

Unfriendly Five and the First Amendment

Does Faculty Senate Fear the Press?

By ROBERT NESS

The December 19th Faculty Senate meeting, the one where Professor Stanley Page (History) and the unfriendly four were to be tried and censured, was on most of our minds at OP that week. The proceedings drew quite a crowd including reporters from the Post, the Daily News, the student press and television news crews. Television's Gabe Pressman was there, and so was Paul Bloom from WPIX.

The proceedings were run by parliamentary rules—strict procedures to determine an agenda, decide who could take the floor to speak, and specifically what they could say. The first order of business was a recital of the Senate rules concerning who might sit in on the session. Michael Arons (Associate Professor, Physics), who chaired the meeting, declared that according to Senate by-laws only faculty members and one representative from each student newspaper would be legally allowed to remain as visitors. In other words, the working press and film crews would have to leave. Upon hearing this, Page sprung to his feet asking why the Senate had suddenly become such a formal body considering all its past irregularities. Professor Edward Rosen (History), a 49 year veteran of the College, proclaimed, "Keep the press! This Senate is glad to welcome those who have come." Rosen, one of the unfriendly four, did not have his sentiments shared by many of the other Senators. A floor fight continued for over an hour.

For the record, Arons remarked that he was happy to have the press, but that this was merely a procedural matter. At any rate, the film crews were the first to go. The ouster didn't stop Gabe Pressman's cameraman, however. Due to the intense heat, generated by the standing room only audience, the doors to the auditorium were left ajar. Periodically, the flood lights would glare, signifying that the crew was filming the proceedings from outside the room. Since the cameras were not inside, Pressman's cameraman was technically abiding by the ruling. At one point the door was shut, but the inventive cameraman poked his lens through a vent at the top of the entrance.

Moments later, the door, a busy thorough-



fare all day, was reopened. At this point one Senator left his seat and forcibly tried to stop the filming by pushing away the film equipment. Threats of violent reprisals ("Hit that camera again and I'll break your head...") were lodged at him by the cameraman. And then Bernard Sohmer, Vice-Provost for Student Affairs and Israel Levine, College Public Relations Director, intervened, attempting to settle the dispute. Sohmer, in a conciliatory tone assured Pressman that removing the cameras was simply procedure.

Pressman countered with the argument that these days most people get their news

from television and that therefore the lockout would deprive the public of the true facts. After a brief exchange of rhetoric, Pressman decided to leave. As he angrily marched down the Shepard corridor trading lines with the cool Sohmer, he thundered, "I don't want to be jerked off... they should treat us with courtesy grace. This is not a court of law, this is an academic institution."

Returning to my seat, I was informed that still cameras had now been barred from the session because of the fear of some Senators that their colleagues might perform for the cameras, thereby making fools of themselves.

It seems to me that both factions proved that cameras were not necessary.

CLU: Page Guarded by 1st Amendment

By MARC LIPITZ

The New York Civil Liberties Union has stated that it will defend Professor Stanley Page if the College's Faculty Senate and administration implements the Koster Report's recommendation that he be fired.

In a letter sent to President Robert Marshak, NYCLU executive director Ira Glasser declared that such action would be contrary to the First Amendment and that his organization would be prepared to defend Page if it should become necessary.

"Such a recommendation, if implemented, would in our view clearly violate the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution and, under existing law, would constitute an impermissible breach of academic freedom," wrote Glasser.

The letter continued, "Unhappily, a reading of the committee's report on which its recommendations is based leaves no doubt that speech is exactly what is meant by 'conduct that is unbecoming.'"

"In short, the committee has evaluated the content of Dr. Page's speech and found it bad. It is free to say so. But it wants more than that. It wants to have Page fired for his bad speech."

In an interview, Glasser added that he sees the issue as a dispute over conflicting views, where "those in the majority are seeking to punish those in the minority. The entire process appears to be directed at the content of what these people are saying."

No mention of the committee's recommendation for censure was included in the letter to Marshak, he said, because of the ambiguity of the word "censure." If the Faculty Senate chooses to censure the professors as a means of expressing their view, then that is within their rights of free speech, Glasser said. He cautioned, however, that if the censure is a punitive act, blotting the records of these men, then the act is contrary to their first amendment rights.

The NYCLU is the latest group to take a public interest in what has mushroomed into a stormy issue nationally. The attention has focused on five history professors who have

News Briefs

On Campus

The College will launch an Urban Legal Studies program next fall in cooperation with the New York Law School. The new program is designed to prepare students for a career in urban law and to encourage students from minority ethnic groups to enter the legal field.

The course of study will be completed in six years instead of the usual seven by integrating a Liberal Arts curriculum with the standard law program taught by CCNY faculty as well as faculty from New York Law School. Students will receive the newly created BA-JS degree after three years and be virtually

guaranteed admittance to the law school.

Although the new program closely resembles the disputed Bio-Med program in structure, officials at the College and Board of Higher Education hope to have gained enough experience to insure the sound planning of yet another specialized professional program with an abbreviated curriculum. The Bio-Med program came under sharp attacks by students and organizations charging the admissions procedures of "reverse discrimination" against white applicants.

Students seeking more information may contact Edward Scheier at Shepard 118.

Matt Seaman

Assistant Professor Robert Greene has been named the College's director of athletics, effective July 1. He succeeds Associate Professor Robert Behrman who has announced his resignation after nine years at the post.

Greene is currently the College's assistant athletic director and coach of the tennis team. He was named CCNY's "Coach of the Year" last season after the Beaver team swept the Metropolitan Tennis Conference Division A title for the second consecutive year. He also serves on the national NCAA Tennis Committee.

On October 3, 1967, seven students were arrested as they camped in a tree to prevent the construction of temporary (sic) huts on South Campus lawn. On November 1, 49 more were arrested for similar protests. But last Thursday, whether it be the cold air or the nature of the times, fences were constructed around the area with hardly a student batting an eye. The transformation of South Campus lawn into an athletic field had finally begun.

The College insists that it hopes to retain as much of the "bucolic" atmosphere of the old lawn as is possible but the outlook is dim. Rather than replanting most of the mature trees which now line the lawn's paths and circumference, the plan calls for youth trees along with the traditional city park fences and concrete water fountains. In addition, plans also include high intensity flood lights, pits

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Ex-Wackenhut: "I Could Tell You Stories"

By DAVID BAHARAV

He was afraid to talk, fearful that if he got involved some hideous revenge would be wreaked upon him by the Wackenhut Guards. He feared for his paycheck.

I was speaking to a classmate of mine, an Arabic Moslem math major and ex-Wackenhut security guard who was stationed at the College.

"Look," I told him, "Next week is the deadline and if you don't give me the story now you'll never have a chance to expose incompetence in the Wackenhut office."

In this way I finally pumped the information out of him. He agreed to meet me one day after our "real variables" class. He came early, wearing his Kaffiyeh, and we sat down in the math lab, speaking in whispers. His paranoia was obvious as he continually craned his neck over his shoulder, fearful somebody might be eavesdropping.

"I could tell you stories that would make your hair stand on end," he said. Beginning with the robbery of Shepard Cafeteria in which Sargeant Harry Murray was shot, he told me some unreleased facts about several incidents on campus.

Reports of the Murray incident claim that Guard Glen Wifong helped Murray ward off the three assailants until the attackers produced guns. What is not reported is that

Wifong, unarmed, tried to radio for help but his walkie-talkie was out of order. At that point, he ran to the Administration Building where the nearest Wackenhut was stationed. In the meantime, the assailants escaped and the shooting of Guard Murray ensued.

A few incidents on campus have led people to believe that this wasn't the only time Wackenhut equipment did not work. When students kicked the Marines off campus last semester, no one radioed Security Chief Albert Dandridge to report the incident. Dandridge says the incident was "too trivial" to report to him. Perhaps he didn't get any message because none of the guards had equipment that worked.

But it is not just faulty equipment that prevents the Wackenhuts from doing their job. Last semester, several cars were broken into on South Campus. Two guards spotted a pair of suspicious looking characters with ten-inch screwdrivers. The men were apprehended and taken to the 26th Precinct. The students whose cars were burglarized thought it was too much trouble to press charges and left it to the Wackenhuts to testify about the incident.

One of the guards did not want to have any part of the affair. He had once been mugged by one of the alleged thieves, the other guard

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Professor Stanley Page

repeatedly charged President Marshak and many of their colleagues with diluting the quality of education at the College. Personal charges and allegations have been hurled by both sides of the faction during the five year dispute.

At its meeting of March 28, 1974, the Faculty Senate established a Committee of Inquiry (Koster Committee) to, in the words of the report, "investigate allegations of misconduct within the Department of History as well as possible infringements of academic freedom."

The five central figures, Professor Stanley Page, Professor Howard Adelson, Professor Edward Rosen, Associate Professor Henry Huttenbach, and Associate Professor George Schwab, all elected not to testify before the committee claiming that it could not give a

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See You At The Holocaust

By JOHN LONG

Have you ever played with puppets or seen a puppet show? It's pretty amazing what control one can have over every move the puppet makes.

I guess you think it's all trivial anyway. I mean hell, it must have been years since you've seen or played with puppets. Well, the other day I chanced on the topic of puppets with a few friends and a frightful thought came to my head.

We're all puppets; you and me, your best friend, their grandparents, everyone. And what's worse is that we all hold the strings. We all have an indirect control over what other people think and do. And of course, some people, like the rich and influential, have a greater hold than others.

What's even more frightening is that most people don't seem to give a shit. They'd rather sit back and watch the stock market fall or buy some dipshit record by some dipshit artist whom no one will have heard of five years from now. No one wants to break the strings. And that's what's killing us.

In the "sixties" there was at least an attempt to keep this system in check. Just about everyone and their college professor was demonstrating about one thing or another. And there was plenty to protest, too, what with Vietnam and napalm, civil rights, pollution and malnutrition, covering the headlines.

But the way things are today one would think that everything is perfect. Or maybe old age does set in by thirty nowadays, especially since they invented botulism and other mind poisons.

It's too bad that we're so blind or lazy because we are about to get royally screwed. We didn't open our eyes and make changes when there was still a chance to do something.

We're slowly but surely being drawn into another major war, much bigger than Vietnam and Korea put together, maybe even bigger than the devastation that ended the Second World War. The handwriting is on the wall.

Every major war we've ever been involved in was immediately preceded by a major economic downfall in this country. There were the recessions of World War One, Korea and Vietnam and the depression preceding World War Two. Now we have the impending depression that will lead us into a New Mid-East War.

Wars take the unemployed off the street and put them in the army. They increase industrial output while balancing what we take in. Historically, our lowest rates of unemployment have been during war years. The economies of World War One and Vietnam have been some of our best boom economies.

And remember that the best way to remove the dissidents from the colleges is to draft them. And don't go off believing that bullshit about the draft lottery. If they want you, they'll find a way to get you.

Never in our history has there been a bigger reason than now to go to war. Never in our history have we ever had an opportunity to gain economically from such a war.

Better than seventy-five percent of our nations economy depends on oil. Without it, we're nothing less than a second rate power.

Who has the oil?

The Arabs.

Who continually threatens to withhold it from us every time we give a dime to Israel?

The Arabs.

Who is mostly responsible for the collapse of the auto industry, resulting in massive layoffs approaching one million workers?

The Arabs.

"It's purely a dollar and cent issue" will be the excuse. We need their oil. If they don't give it to us, then we'll have to go in and take it.

That's where you and me come in. The government is playing around with our lives and our world. If all we can do is sit back on our asses and watch the world blow in our faces, then we deserve the fate that awaits us.

Now is the perfect time to create waves. Never was there more a need. Let's get the puppets out of office and break the strings they hold on us. If we don't, I'll see you at the holocaust.

Hero Worship vs. Machismo Worship

By ROBERTO J APONTE

Having taken a heroism course at City (English 13.1), and being a long standing hero worshipper of such science fiction heroes as John Carter of Mars and Michael Valentine Smith, I feel I must warn the men of the world of the danger of confusing machismo and heroism. Men who follow the mode of behavior or philosophy that is machismo think that this makes them heroes. This is simply not true. Following the precepts of machismo only makes one an arrogant, insensitive fool.

Believing that women are frail and therefore need to be treated gently and taken care of is a gallant belief, but carrying it to the point where it becomes a compulsion to dominate women is the mark of a neurotic.

A hero is protective, not dominating. A hero is ready to fight whenever the need arises. This does not mean that he has a chip on his shoulder and cannot wait to get into a fight to show off his manliness. How many people die each year at the hands of the youth gangs roaming our streets? Heroes do not spend their childhoods slashing at other equally stupid children simply because they grew up on different city blocks and therefore belong to different gangs.

Machismo is not only killing teenagers in our ghettos. It permeates our entire society. Thousands of young men were killed in Viet Nam because the men in government did not want to admit that the war was lost. It goes even deeper than this. It is the little boys who are taught to play with guns and not to cry when they are hurt that grow up to be the soldiers who blindly go to war on command.

It is the females who are taught to be weak, not to

play boys games but to play house instead, who stand idly by while their men are slaughtered in warfare. This adds up into what I call a national machismo. While it is the youth gangs that make the headlines it is national machismo which is the greatest killer of humankind.

Machismo is not a disease which afflicts only men. Women suffer, and I emphasize the word suffer, from it also. There are lots of women who still believe that they are the weaker sex—physically and mentally. It is in women that the concepts of heroism and of machismo can be seen to be diametrically opposed.

The female heroine is an independent person who, like her male counterpart, can fend for herself. The machismo brainwashed female (the males are brainwashed also but it is in women that it is more obvious) is a weak dependent thing who is actually helpless without male domination. That's not the way I would want my daughter to be.

In all this time I have not really attempted to define the term machismo. This is because it is a hard term to define. I have called it a mode of behavior, a philosophy, a belief, and even at one time a neurosis. It is probably all of them combined. It seems to be directly related to the word honor—another difficult word to define.

A hero evokes honor because of his actions. His honor is not something which must be actively defended. It is the machismo indoctrinated male who feels he must always be defending his honor. Being insecure, he feels he must constantly be proving himself. He walks through life with his honor wrapped around him like a protective blanket. He may think he is a hero, but he falls far short of even being a man.

Letters to the Editor

Astrological Reply

I would like to extend my thanks and congratulations for the centerfold feature, "Probing the Unknown," in the November 15 issue of OP. It was as informative as it was interesting.

There is, however, an item which I feel needs some clarification in the "Owen Rachleff: Psychic Sleuth" story. Despite his tenacity in investigating the "unexplained," Mr. Rachleff is notoriously misinformed in the area of astrology pertaining to the meaning and definition of the zodiac.

He asserts that astrology is "incorrect" because "the earth has shifted in relation to the stars, so that the place of Aries is no longer where the stars of Aries are." This statement stems from his ignorance of the fact that there are actually two ways of measuring the positions of planets in the zodiac.

One method is to gauge positions against the actual stars which form the space backdrop of the ecliptic circle. Thus Aries is wherever the constellation called "Aries" is seen. This method of measurement is called "sidereal." Due to precession, it is true that the position of the constellations has indeed shifted approximately 24 degrees in the past 2,000 years. Astrologers are well aware of this.

But what Rachleff is unaware of is that the other system, more common in the West, is the "tropical" zodiac of signs, which is based on the seasons, rather than the positions of the stars. Thus the signs refer to the angular distance a body has moved from some starting point, namely the point of vernal equinox. In this system, Libra would mean "halfway through the cycle" rather than "inconjunction with the constellation called 'Libra.'" It's a matter of cycles within a circle.

Each system is sound and consistent within its particular framework. To withdraw fragmented parts from each one and conclude that, because of a difference in definitions, neither system is valid is both illogical and inconsistent.

Pity such a sharp mind commits such a shallow blunder.

Very truly yours,
Robert Knight
Associate Editor
The Paper

The PLO Perspective

Normally, "perspective" implies taking two opposing views and looking at each one relative to the other. As

your article, "Perspective: An Interview with the PLO," neglected to provide that necessary balance of opinion, perhaps this letter can be used for that purpose.

