



Rodriguez President U.S. Sweeps Election

Validation in Doubt

By SUSAN BEASLEY

The United Students slate has swept this year's Student Senate elections, winning all the executive positions and 26 of the 37 Senatorial posts, according to official counts released last night.

In the race for President, United Students candidate Vivian Rodriguez outran her nearest opponent, incumbent President Donald Murphy, by 123 votes to win with 400. Richard Villedrouin defeated Janet Lennon (P.S.C.), 382-278, to win the Executive Vice Presidency, while Jeff Kloktis (U.S.) beat out Boreysa Tep (P.S.C.) for Treasurer, 363-220, in the United Student's most decisive victory.

The turnout for this year's election was one of the lowest in recent memory, with only about 800 stu-

dents voting. Voting was believed to have been affected by the violence on the North Campus Wednesday and the cancellation of classes Thursday, although it was extended to Monday to make up for the lost days. It was not known late Monday night whether the election would be validated by College President Robert E. Marshak because of the poor turnout. Under the by-laws of the Board of Education, the College President has the option to declare election results invalid if less than 30% of the student body votes. Despite similarly low turnouts in recent years, however, the election results have been validated.

Nancy Chiller beat out Hugh Lawrence for Student Ombudsman, 324-172. Chiller is currently assistant to outgoing Ombudsman David Romanoff.

The United Students won 26 of 37 Senate seats, with one position in the Science division in dispute. Two P.S.C. members, Davis and Eaton, had tied for the position with 75 votes each.

In other Senate executive races, Steven Corry (U.S.) defeated Lillian Fernandez (P.S.C.) 359-273, for University Affairs Vice President. Beverly Ketzner (U.S.) defeated Fernando Lescaille (P.S.C.), 370-246, for Community Affairs Vice-President while Sandu Siegalstein (U.S.) defeated Keith Saunders (P.S.C.) for Campus Affairs V.P., 372-269. John Long (U.S.) defeated Selwyn Carter (P.S.C.) for Educa-
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North Academic Center Quiet After Sporadic Violence



Marc Kaliner

'Concerned Faculty' Support Coalition

By SUSAN BEASLEY

The North Campus, a battleground since last Wednesday, remained calm yesterday despite the controversial presence of about 100 police on campus.

Violence erupted again Friday as members of the Manhattan North Coalition and their student supporters demanded that the police leave the campus by 2 p.m. After the deadline passed and the police remained at barricades set up on Convent Avenue to separate the Coalition members and union construction workers, the Coalition members gathered on Convent Ave-

nue and sat down in front of Shepherd Hall, for the most part silent. At about two thirty they charged the barricades, hurling rocks and bottles at the police as they ran. The police held firm, however, and the Coalition then organized a march with hundreds of student supporters to 134th street and Amsterdam Avenue, where they held a short rally.

In an unsigned statement released Thursday, "concerned faculty" at the College blamed last week's disturbances on a "failure to honor pledges made to the Manhattan North Coalition to guarantee community/minority hiring."

The faculty also condemned the "outside groups" who "deliberately provoked violence against minority workers and students" at the NAC construction site Wednesday. They called on the State Dormitory Authority, the contractors, and the unions to honor agreements made with the Manhattan North Coalition last fall.

The following is the complete text of the statement by "concerned faculty" of City College:

1. We deplore the current situation on campus. The immediate reason for the crisis is the failure to honor the pledges made to the Manhattan North Coalition to guarantee community/minority hiring. We call on the State Dormitory Authority, the contractors, and the unions to honor the agreement.

2. We do not want to teach in buildings that are being built by unions that systematically exclude minority workers.

3. We deplore the outbreak of violence on the campus and the inactivity of the Administration, and the complicity of the police in permitting attacks on students to take place. We condemn the outside groups, armed with clubs and pipes, who deliberately provoked violence against minority workers and students.

4. We condemn the cutbacks proposed for the S.E.E.K. Pro-

NAC Lacks Activity Space

By PAUL DIMARIA

Space now planned for student organizations in the new North Academic Center (NAC) will definitely be less than presently available in condemned Finley Hall, Vice-Provost Morton Kaplon (Institutional Resources) and Dean Edward Sarfaty (Student Affairs) confirmed at a press conference last month.

According to Sarfaty, fifteen rooms are planned for use by organizations. Presently, forty-eight organizations, about half the total number here, occupy thirty-seven offices in Finley.

Kaplon stated that the reason for the reduction is the fact that some student activity space had been planned for another new building, the South Academic Center, which has not been authorized for construction.
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Vivian Rodriguez

Marc Kaliner

Pro-Busing Rally Held in Boston

By MATT SEAMAN

A march for the desegregation of the Boston school system, sponsored by the NAACP and the National Student Coalition Against Racism (NSCAR), drew a crowd of 15-20,000 protesters last Saturday, May 17, in Boston.

Organizers of the march blamed rumors that there might be violence and disruptions, notably by the militant Progressive Labor Party (PLP), for the somewhat disappointing turnout. On May 4, the PLP had led a demonstration of approximately 3000 into Irish South Boston, the focal point of the desegregation battle. This action had resulted in confrontations and violent clashes with South Boston racists and with the police.

However, the May 17 demonstration, held in the Boston Commons, a park near City Hall, was absolutely peaceful, and therefore almost totally ignored by the news media. The news media in Boston and across the country have, on the other hand, afforded a tremendous amount of publicity to much smaller gatherings of the racist ROAR (Restore Our

Alienated Rights) organization, which opposes racial desegregation in Boston. Under the leadership of Boston School Committee member Louise Day Hicks, ROAR is currently organizing a nationwide racist campaign. ROAR chapters have already been formed in New York, as well as in other cities.

Although estimates of the number of participants varied greatly, it was generally agreed that this march was larger than the December 14 demonstration, which had attracted more attention because of the greater number of disruptions. The police estimate of 35,000 and NAACP figures putting the number of demonstrators at 50,000, were, however, exaggerated.

The protest began with the singing of the National Anthem amidst scattered boos from many of the students participating. The last words of the anthem, "The land of the free and the home of the brave," were met with rhythmic clapping and chants of "Bullshit! Bullshit!" by some of the students. The singing of the National Anthem was followed by a prayer. "That's the NAACP for you," one City College

student quipped.

Most of the students present expressed disenchantment with the "bourgeois" nature of the protest and the mild tone of most of the speeches, however forcefully these may have been delivered. Many students left the rally site and were seen roaming through the streets of Boston.

One student from John Jay College of Criminal Justice remarked disgusted that, "This is a picnic, not a protest rally," as other students used the mild, sunny day to play a variety of card and ball games in the park. "Unfortunately, the NAACP has a stronger say in the choice of speakers than we do," commented Ron Maxton, head of the CCNY Student Coalition Against Racism and a defeated candidate for President in this year's Student Senate Elections.

A variety of leftist and religious organizations also attended the rally, distributing the obligatory assortment of leaflets, which were put to good use by the few college journalists present, as they scribbled notes on the back of the sheets.

