Take about 80,000 screaming, sweating people, huge patches of mud, and a scorching sun, and you may, very possibly, contact an acute

headache. Fortunately, the music served as an effective antidote.

We arrived at the raceway at about seven A.M., to find that people had been filtering in since dawn. We managed, however, to secure a decent spot within range of the stage and powerful sound

Though people continued to crawl over us as we drank hot bourbon, we didn't mind the hassles. At about noon, Graham came on stage to announce Ford's "better idea", and promised to keep the crowd informed on other tidbits, especially those dealing with Evel Knievel's fate.

"Welcome to the Big Apple"

Despite excellent performances by Joni Mitchell, the L.A. Express, and the Beach Boys, the band I had come to see was Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. On the verge of closing their mammoth tour, they seemed very accommodating when they came on at about 8 P.M., complete with fireworks and a white banner that read "Welcome to the Big Apple".

Their music was surprisingly fresh, despite the fact that they hadn't played together for three years. Stills offered an apology for the three year lapse. Then the music began. The old four part harmonies were strong and vibrant, although Stills' voice lacked vigor. Backed by strong, often sporadic leads from Young and Stills, the crowd heard a good many favorites, including "Carry On," "Teach Your Children," and an excellent "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes," with Joni Mitchell accompanying on vocals.

The group grew more powerful by the hour, singing old songs in a confident, driving style. After both an electric and acoustic set, they did solos. Particularly strong was Nash, whose thin silhouette banded beautiful music on the piano, and Young's "Only Love Can Break Your Heart" was truly inspirational. A few oldies by Young shouldn't have been offered; his "Ambulance Blues" lagged and threw off the balance of the entire program.

Old Magic is Still There

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young should stay together. Their individual attempts have been paltry as compared to their collective efforts. The old magic is still there, ready to roll. Bill Graham proved that the people are there. Now, it's up to them.

The Raceway was fun, a "mini Woodstock", as Joni Mitchell put it. All I know is it's only Rock and Roll, but I like it.

Erica Jong's Not Afraid To Fly Anymore

BY MARSHA LANGER

You know I didn't cry too much reading this novel. I didn't laugh too hard either. Not like some sappy movie that keeps me bawling throughout or a film full of Chaplinesque antics that leaves me choking on the moviehouse floor.

I couldn't. The book was myself. It was a part of me wrenched out by some unknown sister and set down in type.

You know what it's like when you're goofing on yourself and you want people to laugh, but not too hard. Or when you're alone and crying and you can't let it out too completely for fear of not coming out the other end. Well, that's the way it was with this book. If I laughed too hard with her, I'd be laughing at me and if I wept with abandon for her, I'd be crying for myself.

So, I was pretty stiff-lipped reading Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying*. Just as she was stiff-lipped as she spelled out her dilemmas, her fears. And I could only make a wry smile at her wry observations of the world and of herself.

The book opens as the heroine, Isadora, is off with her husband to Vienna to attend a worldwide psychoanalytic conference. She is five years married and has reached that stage of a relationship when the patterns are irrevocably set and the boredom sets in. Isadora is beginning to stretch for something new, to be off, to be free. The catalyst, (a man of, course) is gorgeous, English and offers her a no holds barred experience through Europe. He tempts her with lines like, "discover yourself," "take the world by the balls," "you don't need him," and "you'll enjoy it."

My mind flies right back to my own relationship a few years old and somehow we were so close, such a part of each other that I began to feel terribly alone.



There were the fights, but mostly the long resentful silences. Then I met my catalyst. He was attractive, older and self-assured. He fed me lines like, "discover yourself," "take the world by the balls," "you don't need him," and "you'll enjoy it."

The following chapters seemed like a documentary of my life. Those tortuous windings through a psyche full of doubt. Will she? Won't she? Should she? Shouldn't she? Can she? Can't she?

Perhaps one of the best constructions of these internal debating marathons happened when Isadora found herself alone, no husband, no lover, no place to go.

ME: Why is being alone so terrible?

ME: Because if no man loves me I have no identity.