Here are just a few of the many points that can be raised in rebuttal:

1. The land colonized by Jewish settlers in the late 19th and early twentieth centuries was not stolen from the Palestinians. It was paid for in cash. The land that they bought was frequently marshy and full of malaria breeding mosquitoes. As such, it was usually sparsely inhabited.
2. Jews have lived in Israel continuously for the last two thousand years, a fact rarely mentioned by the PLO.
3. The creation of Israel in 1947 was not at the expense of destroying a pre-existing Arab State. No Arab State has ever existed in Palestine. A Jewish State did.
4. The Partition Plan that created Israel in 1947 also created an Arab State significantly larger than the area known today as the "West Bank." Israel accepted partition even though it meant abandoning a number of settlements outside the borders of the newly created state. The Arabs did not accept partition. Instead, they vowed to destroy Israel and did their best to make that threat a reality.
5. The refugee problem was created by Arab leaders who in 1948 urged the masses to flee, promising them that in a few days they would triumphantly return, driving the Jews into the sea.
6. Israel has absorbed refugees from all over the world. This includes Arab lands where Jews are discriminated against, despite Arab assurances that they are only against Zionists, not Jews. Take the remnants of Damascus Jewry as an example. Jewish women are raped on the street, police enter homes at night to make head counts, people disappear and are never heard from again. Is this how Mr. Arafat will treat Jews in his Palestinian State?
7. And then there is the question of just who really represents the Palestinian people. The PLO has never been officially designated as their representative. When King Hussein of Jordan offered to conduct elections to determine who the Palestinian people really want to represent them, he was rebuffed.
8. Ibrahim Elbeid, with whom the writer spoke, is also mistaken as to the origins of Ashkenazic Jewry. He

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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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Sexual Politics

Women On Rape

Women's Caucus
Rape Subcommittee at the City College
Finley Hall Room 152

Dear President Marshak,

We know that you are shocked and saddened by the rape that occurred on campus last month. But we were even more shocked and saddened to find that there has not been sufficient security provisions made to prevent similar events from recurring. Indeed, we are amazed that the College could reinstate the indicted suspect without simultaneously providing adequate security for the general female population; particularly the victim. We were further disappointed to find that your return statements addressed to us through Vice-President Canavan did not promise this service to which all CCNY women are entitled. Members of the outside women's community join us in our deep concern:

Women at this college must inconvenience themselves so that they are not alone at the wrong places or wrong times. Some of the wrong places have been found to include locker rooms and libraries. Citations of statistics showing a decrease in on-campus crime are meaningless to the victims. One woman raped is one woman too many! Several women harassed in the library are several women too many!

Failure to acknowledge a problem has never made it go away. Women at CCNY acknowledge the problem and we find it to be unbearable!

Therefore on behalf of the women presently at or within the City College vicinity as well as for those who are tentatively planning on coming here, we request a meeting with you to further discuss the matter. We assume that you want a safe campus as well as we do and it is our hope that a joint meeting would lead to a responsible solution.

Please reply to our letter within the next two weeks so that the initiation of our joint project will not be delayed. It would be most unfortunate for us as well as you if high school women felt that the College was not safe enough to consider attending. We look forward to working with you.

Gay Oppression

By BILL McCALLION

Again and again we hear cries of oppression and bias, so that now we no longer pay attention unless we are among the oppressed. People no longer feel oppression as anguish and frustration, but see it only as a rhetorical means to achieve some political and

philosophical end; this is not oppression. Oppression is personal, and, in my case, as a gay person, it is ultimately frustrating.

If a person is slandered due to her or his race or religion, especially in a classroom environment, it is a personal attack. It is accepted that prejudice against race or creed is wrong; the judgment has already been made and popularized and the bigot is in the wrong. If, on the other hand, there is a biased comment concerning gay people, unless a person has "come out" to his or her class, it is then not realized as a personal attack. Gay has neither been popularized nor judged acceptable. Many people might agree with the oppression or accept the oppressor's premise of "gay is wrong."

I would like to recount oppressive experiences which I've encountered.

My major is Urban Landscape architecture. Not many of my classmates or teachers know that I'm gay, and the writing of this article is, in part, to "come out" to them. Three specific incidents stand out in my mind: 1) for a first project in a design class, one woman student did a study of the Mortop Street Pier in the West Village (a predominantly gay area) noting that the pier was heavily used by gays. I was glad to see the issue being brought out early in the term and in a frank and non-judgemental manner. When researching for a design the users are the most critical criteria, yet the teacher ignored gays as being the potential users. His avoidance of the issue was a subtle suggestion of bias and it left me feeling uneasy.

One evening the class met at this teacher's house for a discussion of the restoration project in Central Park. We discussed the Rambles area of the park and the teacher asked the person in charge of the program what was being done about the "problem of homosexuals" on that area. (I, sir, am not a problem.) I immediately wanted to stand up in front of these people and shout my protest but my fears wouldn't let me. I didn't hear the next half hour of the discussion due to my polarization.

One day in class the teacher was lecturing and for some reason he brought up the issue of deviants; the group he cited was "homosexuals." I resolved right then and there that I was going to tell him that he could go fuck himself and take his course with him. But as I thought about it, I decided there was a broader issue involved and an article such as this might partially educate the whole academic community at the College.

On many planes, I respect the teacher and find him a capable man and a fine designer, but that doesn't make him any less biased. A few words of advice: Don't presume that

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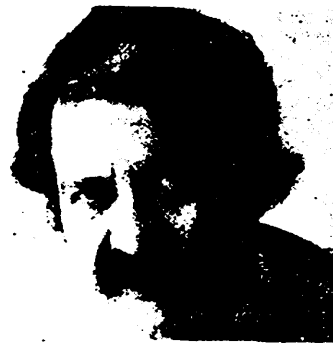
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for broad jumping and high jumping, and eventually, an electronic scoreboard.

Construction had been temporarily delayed when a dispute arose over the College's decision to use artificial turf for the infield, claiming it to be much easier and less expensive to maintain than natural grass. The Budget Bureau vetoed the plan, however, reasoning that because no other city facility had artificial turf, a precedent could not be set here.

Associate Professor Herbert DeBerry has been named Acting Vice-Provost for Student Affairs replacing Professor Bernard Sohmer who takes a sabbatical leave from the College February 1.

The temporary appointment was made by President Marshak after the search committee screening applicants for the position had failed to find a permanent replacement. The committee, headed by Philip Baumel (Director, Curricular Guidance, Liberal Arts and Science), had earlier selected DeBerry as one of the six or seven strong candidates for the permanent position.



Philip Baumel

DeBerry appears uncertain as to whether he would accept the job on a full-time basis. He sees the position as an interesting challenge but says, "I'm not sure if it's the job I want."

DeBerry has served as Chairman of the College's department of student personnel services since 1972 and will continue to carry out most of his present duties during his tenure as Acting Vice-Provost. He will receive his present salary in addition to the Acting Vice-Provost stipend.

Sohmer's resignation was officially accepted last March by President Marshak after what he conceded had been a "buildup of tensions" between him and the College President. Following his spring sabbatical, Sohmer intends to return to the College's

mathematics department in a teaching capacity.

The College's Center for Biomedical Education has received a grant of over \$30,000 from the William H. Berri Fund of the New York Community Trust and Community Funds, Inc.

Half of the grant will be used toward a loan fund for students in the Biomedical program to be paid back to the College after the recipients have graduated from medical school. The remaining money will be used for student scholarships.

Off Campus

(EARTH NEWS)—Reacting to cries that radical economics teachers are being fired from American campuses, the membership of the American Economics Association (AEA) has voted to establish a new "Committee on Political Discrimination" to investigate such charges.

According to the Union of Radical Economics which proposed the committee, three faculty members at San Jose State University and one at Lehman College of the City University of New York have been fired in recent months because of their political views on economics.

Michael Zwieg, a spokesperson for the radical union, claims that recent firings of radicals indicate a "systematic repression of politically radical economics at a time when conventional economics is failing to explain the current economic crisis."

The committee of the AEA, which represents administrators and teachers of economics nationwide, will investigate any charges of political discrimination brought to its attention, whether they be from radicals or anyone else.

(EARTH NEWS)—It may come as no surprise, but a new study comparing women and men who hold doctoral degrees has found that even the best-educated women in our society still earn less money than their male counterparts.

The study, sponsored by the Graduate Records Examination Board, found that male Ph.D.'s receive an average salary of \$18,700 five years after earning their degrees, while women earn an average of only \$16,400. In addition, a greater percentage of male doctorates are hired by business (where salaries are generally higher) while most women are hired by educational institutions (where salaries are generally lower).

Tales of Wackenhut Incompetence

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was also reluctant to testify because he lived on the same block as the suspects.

Faced with this dilemma, one of the Wackenhut higher-ups who my source was fearful of naming, ordered a third guard, who had nothing to do with the affair and didn't live in the area, to press charges against the suspects for possession of burglary tools. It is unlikely that the charges will hold up under such circumstances.

Several incidents have led people to question if the Wackenhuts can even take care of themselves. One guard was mugged last year while on the job and in uniform.

In 1973 there was an increase of crime in the security office. Several guards' lockers were rifled and property was stolen. Only with the disappearance of one of the guards did they discover who the culprit was. Apparently, this particular sentinel of College property used a sharpened iron pipe to break the locks. The guards had seen him with the pipe but they had never questioned him about it.

Things like this can happen because literally anyone off the street who speaks



English can work for the Wackenhut Agency. One merely goes down to 5 Beekman Street (the Wackenhut main office) fills out a form, and answers 'no' to the crucial questions, "Are you a student," and "Do you have a criminal record?" The agency does not check to see if you are lying. Both students and ex-convicts have worked as Wackenhuts on this campus. Then they give you a uniform, point to a building, on the College grounds, and say "Guard this." End of training.

Starting pay for a Wackenhut is on par with that of a dishwasher. My source worked 48 hours one week, including eight hours

overtime and took home \$84.73.

With these lax requirements and low pay, we're lucky that the Wackenhuts haven't been doing the muggings. One guy, reportedly still employed, supplements his income as a numbers runner.

Under the agency's contract with the College, only 35 per cent of the guards are required to have gun licenses. The number that actually pack a six-shooter is even less.

There is one member of the Wackenhuts who has earned the reputation of a Frank Serpico, the legendary incorruptible cop of the N.Y. Police Department. When a faculty

member was reportedly being worked over by two neighborhood punks late one night in Shepard Cafeteria, the guard on duty allegedly suggested, "Why don't you take it outside?" When our Serpicoite heard about this he reprimanded the guard and managed to have him transferred.

But, the Serpicoite is unpopular with his superiors. Perhaps his competence masks their incompetence. My source was reluctant to give me more details about the Serpicoite. "If you use his name, they'll fire him for sure," he said.

Mumbling a good-bye, my source panned the room once more, checking for eavesdroppers and quietly slipped out of the math lab. I didn't see him again and I was beginning to worry. Did the vengeful Wackenhuts find out he squealed?

Last week he called me. "Hi Dave. What chapters do we have to know for our real variables final?"

"The first five," I told him. "But listen, where were you? I haven't seen you in class since that interview."

"I went on a pilgrimage to Mecca."

To avoid the long arm of the Wackenhuts, no doubt.

Dismissals Threaten Asian-American Studies

By FRED SEAMAN

The firing of Spring Wang and Dennis Torigoe, two popular instructors in the Asian Studies department, has exposed a long-standing conflict between the department's innovative Asian-American Studies program and the traditional Area Studies approach, which concerns itself with East Asian civilization and culture. Wang and Torigoe constitute the backbone of Asian-American Studies which deals with the history, culture and ethnic heritage of the Asian minority in America.

Each discipline constitutes a separate division in the Asian Studies department, but the two fired instructors claim the department's chairman, Winberg Chai, and the executive committee are biased in favor of Area Studies and their firing represents an attempt to phase out Asian-American Studies as it now exists at the College.

Winberg Chai denied there was any kind of attempt to undermine Asian-American Studies. He insisted the two teachers were ill-qualified and their approach to teaching Asian-American Studies was "not academically sound." Both instructors have achieved exceptional ratings in the teacher evaluation handbook. Torigoe ranking among those teachers who were found to be "truly outstanding" and deserving of tenure.

Wang and Torigoe, who enjoy widespread student support plan to appeal their firing to the College's Grievances Committee. An Ad-Hoc Committee to defend Asian-American Studies has been formed by students in the department who feel that the firings represent an attack on the Asian-American Studies program. The Committee has organized pickets, sent teams of speakers into Asian Studies classes, and has circulated a petition around campus demanding the reinstatement of the two instructors.

A Unique Department

The Asian Studies department, which was founded in 1971 in response to widespread student demand for ethnic studies, has a long tradition of student activism.

In the spring of 1972 students occupied the department's facilities in Goethals Hall, demanding a more student-relevant program. Spring Wang and Dennis Torigoe, who had been active in various community programs in Chinatown, were hired later that year.

The two instructors initiated numerous innovative courses and helped build an Asian Studies department that incorporated both Area Studies and the new Asian-American Studies approach. This was a rather unique structure, since at most other schools the two disciplines constitute separate departments.

The College's Asian Studies department soon achieved national recognition as a model for innovative teaching, and Wang and Torigoe became renowned Asian-American Studies teachers.

With the arrival of Winberg Chai, who had no background in Asian-American Studies, as the Department's new chairman in 1973, a conflict emerged over what direction the Department was to take.

Dennis Torigoe, who teaches A.S. 7 (Bicultural Conflict and Synthesis) and A.S. 70 (Maoism and its Worldwide Impact), claims that "Professor Chai had a very different conception of what the Department should be like." He said Chai soon began to cut back student input and de-emphasized Asian-American Studies.

"Since Chai came in," Spring Wang said, "We are constantly at odds with him, because the only Asian Studies he understands are Area Studies."

"Exclude Our Approach"

Chai admitted that he had "no academic background nor practical experience in Asian-American Studies," but denied that he was biased against it.

"I believe that Asian-American Studies is an integral part of Asian Studies," he said, "and I'm 100 per cent in favor of it."

He later explained that his main



Spring Wang and Dennis Torigoe

disagreement with Wang and Torigoe was their approach to teaching Asian-American Studies, which he considers "a disgrace."

"First of all," he said, "it's not systematic and it lacks direction. Secondly," he continued, "they never established any official rapport with the Chinatown community. Their ties are only informal."

Wang and Torigoe maintain Chai's real objections lie with the political tone of their courses, which emphasize the ethnic heritage and historical oppression and discrimination of the Asian minority in America.

Spring Wang, who teaches A.S. 5 (Community Analysis of Asian-American Ghettos) and A.S. 61 (Asian Women), believes that "Chai wants to exclude our approach to teaching Asian-American

Studies, because it is basically against the traditional assimilationist approach he favors."

The chairman adamantly denied any political motives behind the firings. He pointed out that the decision not to reappoint the two instructors "was based on very careful consideration by the members of the executive committee," and it wasn't his own personal decision.

He explained that Wang and Torigoe, who have Masters Degrees in sociology, were hired as doctorate candidates and they failed to complete their Ph.D. requirements in time.

"I made it clear to them on several occasions," Chai stated, "That their reappointment would be jeopardized if they didn't show any progress toward their degree."

Wang and Torigoe claim they received a memo from Chai advising them to continue to work on their PHD. "In no way did Chai say that our reappointment would be dependent on the completion of our degree," Torigoe said.

"The usual practice of the other departments in the College," he continued, "is to allow five years to acquire a degree, and we're only going into our third year."

Chai pointed out that in the Asian Studies department a new policy was instituted granting only three years toward the completion of a PHD.

"We Want To Be Reputable"

Chai and his department's executive committee have already launched a nationwide search for "highly qualified scholars from first-rate schools" who would enhance the Department's prestige.

"We want to be known as a reputable, accredited Department," he emphasized, "that's why we need the most qualified people

available. We want them to do scholarly research, publish and contribute to the community."

Chai feels that Wang and Torigoe's innovative approach to Asian-American Studies jeopardizes his Department's prestige.

"The prestige Chai is concerned with," Wang said, "is only valued among the professional circles he knows, that is, the traditional Asian Area Studies. So they (Chai and the search committee) are looking for academically oriented graduates of Ivy league schools without taking into consideration whether they have this kind of practical experience and commitment to the community which is absolutely essential to a meaningful Asian-American Studies program."

"The fact that our Asian-American Studies program enjoys an excellent reputation and prestige in both the East and West Coast doesn't seem to constitute a reference for Chai."

"The original Asian Studies department was very small and insignificant here until students demanded that courses be taught from an Asian perspective, with an emphasis on Asian-American heritage. Now the original situation is being restored."

"If Chai and the executive committee succeed in phasing out this Asian-American approach," Wang concluded, "the department will be reduced to its original insignificance."

"What is really at stake," Dennis Torigoe stressed, "is the continuation of Asian-American Studies as it was fought for and conceived by the Asian students at City College."

Teacher Comments on Asian Studies

By BETTY LEE SUNG

Betty Lee Sung is an Assistant Professor in the Asian Studies Department

The star of the East is rising. The future is Asia, and students who are looking to the future would be well advised to include in their course of study at CCNY some of the courses offered by the Asian Studies department.

The department is a fairly new one established only since 1971 when the large Asian student population on campus demanded some courses relevant to their own ethnic heritage. The department was quickly enlarged by the addition of other Asian-American courses and area studies courses such as Contemporary China, Maoism, Introduction to East Asian Studies, etc. These courses were distinguished by the fact that they were taught from an Asian perspective and not from an Anglo-American interpretation.