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Campus Violence and the Fight For Jobs

The recent outbreak of violence between unemployed minority workers, construction workers, and students, represents a dangerous escalation of a conflict which is as old as the multimillion dollar North Academic Complex construction project itself. At the heart of the conflict lies the demands for more jobs for unemployed minority workers, who are being represented by the Manhattan North Coalition, a group of community organizations.

After minority workers shut down the site last winter, an agreement was reached between the Coalition and the Dormitory Authority, under whose auspices the project is being carried out. It was stipulated that 25% of the contractors and 50% of the workers would be comprised of minorities. Half of the minority workers would in turn come from the surrounding community.

When the deadline for compliance with this agreement arrived on Monday, May 12, only 42% of the unemployed workers were minorities, and almost none of them came from the community. The Manhattan North Coalition therefore decided to shut down the site again, demanding that the agreement be honored. In response, the white contractors brought in a large contingent of armed union goons, in order to "protect" the jobs of the workers presently employed on the site.

We deplore the violence initiated by these union goons and we wholeheartedly support the struggle of unemployed minority workers for jobs on a construction site lying in the midst of their community, a community where the unemployment rate is more than twice the national average.

We strongly urge the administration to support the demands of the community's unemployed for 25% of the jobs on the construction site. Statements to the effect that the College is the victim of unfortunate circumstances will do nothing to relieve the present tensions.

Those who deplore the fact that the students are "victimized" by this conflict fail to recognize that the majority of students at the College are themselves minorities from the surrounding community who have every reason to identify with, and support, the demands of unemployed minority workers.

The administration can hardly expect the problems to disappear over the summer, nor can it hope to cover it with a vanishing cloak by September.

The only way to prevent further outbursts of violence over the summer and during the fall term is to meet the demands of the Manhattan North Coalition. Students at the College are sick and tired of having hundreds of cops barricading half the campus while administrators do their best to ignore the problem.

It strikes an odd note that students should have limited access to their own facilities while hundreds of union goons who don't belong here in the first place are allowed to enter the construction site heavily armed.

City College Athletes: All Sacrifice and No Reward

By JOE BERTUNA

Did you ever wonder why City College has losing teams? Did you ever wonder what it's like to play for those losing teams?

Having played for one of those teams, I know what it's like. I can plainly say that it's no pleasant experience. The dilemma for the athlete is that playing for City College is all sacrifice and little reward.

If we look closely at the City College athlete we see that great demands are made of him, involving primarily time and energy: time for practice sessions and games or meets (which also includes traveling), energy for staying in good physical condition. But this the athlete must take into consideration before he becomes a team member. He has to devote at least 20 hours a week for practice and games.

However, a student who is willing to make such a commitment often finds himself caught in a frustrating and demanding position. For instance, waking up at 4 in the morning to make a 6 a.m. practice session, getting home at 8 p.m. too physically exhausted to do anything, missing a couple of late classes to attend games, or giving up free time during weekends.

Consequently, the athlete, whose primary obligation is to be a full-time student increasingly become a full-time athlete as playing for his school takes the role of a tedious job.

What this means to the student-athlete is added pressure in getting school work done. But beyond great physical demands and sacrifice of time, the athlete is also expected to give himself spiritually. He must prepare himself emotionally before competing and accept the consequences of his efforts. Often the

mediocre athlete must learn to accept disappointment and depression, resulting from his lack of skill and his being relegated to the bench. Finally, as if not enough is asked of the athlete, there is one thing which can make playing for the school unbearable — a demanding coach.

But what about rewards? Surely, the City College athlete must get something in return, otherwise he would not play. But, no, he receives little in return. He doesn't get special privileges as is common in many other schools to help alleviate the many demands placed on their athletes. He does not enjoy the advantage of early registration so that he can schedule classes around practices and games, and his teachers are usually not very understanding and advise him not to play. He doesn't get the least of what he may expect, such as congratulation, admiration, or encouragement by fellow colleagues. This lack of concern for the athlete here is best exemplified by the low turnout of spectators at games or meets.

Lastly, should the athlete be a member of a losing team, he can't even enjoy the sense of accomplishment, fulfillment and gratification of winning.

Thus, in view of his plight, why does an athlete make all these sacrifices?

No doubt, he is a special kind of person. The motives of athletes vary: for a select few it is to pursue a dream, to prove their ability; for another few it is purely for the love of sports — competition; still other may do it for the social rewards — to be part of a group and make friends. The majority, however, do it because it's their opportunity to play organized sports.

Is it any wonder City College has losing teams?

The Egotism of Abortion

By REGINA KELLY

Have you ever felt compelled to express something? Did you ever feel something really deep down in your gut? Well, if you have, then you may not understand why I am writing this, but you can definitely understand how I came to put down a feeling that is much deeper than the intellect.

This article is about abortion — you know, that thing that is being given away like the kisses of a politician. I has a lot in common with bullets and bombs and all those other supremely arbitrary things that are so essentially and so very basically anti-life.

Kings and presidents in their almighty egotism, decide that their twenty year old sons must kill each other in war. So, too, men and women, mothers and fathers decide that the new life they have created must

die. And so, the human death-wish syndrome goes forever on and the victims are forever silent. Murder, like beauty, is in the eye — or heart — of the beholder.

I live on this planet Earth; I am a person; I am a woman. My body is my own, and its fate (to a certain extent) I control. But my body is the only one I have the right to control. If I take part in the creation of another person, that is my happiness or my problem. But if I decide to end it all for that person, what is it if not murder? Abortion is the simplest form of the Creation/Annihilation game humans play with morose fanaticism. But abortion is so deadly subtle. The scars of war take years to heal—abortion heals in a few days. An act of love become a preliminary act of murder.

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Letters

Panic in the Administration Building

May 14, 1975

Mr. J.J. Canavan
Vice-President for Administrative Affairs
The City College

Dear Mr. Canavan:

As a representative of administrative staff at City College, I am appalled by the conditions which the Administration allowed to prevail in the Administration Building during the tense situation which prevailed today on campus.

At about 12:00, Diana Kee, our shop steward, came downstairs to tell me that the people in her office were beginning to get nervous about the riot conditions on the campus. I immediately went to Mr. Sutter's office to ask what measures were being taken to protect our safety. Mr. Sutter informed me that people who felt threatened could sign out (the time being charged to their annual leave), and indicated that no other provisions had been made for either the dismissal of employees in the Administration Building (which obviously would be a prime target of the demonstrators) or their removal to a safe location on campus.

At the time I was talking to Mr. Sutter, the guards stationed in the building, who are the lowest paid workers on campus and are hardly trained to handle the kind of situation we were in, began to panic. A guard running madly down the hallway almost knocked over Mrs. Kee, and people in the Registrar's office likewise began to panic.

During the entire episode, while secretaries throughout the building were in utter confusion over whether and how to escape the building, I did not see yourself, the man who only last month told me you were

representative of our people—I did not see Mr. Morley—I did not see Vice-President Carroll—in fact, I did not see a single member of the Administration. It would definitely seem that the Administration's sole concern was the containment of a crisis situation which was the result of their own failures; the protection of the staff was not given a moment's consideration. People who were curious to see what was going on were looking out the windows at the time the first rock came through. I am only thankful that no one was insured. To further enforce my point, I would like to add that it is curious that the Administration could call in city police to quell a disturbance which represented a threat to their own establishment, but not a single policeman was sent to escort a group of frightened women to safety.