ME: But obviously that isn't true. You write, people read your work and it matters to them. You teach and your students need you and care about you. You have friends who love you. Even your parents love you -- in their own peculiar way.

ME: None of that makes a dent in my loneliness. I have no man. I have no child.

ME: But you know that children are no antidote to loneliness.

ME: I know.

ME: And you know that children only belong to their parents temporarily.

ME: I know.

ME: And you know that men and woman can never wholly possess each other.

ME: I know.

ME: And you know that you'd hate to have a man who possessed you totally and used up your breathing space. . . .

ME: I know -- but I yearn for it desperately.

ME: But if you had it, you'd feel trapped.

ME: I know.

ME: You want contradictory things.

ME: I know.

And so on.

Well, Isadora took the bait and I didn't. The tension started to build. If Isadora can make it then maybe I can make it and maybe next time I'll take the bait. The book concludes with Isadora uncertain as to what actually will happen but confident that "you did not have to apologize for wanting to own your own

soul. Your own soul belonged to you -- for better or for worse. When all was said and done it was all you had."

Isadora is feeling strong. She's learned to be alone and love herself. And for one brief moment I felt it. That fleeting, whole center, that sure self knowledge that I too can make it. That I am me and that's a great thing to be. That I don't need anything else.

So, I close the book and prepare for bed. After all, I've got a long and full day tomorrow. But somehow I'm feeling a little lonely. You know, I haven't spoken to Herb all day. Don't know exactly where he's been tonight and won't see him tomorrow. So maybe I'll just give him a call, see if he's home, and have him tell me he loves me one more time, before I face the night.

Concert to Forget

BY DAVID BAHARAV

Having gone to the New York Cultural Center to see a postcard exhibition, I saw that Steven Frank was giving an organ recital at 3 o'clock.

Ho for the third floor! The guard asked us, "Would you like to share a program?" "O. K." Apparently they hadn't anticipated so large a turnout.

We went into a small room: dark brown wooden paneling, simple folding chairs, tasteful abstract art. One of the pictures resembled nothing so much as the Rolling Stone's tongue and mouth.

Well, all 20 of us were sitting patiently. Suddenly, one of us got up and said, "Hello!" He was a young dude, tall, wearing a sports jacket and ascot and hush puppies. (No tuxedos here. We're informal).

"Hello!" again. Pause. "Harry Rowe Shelley wrote this piece trying to emulate the French composers, but I don't think he quite got the red blood out of his veins. See what you think."

When it comes to classical music, I don't think at all.

He played, and I started checking out the audience. They all look so educated. Hope they turn off the lights. Jeans etc. were O. K., but chewing gum, which I had, was out. They all look so serious. Also rich. Most were in their 20's and 40's.

Three women came in fashionably late, and the pianist finished the first piece. We clapped politely.

"Correction. I'm playing the prelude in A minor, but along with it goes a fugue." I was positively enlightened. The music was by Bach, and it sounded pretty good. The organ itself sounded good. He played with his hands and feet. Sometimes only feet.

Another woman, obviously German, came in late, judging by her age and plastic shopping bag. He finished Bach, fugue and all, and without further comment, launched into Seth Bingham's *Roulette*. Some people left. One girl came and sat on the steps. Where do I put my worn out gum? The lights are on, so I can't just press it under a chair.

"If you don't know variations on *America*, there is something you have to know. It's not (pause) serious." Ha ha ha ha. At first it sounded exactly the same to me as the other stuff. Then I recognized "*America*" and its haunting words:

Sweet Land of liberty
Made free from Germany
Of thee I sing.

My father was a spy
caught by the FBI
Tomorrow he will die
My name is Fritz.

He's right. It's not serious. It makes one smile. Merry-go-round music.

How come most of the people are here alone? Is it personality, or can't they find anyone else who likes this stuff? One guy is obviously slightly retarded. He really dug it.

The music ended. Applause. He held his finger up to stop the clapping and get our attention. Modest fellow. "Do you agree it's not serious?" Hahahaha.