In the fall of 1974, a third area of subject content was added to the department: the language and literature division, which gives instruction in both the Mandarin and

Cantonese dialects of Chinese.

In its very short period of existence, the department has gone from a student enrollment of 92 to 540. The entire Asian Studies department is an innovative venture in approach, in structure, and in content. The Asian-American courses, catering to the ethnic experience of the Asian in the United States is the only program of its type on the eastern seaboard.

The historical, political and social science approach to Asian history and civilization challenges the material found in writings and texts by Western scholars. The Cantonese dialect, used by the majority of the Chinese in the United States, is taught in no other college in New York. Japanese will join the Asian Studies Department in the fall of 1975.

From its inception, the students have played a large role in the decision-making and functioning of the department. Student effort and participation have bolstered the department's strength and standing.

To correct a mistaken notion by many, the Asian Studies department is not just for the Asian students on campus. Before long, the

United States will be reaching out toward Asia, for trade, for exchange of culture, and for some detente. Those people who have some knowledge of the Far Eastern continent will be in a more advantageous position to deal with tomorrow.

Take the young man who had taken a course in Chinese in Queens College a few years back. When he learned that the Chinese mission to the United Nations was looking for a home, he was bolden by the fact that he could converse somewhat in Chinese although broken Chinese at that. But that did not deter him from calling the mission and offering to help them locate a suitable place for their office and living quarters. The Chinese emissaries were tremendously impressed, more by the young man's zeal than his faltering Chinese, but gave him the commission. From the real estate transaction that resulted, the young man, one year out of college, earned a commission of \$70,000.

A new program offering a combined major in Asian-American studies and Education offers prospective teachers an added advantage for employment under the new Bilingual Education Act.

Not the least of the benefits accrues to the Asian American himself at the crossroads of an identity crisis. By learning about his history and cultural heritage, he learns to better accept himself in the dominant American society.

Chairman of the Asian Studies department is Professor Winberg Chai, who is aiming to strengthen the department and upgrade his courses so that CCNY will have one of the best Asian Studies offerings in the country. President Marshak has expressed keen interest and strong support for the department, particularly for its Asian-American component which is a unique first on the East Coast.

John Law . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

rough).

I think I cushioned her fall, because my face was buried deep in her chest. Unfortunately, the 'vibes' were far from sensual.

I felt like a card as everyone from the bartender to the cook to the maitre d' scrambled onto the street where I lay pinned. Greasy goons. I had them beat.

Phil was on the number four train, heading home by now. Never let that nigger take the lead.

They had baited us just right, as if sensing our latenight charade from the start. Running murphys are always such a strain on this Maple Leaf. Essentially, you're too busy

plotting your escape to enjoy your food. It's Murphy for sport and this ol' boy's head almost hung on a Roast Beef & Brew trophy rack. God almighty.

"You should have known better," the waitress spoke calmly. "I'm a brown-belt in karate." And I thought those nobs were Christmas ornaments.

Two big goons stood by me as I picked up her checks, scattered about the sidewalk and restaurant corridor.

Inside, the manager was on the phone with John Law as the remaining couples finished up their dinners.

John Law comes by, soon after midnight, looking very stern. No charges were pressed. It's what they call "a little night music." Heh-heh-heh.

Thirty: Making The Most Of A Goodbye

By ANNE MANCUSO

circa June 1972. Steve Simon. Peter Grad. Who are these people and why have they been here so long?

January 1975. Eight issues, eight long printer's nights, bitten fingernails, MSG poisoning. Now I know why they've been here this long.

Two beginnings to a column that can have none:

1) For those of you who have never attempted it, writing a thirty column is a difficult thing to do. A very difficult thing to do. You want to be funny and witty and say things that will stick in people's minds. You also don't want to make a nostalgic ass of yourself. But, let's face it; we all do things we sometimes regret. Five years from now I may look at this piece and finally realize why I never got that job at the *New York Times*. Or why the typesetters always needed a stiff shot of something before they set OP copy . . .

2) I knew it was going to be difficult to write this thirty column. Just the form and content it would have was enough to play on my thoughts for the past month. Should it be funny? Serious? How should it start? End? I thought I knew exactly what I wanted to say or should say. But things happening in and outside the OP office have stopped my progress on this column cold . . .

Each beginning was written at a different time, in a different mood, when I still thought I could find the form that would say it all. Impossible. Not when one faces graduation in January '75 after hearing reports of massive unemployment in November '74. Not when stories about Wilbur Mills, Fanne Foxe and South Boston can be in the same eleven o'clock newscast. Especially not when people and feelings can change so drastically in three months.

No, I decided such a conclusive beginning does not exist and I should play it by ear, throwing out thoughts and impressions of the College and OP and then somehow combining them. But, don't worry. If things get too sticky, I'll throw in some extra stars.

It took me four and one-half years to graduate and yet I sometimes feel as if I've never experienced "college." Where were the immaculate buildings and well-kept grounds that meant "college" in every higher education story pictured on the screen? Where were the dormitories and the campus walkways thick with elm trees and leaves? Where were the rolling lawns to sprawl upon during a break? (with a book in your hand, of course). Where were the students whose lives revolved around classes and dorms and weekends at sister (or brother) schools?

Instead there were snorkel coats and work shoes, construction sites and paint-peeled hallways. Rare pieces of countryside were hidden behind Finley and between the Mott huts. Everywhere there were canvassing tables and paint-dripping banners and lots of people and buses and cars. At times, I hated it; I was totally indifferent to it; I wouldn't have it any other way.

I waited three and a half years before I decided to breathe OP, eat OP, drink OP, dream OP. When you join, there's really no other way. It's sometimes frightening; you can actually forget what you're supposed to be doing at college. Everything reduces to a printer's day or a copy day.

I went to a high school where extra-curricular activities were an unspoken part of the curriculum. "They look good on your college applications," intoned the guidance counselors. After half-heartedly volunteering for some and finding myself being volunteered for others, I vowed not to join anything in college unless I really wanted to. That included the newspapers. As a staff member of my high school paper (one of the activities I

willfully joined), I saw the incredible amount of time and work that was involved and I knew I had to want that kind of punishment desperately before I could volunteer for it. So, I waited.

I tried to find part-time jobs out there, when it really counted and I found two. One was in the mailroom of a magazine and the other was in a publisher's office. I subsequently learned the intricacies of the time-clock system and the art of sending polite replies to angry subscribers who demanded to know why their subscriptions had run out. I began to think of OP more and more.



ROBERT NESS

This sounds like a biased opinion (which it is) but I always thought OP was the best of the campus papers. It had intelligent writers (a majority anyway), interesting articles and most importantly it went beyond the narrow scope of the other newspapers. OP actually acknowledged the existence of life (and interesting life at that) beyond the borders of the College.

When I came to the College in 1970, the Vietnam War existed; Nixon existed and the writers on OP made the campus aware of them. A look at some of the other papers made it seem as if our only problems were in finding temporary homes for the College's

By LEO SACKS and GERALD BARNES

Clark Dark is the proud possessor of hundreds of murphies and three contemplative nights in the city jail. We got together with Clark in his home last Friday evening, and over several pre-dinner Budweisers discussed the current economic recession.

Clark sipped his drink after a long and deep breath. "I think one of the primary reasons for my success at running the murphy is the attitude I've developed over the years that you're not really stealing but contributing to the growth of inventory shrinkage," mused Clark. "Let's face it: Storekeepers are idiots. What's even funnier is the enrollment rise of business majors at Pace College for the fall quarter."

"Clark, would you consider yourself a desperado waiting for the train?"

"Only after I've consumed the murphy," he countered. "I don't like no shenanigans in my courtroom, so put that camera down."

Clark explained that the murphy exists in many forms, shapes and sizes. "Murphy by one is no challenge," he insists. "Who's gonna hold the receipt while you go back and murphy again?"

rabbits.

Of course, OP printed other material far-removed from politics. Some of it was good (in my opinion) and some of it was lousy (again, my opinion). As a reader and a staff member I can't pretend that I have liked everything that OP has printed three years ago or even in the last issue. But, they had (have) the right to print what they saw (see) fit. I know that "saw (see) fit" is a vague term but with it comes the notion of responsibility. Regardless of what OP has printed, the editors and staff have always accepted the responsibility for their actions.

In each of the instances when the paper has been accused of printing "pornographic" or "offensive" material (two terms of which I know of no pat definition) the editors have assumed responsibility for the decision to print. You, as a reader may not agree with that decision and that is your right, but the way you react to it is perhaps more important. You can hold it against the paper for as long as it prints or you can remain open-minded.

I don't want to sound like the chief defender for OP; I don't feel I have to. But, too many readers (and staff members) have questioned the credibility and importance of the paper because of its "image" and I can't help but get angry. For OP, the newspaper is the staff; it is constantly changing and taking a new direction. That's why I find it incredulous that people judge OP on what it was three years ago, two years ago, even six months ago. It's unfair to the people who were on the staff then and unfair to the people working on it now.

My first contact with OP came in the form of a former staff member who shall remain anonymous. I had written an unsolicited rock review (which was to eventually lead to a meeting with the inimitable Leo Sacks) and I was sure OP would welcome me with open arms.

The office was its usual crowded and noisy self as I nervously walked in. I don't know why I approached the staff member in question, but perhaps it was because of his large size. He took my review and began to criticize it in very unlitigious terms. He obviously did not know the art of criticism. I thought, "so, this is OP", and I didn't come back till one year later. I was wrong. That wasn't OP.

John Law And The Murphy

"But with Murphy for two," he continued. "it gets more competitive. Then it becomes a situation of who can get what and how much of it."

Clark enjoys a murphied Bud any time of the day, and especially looks forward to the winter when he can take his woolly denim overcoat with the deep-dish, manhandling pockets out of storage. "Murphied Bud is always the most fun for me," he said, "because you can always give it back. I like to say to the storekeeper, 'Here. You win.'"

This man has class. For years, psychologists noted that there was no way to determine personal motivation, but the running murphy put an end to all that.

"You've got about a block in which to accelerate from 0 to 60 mph if you're going to pull away from your chaser," he said with a nervous confidence. "After all, a block is all you've really got in this city before a concerned citizen gets suspicious."

For all its glamour and kick, there is nothing like the cab murphy, since it holds the stiffest penalties. "You take the most surreal chances running from a cab," said Clark. "because if you're ever caught, you're gonna get your ass kicked. Plus it's gonna get

OP has been: fights and friendships, lots of rewrites, long days and very long nights. It's meant working with 15-20 very different people with very different ideas of what the paper should be.

It's been more than a newspaper. It's a workshop in Human Relations.

You may ask where OP has gotten me. The answer: basically nowhere. But, it was the getting there that has been memorable. Without OP, I would never have had the 4 AM cab ride which convinced me that work shoes are not only comfortable but are excellent for running. I would never have been at the College at 12 midnight and observed first-hand why I never wanted to be there at that time. I would never have experienced my moment of truth.

A phone call to an employee of the New York City Department of Real Estate:

ME: Hello, my name is Anne Mancuso and I write for the *Observation Post*, a City College newspaper.

HE: So what?
Without OP, I would never have met some of the really fine people who have worked on the paper. Nor would I have seen the manipulative powers of others.

A thirty column typically ends with personal dedications or remembrances which I vowed not to use but, like many things I vow not to do, they've somehow found a place:
To S.K., who was the first to teach me how to Fly Without Fear.

To R.G., whose typewriter is probably clacking away right now at some major daily.

To I.D., who probably doesn't remember me but I still remember his lectures in Pol. Sci. 31.

To C.W., who made my first and only sociology class a pleasure.

To S.S., B.R., and P.G. for introducing me to chaos.

To the staff for continuing that chaos.
To A.P., for her much-needed and valued, insights.

To R.H., for being a person above an institution.

To J.S.

Thirty

you a free visit to the station." (We're emphasizing consistency here, folks . . . with Allison Steele narrating the trip).

Clark poured himself a refill of Dutch Courage.

"I usually know it's gonna be an evening of serious murphy when I make off with 'walking weight.' It's really a luxury because it's too easy to retire after just one.

"'Walking weight' puts you in a fine frame of mind while you scout the streets," he mused. "Walking weight" usually prospers from single cans to a quart and on to a six. The trick is getting your prize to the subway . . . and living to enjoy it!!!

Later for 'the cagney.'

I looked like Floyd Little punching my way off tackle on fourth and goal, but the waitress, clutching my waist with the grip of a boa, made it impossible for me to break free. She had me pinned to the cold pavement soon after we danced out the swinging doors in a scene straight out of an old-time barroom western.

(When the boys fall in rough, they fall in

(Continued on Page 4)

Broken Treaty Dispute

By ERIC THAU

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain, a new film dramatizing the plight of the Shoshone Indians of Southeast Nevada, premiered recently at a press conference-screening at the Whitney Museum. Produced and directed by Joel L. Freedman, the film examines the Shoshone's struggle in regaining 24 million acres of land that they claim was stolen from them since the signing of the Ruby Valley Treaty of 1863.

The Treaty, according to Glen Holly, a "traditional" Shoshone leader, granted the U.S. Government mining and lumbering rights, as well as right of way for roads on this land, but also recognized the sovereignty of the Western Shoshone Nation over what is now 1/3 of the state of Nevada. The government has as much as acknowledged that the land was taken illegally, but is offering the Shoshone only monetary reparations at the rate that the land went for in 1863, an astonishing \$1.05 an acre!

The film also explores a split among the Shoshones due to a dwindling belief in the traditional religion among the young

Shoshone. "They've grown up worshipping money, instead of the land they live on," regrets Eunice Silver, a traditional medicine woman. "Damn the white man, he kills even our religion. I'd like to kill him." Many of these Indians, referred to scornfully by the traditionals as Uncle Tomahawks or Apples (red on the outside, white on the inside), are willing to accept the money for the land. The traditionals refuse to sell their land, which they worship as their "Mother Earth."

A bitterness is shared by all the traditionals, who see their self-replenishing food source, the pinyon trees, being torn up by the roots by the government. "The BLM (Bureau of Land Management) says this will make the land a better watershed and would benefit the wildlife, but all the animals eat the pine nuts (pinyon fruit)." "And what about erosion?" added another tribal representative.

Scenes depicting confrontations between the Indians and government officials expose the latter as the flak catchers they are. One spokesman of the Fishing and Game Department, when asked whether he per-



Medicine Woman For Battle Mt. Indian Colony

sonally would violate the Indians' land and religion, said, "Really, all we do is report what we see. Our legal representatives interpret what's right or wrong."

The film's dramatic climax shows a gargantuan chain, drawn between two bulldozers, tearing away some 25 acres of pinyon trees an hour. According to director Freedman, when he showed the film for the traditionals at Battle Mountain, he heard many of them crying as if they were watching the death of friends.

Robert Redford, who narrates the film and was present for the press conference, ex-

plained his reason for supporting the cause of the Shoshone. He said that whites should take the Shoshone way of using land as a good example. "I believe their religious attachment to it, holding it sacred, is a good idea," he said. "We have much to learn from them."

Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain will begin a commercial run soon at the Quad Cinema on 13th Street in the Village. This film's excellence, both in dealing with the subject and its technical quality, should be seen by an American audience that needs to be sobered up about how its government treats the original Americans. See it.

King Sharmack

By DAVID HILL

"All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey."