By your actions, you have exposed where your true concerns lie. I have often been angered by the callous attitude of the powers which govern the conditions of our lives, but I have never been so thoroughly outraged and disgusted as I was by what I saw today.

Truly yours,

Christopher Roche

Chapter Chairman

City College Chapter, Local 384

Armadillo Protest

To The Editor,
I believe in freedom of the press, but that armadillo fantasy (*Perverse Fantasy No. 1*, OP, April 18) was irresponsible and in bad taste.

Yours truly,

Bob Rosen

"Mind Ooze" editor, Spring '74

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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NAC Lacks Student Activity Space

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struction yet. The \$35-million South Center had been proposed to occupy the sites of Klapper and Brett Halls.

The new Campus Center in the NAC will contain 47,300 square feet of space for student activities, replacing the 63,223 square feet in Finley. The revised 1971 edition of the Master Plan, however, lists an additional 23,000 square feet in the South Center and 6,000 square feet in other locations that will certainly not be ready when Finley is demolished in 1977 or 1978 and, according to Kaplon, may never be built at all.

When commenting on the upcoming 1975 revision of the Master Plan, Kaplon stated that the new Campus Center space has been fixed and cannot be expanded at the expense of other sections of the NAC.

Sarfaty said that when the Planning Council of the Finley Board of Advisors makes the decisions on which organizations will be allocated space in the new building, it will take into account the size of the group, the importance of the service provided, and the quality of the organization's program. He suggested that the student governments and media may get first priority in the assignment of offices.

Space allocations in Finley are reviewed each spring and spot checks are made to determine how offices are being used, Sarfaty revealed. The information gathered now will be used when decisions about the NAC are made in the future. He stated, however, "I can't predict which organizations will be in existence two years from now," adding that such organizations as the Women's Caucus, veteran's groups, and ethnic students clubs weren't in existence when the original Master Plan was drawn up.

Organizations that presently don't have their own office can use a cubicle in Finley 333 for meetings. Sarfaty said that despite the upcoming reduction in the number of individual offices, he could not

Assassination Conference

By DANNY AUSLANDER

The weekend of April 25th was a big weekend for left political activity, with labor march on Washington, and the conferences on fascism at the New School for Social Research and on the Politics of Assassination at the New York University Law School.

The purpose of the NYU conference, sponsored by the Student Bar Association and the Assassination Conference Committee, was to disseminate information regarding the murders of President John Kennedy, Senator Robert Kennedy, Dr. Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, and the attempt on Alabama Governor George Wallace. Other aims of the conference were to guarantee that the Warren Commission report no longer stands as the authoritative historical record of J.F.K.'s murder, and to probe the possible involvement of the CIA, FBI, Secret Service and Police Departments in any or all of these assassinations.

The conference goes were made up of the usual assassination buffs and those hearing the details for the first time.

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foresee whether such an all-purpose room would be provided in the NAC.

Other information about the College's construction projects was revealed at the same meeting. Kaplon noted that if the South Academic Center is not built, Eisner, Mott and Wagner Halls will all have to remain in use, but that if the Center is constructed, those buildings would probably be demolished because of their poor condition and unsuitability for renovation.

Referring to the College's tennis courts, which recently were removed for the Aaron Davis Hall excavation, Kaplon said that the cost of putting new ones on the plaza of the Science and Physical Education Building was not included in the Master Plan and that funds may have to be taken out of the College's operating budget if the replacements are to be built.

The quality of construction on the South Campus Athletic Field became a question last Thursday when a member of OP, looking out over the newly built cement wall, came up with a 3 x 2 section of the wall in his hand.

A piece of the rock is on display at the OP office. Admission is free.

Budget problems are also plaguing the controversial NAC. Although \$5-million is the estimated annual need for maintaining the center, it is expected that only \$2.5-million to \$3-million will be allocated for that purpose. "If past experience is any guide," Kaplon said, "we will not get the custodial care we need."

Another problem is the cost of various items for the NAC that are not directly related to construction. Just providing keys for the complex will cost \$200,000 and three-quarters of a million are needed to move all the books from Cohen Library to the new library in the center. It was suggested that the College could save money by having some students line up like a fire-bucket brigade and pass the books by hand to their new quarters. Kaplon laughed at this, and said that this plan would be even more expensive, as most of the books would probably disappear en route.

BHE Supports SEEK

by MARC LIPITZ

The Board of Higher Education (BHE) declared its support for the continuation of the University's SEEK program yesterday afternoon at a press conference held at BHE headquarters.

A statement read by Chairman Alfred Giardino stated that the BHE "wishes again to emphasize publically that it supports the SEEK program and considers the support of services integral and vital."



Alfred Giardino

The statement continued "The long-range benefit of the SEEK program to the city is far greater than the present dollar cost of the SEEK supportive services."

The press conference was held as part of an agreement reached between Board members and students who had occupied Giardino's third floor offices at the BHE last Thursday and Friday. The students were protesting Mayor Beame's projected cuts in SEEK and other services at CUNY.

In ordering a \$69.7 million reduction in CUNY's 1975-76 budget, Beame suggested a \$6.6 million cut from SEEK by continuing it as a stipend program only, and discontinuing special services now provided to students in the program. On Saturday, the Mayor all but called for the end of SEEK by requesting an elimination of "the balance of the SEEK program."

University officials have maintained that the Mayor does not have the authority to determine what cuts are made within the CUNY budget, claiming that only CUNY officials

can determine what programs are administered. Giardino reaffirmed this position yesterday.

After Giardino spoke, Robert Young, University Dean for Special Programs, read a statement by the SEEK Director's Council, asserting that "to deny the right to higher education and a productive future to these young people by cutting the essential supportive services that enable them to overcome the inequities of the system is once more to compound the social crimes that are visited upon the poor and minorities. For such a step to be taken at CUNY...would be to set this nation back by decades."

Speaking in regard to the threatened cuts and the current storm of student protests throughout the CUNY system, Jay Hershenson, University Student Senate Chairman stated "There is no question that if the threatened tuition is imposed, that if the level of cuts is instrumented, the University will not function...We support any and all protests in a visible and non-visible way against the budget cuts."

News Briefs

Sociology Students Organize

The Sociology Major's Union (SMU) is an attempt by students in the Sociology Department to establish a greater input into department affairs.

The SMU, organized by Toni Minett, a Sociology Graduate Student, hopes to place SMU representatives on the Sociology Executive Committee. "I would like student representatives to be conscious that they represent students when they are nominated to advise in Executive Committee meetings in their departments, and to understand that they have responsibility to report back to their department's student body," says Minett.

At the first meeting, a twelve member provisional committee was established to lay the basic foundations of the organization. Under the plan, sociology majors automatically become members of the Union and will be asked to vote on all important departmental issues by mail.

In the event of faculty hiring, firing, and tenure considerations the SMU will consider many factors, including the College Administration's Teacher Evaluation of the particular faculty member.