"Imagine the frustration of Sir Edward

Continued on page 4

Two TV Programs On Prison Triumph

BY FRED SEAMAN

It is no secret that television programming is dominated by powerful profit-hungry businessmen with a shallow concept of entertainment. That is why programs that hint at controversy because they attempt to deal with realistic, contemporary problems are rarely seen on TV.

Occasionally, however, dedicated writers and producers are able to put on responsible programs that transcend trivial entertainment.

Two such programs dealing with different aspects of American correction

facilities were recently broadcast on NBC. *Stone in The River*, a dramatic special dealing with prison inmates' rights and behavior modification programs in prison was aired on a recent Sunday afternoon, and *Born Innocent* was a prime-time TV film about a naive teen-ager committed to a reform school for being an incorrigible runaway.

Linda Blair (who achieved fame as the possessed girl in *The Exorcist*) portrays Christine Parker, *Born Innocent's* heroine. In the opening sequence of the film, we see her standing in front of a judge who declares that he has "no alternative but to send you to a girl's

house" since there is no room in a foster home.

At the reform school she is subjected to a humiliating search in the shower by a female supervisor, Miss Lasko, who explains to her that "we have to look everywhere, because the girls smuggle in drugs any way they can." Christine remains tight-lipped and is visibly shaken.

The other girls reject Christine, who is still a virgin, and later rape her in the shower.

The only person trying to reach Christine is one of the teachers, Miss Clark, a dedicated idealist who doesn't seem to fit in that environment. ("I don't work here because I'm self-sacrificing, I work here because it's what I want to do.")

Christine makes a hopeless attempt to escape, and is pursued by guards in a jeep who pull her down from a barbed-wire fence which she desperately tries to climb. She is placed in solitary confinement while Miss Clark sits outside her cell, constantly talking to her and trying to gain her trust. Finally, Christine breaks down and pleads with Miss Clark that she be allowed to return to her parents and that she is willing to "try harder to make it work."

Clark argues on her behalf with the rest of the staff, who reluctantly agree to give her one last chance to stick it out with her parents.

Back home, Chris is again caught between her weak, submissive mother (Hasn't it been better for you there?) and her distrustful, aggressive father. She runs away to her brother in Tucson, but he doesn't want to put up with her ("I've got a family of my own to worry about... can't you understand that?") and so it's back to the reform school.

By now Chris has become so resigned and apathetic that even Clark ("You're letting go of something very important, you're letting go of Chris") can't reach her anymore.

One evening Chris attacks Lasko, the supervisor, for refusing to give her some shampoo. This incident triggers a small riot by all the girls, who proceed to demolish their room.

In order to find out what happened, the staff later questions all the girls. When Chris is called in to answer their questions

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Miles Davis At Carnegie

BY ALAN BORNSTEIN

The established avatar of 'mechanized space-funk,' Miles Davis, performed for a packed house at Avery Fisher Hall September 13. Miles came out with a new album last spring with droves of great, young jazz artists riffing around his counter rhythmic music machines (*Big Fun-2* vol., Columbia. Great to listen to in a car). This concert, with new material, and at the best sounding hall in the city, came with built-in expectations.

The performance had a similar effect as *Big Fun*. The accent was on heavily rhythmic mobiles, meshing like gears, sometimes hypnotically repetitive, always suggesting peripheral motion. The only thing missing was the really excellent abilities of his past associates. I mean, you hear Zawinul and Shorter blowing with the 'machine' and it is big fun. But without it, the music suffers from not enough content.

Fortunately though, Miles penchant for electronically manipulated sound and his concept of the dichotomy. "Live/Evil!, Pain/Pleasure," produced the desired effects. For example, a barrage of 'space funk' and blaring trumpet was mellowed by a kalimba and African percussion interlude.