So Fair, our College has long Stood,
With Laurels wreathed upon her Hood,
But now Fate does toll its black bells,
Her Death and Ruin to foretell.
Grim Medusa could do no Worse—
Than the present Satanic curse.
Nay, Cronos' horrid Habits—
Were Nothing when compared to This.
Even poor Cassy's Shocking Find—
Is left in the Dust, far Behind.
From Quad to Quad, from North to South,
Its fearful Name is being mouthed.
From highest Hall to meanest Hut,
Its name spreads fear and horror, But
Let me say it: the Budget Cut!
Good King Sharmack undaunted, brave,
Did gather Arms to rout this Knave.
Like King Arthur in days of yore,
Who fought off Dragons by the Score;
Like Young Beowulf, the strong Geat,
Who did the cursed Grendel Defeat;
Or like small Lem' who killed huge Birds,
And bravely opposed giant Turds,
The Good King Sharmack did set out,
His awful foe to kill or rout.
He had with him his Vorpel Pen.
On which he Knew he could Depend.
And one Briefcase as a Shield,
To Force the Budget Cut to Yield.
So armed, he bravely started off,
To where the bizarre thing does stalk:
An awful Cave, by River's course,
Where flock the grim Legislators,
Those slimy Parasites who Feed
On what the Budget Cut does Leave.
These Flew 'round Good King Sharmack's
Head,
Their Faces filling him with Dread.
Some had the Elephant's long Nose;
One, with Asses' face, did draw close.
"Go back, go back," the creature cried.
"Go back, do go back; 'ware your hide!"
But Good King Sharmack did press on,
"Till at cave's mouth he stood Upon.
Like stalwart Knight of days Before,
He drew his Vorpel Pen like Sword.
To call, "Cut, I know you are there:
Come, I say, from your stenchful lair."
Silence fell, then a Rumbling grew;
Silence again, then Noise anew.
From out the cave emerged a head,
Hissing, slithering, white and dead
Like skulls on bones, And another,
And another came from cover,
Until in all seven were lifted,
By snakes to which they were grifted.
The creature did look 'round and 'round,
While making a Hideous sound.
Then, on the King rested its eyes:

"You, Sharmack! It is you I spy!"
"Yes," said the good King, "it is Me,
Whose visage you before you See.
And like John, or the evil Hun,
You will soon be by me undone!"
The monster laughed when this was said,
And Raised one of its dead White heads.
"You dare to lift a sword to me,
Who has pushed Kingdoms to the Sea;
Who has had School systems Destroyed—
While I was Otherwise employed?
Come, do not be all that Foolish;
Behave, and I will grant your Wish:
A great house I will build for thee.
If you but let me Eat CITY.
It'll cost a hundred-thou, at Least;
And for This you'll hand over SEEK.
So I ask, is it now a Deal?
What's not Given, I simply Steal."
The Good King Sharmack raised his pen,
And stood a Sec, his mouth Open.
Then like the brave Simon, the Greek,
Who did the Trojans once Defeat,
He waved his Pen at Heads held high.
To ask quickly, "Where do I sign?"

And this was all that it did Take,
To force him to his quest Forsake.
In this, my poem, are morals none,
Save that our fall has just begun;
And that the Budget Cut now Dines,
While Sharmack in his house Reclines.
So all is good for both of them;
And us? well pray your waist's too thin.

Veteran Benefits Increase

By MARK MCDONOUGH

Last month the Vietnam Era Veterans Readjustment Assistant Act was overwhelmingly passed by Congress, over-riding President Ford's veto. The new Bill provides for an increase in financial assistance for veterans and an extension in the time allowed to complete a degree. The stipend each veteran can receive depends upon the number of credits he is carrying and the number of dependents he claims: (See box below).

It is necessary to keep in mind that the number of credits determines one's full or part-time status. Full time is 12 or more credits, 3/4 time is 9-11 credits, and 1/2 time is 6-8 credits. Any veteran carrying less than six credits will receive only \$58.00 for the tuition fee.

	No Dep	One Dep	Two Dep	Each Add. Dep
Full Time	270	321	366	22
3/4 Time	203	240	275	17
1/2 Time	135	160	182	11

Money is paid retroactive to Sept. 10, 1974. Under the old Bill, the amount of time to

finish undergraduate work was 36 months. The new bill has raised it to 45 months, but the extra nine months can only be used for undergraduate study.

Another boost for vets is the increase in tutorial assistance. Veterans can now receive 12 months of tutoring at a rate of \$60 per month, effective from Dec. 3, 1974.

The work-study program has also been increased, from 100 hours per year at \$2.50 per hour, to 250 hours at the same rate.

Also on the increase are loans for veterans. Beginning Jan. 1, 1975, a yearly \$600 loan will be available to all veterans for each academic year at the College with no collateral or security necessary. What is fantastic about this loan is its long repayment period. The loan must be paid back 10 years and nine months after completion of a degree, and no interest will be charged until nine months after the veteran has completed school.

Any veteran who is interested in more information can visit the veteran's office in Shepard 802, or call 690-6979.

Red Dye Controversy

WASHINGTON (LNS)—The Food and Drug Administration plans to permanently approve the use of an artificial food coloring despite serious fears expressed by consumer interest groups and the FDA's own scientists that the coloring may cause cancer and fetal death.

After experiments in the Soviet Union in 1970 linked Arameth, or Red Dye Number 2 to fetal damage, many countries restricted or banned the use of the coloring. In 1972 the World Health Organization recommended restrictions on the use of Red No. 2 that would virtually eliminate its use.

The United States, however, decided to have the FDA conduct its own studies. In the three years since the FDA began its new tests, about 2.6 million pounds of the coloring have been consumed.

The FDA had announced in 1971 that it would limit the use of Red No. 2 pending the results of the tests, by setting the tolerance for it at 1.5 milligrams per kilogram of body weight. Even this standard, arrived at by dividing the level at which the additive had "no effect" by 10, instead of the usual FDA

practice of 100, was never enacted. When asked why the proposed restriction didn't follow the usual FDA practice, Virgil Wodicka, Bureau of Foods Director at the time, now a consultant for the food industry, replied "We're stuck with Red No. 2. If we went to the 0.15 limit, we'd wipe out its use."

"The FDA has taken the role of apologizing for the use of Red No. 2," says Anita Johnson of the Health Research Group (HRG). The HRG in analyzing the results of two of the three cancer studies used by the FDA to show the coloring to be safe, found Red No. 2 to be a carcinogen.

Even some FDA scientists are critical of the way one of their cancer tests was run and therefore question its results. Although designed to be definitive, it was left unmonitored for a year when the researcher who started it left the FDA. The scientists charge that many animals died without being examined, and that some appear to have been placed in the wrong cages.

Another experiment, which indicated that the dye may cause hormonal changes in female mice, was cut off in its preliminary stages.

Earlier studies by the FDA as well as the studies done in the Soviet Union showed that even low dosages of Red No. 2 caused significant increases in fetal resorption — birth defects occurring early in pregnancy which result in the fetus simply being absorbed back into the uterus. Fetal damage also resulted from dosages later in pregnancy.

According to the FDA, its new studies prove that Red No. 2 does not cause fetal damage or death. However when HRG scientists analyzed the results of one of the FDA's tests on fetal toxicity, they concluded that the additive is safe for pregnant women only at extremely low levels. According to HRG's calculations a 110-pound pregnant woman would exceed the safe limit if she drank more than one third of a can of cherry soda containing Red No. 2 a day and consumed nothing else containing the dye.

Restricting one's intake of cherry soda wouldn't be too difficult. However Red No. 2 is the most widely used food coloring in the U.S. The products that contain it run the gamut from lipstick, liquid medicine and pill coatings to soft drinks, candy chewing gum, ice cream, syrup, baked goods, gelatin desserts, pudding and cake mixes, breakfast

Confessions Of A Lionel Train Fanatic

By PAUL DIMARIA

Just the other day, while I was cleaning out the junk from the shelves of my closet, I came upon an old Lionel model train catalogue buried deep in the back. I couldn't have found it at a more appropriate time of the year, for when I was seven or eight years old, Christmas was synonymous with Lionel electric trains.

Every year as December 25th approached my two locomotives and half-dozen freight cars would be dragged out of storage and made to circle endlessly around the base of the Christmas tree, occasionally being shortcircuited by tinsel falling off the branches. No doubt about it, that miniature railway was my prized possession.

No matter how wonderful my own train set seemed, however, it couldn't compare to the marvels contained in the catalogue. Back in Lionel's heyday, during the early sixties, the company offered an enormous selection of locomotives, rolling stock and trackside accessories, much of it labelled "back because of popular demand." I assumed that meant Lionel got letters of outrage everytime they dared, say, to take the New York Central caboose off the market. The steam engines and freight cars always caught my eye, for if there is anything more boring than a diesel locomotive, it's a diesel pulling a passenger train.

I'm sure that plenty of kids must have pored over those catalogues as I did, but their parents must have been shocked by the prices; a moderately elaborate set could easily cost a couple of hundred bucks. For that much money Lionel had to offer something special, so the booklets bragged about

"authentically scaled" designs and insignia, based on "actual blue-prints." I had visions of Lionel spies sneaking into the patent files of railroad car manufacturers to get genuine diagrams. Despite this alleged authenticity, many of the cars had only the Lionel monogram on their sides, which I thought was pretty lame. And the famous "027" track, which endured for generations, was perfectly awful; it didn't resemble real track in the slightest.

This was no problem though, for Lionel knew how to appeal to the gadget mania of the American public. It was not enough to build trains that simply went around in circles; Lionel cars had to actually do something. Milk cars unloaded tiny canisters, gondolas dumped coal or lumber, plastic horses trotted out of their boxcar into a corral.

Model train addicts could really indulge themselves with such exotic though improbable vehicles as the Gold Bullion Car, with stacked bars shining behind plate glass, and the morbid Radioactive Wastes Car, with an ominously glowing interior.

Eventually the Lionel designers went beyond the mundane aspects of daily commerce to include a certain dramatic flair. Violence rode the rails in the form of the Sheriff-and-Outlaw Car, where an old-time lawman blasted away at a bandit on the roof, while a hapless hobo was forever chased by a railroad cop on another car. A subtle lesson about law-and-order must have been transmitted by those two pieces of rolling stock.

Lionel got the inspiration for its most surrealistic flights of fancy from the Cold War arms race. Even my simple freight train

bristled with weaponry, and the catalogues listed even more lethal apparatus: intercontinental missiles that fired from flat-cars, helicopters that catapulted from trains, even a Satellite Launching Car. I still wonder how anybody could have all that toy hardware flying around in their living room, for those tiny missiles would sure make a mess if they ever got imbedded in the ceiling.

The ultimate Lionel fantasy had to be the huge rocket with a Mercury space-capsule launchable from a flat-car. Included with this monstrosity was a Cherry-picker Car to lift the plastic astronaut up to his perch. Apparently the Lionel people threw out any pretense of credibility when they concocted that idea, forgetting that a real railroad car would be reduced to cinders if anyone tried to use it as a launching pad.

All of this equipment was illustrated by full-color drawings of the various sets as they would look in "actual railroad settings," which were a lot more appealing than mere photographs on a parlor floor. One distinctive sketch presented a "typical" freight train passing through an all-American small town.

The town looked normal, but the train might have been conceived by Casey Jones on an acid trip; missiles and satellites flew into

the blue Midwestern sky as the sheriff and outlaw shot it out. The glowing radioactive waste car was unwisely coupled to a refrigerated milk car (one had to assume the yardmaster wasn't ecologically aware). This whole mishmash was pulled by a 1920-vintage steam locomotive, of all things. The artist chose to include a few people waiting on a station platform, oblivious to the wild scene in front of them.

Lionel, however, was not content to depend upon the fertile imaginations of its illustrators to lure customers. For many years, the company rented a loft in lower Manhattan with a gigantic model train lay-out, displayed on a platform. People would come in an stay for hours, entertained by the constant operation of a hundred trains. The complexity of the set-up was so great that at least three men were always on hand to keep things in order. As a crowning touch, the house lights were dimmed every so often, as if night had fallen, and all the tiny lights on the trains and accessories would give a spectacularly realistic effect.

It's strange, but Lionel never offered a model subway train. That might be just the thing to start a comeback in the New York area. Imagine the possibilities of a Transit Cop-and Mugging Car.

Good Shit

Nix On Marble Statues

Aspen, Colo. (Combined Sources)—Residents of Aspen, Colorado are up in arms over a proposal to carve 150 foot high effigies of "two great Republican crusaders for peace"—Abraham Lincoln and Richard Nixon—on twin peaks overlooking nearby Marble, Colorado.

The proposal met with such vehement negative reaction from the local populace that the plan was scrapped. The Aspen Times said in an editorial that the giant carving of Nixon is "the last deformity the area needs," and other residents even said there might be bloodshed if the project was continued.

Said one prominent Aspen woman, "I'm a good Republican, but I don't want to get up every morning and vomit."

Liddy Speaks

(NYT)—G. Gordon Liddy, famed Watergate bungler, has broken his two and a half year silence to voice his opinions on the Watergate affair and various key personalities.

Speaking out on WCBS-TV's 60 Minutes, Liddy flatly stated that the entire Watergate affair boiled down to a struggle for power. If laws were broken in the pursuit of power "that's the way it is," he said. Liddy's wife Frances, also interviewed on the program, agreed with her husband that it was quite similar to a war and said that her husband was a "hero".

According to Liddy, ex-president Nixon was "insufficiently ruthless." He admired John Mitchell for "being able to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and called John Dean a "Judas Iscariot," who betrayed the president to save himself.

Liddy described Jeb Magruder, the former deputy director of CREP as "an accomplished and skillful liar," but he agreed that Magruder had told the truth when he said that Liddy had threatened to kill him.

Says Liddy, Magruder came up to him in a crowded hotel lobby to inform him that his work was inadequate. Liddy said: "Jeb, if you don't take your arm off me I'm going to break it off and beat you to death with it."

Liddy is well known for his macho tactics such as holding his hand over a flame to impress women, until he suffered severe burns, and preparing to "rub out" a lone White House protester which Mr. Nixon had complained about.

Ministers: Cooking Makes Boys Gay

New Milford, Conn. (LNS)—Two Baptist ministers are threatening to sue school of-



ficials in New Milford, Connecticut over required sixth grade home economics courses which they say encourage homosexuality in boys.

The ministers say that the courses "usurp the authority of the home" and force children into a "situation which is foreign to his or her traditional role."

They also claim that "by having a young boy cook or sew and wearing an apron we're pushing a boy into homosexuality. It's contrary to what the home and the Bible have stood for. When God set up the human race there was a division of sexes. A woman's place is in the home. That's where God put them, barring unusual circumstances."

Recession Hits Outhouse Industry

(Earth News)—A measure of the nation's woes is the sluggish condition of the National Portable Sanitation Association, which represents some 173 manufacturers of portable toilets—the kind you see around construction sites. According to Larry Miller, the association's director in Washington, the nationwide market for portable outhouses was down 30 to 40 percent last year, due largely to constipation in the building industry.

Gimme Shelter

(LNS)—"A most extraordinary man. He talked to me about nothing but bomb shelters. Why does he think I am interested in bomb shelters? He gave me a pamphlet on how to build my own shelter."

The late Prime Minister of India, Nehru speaking about a meeting with Nelson Rockefeller.

Red Dye . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

cereals, pretzels, crackers, chips, canned fruit, frankfurters, cold meats, vinegar and salad dressings.



Page . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

fair hearing because of its vulnerability "to appointment and promotion pressures from the Marshak administration."

As a result of their failure to testify before the committee, it was recommended that the five be censured by the Faculty Senate. Other professors who declined to testify were not recommended for censure. But Koster said that the five were chosen because they were "principals" in the controversy.

The Koster Committee also recommended that Page be fired from the College for the "continuing unsubstantiated charges" he is accused of directing at other individuals.

The Faculty Senate began debating the Koster proposals at their meeting of December 19. The first hour and a half of the meeting was spent by the 115-member body arguing over which visitors and press would be allowed to be present during the session.

Although manufacturers are required to list the presence of food coloring on their labels, the type of dye does not have to be specified. The phrase "certified food coloring" means basically that as a service to industry the FDA has checked to see that it has a uniform color.

Anita Johnson emphasized that the use of food coloring is purely cosmetic. "It dresses up crummy food," she points out. "If you wanted to put water in a bottle and sell it for twenty cents, you couldn't sell it unless it was a bright attractive color."

Dr. Jacqueline Verrett, an FDA research scientist who has worked with Red No. 2, said "there has been ample evidence to ban the dye. But industry thinks a plate of food has to look like a Picasso painting to sell — even if in the end what looks so colorful and good ends up killing you."

But the hazards Red No. 2 poses to health pale in comparison to serious problems. A.S. Clausi, vice president for corporate research at General Foods explains, "We're down to three usable red colors now, and if they ban Red No. 2 we're dangerously close to having no reds at all."

According to the Senate's by-laws, only College faculty and one member of each College newspaper is permitted to attend formal proceedings. It was finally agreed, however, that all "pencil carrying" press would be permitted to stay. The use of film equipment and still cameras was barred.

During the preliminary arguments it was also decided that Schwab's attorney could not speak, and that Huttenbach, the only non-Senator of the five, would be able to address the body.

Page was the first of the five professors to deliver his speech. He called himself "an abrasive and blunt individual" and charged the five-man committee with issuing a "blatantly one-sided" report, calling a number of the allegations against him "distortions" and "smears." He said that there is "an unwritten charge against Stanley Page."

Adelson was the second and last to address the body, concentrating his attack on the Marshak administration.

Agency Is Alternative To Prison

By PAUL DIMARIA

"We don't work miracles, we're not a super-agency, we're just people trying to do a job."

Mike McLaughlin, who has been locked up in every prison in New York State, sat in the cavernous office of the Court Employment Project, just around the corner from the Criminal Courts Building and the Tombs. The agency, as well as McLaughlin's work in it, is difficult to pigeonhole but it may be one of the most hopeful innovations in the state's judicial system.

"A lot of kids go to the Tombs, get raped, punched in the face, ripped off, abused," said McLaughlin. "What this program is all about is, instead of him lying in the Tombs for six months . . . costing the taxpayers maybe \$7000 a year, he comes here. Instead of a kid just hanging out in that dead situation, we try to do something about it."