Student representatives in the Sociology department have little, if any, power at the Executive Committee meetings. The Sociology departmental Executive Committee operates under Plan "B," which seats five students on the Faculty Committee. Students have neither the right to vote on departmental issues nor the right to sit in on Executive Committee meetings.

The priority for the SMU is student representation on an Executive Committee that uses Plan "A," which would provide the Sociology Student Body with two student votes on Executive Committee issues. The SMU hopes to obtain the backing of 50% of the department's majors for student representation on the departmental Executive Committee, thus putting it in a position to ask the Board of Higher Education for Plan "A" in the future governance in the Sociology Department.

—Gertrude Rivers

Cohen Library Amnesty

The Cohen Library has announced an amnesty on overdue book fines beginning May 21 and ending June 13. Fine records will be cleared during that time with no payments necessary. Lost books must still be paid for or replaced but no fines or processing fees will be charged. Records not cleared by June 13 will require the usual payment beginning June 16.

Military Advertising

(CPS)—Now that the military doesn't have Indochina to pour money into, it is sinking its budget into advertising campaigns.

During fiscal year 1975, the army will spend \$40.9-million to lure enlistees; the Navy, \$25.8-million; Air Force, \$11.8-million; and the Marine Corps, \$8.9-million, according to Department of Defense figures.

For the first time, even the Department of Defense has an advertising budget, listed at \$7-million.

Harvard Leads for Private Donations

(CPS)—Harvard University has announced that it once again led all other universities in the nation for private donations received. While figures are not available, Harvard raked in nearly \$57 million.

Harvard also led last year, but collected about \$1-million more. Schuyler Hollingsworth, the university's recording secretary, blamed the decline on the state of the economy.

Yale announced that it was second in the nation for private donations, up \$10-million from last year to a mere \$44-million.

Asbestos: The Continuing Saga

Once again, the forces of goodness have triumphed over the forces of nastiness: As we announced in March, and again in April of this year, despite the possibility of public beheading, Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory would not and did not publish a "final report" on the asbestos situation on campus.

No practical action will be undertaken until this messianic report reaches the sweaty hands of eager administrators whose only desire is to protect the students by not exposing them to such obviously upsetting news.

Meanwhile, the possibility of students dropping dead of asbestosis still remains to be a viable solution in reducing the now overcrowded work force.

—Charlene Weisler



May 20, 1975-Op-Page 3

Students in SEEK Dormitory Struggle For Education

By MATT SEAMAN

with MICHAEL PEREZ

The Paris Hotel, located in a "good" neighborhood, on West End Avenue between 96th and 97th streets, looks decent from the outside. The lobby is quite impressive with its high ceiling, marble walls and floor, and the uniformed attendants.

On the other hand, in the inhabited part of the building, where the SEEK dormitory is located, the bleached and overused carpets in the hallways, the cracks and holes in the walls, the barely functional elevators and the tiny unused rooms full of dust and garbage, stand in sharp contrast to the hotel's appealing facade.

"They told me to cover them with cardboard," one of the SEEK students who live here told us, pointing to the two huge holes framing the toilet bowl in her room and disclosing a network of rusty pipes in the wall's interior.

"Sometimes you have to wait an hour for the elevator," Merlin Langley, a SEEK student from the College exclaimed. "You might get up at 8 o'clock and not leave the building until 9:15. You can imagine what that means when you want to go to classes."

The SEEK dormitory has been moved to several different locations during the past year, in some instances from Manhattan to Brooklyn and back, within a period of weeks. "That's no way to live, out of the suitcase," Langley continued, "moving twice within thirty days. That's not a dormitory environment."

The students were originally scheduled to move into the Paris Hotel last August 31. At the time, however, the building was undergoing extensive repairs. So the students were housed temporarily in the Hotel Taft after successfully protesting the scheduled temporary relocation to a 42nd street hotel.

When the students moved into the Paris Hotel last December, the place was still being repaired. "The building is very old, and there was no plumbing," Constance Lopez, a program administrator, explained. "Even now, repair work is going on almost constantly. At least attempts to repair. There are serious heating and water problems."

"It's quite a shock to leave for school in the morning and to find out that half your things have been flooded down the hall when you return," Langley elaborated. "No such thing as a leak here," he added, "here, a leak means a flood."

Is the right to live in a crumbling, vermin-infested ruin worth fighting for? That is what the 150 SEEK students housed in the shabby hotel have been forced to do.

"For us, there is no alternative," explained Richard Cordey, a SEEK student from Hunter College. "We have nowhere to go. Otherwise, we wouldn't be here."

The dormitory is one of the services of the SEEK program that will be dropped when the proposed budget cuts go into effect.

"The dormitory has always been the target for groups that would like to see it go first and the rest of the program to follow," one SEEK official asserted.

Due to the incessant attacks on the SEEK program and on the dormitory and its students, an extremely tight security system is in effect there. Visitors are only allowed to enter after having been issued a pass. Other visitors are scrutinized in the director's office before being permitted into the dormitory facilities. The strict regulations have been implemented in order not to "give anyone ammunition" against the program.

The SEEK students themselves are wary of unscheduled visitors, especially reporters. They stand to gain nothing, even if they have little to lose. Little, to them, is everything they have. Their slim allowances

and the constant threats to their existence have forced upon them a social life consisting essentially of rallies, demonstrations and organizing for the improvement of their decrepit housing conditions.

"Things were so bad here that we had to set up an emergency committee to meet with the hotel management and present a list of demand", Valerie Smith, another Hunter student, remarked. The emergency committee was formed in March, after numerous leaks had been left unattended and holes in the walls had not been fixed, leaving rubble and debris in the rooms and hallways. In addition, the dormitory had been without heat for weeks.

In spite of the impossible conditions, more students have applied for acceptance to the dormitory. "There are many more who need the housing," Ms. Lopez said. "We have at least 60 applications beyond our capacity pending." Yet, according to her, "the dormitory receives the smallest budget of any

component of the SEEK program."

SEEK students who are fully matriculated and "in dire need of housing" are referred to the dormitory by the program's campus representatives. Those applying include orphans; students whose home conditions are not conducive to college study, mainly because of overcrowding; and students whose parents have moved away from New York, but who must remain here, because the SEEK program is their only means of obtaining an education.

In the dorm, the individuals can live and study in the privacy of their own room, even if the rooms are small and run-down.

Financial worries are the students' most serious problem. All dorm students, no matter what their needs are or what college they attend, are eligible for only a maximum of \$1440 for two terms. \$1440 to cover food, clothing, transportation and other expenses for one year. "We have no money for snacks, or for an occasional movie," one student said. Borrowing money from their counselors has already become a regular necessity for many of them. Nevertheless, attempts were made to have the maximum allowance to \$720 a year. For a three-month period last year, many of the students were inexplicably cut to \$6.66 every two weeks as a result of an administrative directive. "Do you know what it is like to live in the Hotel Taft—right next to the Hotel Americana—on \$6.66?" Merlin Langley asked.

"The students had to constantly go the the financial aid office, waiting in line, fighting for their checks," Richard Cordey said. "The whole funding complex was just such a mess of figures and programs, and all the time we were being sent to different offices. There are still some students today who have not yet received the money



"IT SURE IS NICE TO SEE THEM COLLEGE STUDENTS BEHAVING THEMSELVES AGAIN!"