The band is the same as it was at his Carnegie Hall concert last winter, with the addition of a lead guitar player, whose name was mumbled once at the end of the set. His major role is to provide various feedback noises and disappointingly ordinary, Hendrix-style



guitar riffs. At one point during his solo the flute is played like feedback. All this hurts the ears but seems rather witty in retrospect. The rest of the band are regulars: Sonny Fortune-flute, alto and soprano sax; Michael Henderson-bass; Reggie Lucas-rhythm guitar; Pete Cosey-background lead guitar, sitar, percussion, and kalimba. Al Forster-drums; Mtume-percussion, congas, African percussion.

Although Miles' solos came frequently and were really inspired, the lack of other 'avant-garde' madmen was the concert's major flaw. A history of his star-studded performances explains why. Once his musicians start getting really great and popular they leave for greener pastures. Miles has cultivated many talented musicians. His present associates seem willing enough to work out his creations and leave the control to him, which is a definite asset. All in all, I think it's remarkable that within this framework the performance maintained a sense of spontaneity and immediacy. I left drunk with funk.

Janis: "In Fanatical Pursuit Of Affection"

KAREN BOORSTEIN

There are several biographies of Janis Joplin currently on the market. The best of these, Myra Friedman's *Buried Alive*, has just been released in paperback.

Buried Alive is a fascinating book, not only because it debunks the myth that was Janis Joplin by portraying her as a real human being, but because the book is written by someone who knew her, loved her, and also knew how to write.

Far too many star biographies are impossible to read, not because their authors do not know their material, but because they don't know how to organize it and make it more than just an interesting story.

Friedman is not only a competent writer, she also knows her material intimately. She met Joplin when she began working for Albert Grossman, Joplin's father-image manager. The two women became close friends, with Friedman often being called upon to give Joplin the encouragement and reassurance she so often needed.

This all consuming need is reflected in her sexual relationships (with both men and women). Far from being the bed-hopping blithe spirit associated with the sexual hedonism that gave birth to the "love the one you're with" ethic, Janis's fleeting sexual relationships are the result of far deeper psychological roots. Friedman offers this analysis:

Janis was consumed and driven by a need for love that was preposterous in its magnitude, her excessive narcissism the result of bitter frustration and the very stuff of her insecurity, her desire for constant attention and her gluttonous hunger for approval. She was in fanatical pursuit of affection while rendered incapable, by the self-direction of her feelings, of establishing intimate relationships. Like a longing child crying for love, her aim was to receive, to take into herself a comforting warmth of which for whatever reasons, she felt acutely deprived. With an obsessive and insatiable need such as that, what sex would fill it became a secondary matter and the physical demonstration of affection a

substitute gratification for what she essentially craved.

Many people refuse to believe that their star, their Janis, was not the person she pretended to be, the person she needed to pretend to be. She had to encase herself in a tough impermeable shell in order to protect the vulnerable self within. A turtle with its hard outer shell protecting the soft body underneath can be seen as the key to the understanding of the complex Joplin dichotomy. Friedman's book removes the shell and exposes what lies underneath.

It sounds cliched and trite, but Janis was like the clown who is laughing on the outside and crying on the inside. Beneath the tough exterior was a highly sensitive and intelligent individual. With all the mass love that she received, what she really wanted was the love of one person; she was searching for a security she never found.

In Friedman's estimation, the division in Janis's personality was clearly visible. She called the tough, crude, boisterous person Pearl, and christened her album which was to be released posthumously, with the same name.

The manifestation of Pearl was the outgrowth of Janis's duality. For all practical intents and purposes she had two personalities, the one manifested itself in Pearl, the other in Janis. (I am not saying that she was a multiple personality, nor is Friedman. Janis was aware of the distinction—sometimes she would say, "I'm Pearl today.") To return to the turtle analogy, when the turtle fell on its back, both Pearl and Janis flipped out and took to the bottle and needle to blot out the pain of life.

Herb Fox interviewed Friedman for Good Times last October, when the hard-cover edition of *Buried Alive* was released. Fox asked Friedman if she thought the book would "definitively end the myth" which surrounds Janis even now. Friedman's answer points a wagging finger at those who refuse to accept the unvarnished truth:

"Well, except for people like that girl in California who wants to keep on saying it. If she wants to think that Janis boogied her whole life, then she can think it. That's how (that girl's) article goes: 'Myra



Friedman's book doesn't boogie, and if there is one thing that Janis Joplin did, it was boogie." Well, if she wants to believe that, let her continue to believe it. I think that's sad, because she projects herself so much that she can't even read the book and accept it. She wants to think that's foolish.