The Court Employment Project, a private corporation funded by the Human Resources Administration, tries to be a preventive measure, a way of assisting young or first offenders who might otherwise become hopelessly caught in an endless cycle of arrests and convictions. Some 165 individuals are currently employed by the agency.

When a person is arrested in New York City, someone from the agency meets him in court, reviews his case and decides if the agency can handle it.

Persons accused of murder or rape have no chance of being accepted. The agency worker speaks to the complaining witness, district attorney and judge, and if it appears likely that the agency can help the individual, a recommendation is made that the charges be dropped and the individual be released in the recognizance of the agency.

Often the advice is followed. "When the program started, we were getting five out of every 100 people with felony arrests," McLaughlin said. "Now it's over fifty. We've got credibility; people believe in us over there (in the Criminal Court)."

Choosing which of the many cases that come to the court each day are to be handled by the agency is a rather difficult matter, and there are few hard and fast guidelines to follow. "Hard-core" alcoholics and drug addicts can't be accepted because the project isn't equipped to handle them in terms of treatment. McLaughlin noted, "The reason I say hard core is because every one I ever met in New York who came through the criminal system has used drugs or drank, so if we eliminate everybody, we'd wind up with the Twelve Apostles." Individuals with very severe psychological problems also cannot be accepted.

Otherwise, the only criteria for acceptance is that the participant has the desire to change. As McLaughlin put it, "We're not trying to be God and we're not trying to be rigid . . . but if a kid doesn't care, there is absolutely nothing we can do."

Everytime it takes on another case, Court Employment becomes responsible for the changing of an individual's life. The project's title hardly describes the task at hand, and even McLaughlin's official position of "community resource specialist" doesn't reveal all that he has to do. For what he and all the counselors, ex-offenders, sociologists, students and others at the project do is try to solve any and every problem that a New Yorker in trouble with the law could have.

And yet McLaughlin does not want to have a "do-good" image. "A do-gooder will always say, 'I know how you feel, I understand.' That's a lot of shit. If I got cancer, and I'm dying in a week, and you're telling me how I feel, I'll say, 'What, you're crazy!'"

To deal with the complex problems of crime and poverty, the people at Court Employment start at the simplest levels. Every participant has to undergo a complete physical examination which often reveals the cause of a lot of problems. "Fifty percent of our population is black. Do they [the participants] have sickle-cell anemia?" Mc

Laughlin asked.

"First, you got to look at the physical, the obvious, and people don't. There are kids that come in here, no matter where they go, people don't see that they have sickle-cell anemia . . . here's a kid seventeen, whose been through the whole damn school system, we find out that he's got dyslexia (a reading disability). If you call the school, and ask what's the problem, they say, he's a truant, he doesn't try, he doesn't give a damn.

Simple things like the absence of an alarm clock or warm clothing are often overlooked by educators when they seek reasons for a student's truancy. Court Employment supplies these free, for they realize that no students are going to go to school in February if there is no alarm clock to wake them up or if they have to walk there in a windbreaker and sneakers.

Of course, this is just the beginning, there are other problems which can't be so easily erased such as psychological problems, unemployment, legal entanglements, family crises. Most of the time the counselors have to improvise, relying upon donations of money, materials or services. McLaughlin can get a client free psychiatric or dental care from professionals who are willing to donate time each week. His contacts in the personnel departments of various companies can dig up jobs when they are needed. "We can't lay the money out, so what we do is, we bum," he said, "You call on friends."

Part of what has to be done is to get the participant involved in some organization, or get "someone in the community to hook this kid to, as opposed to having him float around the streets."

McLaughlin discussed one possible strategy for getting someone involved. "If we're

talking about getting him into, say, swimming, I would say, "Where do you live?" Harlem? I know a place in Harlem that's got an Olympic-sized swimming pool. Now when I call, I already know that the kid can get into the class, even though it's crowded, even though he's not in the catchment area. He can get in for free even if he's got no money. That's what my job is all about; not just finding things, but begging, changing, bending the rules a bit."

So, Court Employment tries to find the answers to the major needs of a job, education, apartment and sometimes as simple as a new table lamp. McLaughlin is very optimistic about finding participants employment. Even in a recession year, he says, "any company will hire people if this organization has credibility. It's the easiest thing in the world to call a contact who's very happy with me. If he's got an opening, he'll take a kid. If I don't have the credibility, he'll slam the phone down in my ear."

When the subject of city budget cuts was brought up, McLaughlin showed some signs of worry but added because the agency already operates on a very small budget it will be spared any possible reduction by the HRA.

Besides helping the arrested individual, Court Employment services the participant's entire family. The agency helps family members get jobs, training, or apartments. McLaughlin believes that family relationships have a direct influence on the incidences of crime, pointing out that almost all murderers and half of all convicts were abused as children.

Eliminating the poverty which leads to crime is a difficult enough task for the agency, but it also attempts to break the cycle of continuous arrests that some individuals



are caught up in.

"If someone doesn't break the cycle, he's going to go out and do something else," McLaughlin said. "For people who steal, it's like in music, crescendo poco e poco, a gradual increase in volume. You don't start out by killing people," he said. "You start out by stealing from the five-and-ten."

Not surprisingly, McLaughlin is critical of the penal system in N.Y. State and sees the project's handling of first offenders as a viable alternative.

Said McLaughlin, "A man or woman released from prison has little chance of surviving on the outside. . . . Let's assume that you get out of jail, you've got forty dollars in your pocket and you haven't fucked in fourteen years. Now the parole office is right next to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, there's a hooker every sixteen inches. What would you do after fourteen years? Look for an apartment?"

"You're programmed not to make decisions for yourself. If you try to assert yourself, it's taken as aggression. You become a nebbish and then you're supposed to take care of your whole life."

"Keep Your Past A Secret."

By MATT SEAMAN

You've finally made it! The gates of the "educational institution" which you forcibly attended have closed behind you. You proudly own a suit and you have a small sum of money in your pocket, as much as \$40 if you're lucky; as little as \$1 if you're unlucky. You want to start a new life and you have acquired a number of new skills which may be necessary to help you earn your subsistence.

You would prefer a decent job, but the rate of unemployment among your kind is high, possibly over 30% in New York City. Most likely you will be restricted to the low-pay menial jobs with no upward mobility, since you probably have had little academic training or job experience of the type approved by "society."

You have been conditioned to the strictest discipline. Oh, yes! You also have been labeled: EX-CONVICT.

Chances are that you belong to an ethnic minority group, that you come from a poor family, that you have had little education and that you've been in trouble with the law before; especially since "crime seems to be the only method to redistribute the wealth in this country," as one ex-con put it.

Life in prison wasn't all bad, if you swallowed your pride and obeyed orders instantly without questioning their purpose. In prison, you could also learn a great deal: who are the best fences, how to pull off a successful heist, how to calculate the cops' reaction time, how to figure out where the cash in a bank is stashed by observing the employees' behavior. And you could also make valuable contacts.

Your chances of finding a "decent" job on the outside are slim. If you're strong and healthy, it might not be that bad. But if you're old, ill or in some way handicapped it will prove to be impossible.

Not being able to get a job, it's very likely that you will decide to put your "vocational training" into use. If you weren't a good student you'll be back for more training. But if you paid attention and learned well, you have good chances of making it.

There are several organizations trying to help ex-convicts in their efforts to reintegrate into normal life. Most of them are run by men who are former convicts. Two of these are the Fortune Society and the Prison Reform Task Force.

The Prison Reform Task Force operates out of the offices of the Ethical Culture Society on West 64th Street in Manhattan. It was founded by Joseph Yemens, Tom O'Connor and Bill Taylor, shortly after the inmate revolt at Attica. It has a staff of 14, all of them either ex-cons or social workers. "The Task Force does anything that can in any way help inmates, former convicts and their families," said Yemens.

This consists of visits to prisons and the forwarding of inmate complaints; investigation of prison conditions and unusual deaths within the walls; helping released inmates find jobs; and assisting the families of people who are currently in prison.

Yemens voiced a great number of complaints against the New York prison system, having experienced its inadequacies firsthand. In his view, all the present system accomplishes is the "warehousing of people, with the sole intent of taking revenge."

"The lack of rehabilitation programs," he continued, "can only turn inmates back to crime," as what happened to Yemens when he was locked up for the first time. In their present structure, he contends, prisons cannot achieve the correction of criminals. "It's like a big machine that swallows them, chews them up for a while, then spits them out. The paramilitary discipline achieves conditioning instead of rehabilitation."

Yemens referred to contemporary prisons as the high school of crime. "You learn the

(Continued on Page 9)



Speech Course Brings "Class" To Jail

By MARK T. MC DONOUGH

For six weeks, students in Speech 319.8 (Communication Skills Training) shift campuses between what remains of the College's grass and trees and the concrete and steel bars of New York City's four houses of detention. After the students have completed their first two months in communication on skills they go into the four detention houses and instruct small groups of inmates in Communication Skills.

The course is still in the experimental stage, but has definite designs of becoming a regular course if it continues in its present status. Instructor Lynn Sage, and the students, all feel that the new course is interesting, sometimes difficult to cope with, but definitely worth the while. The inmates not only found it interesting, but also profitable in an area that they knew they needed help with.

"The program began," said Sage, "from another program going on at the Roosevelt Clinic Methadone Center. Therapeutic courses on public speaking were given to the patients, who stayed there for one year, then left only to come back for Methadone treatment. Students of speech classes at various colleges in the city helped to make the program a success. Students then suggested that they be able to have a course that allows them to go into prisons."

She obtained permission from the administration to teach the course on an experimental level.

At first, prison officials were rather skeptical, and they are keeping a careful eye on the outcome of the course. Meanwhile the College administration is waiting to see what the outcome on the evaluation test will be. The students in the course were evaluated on their knowledge and use of basic communication skills in the beginning of the course, by a professor from Bronx Community College. The students will be evaluated at the end of the course to determine how much the students learned from taking the course.

In an effort to show OP what the course was designed for and how it was working, she invited me to attend one of the four classes.

When I first entered the Bronx House of Detention, the effect of the bars was quite depressing.

After being introduced to the Warden, Ms. Lynn Sage, the students and I were invited to have dinner cooked and served by the inmates.

The classroom used by the inmates was located several stories above the dining area and was reached via elevator and a short walk. The room was furnished with wooden benches, that were not uncomfortable, and the windows had screens, not bars, behind the half drawn green blinds. The inmates pulled several of the benches together to form a semi-circle and a student-teacher began a rather informal discussion among the inmates. This particular class was not using a lesson plan on that night, because it was the last night that they would meet. So it was easy for me to move among the inmates.

I asked one inmate, "What do you think of the student-teachers?"

"They're beautiful people," he answered, "who are kind enough to share their time with us. But," he continued, "at first, when they began teaching, they were on guard against many of the supposed mad, but false things, that they were told to expect. But in here we are using everything we have here to learn, and through City College, I have done something constructive for myself; it has given me the opportunity to learn how to communicate."

"How do you feel that this ability to communicate has helped you?"

First Inmate: "Well, take a man who's going to court, you can tell he's going, because he's nervous. He has to stand in the courtroom, in the middle of the strongest

figure, the circle, and battle for his freedom. By being able to communicate, he has a better chance. Also, in here, reality strikes you bad. Like everytime someone visits and then leaves, we have to accept that we can't leave with them. So in here, a man must be aware of himself, we have to make the best of it today, and wake up tomorrow and take tomorrow as it is."

I asked a second inmate, "How do you feel about the course?"

"Basically," he answered, "this course is smoking. It gives a person a positive attitude. This course teaches people to deal with their own problems and those of other people. It's a motivation for a person taking this course."

He continued, "Up here in class, I educate myself, then I go back downstairs and educate others. At least ten guys I know want to come up here, but can't, so what I learn I give to them."

Because this course is experimental, only a limited number of City College students and inmates are involved.

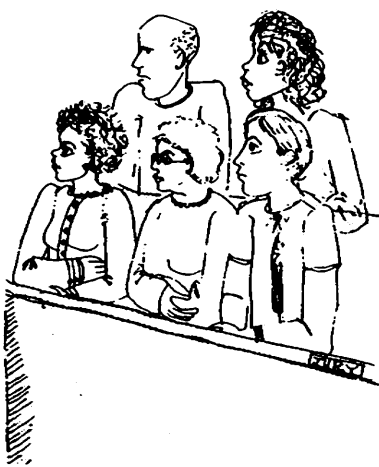
I asked a third inmate, "Do you find this course stimulating?"

"Yes," he answered, "I find this course very intellectually stimulating, but I feel that this program appeals to only a small percent of the inmates. I think remedial courses in Math and Reading would be more applicable here. Yet, I believe that these student-teachers accomplished quite a bit, not only in teaching, but in learning insight for themselves."

During the interviews, each inmate spoke fluently, and articulately, using their combination of slang, local meanings and a general vocabulary. I was surprised to notice that there was not very much cursing during the conversations.

Most of the inmates felt that the six week course for the inmates was not very long.

Several days later, I went to one of Sage's regular classes to view the other side of the mountain. The class, very informal, was led by two students. They discussed sex, and its many different facets, including those that society has called "perverted." Using this as a lead for the hour class, students discussed the "real gap" in communication, caused by



shyness or fear.

I spoke to some of the students to get their opinion of the Detention Houses and the course. One student told me, "basically our function was to aid them in their learning how to communicate with each other and with people on the outside. If people can talk well enough and have that confidence in speaking, than they can help themselves in many ways, such as speaking fluently and confidently during a job interview."

"This course," she continued, "covered a lot of ground. From poetry and forums, to public speaking and debates. It enabled people to communicate with others, to speak out on subjects that lie in the back of their

minds. It taught the student-teachers to be able to speak openly and confidently."

Another student told me, "I think the course is really good, but I feel that the few weeks we spent with the inmates were not enough, because it took at least three weeks to become accustomed to the prisoners and to get to know them, and vice-versa."

A third student said, "Going to the jails was nice. The prison officials let us use the library at Queens. It was just like a classroom atmosphere."

One student told me, "at first, most of the students expected some trouble from the inmates, and I was concerned about how they would accept me, being a girl and all. And there was a strong barrier of suspicion between the inmates and myself at the begin-

ning. But after the first few weeks, we got to know each other. Different people encountered different problems, but we never had any physical attacks or abuse, and once the students got to know their class there weren't any real problems. When we hear about prisons, we don't really know what to believe. I found that being there first hand and teaching the prisoners was very rewarding and beneficial."

The future of this course depends upon the evaluation tests that the students had taken in the beginning and at the end of the course. But, one inmate put the course's helping hand in perspective when he said, "this course is a positive step. If it would be cut or something, it would fall, and some people here can't swim very good."

"Keep Your Past . . .

(Continued from Page 8)

most profitable crime and how to pursue it successfully, and you make excellent contacts . . . You learn hate and patience." He demands that convicts be handled more like human beings, "they should come out feeling worthy of society." Otherwise they will see no need to reintegrate into the mainstream of social life.

In his view what makes this more distressing, is that approximately 28,000 people are imprisoned yearly for the close to 2 million offenses committed in the same time period. Yemens therefore refers to those who are imprisoned as "scapegoats" for the rest of society. He feels that they are forced to pay for the crimes of those that were not apprehended, as well as for their own offenses.

Oddly enough, he has not met with prejudice himself since he began to work towards a reform of the system.

"Success changes your image," he explained. The authorities, however, are not very much concerned with the Task Force's goals. And in spite of its success, the Task Force is still desperately in need of funds in order to carry out its programs.

* * *

The Fortune Society at 29 East 22nd Street is also operated by former convicts. Bob Brown, Vice President of the Fortune Society, sees the stigma attached to the ex-convict as the main hindrance towards reintegration. The crime is not paid for once the culprit is released, "we tend to punish forever."

The Society's first aim in helping a released convict is to "give him a dollar, keep him off the street for the first night," so he doesn't have to turn to mugging as a means of starting a new life. In the long run, the organization tries to get him some decent clothes, a place to live and, above all, a job. Most of those who turn to the Society for help have seen their family fall apart during the time they were in prison; their old friends have forgotten or turned away from them, their old neighborhood has changed and their former possessions often have been sold by the family to pay the bills that started piling up when he was sent to prison.

One counselor said he first advises the released convict to keep his past a secret when he looks for a job, because "by the time they find out and fire him, he might already have found something else." If he's honest from the start and tells prospective employers that he's been in prison, the job is often as good as gone.

Searching for jobs sometimes proves too frustrating for men who have been unable to make independent decisions. To illustrate the far-reaching effects of this prison "training," the counselor explained that for a period after his release, he was unable to order something at a restaurant by himself, not wanting to be faced with the prospect of thinking independently. He would generally order the

same dish as his companion or, if he was alone, he would eat what he considered to be the least "controversial" a hamburger.