The SEEK Program Will Be Destroyed If Beame's Budget Cuts Are Implemented

By MICHAEL PEREZ

Since its inception in 1966, before Open Admissions, the SEEK (Search for Education, Elevation and Knowledge) program has been the target of repeated attacks because of its educational and social orientation. It has been embroiled in a web of political, economic and racial issues.

"The SEEK program was created to provide an opportunity for students in the city who were deprived by being economically and educationally underprepared for college," said Malcolm Robinson, SEEK director at CCNY. The greatest number of SEEK students are non-white, for the obvious reason that an overwhelming majority of poor people in the city are minorities. For this reason the program is in theory and fact, a bridge for ghetto youth to an education which otherwise would not be accessible to them.

SEEK started with a budget of \$1.5 million for 1,000 students, and now includes nearly 11,000 students

with a budget of \$29 million. The program provides financial and educational help in the form of a stipend plus tutorial and counseling services as well as special remedial courses. Now Mayor Beame plans to cut the SEEK budget by \$6.6, eliminating all tutorial, counseling, and remedial services. If SEEK is thus reduced to a mere financial aid program, its function would be destroyed.

"I need the remedial courses and the tutoring," said Sylvia Triay, a nursing fresh person, "because without them I won't survive the other courses in the college. I was given no real preparation in Grammar school. They're making these cuts because they don't care about minorities."

Malcolm Robinson thinks along the same line. "Without the support of these services the students will not be as successful as they are now," he said.

During its eight years of existence the program has graduated 2,000 students, 585 of whom were from CCNY. Even this is achieved on a

yet inadequate budget. The program had been cut before, when in actuality more funds were needed. Two out of three applicants to the program are rejected because of lack of funds.

The stipends are not only small, but often downright ridiculous. Mike Simien, a lower sophomore, for instance, last term received \$4 per month.

Margrethe Miranda, a sociology junior, receives \$100 every two weeks with which to pay for her apartment, clothing, carfare, food and other bills.

"\$100 is the maximum one receives in SEEK," she said, "the money is not enough. I will have to take a leave of absence and work to pay my bills."

Another independent student gets \$78 every other week. "I can't come to summer school even though I want to, because I have to work," she said.

The city is on the verge of bankruptcy. Beame is cutting the budgets of many agencies, including the City University, in order to make

ends meet.

However, he singled out the SEEK program to suffer the largest percentile cut. Furthermore, he has gone beyond his jurisdiction by dictating to the City University where the cuts are to be implemented within the educational system. The body responsible for all policies concerning the City University is the Board of Higher Education (BHE). The BHE has protested this infringement by Beame, but strictly for reasons of principle.

The BHE has already demonstrated its insensitivity toward the SEEK program by eliminating the requirement that its participants be recruited from federally designed poverty areas. By increasing the number of students eligible for SEEK without also increasing the program's budget, the BHE is helping to undermine SEEK.

These developments indicate the precarious position in which SEEK now finds itself.

"The existence of the program," Robinson said, "depends on public

opinion. There have been articles, particularly in *The New York Times*, which give the program bad publicity.

"Apparently Beame knows where public opinion stands right now. The program has been assailed from within and from without, especially by groups who want a piece of the SEEK pie. With the elimination of the supporting services, the program as it was intended will be a failure. This will then be used by the enemies of the program as an excuse to scrap it.

If Beame's proposal cuts are implemented, the whole purpose of the SEEK program will be undetermined. "If you cut the opportunity represented by SEEK," said Robinson, "then you cut hope. The people in the community have a hope in this program which can help students who will then go back to help the community. If you have a bunch of hopeless people going around instead, it's a very different matter."

SEEK Students Fight For Education . . .

(Continued from Page 4)
they're entitled to. People don't want to deal with the dormitory. They want to cut one piece after another, until we're left with nothing." Among those services already eliminated from the SEEK program are a job placement program and a housing referral service for graduates.

Since the latest cutback proposals, threatening the very existence of SEEK, the students in the dormitory have been forced into an increasingly militant position. They have taken active part in all the recent demonstrations at Gracie Mansion and at the Board of Higher Education, and some have met with state legislators in Albany, where members of the Black and Puerto Rican Caucus committed themselves to support the SEEK program.

"The white legislators also said they would support us," one student remarked, "but with most, you could tell that they were just saying it. Only with two or three did we get

the impression that they really meant it."

SEEK students have also contacted leading local black politicians, among them Congressman Charles Rangel and Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton.

By and large, however, they have received nothing more than oral commitments. "The politicians seem to be inactive," the students claimed. Because of their largely negative experiences with their local politicians, "Students are uniting from all college student governments," Cordey stated. They feel that the only answer to their problems is militant organizing, and therefore most of them support, and some have participated in takeovers of college and BHE administrative facilities.

"The takeover at Hunter College," one student said, "was very irresponsible, as far as the student government is involved. But

it gives the administration the message. It's a good thing in that it gets the press and the public informed, and it's the only way to get the press to cover our problems."

Many SEEK students look to their student governments for action, although most of them have no met as a group with their student representatives. "At City College," Merlin Langley declared, "when you speak of the Student Senate, I think of Ken Carrington."

A few of the dormitory students are members of the CUNY-wide SEEK Steering Committee.

Basically, the students feel cheated. The educational advantages that were enjoyed by white ethnic minorities years ago are not being extended to them. "Beame himself graduated tuition-free from City College", Langley remarked. "He comes from a poor family and would not have been able to get an education himself, if it hadn't been for free tuition. Now, he is denying

us the opportunities which he himself enjoyed."

Valerie Smith accused the public school system of being responsible for the situation. "We have not been adequately prepared for college, through no fault of our own," she stated, "and so we're forced to take remedial courses."

Not only do the students demand the restoration of already cut services, such as the job placement program, but they want to see an increase in needed services. As Valerie Smith expressed it, "They should set up permanent housing, maybe build a Sek dorm. In the long run, it would save them money. And we're tired of fighting for the dorm and of constantly being moved

around. I think most of us would do better in school if we weren't constantly confronted with these problems."

"Why do they want to extinguish a program that has been successful?" Merlin Langley asked. 565 SEEK students have graduated from City College alone, and with B and A averages. Therefore, the program serves a function."

That obviously, seems to be the heart of the matter. As one SEEK counselor finally declared, "The CUNY budget cuts are clearly aimed at the SEEK program. We will put pressure on whomever we have to, in order to continue the program. We are going to fight to keep it!"

Boston Demonstration

(Continued from Page 1)

A meeting of NSCAR's National Steering Committee was held at the University of Massachusetts after the rally. The discussion among the 300 participating students centered around reports of accomplishments and the planning of further activities throughout the summer.

Before the actual meeting started, the Committee voted overwhelmingly in favor of excluding members of the Progressive Labor Party, should they appear. Apparently, PLP members in Detroit had put one student in the hospital the day before, when they had tried to fight their way onto the NSCAR buses leaving for Boston. Several Detroit students at the meeting also reported of threats issued to them by a small armed group of PLP activists who attended the rally at the Boston Commons.