She said, "It never seems to occur to Myra that Janis just liked to fuck." That's just nonsense. I would like to write her a letter and say, "Don't you know that people who like to fuck don't put needles in their arms? And if you don't know that, honey, you don't know nothing!"

That last statement hits the nail on the head. Janis was the victim of a double addiction—alcohol and heroin. Eventually she kicked the heroin, but she

remained an alcoholic until the end. Thousands of adoring fans thought it was cute and charming to see Janis openly swigging a bottle of Southern Comfort; but there is absolutely nothing that could be called cute or charming about alcohol addiction.

In the Good Times interview quoted earlier, Friedman said: "It wasn't a romantic life; it was a terrible life. I don't think anybody reading that book could find an ounce of romance in it... she did not live life to the fullest. You don't live life to the fullest when you walk around with a blunted consciousness 90% of the day, which indeed she did. And I would say that Janis lived a very dreary life. It was about time that people got the romance out of it."

As Dulcinea said to Don Quixote in *The Man of La Mancha*, "Take the clouds from your eyes and see me as I really am."

Friedman asks those who loved Janis to discard the pretty, romanticized ideas that surround her life, and see clearly the sordid, unvarnished truth.

After All, Why Not A Duck?

BY BRUCE MERMELSTEIN

"I'm sorry, but you really can't read this article until you say the secret password, and it ain't 'swordfish,'" I changed that yesterday. I'll tell you what... meet me on Tuesday after I come home from work and I'll give you the secret... On second thought, you go to work and I'll meet you on Tuesday and you give me your secret password! How's that!"



How's that, you say? That's Groucho Marx, I say, and Groucho's two LP set recorded live at Carnegie Hall is an album of smiles. For all through his stories, songs, and ad libs, your mouth is constantly in a grinning position waiting for a Groucho delivery.

No matter what the line is or what it means, it's Groucho's delivery that kills you. You can picture a flickering cigar, flashing eyebrows and a straight face that hides a smile behind it and you laugh. He can say a harmless line like "My cat does that, too," or "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard" and he'll destroy you because you know that there's

something more than the top of that iceberg.

And, as in his movies, the man known to us all as Rufus T. Firefly, Otis B. Driftwood, and Dr. Hackenbush, stands in front of a sellout crowd at Carnegie Hall and makes them all smile, until their jaws begin to hurt.

But before those jaws being to ache, the album commences with applause and a piano overture from various Marx Brothers movies, performed by the Academy Award winning Marvin Hamlisch, setting the mood for the audience. Marx Brothers fans applaud with each successive tune until the entrance of Dick Cavett, where everybody quiets down for his introduction.

And then, we are finally introduced to the man of the hour, with a background of applause and the "Bet Your Life" theme—Groucho Marx. Applause raved as it does at many rock concerts and nothing but thank-yous spilled into Carnegie by Groucho until the crowd quieted down.

He began with a statement that I respected, considering Groucho's status. "I'd like to take a bow for Chico and for Harpo." A well deserved applause followed, fading out to Groucho crooning, "Hello, I must be going" a theme from *Animal Crackers*.

What followed from there were short anecdotes of Groucho and his experiences with such notables as W.C. Fields, T.S. Elliot, Lawrence Olivier, Houdini, etc., plus songs and poems used in his vaudeville days, along with stories of the members of his family and friends. People smiled and applauded all to

pay tribute to a man who did nothing but made them laugh. And laugh they did (as I did) to a man named Groucho Marx. And in the words of Groucho, I'll end this article saying, "I'll stay a week or two, I'll stay the summer through, but I am telling you, I must be going."