What can be done to change this situation? In Bob Brown's view, prison reform must be accompanied by political and social change. He has little faith in the present structure of society.

"Change the whole child welfare system," he demands, since 60% of prison inmates and all hard-core criminals were abused in some way as children. "Spend more on rehabilitation, less on locks and police dogs." Brown demands that, "the old guards have to go, they're the ones that cripple progress." He refers to the wardens as "emperors, running their little fiefdom."

"The government spends \$15,000 a year to warehouse a convict," Joe Yemens commented, "enough to give him a college education." Yemens also criticized the great latitude given to the warden, explaining that within the prison walls, "he is God, he does whatever he wants."

Brown charges that, "politicians and the media are creating a paranoia as to crime," making the public blind to its social causes and generating only the desire to punish and confine the offender, instead of offering him help.

Apart from that prejudice, the offender is also excluded from many occupations by law. For instance, when Bob Brown was first released, his parole officer forced him to give up jobs at a sporting goods store (because it sold hunting supplies in another division) and at a supermarket (because it sold beer). The list of taboo occupations seems almost endless, ranging from doctor, hospital assistant and X-ray technician to landscape artist, and even undertaker, prompting Yemens to comment, "maybe they think we're gonna fuck the dead bodies."

Even though there may be worse prison systems than the one in this country, some nations have exemplified how crime can be reduced by facilitating rehabilitation.

In Holland, fines are substituted as punishment for many offenses that carry prison sentences in the United States. In Denmark, a person's criminal record is destroyed the moment the person is released. It would seem wise, if, as many of those who demand radical reform of the "corrective" system advocate, the offender were sentenced to a period of social work instead of being isolated from his family and the rest of society behind the walls of a fortress-like institution. Most of those currently in prison are repeaters, a fact that illustrates the incompetence of the current system. Because an ex-convict remains a potential suspect, he learns the virtues of playing it cool, turning back to the behavior he was "punished" for. The conditioning he was subjected to in prison will affect him emotionally for the rest of his life.

Rock and Roll '74 - A Little Creamcheese

By GERALD BARNES

People have been writing articles on the state of Rock since its inception in the Dark Ages of the fifties. And depending on who you read, you've probably learned that Rock Music (a.k.a. Rock 'n' Roll) has either a) died b) is dying c) has reached its peak d) is undergoing a resurgence or e) has signs of all of the above.

Now the trouble with most year-end, rock-in-review discussions lies in the fact that Rock is just too broad a subject to report on without the usual sweeping generalizations and vague impressions. So why should this piece be any different?

Looking back, 1974 was a pretty basic year. The past twelve months saw new groups emerge from the Rock pile and into the public eye, old favorites reduced to targets of whispers and shaken heads, and ticket prices skyrocket to invincible heights (as much as \$12.50 for an orchestra ticket).

Regional music, especially Southern, went over unusually big here in New York last year. Groups like Marshall Tucker, Charlie Daniels, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Elvin Bishop, Wet Willie, and Grinder Switch followed in the wake of the Allman Brothers and rose from local bar-band status to national headlining prominence.

From across the ocean, every foreign country conceivable was represented by a rock act—Holland's Golden Earring, Sweden's Abba, France's Les Variations, Hungary's Locomotiv G.T., and Germany's Nektar. From Canada came last year's AM radio



the months ahead. Look for sleepers Joe Walsh and Barnstorm, R.E.O. Speedwagon, Kansas, and Doug Sahm.

Here in New York, the semi-decadent/glitterite bands that once ran rampant appear to have burnt themselves out (the same may be true of their English counterparts). Special honors go to the New York Dolls, who signed with Mercury Records only to have their "creativity" buried

Shortages and a dozen other goodies, the need for escapist storytellers was evident. So enter Harry Chapin, who rose from folkie depths to fan club stardom. Contemporaries in his class remain Gordon Lightfoot, Leo Kottke, Jackson Browne, Loudon Wainwright III and Jonathan Edwards. But look for folk music to make little if any impact on its surrounding forms of music in '75.

Boogie! Never has one word meant so much

world who like to fool themselves and profess no particular genre, this year's notables included the mad but adorable Todd Rundgren, the Spaceage Hawkwind, the ever-incomprehensible Mike Oldfield, and a couple of bands called Jade Warrior and Chicory Tip.

But by far the most interesting group of 1974 were the no-shows, or those guys who for reasons not always certain chose to neither tour nor release an lp. Alice Cooper hasn't been heard of around here since his Garden appearance in June 1972. Following his lead were the likes of Steve ("The Joker") Miller and the Led Zep. Of course, no year would be complete without its rumors of a Beatle reunion, and we're still waiting.

Last we walk away in total doubt, there were a few groups that managed to make their presence known. Troupes like the Allman Brothers, David Bowie, E.L.P., Little Stevie Wonder, Eric Clapton, Elton John, George Harrison, and Bob Dylan played the rock-circus arenas, pulling in as many as 20,000 customers per night in spite of dismal performances and extra-ordinary ticket prices. It's high time the Garden house the acts that can handle it.

Awards-wise, it was another tough year, though there were certain personnel deserving of the reap they sow. They are:

Single of the Year: "Taken Care of Business" (B.T.O.) and/or "Rock The Boat" (Hues Corp.).

Album of the Year: "Lost in a Dream" (R.E.O. Speedwagon).

Rookie of the Year: Group—Montrose; Individual—Barry Stuart.

Best Catcall: "How 'bout a little Cheesecake?"

Worst Catcall: "Whipping Post" (heard everywhere).

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OPOP'S YEAR END REVIEW

savior, B.J.O. (Contrary to popular demand, the lettering *does not* stand for Big Time Overnite), and Rush, with their foolish Hendrix-ized rock. Indeed, the nail is in the grave.

Female musicians were attended to proportionately. Poppies from the field included Maria Muldaur, Helen Reddy, Joni Mitchell, Kiki Dee, and 1974's sell-out to cross-country music, Olivia Newton-John.

Back stateside, attention turned to the vast Southwest, where this year's big name hopefuls ready themselves for their assault on

by their eccentricity.

1974 was also the year of the discontented lead guitarist striking out on his own. Ronnie Montrose up and left Edgar Winter to form his own band. Mick Ronson left his mentor David Bowie for greener pastures (Slaughter On Tenth Avenue) and then joined the now-defunct Mott the Hoople. Put by far the most intriguing was Robin Trower, who left Procol Harum, put together two fine albums and glistened as one of the year's brightest stars.

With the nation belabored by such problems as Watergate, Inflation, Strikes,

to so many. But in '74, both the music and the groups that pioneered the sound grounded to a halt. Some of the classic boogie bands like Savoy Brown, Ten Years After, J. Geils Band, Johnny Winter and Canned Heat made their token appearances in '74; on the harder side of the sound still reign groups like ZZ Top, Deep Purple, Foghat and Uriah Heep. Today, only a handful of groups actually qualify as boogie bands, and I see '75 as a turning year for the recovery of this one-time prosperous musical art form.

As for the avant-garde sectors of the music

Magical Mystery in the Streets

By JEFF SHERIDAN

Jeff Sheridan is a professional street magician. He is currently collaborating with author Ed Cluffin on a book entitled "Street Magic", to be released this spring by Tobey Press.

Whenever a culture is depressed economically and emotionally, it is more than ever in need of its comedians, its poets, its artists and its magicians. Far from being a sign of escapism among people, this interest signifies a search—a search for the positive aspects of life in the midst of a spiritual crisis.

During the last few years, New York City has witnessed an increasing number of performers taking to its streets, and I think this is a significant trend. A fine street entertainer has the ability to break down typical class barriers that normally prevent people from functioning together. From the mass of people crowding the streets he is able to establish a single unit—an audience! A great many people (adults as well as children) who would otherwise have neither the inclination nor the time to seek out live theatre, will willingly stand and watch an impromptu performance given on the spot in their own environment. They are not intimidated by any notions that "theatre" is an abstract quotient or an art beyond their comprehension. On the contrary, they find this moment of theatre a humanizing experience.

It was in the spring of 1967 when, through the use of magic, I decided to tackle that barren wasteland known as a city street.



The author at work.

Eventually, I extended my stage to include parks and plazas as well.

When I was performing, it was rare to see a performer on the street, and I met with some opposition from the New York police who seemed to mistake me for a vagrant. They seemed to regard the city street as a passageway between buildings, not a place for people to enjoy themselves. Store managers also gave me trouble, claiming that I blocked traffic in front of their stores. But "time heals all wounds" (as the saying goes), and my persistence eventually overcame the opposition. Much to my surprise, other performers began to appear on the street—jugglers, musicians, puppeteers and nimes as well as other magicians. Before long, a real festival of entertainment had been established, a festival that lasted throughout the summer months.

Until recently, America has never had much of a tradition of street performance. Perhaps this originally had something to do with the work ethic and with the Puritan view that any such public entertainment was completely frivolous. Just when performers might have begun to appear on the scene, they were ousted by a most dubious version of progress—the automobile! As most sociologists would agree, the advent of the motorcar brought about a complete restructuring of our orientation to daily life on the street. Eventually, it led to the curious notion that the sidewalks were solely the servants of transportation.

In Europe, however, street performing has had a long and fruitful history. Since remotest antiquity, outdoor magicians or conjurers have wandered about the street corners, plazas and marketplaces of cities and small towns, bringing a little pleasure into the dull workaday lives of the common folk. Cups-and-halls magic, a favorite of street magicians, was performed over five thousand years ago, as evidenced by drawings on the walls of the pyramids. In ancient Greece and Rome, there were schools of conjuring for talented magicians, and statues were erected as monuments to the most skillful among them.

During the Middle Ages, many charlatans and montebanks sold "elixirs", "balsams" and "cure-alls" and performed sleight-of-hand magic on the side. Such performers were not always safe from the church or the

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The Year In Film

By ED PERCHIALUK

Mae West once remarked that too much of a good thing can be wonderful. Obviously, she wasn't referring to the movies of this past year. '74 wasn't the best of times for movies and it wasn't the worst, but it seemed a particularly unexciting, uneventful year. Some of the dullness might be attributed to both the absence of many major talents—Kubrick, Truffaut, Russell, Bertolucci, Costa-Gavras, Allen, Hitchcock, May, to note just a few—and some of the newer promising names—George Lucas, Martin Scorsese, Ralph Bakshi, John Hancock.

'74 films were marked with company desires to repeat former successes (*Gulfstream II*, *Airport '75*), with the nostalgia craze turned crazy, with too many male buddy-buddy films, and too few substantial roles for women. In short, the film year ended on the same strained, trendy notes it started with.

Looking back on the good-old-bad-days remained a prime concern of many films, American and foreign. Journeys through the past included *The Great Gatsby*, *The Front Page* (The Twenties), *Love and Anarchy*, *Chinatown*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Thieves Like Us*, and *Stavisky*. (The Thirties), *Lucombe*, *Lucien*, *Les Violons du Bal*, *The House on Chebouche Street*, *Black Thursday*, and *Duddy Kravitz* (The Forties), *Our Time*, *Buster and Billie*, *The Lords of Flatbush*, *The Night Porter*, and *Badlands*. (The Fifties), *Sugarland Express* (the Sixties).

Young couples on the lam were common in many period films. On a more ambitious level, *Love Molly* traced a love story (one woman, three beaux) from the Twenties through the Sixties, and *Lucia* followed women and revolutionary stirrings in Cuba from 1895 to the Sixties.

Focusing on male relationships, (escapades really), and excluding females, the buddy-buddy films continued strong especially with cop and robber duos—*The Super Cops*.

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Off-Off Broadway - And Up To the Bronx



Rehearsal scene from "Summer Camp"

Basil Green

By ALBERT LIPITZ

While the Cassandras have been bemoaning the death of the American theater, it hasn't really been dying at all, but only changing. It is almost a cliché by now to say that off-off Broadway is where the action is at. But like most clichés, there's more than a little truth in it. Theater has gone to the communities where the people live, at prices they can afford, and has given them a chance to be part of the action.

Proliferating in church and temple basements, industrial lofts, backrooms and store-fronts, the off-off Broadway movement has breathed more life than ever into the much-eulogized-over corpse. Born of the need to fill the vacuum left when skyrocketing costs forced much of off Broadway to become merely an extension of Broadway itself, off-off Broadway took over the experimenting, innovating, and the showcasing of new talent that is so vital to the survival of theater in general.

Perhaps the best way to understand the importance and vitality of this movement is to focus in on the development and growth of one particular group. Riverdale Showcase of Washington Heights, one of the oldest and most typical companies in the movement, started out over a dozen years ago as just another community theater, meeting weekly in a Riverdale neighborhood center. Started more as a vanity-tickling hobby than a serious theater venture, Showcase specialized in the usual warmed over Broadway fare to which best friends and favorite aunts were invited—at a small fee.

But then something happened. New blood began to be infused into the group. Rehearsals and meetings became regularly scheduled and regularly attended and were treated with the respect any serious venture demands.

And the audience began changing too. The best friends and favorite uncles were joined by a sprinkling of regular theater-goers, who were not only unrelated but unacquainted with any of the actors, directors and producers. Eventually the general theater-going public outnumbered the aunts and uncles. This in turn led to an increase in the number of productions each season, the length of each run—and finally, in the competence itself of each production.

Nurtured on much the same needs and desires that spawned the Riverdale Showcase, other theater groups began mushrooming in every available half-lit cellar and basement all over the city. At a time when the pundits were proclaiming theater dead, especially as it no longer appealed to the young—film viewing and making were supposed to be their bag—youthful theater people were hawking their wares from Chelsea to Crown Heights, from Staten Island to Riverdale. While former movie palaces were being turned into meat markets or chopped up into mini-theaters, stage productions were exploding all over the city and its environs.

Maybe cost had something to do with it. A fairly competent production of a public domain play could be mounted for under \$75. Try shooting even an 8 mm film for that money. As Molière said, to make a play all that was needed, besides a script and some actors, were two boards and a candle.

But Showcase and the rest of the off-off Broadway movement was only beginning to

get up steam. A group of Young Turks led by a middle-aged playwright and a former actor turned director, Fred Hanzlik, decided that merely serving warmed over Broadway fare wasn't challenging enough, no matter how competently produced and performed. They wanted to showcase original plays by unknown playwrights. A dangerous step indeed! Many said they wouldn't get community support for unknown plays by unknown authors, directed by unknown directors, and acted in by unknown actors. But they were determined. They split amoeba-like from the original group, leaving two groups stronger than ever where there had originally been only one. The older group, almost a dozen years later, is still competently reproducing Broadway hits for a grateful community at prices they can afford.

The Young Turks maintained the original Showcase title, took up residency in smaller but adequate quarters in the vestry of one of the city's most historic churches, The First Christ Church of Riverdale. (A side note should be made here that the off-off Broadway movement was given added im-

petus by the decision of many churches and synagogues to woo back younger members to their fold by throwing open their doors to all kinds of cultural activities. Many theater groups found themselves blessed with church space at little or no fees. Showcase was not only graciously welcomed in their new home as non-paying guests by the then pastor, Father Barry; he frequently fought for their very existence.)

Showcase's first production in its new home under its new policy was *High Point* dealing with crisis in a men's hospital ward. The play, directed by Fred Hanzlik, received a standing ovation opening night. Try getting that on a 8-16-35 mm film.

After this initial full-length play, Showcase continued along for several seasons with a string of one act comedies and dramas. Full length plays were almost impossible to come by as new authors capable of successfully putting forth such an effort still preferred to have their work presented downtown—preferably in the Village if not Broadway—where they felt the exposure was better. And they were right! Except for local newspapers—like the Riverdale Press, the Bronx Banner and the Heights-Inwood News—most reviewers didn't believe that theater existed south of Houston St. or north of 86th St. Their recognition of the Afro-American Theater and the fine black theater working out of Harlem and Bed-Stuy would come later. Even such supposedly intrepid reporters as those from the Village Voice were reluctant to make the trek so far north.

But this would change, and change back again. In the meantime, the audiences continued to react strongly. They cheered and they booed, they whistled and they catcalled, venting their feelings directly on all involved. They were venting their feelings on flesh and blood, not shadows flickering on a wall,

returning theater to a lustier, more rousing time.

The audience continued to grow—120-150 per performance was not unusual—until eventually it far outnumbered the attendance at the local Bijou, even when the latter featured a so-called blockbuster the third time around. The make-up of the company changed too, with the new policy and new location. Although local people remained the nucleus of the permanent company, people seriously pursuing a career in theater began showing up for specific projects; students from such prestigious acting schools as the Bergoff Hagen, Stella Adler, and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts started answering Showcase's open casting calls. Local residents would later fondly recall having given the first applause to—or perhaps even trodding to boards with—a Richard Roundtree before his *Shufi* triumph or Brian Farrel just two short seasons before he appeared on Broadway with Julie Harris in *The Lust of Mrs. Lincoln*.