The meeting began with a report by Maceo Dixon, one of the National Coordinators of NSCAR. According to his report, the 60 local NSCAR chapters have been active in the defense of Joann Little and of

other minority people who are being persecuted by the authorities. Joann Little is a black woman scheduled to stand trial for murder in North Carolina, after stabbing the white jailer who tried to rape her.

NSCAR chapters have also participated in the struggles for desegregation in New York, Detroit, Pasadena and Los Angeles; in the fight against police brutality in Texas, and in the battle against cutbacks and tuition hikes nationwide.

Fund raising became one of the major discussion topics at the meeting, since the May 17 mobilization has left an \$8000 deficit in NSCAR's finances. The need for increased publicity was also stressed, since local newspapers have given the organization little coverage, although quite a few chapters have been successful in airing their views through local radio stations.

Finally, the Steering Committee approved a proposal to hold the second National Student Conference in Boston this coming October.

Election . . .

(Continued from Page 1)
tional Affairs V.P., 386-255.

The elections had been postponed previously because of disputes between Student Ombudsman David Romanoff and the Elections Committee of the Student Senate over the use of voting machines and general procedural questions. Herbert DeBerry, Acting Vice-Provost for Student Affairs, had originally sided with Romanoff, who favored the use of voting machines to eliminate any question about the honesty of the election, but later backed the Elections Committee, which had voted to use paper ballots instead. Dean DeBerry again reversed his decision and went along with Romanoff to finally institute the voting machines.

Still earlier, Romanoff had clashed with Student Senate Treasurer Ken Carrington over the funding of the elections and the responsibility of the Elections Committee with regards to the actual election process. Carrington and the Committee claimed that it was their responsibility to run the elections, but Romanoff held to his interpretation of the Senate by-laws and refused to run an election with paper ballots after the Committee had voted to do so, claiming the

Committee had no real authority in the matter. Romanoff was prepared to go to court to force the Committee to go by his decision, but the reversal of DeBerry's decision made that unnecessary.

Letter

(Continued from Page 1)

gram, and other budget cuts for C.U.N.Y. which fall most heavily on those least able to afford it.

5. We insist that the construction cease until the agreement with the Manhattan North Coalition is implemented.

Above all, we must point to the fact that issues such as minority hiring and C.U.N.Y. budget cuts are part of the same larger issues. American corporate society, as usual, is pitting group against group—Black, and Hispanic workers against white workers, SFFK students against non-SEEK students. But students and workers should not be misled. This is the time for solidarity, and in that spirit we, faculty members of City College, support the struggle for jobs and education for all.

About That Armadillo Fantasy . . .

(Continued from Page 6)

of my legacy to City College:

I can see High School seniors asking their guidance counselors what 'City' has to offer in terms of journalism. I can see the counselors proudly handing out copies of O.P. with "Perverse Fantasy No. 100" written on top; and I can see students clutching their copies close to their breasts, smiling, glad to know they have a chance to become part of a tradition—The O.P. TRADITION—that is greater than them, greater than me, and greater than all of US!

Immortality!!! That's what I'm prophesying. You know the bust of Lincoln in the Shepard Quadrangle? Well, one day there will be a firm, bronze, carefully

sculpted bust of me, with an inscription, of course:

"Dedicated on the first month of the last day, in the year of blah-blah-blah by the City Parks Commission blah-blah-blah in memory of Peter Rondinone who with the help of O.P. 'creamed' all over us blah-blah-blah has contributed much to our displeasure."

Can you imagine! Students rushing into Shepard on cold winter mornings could rub their hands over greatness. Professors could point and sneer from their classrooms. Why, I could even become a GOD! Passersby would look at me and say, "Good Lord! Jesus Christ! God damn!" etc. The possibilities are endless . . .

Perverse Fantasy No. 2

. . . As I leave the armadillo I'm not sure which way to exit. After all, I'm still carrying my father's Civil War musket. Looking up the corridor, however, I'm relieved to find it's deserted. The others haven't left yet. But I wonder, just for the fun of it, should I create a disturbance? Should I blow my head off? Just think . . . chunks of brain filling the air like ticker tape at a parade. Surely, that would draw some strange attention. Naaaa, then again, it might be construed as an existential orgasm and WEEEEEE don't want any of that in the temple of thought where . . . clickety click . . . the minds filter and assimilate . . . click . . . A for Billy, J, B for Ba ba Billy D for . . . clickty, click . . .

I get on all fours. I place the musket between my teeth. I snarl and shake my head from side to side. Saliva begins to drip from my gums as I start a slow march up the corridor—shaking my head from side to side—grunting, and leaving a thin slippery trail behind. No one comes out. No one hears my beastly grunts. I continue until the end of the corridor where a tall steel door blocks my passage.

I open the door with my head. The cool spring air soothes my sweaty face. I step outside, into the grass and open space—when suddenly, a voice calls, "Hey you! Come back here!"

I don't look back. I continue to go forward. Suddenly a hand grabs the scruff of my neck, and pulls. This time I turn around, and say:

"Hey man! Where's your head at? Lay off!"

But the hand doesn't let go, so I gently turn the barrel of my gun toward it and blow it away.

I get back on all fours, put the gun in my mouth and continue out . . . leaving only the trail of saliva behind that is slowly being washed away by the blood . . .

On April 11, 1975, I found a letter addressed to Mr. Samuel J. McCray dated June 3, 1934. I suspect this letter is valuable only to its owner. If it's yours, please contact Bob Ness at Finley 336, or (212)609-8182

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Amnesty ends June 13, 1975

Frustrated Exhibitionist Lets It All Hang Out

By DAVID BAHARAV

My friend Bill Martin is an aspiring young exhibitionist with a problem. He has no place to do his thing. All the choice spots in the city are being taken over by tough prostitutes.

"It's terrible out there," Bill whines. "I'd go into a dark alley on Forty Second Street after a nubile young chickie, and no sooner do I open my grey raincoat to get into action, than she kneels down and starts eating me out. It takes all the

fun out of it if it's voluntary. Afterwards, I'm charged \$5, or worse, mugged. The streets ain't safe for an honest exhibitionist these days."

Touched by his predicament, I suggested he switch to rape and come around to City College and try his luck. I assured him that we've had three rapes this semester, with excellent prospects for more in the future.

"Bill, you should get in on the ground floor on this thing, before

you're crowded out of the action. When word gets out about our campus, they'll be coming here in droves."

"Who do you mean by 'they'?" Bill asked, a little offended. He's a sensitive guy. "Besides, word has already gotten out about your campus. They talk about it all the time."

"What do they say?" I asked. "Well, although they have nothing but admiration for your excellent math department, the

story going around is that people get shot up there."

"Only the Wackenhuts," I explained.

"What's a Wackenhut?"

"Our security guards." "security guards?" Bill shivered as he said the words. "You want me to do business in a place crawling with big, tough, trained guards? And I thought you were my friend."

"Oh, they're not trained, don't worry about that. And if the Women's Caucus gets their way, they won't be men either. The Caucus wants female Wackenhut guards. They figure it's safer if there are more women on campus. Certainly it reduces the statistical chances of any one woman being raped. An admirable idea."