Bad Company Debuts

BY LEO SACKS

Bad Company, the much publicized Anglican macho machine new on the Led Zeppelin-owned Swan Song label, is one of the more exciting no-nonsense rock bands to have surfaced in recent months. The quartet, whose congregants include castoffs from such bands as Mott the Hoople (guitarist Mick Ralphs), Free (singer Paul Rogers and drummer Simor Kirke) and King Crimson (bassist Boz Burrell), made their New York debut earlier this month at Schaefer in a heated display of the late-sixties British blues/rock rhythms that propel their impetuously hard-nosed sound.

Given the limitations of the niche they've carved for themselves (admittedly all too predictable at that), the foursome featured tunes off of their initial lp, titled *Bad Company*. Unfortunately, the cold reality concerning their music remains they've really nothing new to say.

The Eivin Bishop Group also celebrated its first New York appearance at Schaefer recently in a steady drizzle. (Lemme tellya folks, I was snaked. But then I started shivering, and I began to feel warmer). Eivin, who moved South to make his latest release, *Let It Flow* (a

joyous romp of a good-time), has kept right by his Chicago blues roots and schoolings (he's an original from the Butterfield coffee house days), only this time around there's an amusing, almost spritely kind of country twist.

Shunned

Continued from page 9.
became a serious matter as the beer continued to flow. I was afraid to drink anything for fear that my bladder would burst while I waited on the rapidly growing line for the john. Because all packages and coolers were searched for metal or glass containers another problem beer drinkers faced was getting their beverages into the Raceway. A lot of people started confusing this with a drug bust and there was a noticeable amount of people slipping out when the gates were opened.

We were especially slipping out because a Roosevelt worker had told us to watch out for cops. He said that Raceway officials had not asked for any (the Raceway is private property) and didn't want any hassles with them. Still, there were over 50 buses.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

ON CAMPUS

Intramural Athletic Activities

Competitions will be held in tennis, handball, basketball, karate and judo, et al. For entry blanks and additional information, see the Intramural Office, room 22, Science and Physical Education Building. Act quickly since closing dates begin October 3.

Microforms Collection

There is now a Microforms Center, Room 104, Cohen Library, housing the general microforms collection. This collection includes over 12,000 reels of microfilm and is self-serviced. The New York Times and London Times indexes are also available in the same room.

Esperanto Society

Esperanto is fast becoming one of the world's major languages. It's easy to learn and can be mastered quickly. Give it a try at Downer 304, Thursday, 12:00-2:00.

Teacher Evaluation Handbook

The Student Senate Teacher Evaluation Handbook Committee is now recruiting staff members. Students are needed for typing, proofreading, layout, etc... Leave your name and address in the OP mailbox, Finley 152.

OFF CAMPUS

Wine and Cheese Festival

New York Coliseum, October 12-20. From 2-10 PM daily and 3-9 PM on Sundays. Tickets are \$5.00. Wine and cheese from all over the world plus steel and jazz bands.

N. O. W. Presentation

"Fly me, buy me," a presentation on women in the media. \$1.50 admission. 7:30 PM. Call N. O. W. at 674-8950.

Rape

Women Against Rape need more counselors... Call 675-7720.

Art in the Bronx?

The Bronx Artists' Guild will be exhibiting their work at the Bedford Park boulevard entrance of the Botanical Gardens. The show is open to non-members as well, and will be held September 21, 22, 28, and 29, from 11:30 AM to 4:30 PM. For information write to Hedi Lang, 2929 Briggs Avenue, Bronx, New York 10458.

Feast of San Gennaro

Between Bayard, Spring, and Mulberry Streets. Free. Through September 22, daily 11 AM-1 PM. Little Italy throws this party every fall. There is delicious food, wine, and dancing in the streets. For more information call 226-9546.

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari

Saturday, September 21, 12:00 noon at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd Street. Film is free with admission to the Museum, which is \$1.25 with student I. D. The first psychological film ever made. It should be seen if only for the imaginative paper scenery.

New York Ragtime Center

142 Bleeker Street. Admission by contribution. Thursday, September 19, 8

PM. A benefit party and concert with Eubie Blake, Terry Waldo, and others. Their phone number is 473-9662.