This new professionalism did nothing to impair that special off-off Broadway bond between audience and actor which perhaps can be best summed up with an exchange between husband and wife while leaving a Showcase performance:

"This is certainly a hell of a lot more fun than going to the movies," he said, "and not any more expensive."

"Go on," his wife replied, "what you enjoyed was having that young lady who just seduced her father on stage, putting cream in your coffee during intermission."

Showcase might have rested content in its little backwater, but sand somehow always manages to get under the shell. The irritant this time was a young-old playwright, Albert Evans, fresh from the battles of guerrilla (Continued on Page 13)

'74 Films: That's Entertainment?

(Continued from Page 10)

Freebie and the Bean, *The Gravy Train*, *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*, and *Busting*. Only Robert Altman's *California Split* approached the demystifying and deglamorizing, taking the sting out, if you like, of the image of exclusive male comradery.

Choice acting roles for women were rare, but most encouraging were the directorial efforts of Lina Wertmüller (*Love and Anarchy*, *The Seduction of Mimi*) and Liliana Cavani (*The Night Porter*) in features and in documentaries, Judy Collins and Jill Godmilow with *Antonia: Portrait of the Woman*, Jane Fonda with *Meet the Enemy*, and Susan Sontag with *Promised Land*.

Besides drawing subject, setting, or tone from the past, several films were padded with yesterday's stars. Lured back to face the cameras were Ingrid Bergman, Jennifer Jones, Gloria Swanson, Myrna Loy, Lauren Bacall, and Ava Gardner.

A number of Black films continued in the gross, exploitation vein, but several attempted to reach larger, mixed audiences *Claudine*, *Uptown Saturday Night*, and, with the exceptions of Paul Mazursky's terrifically detailed and touching *Harry and Tonto*, these Black films provided the few humorous yet meaningful glimpses of family life on the screen.

Regardless of the steady, if numerically diminished, releases at the beginning of the year, foreign films were judged too risky to compete in the American market, and the audience for "art" films was considered lost. By June, films by Wertmüller and Claude Chabrol were attracting considerable interest and box-office appeal. *Going Places* revived the field, and spectacular resurrections accompanied Bergman's *Scenes*, Fellini's *Amarcord*, and Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien*.

In the fall, film companies unleashed a string of disaster films and hoped to repeat the financial success of *The Poseidon Adventure* with *Gold*, *Juggernaut*, *Earthquake*, and *The Towering Inferno*. Except for Richard Lester's *Juggernaut*, a witty film

which underplayed effects while it poked fun at its genre's vacuity, the disaster epics were big on cataclysm and small on characters. The sinful types opted for, their situations and their punishments recalled the creaky Biblical films cranked out in the Fifties. Should we thank heaven for sparing us a rash of demonic trash?

Musicals were few and forgettable, and *That's Entertainment*, perhaps more than any other film, reminded audiences of what

own simplistic notions and questionable validity. The New Hollywood Dream Factory seemed as suspect as the Old.

Looking back, if we were down the films kept us ther. The sense of futility, of helplessness and hopelessness which characterized such varied films as *the Conversation*, *A Free Woman*, *The Parallax View*, *Road Movie*, and the period films, seemed no accident, but a clear reflection of our muddled times. Was it any wonder that



Spectacular Resurrection for "Lacombe, Lucien"

they were missing at the movies today, of the magic movies have lost.

As usual and unfortunate was the scarcity of comedies. Parodies were popular, and *Blazing Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* had Mel Brooks' raucous, hit-or-miss handling of potentially funny material combined with some kind (*Frankenstein*) and unkind (*Saddles*) stabs at the horror and the western genres.

Urban chaos was central in several films. In *Death Wish* and *Law and Disorder* individuals battled the crime menace. With *The Longest Yard*, all three films offered tremendous audience involvement, empathy, and release. Luckily, the catharsis somewhat redeemed all three from being victims of their

Zardoz, a science-fiction excursion into the year 2293, came and went? How could fantasies of tomorrow compete with nightmares of today?

What about this year? Already being touted are Russell's *Tommy*, Bogdanovich's *At Long Last Love*, Bertolucci's *1900*, Kubrick's *Burly Lyndon*, Jewison's *Rollerball*, Altman's *Nashville*, Nichol's *The Fortune*, and Schlesinger's *The Day of the Locust*. Schlesinger's film is adapted from Nathaniel West's novel which was published in 1939. That year, audiences viewed, among others, *Come With The Wind*, *Stagecoach*, *Nimrodka*, *The Wizard of Oz*, and *Withering Heights*. Looking back on '74 films, I ask, that's entertainment?

The Grateful Dead Take A Rest

By DAVID BAHARAV

Those of you who read the Voice religiously know the Dead are breaking up. 200 megatons of equipment and all. Their departure heralds the end of an era, an unpleasant one for me. Everyone in my gang was a Dead freak except me. The biggest Dead lover was Jerry.

Jerry and the Dead

"You know, I'm the greatest," my friend Jerry used to say. "I smoke Marlboros, the best cigarettes in the world. I drink Budweiser, the greatest beer. And I like the best rock group in the world, the Grateful Dead."

Of course, literally thousands of other people have similar tastes, so one would suppose that makes them the greatest, too. But in our gang, Jerry was certainly the most influential and charismatic personality, until he committed the ultimate social gaffe of flunking out of dental school. His influence declined after that, but not before the whole gang smoked Marlboros, drank Budweiser, and were to-the-death fans of the greatest group, the Dead.

All but me. I hated them. I particularly disliked the clever puns associated with the group, like the album names. *Live Dead*, *Nights of the Living Dead*. Haha.

I didn't become a member of the official fan club, Dead Heads. I didn't even feel at ease referring to their lead singer as Garcia, as if we were the best of buddies, or calling the group The Dead, in the cool fashion, rather than the Grateful Dead.

I didn't care for the meaningless verses of their songs, and said so. Jerry always leapt to their defense. "One man gathers what another man spills," he'd say, quoting what is evidently the most profound line in their whole body of work.

"The sky was yellow and the sun was blue," man. Isn't that a great line?" I had to concede that it was, mainly because I heard it almost every night with Duh Gang.

On the Nature of Duh Gang

Until I met Arlene, my social life centered around the gang. More often than not, the

gang's activity was getting high, and trucking to Dave's house to listen to records.

What record do you want to hear? Let's play a Dead album. Put on *American Beauty*. How about *Skeleton*? "We can share the women, we can share the wiithine." Jack Straw is a fine song.

"I have it," Jerry would say, and pause dramatically, waiting for silence. Europe '72." Everyone would "yeah" in agreement.

Being a permanent peripheral member, I always ended up listening to the good old Grateful Dead against my wishes. Jerry would provide a running commentary on the songs, to the effect that the very next song is the best the Dead ever performed.

Sometimes, while lying around stoned out, I would wonder how this Dead mania began. With swimming head, I would throw the mind back, thinking deeply.

The Dead and Literature

The first time I got an inkling that the Dead are of greater significance than, say, Freddy and the Dreamers, was when I read the massive work predicting the decline of capitalism as we know it, *The Greening of America*. G. of A. devotes a paragraph explaining the poignant irony, which only the young can understand, implicit in the name Grateful Dead. Charles Reich hasn't been heard of since, probably because he's too embarrassed to show his face.

That was all I knew about the subject when the gang started drooling over their Dead albums. Sophisticates that they were, they were scornful of all the other stary eyed teeny-boppers who blindly followed other groups. I often wondered if Garcia would go glitter, and what the gang would do then. Would all my friends turn into faggots? It never happened.

Instead, adoration for Jerry Garcia grew to no bounds. Pretty girls were referred to as *Sugar Magnolia*. When we would walk down the street, Jerry and Rich would let loose a mean riff from their imaginary guitars, and wail in their best country voices. Everyone was listening to the Grateful Dead.



The Grateful Dead in better days

Acid Fever

Coincident with Dead fever came Acid fever. Everybody in the gang was into tripping, some more reluctantly, and later, than others. But eventually everyone had swallowed those little colored papers that gave you new insights and made you like the Dead.

Richie told me that he tripped after he read *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test*. "Anybody who reads it trips," he told me. He lent me the book, and I read it with great interest. Several of the more important minor characters in the book were part of a then unknown rock band who called themselves the strange name of "Grateful Dead."

"So that's where they picked up their Dead worship," I thought. All was clear. *Kool Aid* gives the Dead almost as big a buildup as it gives to its legendary superhero, Ken Kesey.

Some of the book was anti-acid. I was interested to see what a typical head thought of it. "It was great, man. Can you imagine, they paid him \$50 a day to do acid." That was "all" Hymie the Head remembered about it.

Temporary Relief

I escaped from all this when I met Arlene. She and I hit it off from the start, and my knowing she didn't particularly like the Dead was a definite plus.

In fact, here is a rule of thumb to test if your latest heart throb is really for you. If you both dislike the Dead, you're in good shape. If you both like them, you have a chance. If your tastes differ, pack it in. He or she is not for you.

Death of the Dead

Seven months passed. I had not seen the gang or heard of the Dead, so completely was I wrapped up in the enchanting Arlene. But slowly, cultural differences emerged. Suddenly, I realized that I was winding up listening to Yiddish all night, against my will. We broke up, parting on the most amicable of terms, and I returned to the gang to see what was happening.

Bad news. The Dead are breaking up. I was curious to see how Jerry would handle it. Would the shock be just too great for him?

"Man, Emerson, Lake and Palmer are almost as good as the Dead." He'd seen them in concert the night before. How do you like the Dead, Jerry. "They're not as good as they used to be since Piggem died." Aha. "Even though they're still the greatest," he hastened to add.

What are you going to do when they break up, I asked. "They're going to give some great fucking concerts when they say goodbye to New York," was his reply. "Hey, there goes a real foxy lady." *Sugar Magnolia* herself.

Magician Takes to the Streets

(Continued from Page 10)

suspicious people of the time. Many magicians were thought to have demonic assistance in their acts; some were even accused of being witches and burned at the stake for acts of legerdemain. The church also intervened between the magician and his audience, ostensibly because of his pact with the devil. In truth, the conjuror posed a serious challenge to the authority of the church in the area of miracle-making.

By the 1620's conjurors were beginning to perform with greater freedom, and took their revenge on the Church by poking fun at its ceremonies. The words "hocus pocus" are probably derived from the Latin words "Hoc est enim corpus meum", uttered by a priest to effect a miraculous change in the elements. Some of the earliest books on magic also contained references to a conjuror named "Hocus Pocus" who performed at the English Fairs.

The first book on conjuring was written by an English gentleman, Reginald Scot, who was a landowner and a grower of hops. In *The Discoverie of Witchcraft*, published in 1584, Scot took it upon himself to enlighten the superstitious people of the time as to the true nature of witchcraft. In the section of the book that deals with sleight-of-hand, Scot reviews many of the tricks which were told to him by an open air performer. The book gave explanations of such things as "to throw a piece of money into a deep pond, and fetch it again from whence you list".

During the eighteenth century, there was a definite improvement in the social status of street magicians and open air conjurors. Even during the Tudor period, conjurors began wearing costumes which were theatrically distinctive, and by the 1800's they were as well-dressed as any of the nobility. These colorful figures caught the eye of many an

artist or illustrator, and there are numerous engravings which show the street conjuror performing in his natural setting.

Typically, he would perform the cups-and-balls tricks which have proved popular the world over. On his silk-covered table were three small cups made of brass or tin. The balls passed mysteriously from beneath one small cup to another, finally changing to much larger balls or to a live animal such as a mouse or guinea pig. The magician of the



19th century used these sleights to produce a multiplicity of effects—vanishes, productions, transformations and penetrations. In fact, most of the effects possible in the magic art could be demonstrated within the limited repertoire of cups-and-balls.

As these well-dressed magicians began to attract the nobility, they made clever use of valuable objects which wealthy people would carry with them. Tricks were done with fine silk handkerchiefs, watches, rings and playing cards (which were very costly at the time). The conjurors carried with them expensive jewel cases and snuffboxes, or borrowed these objects from members of the audience. For magic in general—and especially for street magicians—the nineteenth century was the golden age. The patronage system was still in bloom, and the

magician enjoyed a status as lofty as that of any painter or composer patronized by the nobility.

In the early 1900's we find numerous magicians performing in vaudeville and in traveling shows, but the advent of television brought about the demise of such live entertainments. For a time, there seemed to be no audience for the traveling magician or the vaudeville entertainer. Then the street was rediscovered.

Today, a growing number of young variety performers are entertaining on the streets of New York, on the West Coast and in cities around the country. Few performers of this generation want to cater to the decadent needs of a Reno or Las Vegas, where a performer is merely an interval between women and whiskey. Most would prefer to develop an audience seriously interested in their arts, and have discovered that a direct contact between performer and audience is necessary to stimulate interest. The street is at present a milieu where this kind of direct, spontaneous contact is made possible. I am convinced that in the future the sensitivity which is being developed between audience and performer via the street will open up a new era in the development and appreciation of the performing arts.

Rock and Roll, 1974

(Continued from Page 10)

Most Disappointing Album: Rock And Roll Outlaws (Foghat).

Best Magic Act: Chris Wood of Traffic (for disappearing in the middle of a gig at the Academy of Music).

Comeback of the Year: Marvin Gaye *FadeOuts of the Year:* Kiss, Roy Wood, Ellery Queen, Blue Cheer, Perth Amboy, Patty Hearst, and the month of June.

Hang On In There Award: Wishbone Ash (for *There's The Rub*).

Special mention goes to Paul McCartney and Wings for producing eight hit singles in eleven months time.

Special mention also goes to Joe Cocker and Eric Burden, who just don't know when to give it up.

And a very special mention goes out to the borough of Brooklyn for making each and every Edgar Winter concert seem like the sub-notice division of the Golden Gloves.

Is Riverdale the New Great White Way?

(Continued from Page 11)

theater. (Guerrilla theater was born of the peace movement at the very beginning of the Vietnam War when most Americans still thought it a holy crusade. The Guerrilla theater tactic was to put on a brief hit-and-run anti-war skit in a laundromat, a supermarket or on the steps of some public building before a "captive audience".)

The first full length play decrying the shame and the pity of the American hurrah in Asia was not to be presented from a Broadway or an off Broadway stage—or even in a Village loft—but in the vestry of a north Bronx church. Albert Evans' *Ghost Town* used the style of soap opera and the warm-hearted movies of the '30's to strike out at the war lovers three years before David Raab's *Sticks and Bones* made it from the Papp complex to Broadway. Mr. Evans followed this up with the equally hard-hitting *Medal of*

surgent groups like those in the urban guerrilla theater movement and the highly polished San Francisco Mime Troupe.

Lest the impression be given that off-off Broadway was continuously grim visaged during this period, it should be remembered that some of the most hilarious comedies and outrageous satires were presented at this time. Ed Sliva was Riverdale Showcase's most outstanding proponent of theater for the fun of it. Self-described as "merely an entertainer," Sliva embodies much that is vital in the off-off Broadway scene: versatility, dedication, imagination. Mr. Sliva has written, directed and acted in most of Riverdale Showcase's comedies. And yet he wrote and appeared in one of Showcase's most touching slice-of-life dramas, *Welcome Home*.

The final impetus to the off-off Broadway explosion to date was the move by many

Riverdale Showcase alone spawned two experimental groups: the Bronx Experimental Theater led by former Showcase director Fred Hanzlik, and the Lab Theatre, with playwright in residence Albert Evans as its artistic director.

Twice partially funded by the New York State Council on the Arts, Riverdale's Lab Theater of Washington Heights, in its long existence, has already brought audience participation to its outer limits. In its initial production, *Self Destruct* by Albert Evans—a loose adaptation of Franz Kafka's *The Trial*—the audience was arrested along with the play's chief character, Joseph K, tried, found guilty and executed—at least symbolically.

In *Summer Camp*, also by Mr. Evans, members of the audience were supposed to feel that they were paying guests at the mountain resort—which turned out to be a concentration camp.

In Showcase's most recent move to make theater really a part of the Washington Heights community, *Visitation*, Mr. Evans' latest play, will be presented as part of the Sunday services on January 12th at the Broadway Methodist Temple, Broadway and 173rd St.

As for the future of the off-off Broadway movement itself, it can be best summed up by a quote of Elly Burke, director in residence at Showcase: "If off-off-Broadway should become too expensive and turn into just

another appendage of Broadway, why then we will just have to go off-off-off Broadway—perhaps into the very living rooms of the people of the community."

Gay Oppression

(Continued from Page 3)

everybody in a class is straight. I am not the only gay person in my design class nor have I been the only gay person in any of my classes. Don't presume that everybody on the faculty is straight. I know many gay faculty members. We may look straight and act straight but we're just not fitting into your stereotypes; we certainly don't feel straight.