"And pretty good for me too," Bill said. "I've always gotten a kick out of uniforms."

"They won't all have uniforms. Some of them will be undercover."

"Undercover? How gauche. Doing it undercover is as passe as waterbeds. I believe in letting it all hang out."

I interrupted him right there. "If you want to make it at City you better learn the proper key words. Nobody says 'let it all hang out' anymore."

"How about if you fill me in on how to play City College student?" Bill said.

I felt like Henry Higgins, trying to pass off an articulate, thinking exhibitionist as a College student.

Proper attire was essential. Dirty gray raincoats may be the "in" thing on Forty second street, but the City

College student is slightly better dressed. He wears a dirty green army jacket. Bill and I bought one, as well as a flowered snap shirt, blue jeans, and imitation earth shoes.

"The threads are perfect," I said, inspecting Bill from every angle. He was getting a bit dubious about the whole affair. "These are disgusting," he said, inspecting himself in the mirror. "I feel scuzzy."

But they work. You just picked up the language too."

That made him feel better. Although there was a definite change in wild Bill, he still didn't look quite like a 'City' student. He could have fit in at Lehman or Bronx Community, but for City he had to look more eager.

"Take this," I said, handing him an organic chemistry text. "And try to look like you're going to spit into the other guy's test tube so he won't get into medical school."

Finally, after intensive tutoring, he was ready.

"You're gonna be great, Bill. Good luck, and whatever you do, don't mention love or peace."

"What do you mean, good luck," Bill asked me. "Aren't you coming along with me?"

"Nothing personal, but you know how it is."

"What is it? You don't want to go with me because I'm an exhibitionist, isn't that it?"

"It's just that I don't want to cramp your style. Try the women's rest room outside the third floor Compton. That's where the last guy lucked out."

About That Armadillo Fantasy...

By P.J. RONDINONE

I've been accused of many things since "Perverse Fantasy#1" was published in O.P. (Vol. 57, April '75). For one thing, I've been accused of irresponsible journalism (Oh, the price one pays for never taking "Introduction to Communication"). Secondly, I've been accused of being a degenerate, a "sick" adolescent. Finally, and worst of all, (*in a whisper*.) I've been accused of trying to emulate Bob Rosen, the vipe behind the infamous masturbating nun scandal.

They wonder—can I do in the 70's what Bob did in the fabulous ***60's? But what did Bob do? According to them, his nun was an example of "public masturbation." Personally, I think he made "filth" a five letter word and nothing more. As for "public masturbation," that's a lot of turtle-turd.

But still, I'm accused of

producing "filth," which I hear is "public masturbation." Allow me therefore to defend myself by giving an explanation of how Perverse Fantasy No. 1 came to be. (Watch that word "came," it's very suggestive.)

At the time, I was in the process of writing a story about transvestites (Ah, ha! The kid's a fag), and as "everyone" knows, "fags" slip anonymous drugs into your drink so that when you lose control they can tie you to a shower stall and take liberties with you. Therefore, being liberated, I felt why not go all the way and do it. (Please! Watch your suggestive words . . .). I got grossly intoxicated and I created Perverse Fantasy No. 1 or, (DON'T SAY IT!), "filth."

I took off all my clothes and rubbed green paint over my body. I sat at my typewriter and lit a marijuana small (OOPS! A phallic symbol?) I opened a bottle of red

Mateus wine and after taking a few "swigs" I began to type. Lightly at first . . . click, click, click . . . Then, with the fury of a rabid dog . . . click-clickclick . . . until overed with sweat and dripping green paint I realized, I had finished!

A true masturbatory feat, the ravings of a demented mind, the confessions of a degenerate . . .

I admit it! I know I've masturbated in public, for things are so often in the eyes of the beholders. I promise—no more (*in a whisper*) filth.

But seriously! (If that is possible.) Let me give a rational explanation for why I wrote Perverse Fantasy No. 1.

I wrote it because it's the first part of a longer sequel—Perverse Fantasies #2, #3, #4 . . . which will go on indefinitely, I suppose, even after I graduate, since I have visions (Continued on Page 12)

PRESIDENT'S TASK FORCE ON SECURITY

To: The City College Community

Date: May 1975

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Assassination Conference Offers Old and New Facts

(Continued from Page 3)

Because of recent disclosures of CIA domestic spying, the revelation of FBI files on private citizens and politicians in the peace movement, and the corrupt dealings behind the rise of Ford and Rockefeller to power, it is impossible not to take into consideration that we may have been lied to in the past about the assassinations. In fact, there are reams of evidence on the JFK assassination on film suggesting that we were and still are being taken for fools. Hundreds of investigators, lawyers, researchers, and forensic scientists have information disproving the Warren report.

At the Friday night opening session the first speaker, Herman Badillo (D-N.Y.) spoke about his support for House Resolution 204, now in Congress, that would appoint a select committee composed of seven members to conduct a full and complete investigation of the circumstances surrounding the

deaths of JFK, RFK and King. Badillo left after his five minute speech.

Next was the keynote address by Mark Lane, lawyer, lecturer and author of *Rush to Judgment*. Lane brought up the fact that President Ford was on the Warren Commission and expressed his opinion that Ford was part of the cover-up. Ford defends the Warren Commission in his book, *Portrait of an Assassin*, in which he goes into details about Lee Harvey Oswald's sex life and his Communist activities. Lane then proceeded to tear apart the Commission's one (MAGIC) bullet theory as being scientifically unsound. In closing, Lane stated that since JFK was killed in 1963, we have not had a presidential election without a murder or massive corruption. "Our job is to petition Congress to reopen the case of the assassination of Kennedy," he said.

Robert Groden's frame by frame

analysis of the uncut Zapruder film (shows procession at Dallas) and other photographic evidence had a great impact on the audience of over five hundred. Particularly the Zapruder film, which was much clearer than the one shown on Gerardo Rivera's Goodnight America (Channel 7), shows very very fuzzy images of two assassins hidden in the area of the Grassy Knoll, both holding rifles. Without supporting evidence these pictures would be unacceptable but they do coincide with the clear evidence of the fatal head-shot coming from the front and the eyewitnesses running towards the Knoll, not the Texas School Book Depository building where Oswald supposedly was.

Ralph Schoenman, who with Dick Gregory recently testified about the assassinations of JFK before the Rockefeller Committee spoke next. He said that Oswald was neither a Marxist nor a loner and showed documented evidence that

Oswald was connected with the Intelligence community. He also stated that we must work for the overthrow of multi-national corporate capitalism and the whole system of corrupt power.

Author of *Whitewash and Frameup*, Harold Weisberg's closing speech, read by James Lesser, attorney for James Earl Ray (Weisberg had pneumonia), brought to light the internal conflicts within the movement—the sensationalist books and yellow journalism that turn people's heads away from the hard documented facts. Weisberg claims that the pictures that Dick Gregory, Rolling Stone and Yipster Times have shown of Sturgis and Hunt, (Nixon plumbers) at Dealy Plaza Nov. 22, 1963, are not viable evidence.