Emmett "the Stick" Chapman

Museum of Modern Art Sculpture Garden; 8 West 54th Street, Saturday, September 21, 8 PM. Chapman and friends will play a newly-invented instrument.

Women in Transition

10 sessions focusing on themes important to women. North Shore Community Arts Center, 236 Middle Neck Road, Great Neck N.Y. 11201. Write for further information.

SEA STORIES

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" and other sea stories will be acted out in mime by Richard Clairmont and Peter Lobdell on September 27 and 28 at 8 p.m. at the Cubiculo, 414 West 51st Street. For reservations, call 265-2138.

BECOME AN ORGANIZER

Students wishing to gain first hand experience in community organizing will now have an opportunity to work directly with Fred Ross Sr., director of the United Farm Workers of America (UFWA).

Ross will be conducting workshops covering the history of the UFW and specific skills necessary for organizing effective support for farm workers and other consumer oriented groups. Students should expect to learn how to lead meetings with up to 100 people, deal with politicians, act on legislation, write press releases, raise money and in general, how to "direct community energy toward educational, constructive goals."

Full time organizers will receive room, board, five dollars a week and gas money, the same benefits as all working members of the UFWA, including Cesar Chavez. Concerned students should contact John Budenholzer at 331 West 84th Street or call 799-5800.

LOWER EAST SIDE LIVES!

The Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 West 53rd Street, has created an experimental project to be exhibited from September 21 to January 1. The project is a conglomeration of the foods, crafts, and history of the Lower East Side, and was put together by the museum staff and members of the community.

A documentary film will be shown, craftspeople will give demonstrations, and hors d'oeuvres and cocktails representative of the various ethnic groups will be served.

PHS Films Suffer

Continued from page 1

Minkoff first tried to secure funds for his course a year ago, and was told that DCPA had jurisdiction in the funding of all film courses. He then approached Herman Krawitz, who was the Center's chairperson, but was told that the Davis Center stressed courses designed for film students.

"I went back this spring and spoke to Herman Krawitz again," Minkoff said. "I had two things that I wanted to sell him on. The first thing was my course. The more important thing, however, was to convince him that DCPA could participate in courses that were not only aimed at film specialists, and that it could have an impact on the cultural content of the general campus community."

The University of Washington needs a new Provost for Academic Affairs, who will be responsible for student problems and programs: admissions, registration, curriculum and instruction, counseling, libraries, etc.

They're looking for some one who is "a recognized scholar in their field... between thirty-five and forty-five years old (preferably), and has significant administrative experience in an educational institution" They also ask for candidates who are minority members and/or women, since their administration is, as they say, "sadly deficient in both."

Should you know of anyone you feel is qualified, please send their names by October 15, 1974, to:

Dr. John Hogness, President

"My proposal was to do my course in cooperation with and in conjunction with DCPA, and to open up the film showings to the general campus community with a good deal of publicity."

Krawitz liked the idea and agreed to fund both PHS courses, but the funds were withdrawn after his resignation in July.

"One could agree or disagree with Krawitz's decision to give us the money," Minkoff said, "but once he had made that decision I think it is absolutely outrageous for any administrative official to make a post-facto decision to withdraw funds after they had been committed and our schedule had already been made. By the time we learned of the decision substitute courses could not get into the course schedule anymore."

The highest registration for any film courses, according to Minkoff, were for these two PHS courses that are not being funded, with over forty people in Film as a Political Instrument and close to forty people in Images of Women in Film.

Waldhorn said that "popularity was not considered as a major factor in awarding funds. What we are most interested in is relevance to the Davis Center's program. These are straightened times and we have to work with straightened budgets."

Minkoff insists that he is going ahead with his course in spite of the lack of funds. "I think the students in it are enthusiastic. I think it speaks to student interest and I'm going through with it even if I have to fund it out of my own pocket."