As educators—I don't care in what discipline—being gay must be approached as a valid social entity. It is your responsibility to give people an objective point of view, not the narrow-minded one you've been brought up with. Start believing that gays will be a large and powerful social force. It has been happening, is happening now and will continue to happen. Gay people have taken immense strides forward. We all know within ourselves that this will continue, and we certainly won't step backwards, no matter what you care to presume about us. This may seem harsh but a person who's oppressed hurts a lot more.



Rehearsal scene from "Summer Camp"

Honor Winner, that prophesized the My Lai massacre six months before it actually occurred and eighteen months before the story broke.

The peace theater started exploding all over off-off Broadway, finally leading to the extremely powerful *Viet Rock* by the highly respected Open Theater. Some of the most exciting off off Broadway theater at that time, however, was the activities of the more in-

famed Broadway producers to hawk their wares from off Broadway stages—where expenses are still so much lower—hoping for a quick movie sale. This plus other factors, such as rising costs generally, has helped turn off Broadway into just another extension of on Broadway.

Much of the experimenting, improvisation and innovation so vital to the survival of any theater has been left to off-off Broadway.

No PVC at Finley's New Monkey's Paw

By HERB FOX

City College's long awaited coffeehouse, the Monkey's Paw, officially opened recently to the footsteps of slow waiters, the tinkling of the cash register, and the moving vocals of Tom Paxton. Despite a number of minor problems—idiosyncracies, actually—with the newest hangout in Finley, the evening was surprisingly well spent.

A once decrepit yellow-walled room in the basement of Finley has been transformed into an almost moody, almost warm cafe a la Casablanca. The beams holding down the floor are now palm trees; the real rotating ceiling fans provide the ventilation, and we finally have alternative to the Snack Bar's Polyvinylchloride desserts.

Entertainmentwise, opening the evenings show was a neo-lame comedian by the name of Adam Keefe, who actually made me laugh three times in thirty minutes. It's not that his jokes were funny—it's just that he got his timing together those three times. The rest of the audience seemed to like him, but I'm not really sure if they were laughing with him or at him. I guess it doesn't really matter to a comedian, though.

On the other hand, the evening's star, Tom Paxton, put on a remarkably entertaining, funny and sad performance. Paxton is currently an underrated songwriter—his version of the Attica massacre in song, called "The Hostage", sent shivers up my spine. Paxton's voice is a firm, secure tenor, and he uses it to take the lyrics of a love song and move them from cliché to meaning.

Paxton, of course, sang a number of songs from our younger days of protest and hope,

like "Talking Pot Luck Vietnam Blues Blues", and "Rambling Boy." He was the perfect choice to open the Paw, if only because he deserves to be remembered as one of the giants of American folk music.

The Paw itself, as it is to be expected on opening night, had it's share of problems. The sound system is composed of five bookshelf stereo speakers, which leave much to be heard. The lights weren't low enough, and the bright white lights from the kitchen area were disturbing. The waiters were inexperienced and slow, and there is a cappuccino machine that sounds like an elephant subtly snoring coke (the staff had the good sense to keep the machine off during the sets.)

However, the Monkey's Paw is a good place to hang out and drink tea and eat Italian pastries. (Moderate prices, too!). The cafe has an atmosphere that serves as an escape from the daily greyness of school, and, if it doesn't get overcrowded, could provide the first comfortable place to socialize and relax at City.

The Monkey's Paw will be open daily, from 2 to 8 P.M., and guest artists (hopefully) will appear in concert on Friday nights. The Paw is in the basement of Finley, two flights below the Snack Bar. It's definitely worth a visit.

Cafe Finley will open the term with a series of free concerts, starting off with Peter Labarbor on Friday 7, at 2 P.M. Rock Post Posti Smith will appear on February 10, and guitarist Rod McDonald will perform on February 13, both at 3 P.M. Dean Friedman will play on the evening of February 14 for a \$2 admission.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

claims that they are descended from the Khazars, a Mongolian people who converted to Judaism during the seventh century and who have no historic claim to the land of Israel. I know of no evidence to back his claim. Ashkenazic Jews are no more descendants of the Khazars than they are of the American Indians.

9. And, finally, Israeli Arabs enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the Middle East. They have the right to vote and have elected Arab representatives to the Israeli Parliament. In Israel, Moslem holy sites are respected and properly maintained. Can Mr. Ebeid claim the same for Jordan, who desecrated the Jewish cemetery on the Mount of Olives and destroyed many ancient synagogues during the years that they controlled the Old City of Jerusalem? Then too, has the world so soon forgotten about the school children killed at Maalot, the Puerto Rican pilgrims massacred at Lod airport, and all the other assorted acts of terror for which the PLO proudly takes the credit? Are Roman Catholic Puerto Ricans and innocent children the Zionist villain?

I trust that this helps put things back into their proper perspective.

Sincerely,
Pia Susman

LSAT Rip-Off

Early in October I enrolled in the Western States LSAT (Law Students Aptitude Test) Preparation Seminar and sent a check for the requested \$85. The course was scheduled for November 30 and December 1. This group was a favorite of Jeffrey Morris and was listed in his handbook for Law School applications. Last year, they had advertised in OP, as well as papering the hallways with posters.

On Friday, Nov. 29, I received a letter informing me that the course had been cancelled, due to a "lack of interest". The letter was post-dated November 26 in California, as was the refund check which arrived on November 30.

Under the circumstances it is safe to assume that there were students who arrived at NYU to take the course who never knew that it had been cancelled, since the classes were scheduled to start at 9:00 AM on that day.

I feel the implications of such behavior are

very grave, and show a complete lack of concern for the welfare of the students they claim to help. Not only were students given insufficient notice of the cancellation, but it was far too late to make any other LSAT preparation arrangements.

This left the future test taker with two choices: either to risk taking the exam blind, or to skip the exam. Either choice is a bad one. In the first place, the chances of doing well are very poor since the lack of preparation is compounded with the psychological effects of the cancellation. If the second choice is followed, and the student postpones the exam until February in order to prepare properly, the lateness of registration may result in not being accepted at law school, no matter how high the score.

I urge all pre-law students to take locally based preparation courses, as the unreliability of this group far outweighs the quality of their course.

Sincerely,
Cynthia P. Cohen

Who Sucks?

As president of the House Plan Association, I would like to respond on behalf of House Plan to the letter of November 29th by Andrew J. Padilla of Delta Alpha. I do not believe that it is fair to compare House Plan Association with Tau Epsilon Phi or Delta Alpha because House Plan is not only an organization where one can have fun, make friends and meet people, but also a place where one can learn and grow as an individual.

The many programs that House Plan runs not only help our students, but involves a great deal of the college community. Such programs as student-faculty dinners, human-relations weekends, camping, leadership training, alumni, and various other activities are all geared to help the students of the City College campus.

House Plan is the place where all of this learning and growth can and does take place. If this "sucks", then I question the values of the fraternity who wrote this letter and the people who supported it.

I also urge those who think that House Plan "sucks" to attend several of our programs since House Plan is open to everyone including our critics.

Sincerely,
Bruce Weickbrodt
President,
House Plan Association

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PHS PROGRAM FOR HUMANISTIC STUDIES SPRING '75

PPHS 110 GROWING UP — Eisold, Schachtel

4 Hours, 6 Credits (Tues., Thurs. 10-12)

PPHS 115 SELF-CONCEPT and CAREER ALTERNATIVES

This course aims to provide the opportunity to develop insights, gain essential information, explore career and life-style alternatives and obtain the kinds of experiences necessary to effective career planning.

Sect C	Mon. 10-12	Ernest Schnaebele	Sect F	Tues. 12-2	Margaret Rodgers	Sect G2	Wed. 2-4	John Stark
Sect G	Mon 2-4	Roberta Johnson			(for Women)	Sect 3A	Wed. 6-8	Ed Evans
Sect D	Tues. 10-12	Rita Liegner	Sect 2K	Tues. 6-8	Margaret Rodgers (for Women)	Sect D2	Thurs. 10-12	Larry Cooley

PPHS 124 SEXUAL CHOICE IN CONTEMPORARY SOCIETY: A STUDY OF MALE and FEMALE HOMOSEXUALITY, — Levin

4 Hours, 4 Credits (Mon., Wed. 10-12)

PPHS 160 POPULAR FILM AS A POLITICAL INSTRUMENT: THE IDEOLOGY OF POPULAR CULTURE — Paul Minkoff

4 1/2 Hours, 4 Credits (Tues. 9:30-12, Thurs. 10-12)

Films will be shown, with lecture-discussions.

("Birth of A Nation," "Gold Diggers of 1933," "The Virginian," "The Public Enemy," "The Maltese Falcon," "Viva Zapata," and other films to be shown)

PPHS 162 IMAGES OF WOMEN IN FILM — Ann Kaplan

4 Hours, 4 Credits (Mon. 2-6)

Films will be shown, with lecture-discussions.

("The Blue Angel," "Bus Stop," "Masculine — Feminine," "3 Faces of Eve," and other films to be shown)

PPHS 180 BILINGUAL/BICULTURAL THEATRE PRODUCTION — Jacoby, Chavarria

6 Credits, 2 Hours plus rehearsals. (Wed. 4-6)

Students will produce a full-scale bilingual/bicultural rock musical for children and in the process study bilingualism/biculturalism.

PPHS 215 EMOTIONAL LIFE OF THE CLASSROOM — Gerston, Neujahr

3 Hours, 3 Credits (Mon., Wed. 12:30-2)

PPHS 224 THE ENVIRONMENT — Turk

2 Hours, 2 Credits (Tues. 2-4)

Introduction to the ecology of natural systems human adaption to environment change, the density and extinction of species, growth of human population, energy consumption, etc.

PPHS 226 SCIENCE and POLITICS OF OCCUPATIONAL HEALTH — Green

2 Hours, 2 Credits (Mon. 3-5)

A study of the problems of safe and healthy working conditions and of the struggle for them (with just enough of the technical background to make the issues intelligible).

PPHS 244 MALE and FEMALE — Sevransky

4 Credits, 2 1/2 Hours (Tues. 9:30-12)

This seminar will assess female-male differences in light of recent findings in anthropology, biology, psychology.

PPHS 260 ALTERNATE LIFESTYLES — Paul Minkoff

4 Hours, 6 Credits (Wed., Fri. 10-12)

The counterculture of the 1960s — its roots and results.

PPHS 268 IN SEARCH OF HUMAN NATURE — Huttenbach

3 Hours, 4 Credits (Tues., Thurs. 2-3:30)

An intense investigation of the underlying assumptions of several definitions of Human Nature. Lecture and discussion.

PPHS 324-5 MARXISM and REVOLUTIONARY THEORY — Weisser, Daum

4 Hours, 6 Credits (Tues., Thurs. 2-4)

An examination of a variety of Marxist ideas on revolutionary theory.

PPHS 340 CONSCIOUSNESS and SOCIETY — Eisold

4 Hours, 4 Credits (Mon., Wed. 1-3)

A study of consciousness, especially the dilemma of the conflicting "truths" presented by expanded awareness and raised consciousness of political influence.

By LYDIA DIAMOND

Cafe Finley

This is the Cafe Finley schedule for February:

- Feb. 7, jazz vibist Peter La Barbera, 3:00-7:00 PM. (free).
- Feb. 10, rock-poet Patti Smith, 2:00 PM (free).
- Feb. 13, guitarist Rod McDonald, 2:00 PM (free).
- Feb. 14, Dean Friedman, 8:00 PM (\$2.50).

African Art

A photography exhibition entitled African Art as Philosophy will be shown from Feb. 3—Feb. 21 at the Eisner Hall Gallery.

On Thursday, Feb. 13, 12:30-1:30 PM, there will also be an illustrated lecture on African Art/Life and it's Action/Philosophy.

Careers & Employment

Twice annually, the College offers a program through which degree-candidates can meet potential employers in government, business and industry. Participation in the program requires that graduating students attend a prior briefing. For further information, contact the Office of Career Counseling and Placement, Finley 423.

Woman Times Three

Three plays with women as their theme: Strangers are People—Visitation—The Last Wish. Friday and Saturday, January 24-25. Broadway Methodist Temple, Broadway and 174th Street, Washington Heights, New York. For further information 549-6449.

Folk Music

Lisa Null will sing and accompany herself on dulcimer, harp etc. Saturday, at 7:30 PM. Admission \$1.50. American Youth Hostels, 132 Spring Street, N.Y.C.

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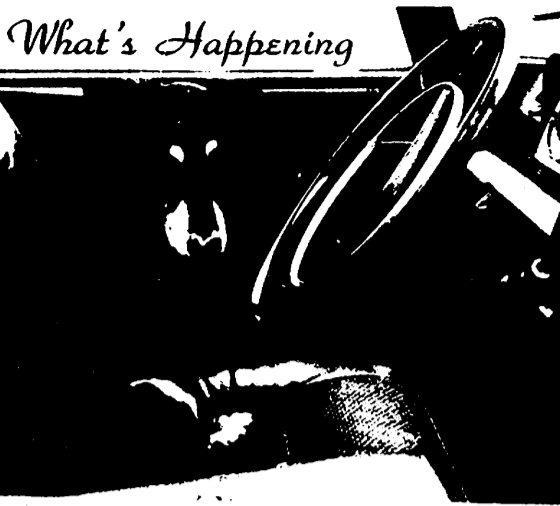
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What's Happening

Bluegrass Concert

Botle Hill, a Bluegrass string band will perform at WBAI's free music store Thursday, Feb. 20 at 9:00 PM. Admission is free but contributions would be appreciated. Bring cushions since seating is informal. WBAI's Studio "C", 259 East 62nd Street, just west of First Avenue.

American Ballet

The last performances by the company end Feb. 2. Works include Coppelia, Gemini (new), Les Sylphides, Billy the Kid, et al. For further information contact the American Ballet Theater at 757-7035.

Pinewoods Concert

Tony and Irene Saletan will perform traditional American folks music and songs from the British Isles, followed by a song-swap. The concert starts at 8:30 PM. Admission is \$2.50. Church of Our Lady of Peace, 237 East 62nd Street, between 2nd & 3rd Avenues.

Study Abroad

C.U.N.Y. is offering qualified Juniors, Seniors and Graduate students the opportunity to study abroad in England, France, Germany, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Spain, USSR, and the United Kingdom. For further information, contact Mrs. Phyliss Dumain, Program of Study Abroad, Graduate School and University Center, 33 West 42nd Street, Room 1439, N.Y. 10036.

Potsdam

The second annual drawing competition at Potsdam is accepting drawings (\$5.00 per piece) properly matted and any size. The deadline is March 31, 1975. The sale of drawings will be promoted with no commission charge. All drawings, accepted or not, will be returned prepaid. Send drawings to: National Drawing Exhibition, c/o Benedict Goldsmith, The State University College, Potsdam, New York, 13676.

Summer Employment '75

Computer Science Majors: You may qualify for an internship with the National Security Agency. You're eligible if you're graduating in June 1976 with a degree in Computer Science and have an overall grade point average of at least 3.0 and U.S. Citizenship. Application deadline: Jan. 31, 1975. For further information, contact the Office of Career Counseling and placement, Room 423, Finley.

Engineering Majors: Several organizations have scheduled campus visits for the purpose of recruiting engineering students for summer employment (to be held the early part of next semester).

Attention Art Teachers

There is a chairperson position opening in the Communications Arts and Design Department at Virginia Commonwealth University. The criteria include: Education or experience indicative of administrative ability or aptitude and interest; successful teaching experience. B.A. degree or its equivalent. Professional competence required in one or more of these nine areas: Animation, Cinematography, Drawing and Color Concepts, Environmental Design, Illustration, Nature Design, Print Communications, Videographics, University Graphics. Rank and salary open. Starting date: July 1, 1975. Direct resume by February 28, 1975 to: Mr. Ben Gunther, School of the Arts, Virginia Commonwealth University, 901 West Franklin Richmond, Virginia 23284.

Sexism Subcommittee

The Women's Caucus has formed a committee to fight sexism on the campus. For further information contact Betsy Brotman 666-0140 or Finley 417.

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PHOTOS BY ROBERT NESS

LAYOUT BY JOE LILL

Vol. 57, No. 1 Jan. 23, 1975
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Because he knows the big prize of the day is behind Door Number One—an all-expense paid trip to New York City for a spot on City College's most innovative newspapers, **The Observation Post**.

Of course, the contestant (dressed as a turnip) might be unlucky and pick the bedroom set behind Number Two or the cabin cruiser behind Number Three.

Aren't you glad you don't have to make such a perilous decision? Come up to 336 Finley, Cabbages, turnips, broccoli or any other garden vegetables who want to write, take photographs, draw or just rest their roots for a while are welcome.