REST IN PEACE

Three members of the renowned Observation Post committed suicide this afternoon. Leaving behind 2 LNS stories, a half eaten sour pickle and a few tabs of Vitamin C, the three were said to have been "slowly losing their minds," said one editor, while munching heartily on the remains of a fellow staffer. "It was a bad day all around", the editor sighed. "I would have liked the entire pickle."

The following was a memo left before John Long passed on. "Life just ain't what it used to be. I can't live without

the nun so I shall leave you with one last thought: If you ain't got religion you ain't got nothing."

Upon finding the suicide note of Peter Grad, one staff member remarked, "I thought he was dead years ago."

Latest reports indicate that assistant news editor Marc Lipitz actually died of an accidental overdose of vitamin A. It has often been rumored that Lipitz was a hard-core Vitamin A freak, an allegation supported by the large number of "Chocks" tablets found in the lining of his jacket.

Summer in the City

Continued from page 4

The climax of this summer's free outdoor events was a two week festival of theatre, music, dance and song at Lincoln Center, featuring impressive rock musicals, two spectacular shows by Olatunji and his African dancers, drummers and singers, as well as performances by the Voices of East Harlem, the nationally renowned Rod Rodgers Dance Company, and... and...

Behavior...

Continued from page 5

behind Project Success, is quick to point out that its practical application comes from experimentation on human subjects—specifically, patients in mental hospitals. In that environment, according to Rollins, "people behave inappropriately most of the time," and experimenters "have had enormous success there with retarded children."

Using the analogy of behavior modification programs in prisons, Rollins goes on, "I'd feel society has a right to change behavior if society decides it is harmful. With children, we have even less of a problem. We definitely want children to grow up following society's rules. If they don't, we jail or ostracize them, call them failures."

Rollins insists that Project Success places no restrictions on individual children's freedom. This view is not universally shared, however. Dr. Bryan Lindsey of the University of Georgia spent a day visiting Project Success classes and was appalled at the limits behavior modification places on the expression of student discontent.

"Behavior modification is education for docility," says Lindsey. "In the final analysis, this program will damage their self-concept. Enthusiasm had been killed in the students I saw—killed with kindness."

"Unacceptable behavior may be healthy," points out Lindsey, "showing that instruction is inappropriate. We should be asking, 'What is wrong with the program?' not 'What's wrong with the people in the program?'"

Lindsey feels that "School is life, an extension of the home; not a place where we should be sheltered from the world." The real problems of inner-city schools, he explains, is "to give those students their fair share of society's goods and their behavior will take care of itself. Behavior modification is just a pressure cooker that keeps the lid on. But when intelligent people are manipulated eventually they get mad as hell."

But Shepard Keeps Trying

Continued from page 5

Peter at the pearly gates. Saint Peter states that the committee has condemned Nixon to an eternal stay at McDonalds which Nixon thinks is a frankfurter joint, where he must forever down Big Macs, the ooze dripping over his arms. At Nixon's protest, the Saint merely replies, "I don't make the news. I only report it."

The highlight of the evening was a story going back to his college days in which he described the outcome of an Ex-Lax eating contest. ("When we ran out of the family package, someone went out for the hospital size.")

The show brought mixed reactions from the audience, from the hysterical people rushing to the johns to one woman who stood up and sighed, "Well, he's good on radio. . . ."

Damn right, lady. Jean Shepherd is probably best known for his late night radio broadcasts. At one time his all-night shows earned him the reputation as "the leading satirist of the underground." His antics included directing the audience to rush en masse to book stores to purchase a novel which was never actually written (they did), to asking a midnight audience to put their radios out the window at full

blast and the echoed scream of a madman (Shepherd) rattled the lampposts on every corner of New York.

Shepherd, several radio stations later (I've heard he had a habit of purposely mangling commercials), is now heard weeknights over WOR-AM at 9:15 PM. His books include the highly praised *In God We Trust—All Others Pay Cash* and he has won the *Playboy* Humor/Satire award an unprecedented four times.

Jean Shepherd is proof that it ain't so bad to be marching on the wrong side of the road. At least now the slobs of the world have been heard.