Saturday's program included Lane's film, *Rush to Judgment*, implicating the intelligence community in the cover-up and telling the "real story" with eyewitness accounts of the JFK murder.

Saturday's program included Lane's film, *Rush to Judgment*, implicating the intelligence community in the cover-up and telling the "real story" with eyewitness accounts of the JFK murder. Lane was criticized in the sixties for not having enough evidence. Today more people accept his opinion. There were also many panel discussions by Fletcher Prouty, former intelligence officer; John Marks, co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*; Penn Jones, author of *Forgive my Grief* and Texas newspaper publisher who said that, "Oswald, Ruby and officer Tippit were all patsies... Ruby was fed cancer in the Dallas prison, it is very easy to do." He also accused Dan Rather of lying to the American people when he commented on the JFK assassination back in '63. "That's how a small town reporter gets to be White

House reporter on national T.V.," he said. According to Jones, Rather admitted he made a mistake about the direction of the head-shot that killed JFK, "but only when he hounded him and had him backed into the corner."

The task of obtaining all the information on the assassinations is overwhelming and only a few have devoted themselves to the pursuit. But it could be done by a congressional inquest similar to the Watergate hearings. It is imperative that we urge our Congresspersons to act on this issue that has suddenly gained the media coverage needed since 1963.

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Ex-OP Editor Hired As Speechwriter by Pentagon

By FRED SEAMAN

Looking for a summer job? Don't expect too much. The summer employment prospects for students have never looked as bleak as this year. Some students, however, are born plain lucky.

Take for instance former OP editor Bob Rosen (remember *Mind Ooze?*), now a graduate student in the Creative Writing program.

As incredible as it may seem, Rosen managed to stumble into a well-salaried summer internship in the Pentagon, as a speechwriter for Secretary of the Air Force John L. McLucas.

Rosen is going to Washington under the auspices of the Federal Summer Internship Program, designed to give students with "Proven scholastic ability and demonstrated leadership" a chance to work in a Federal agency for the summer. ["We expect to receive the benefit of young creative minds at work in government..."]

This year 90 colleges and universities across the country, among them City College, were selected to participate in the program. Thousands of students from these schools applied for 32 positions in various Federal agencies.

According to Roberta Johnson, an employee of the Office of Career Counseling and Placement, the College was informed about the Air Force internship in mid-February.

"That didn't leave us much time to advertise," she said. "We mailed out the information to everybody in our files looking for a summer job in English or Journalism," she continued, "but three days before the deadline we had only a few applicants. As a last-ditch effort, I went around the college newspaper offices to see if anybody there wanted to apply."

Rosen happened to be in OP's office waiting for a class to begin, when Ms. Johnson walked in and asked if anybody was interested in a summer job in journalism.

"When I found out the salary was around \$165 a week," Rosen said, "I became very interested and decided to apply."

Ms. Johnson eventually wound up with about ten applications for the position, from which she had to select two that would be forwarded to the Pentagon.

"I was very impressed with Bob's references," Ms. Johnson said. Besides having been an editor of OP, Rosen has been an editorial advisor to *Spigot Magazine* (an undergraduate newspaper of Brooklyn College) and has been published in *College Monthly Magazine*. He is also a graduate assistant for an undergraduate journalism class.

"Bob was clearly ahead of the field," Johnson stated. "Leadership ability in particular is his strongest point."

Six weeks after he had applied for the job, Rosen received a long-distance call from Washington. A woman who identified herself as "Mrs. Daniels in the Pentagon" notified him that he had been selected for the position and that details would be mailed to him in an information packet.

"I couldn't believe it," Rosen said. "It really freaked me out." "One of the requirements is that you go back to school," Rosen was told. "They probably want you to tell people what a great place the Air Force is."

The information packet, which arrived a week later, included a letter from Air Force captain Gene Rector, congratulating Rosen on his having been awarded the internship and providing more detailed information on the nature of the job.

"With your journalistic background," the letter read, "I think you will enjoy working with us in the Policy Analysis Area. By the way," the letter continued, "Policy Analysis is the Air Force's own peculiar brand of lingo for speechwriting." Captain Rector explained that in addition to himself, the "Policy Analysis Group" consisted of three other officers, a Major and two Lieutenant Colonels.

"Lt. Col. Sam Riddlebarger is the chief," the letter explained, "and he writes, edits and challenges the fiery dragons that raise their ugly heads from time to time. . . . In essence we

write speeches, Congressional testimonies and short remarks for award ceremonies, retirements, etc. . . ." Rosen is looking forward to the unique experience of working in the Pentagon. "It seems really fascinating to be inside the Pentagon and see how the whole thing operates. This is the biggest break I've gotten and I want to make the most of it." Rosen plans to get a haircut and acquire a suit in order to "fit in."

"I'm going there with an open mind. I'll have to wait and see how the people treat me. I just hope they don't make me a cog in their huge propaganda machine."

Aesthetic Realism: "The World, Art and Self Explain Each Other..."

Likely many of you have seen or been handed the weekly issue of *The Right of Aesthetic Realism to Be Known*. And you've probably wondered, "What is Aesthetic Realism?" and "What does it have to do with me?"

We are four students at CCNY who also study Aesthetic Realism. Our backgrounds are very different, but each of us has found Aesthetic Realism true and useful, necessary for our lives. We have learned two things:

- 1) In order to like ourselves, we have to like the world on an honest basis — with all the facts present
- 2) The purpose of all education is to like the world. We think this is what all students are hoping to learn. That is why we distribute *The Right Of* weekly.

Aesthetic Realism was founded by poet and critic Eli Siegel in the early 1940s. It is now taught by Mr. Siegel and twelve consultation trios, including one trio that teaches in Spanish, at the Aesthetic Realism Foundation, 141 Greene Street, NYC 10012.

Aesthetic Realism says, "The world, art and self explain each other: each is the aesthetic oneness of opposites." When a person sees that he is related to the world and art through the study of the opposites — like freedom and order, logic and emotion, mind and body, rest and motion — he feels that he and the world make more sense. He also feels less lonely.

Aesthetic Realism says that with all that is occurring, America is now at its best because people are more critical. This might be hard to see with inflation, rising unemployment and the cutting back of the SEEK program, but people in America are demanding more justice.

People can learn more about what Aesthetic Realism is by attending weekly seminars and Dramatic Presentations given at the Foundation. Some subjects of

seminars have been: "What Does One Member of a Family Owe Another?", "Can We Like Ourselves Through Sex?", "What Dangers Does the Artist Face in His Art and His Life?" Saturday evening presentations have included: "The Sonnets; or Whom or What Did Shakespeare Love?", and "Alcoholism: or, You Got to Find the World Interesting." Reports are given of Aesthetic Realism classes conducted by Eli Siegel.

Two upcoming seminars are: "Is Loving a Man Easier than Thinking About Him?" (Thursday, May 22, 6:00 PM), and "Education, 1776-1976: Sameness and Difference." And on Sunday, May 25, at 8:30 PM, Cinema Inquiry will talk about "What Do People Want from Film?"

We have found that the diversity of Aesthetic Realism has met the large hope in our lives to honestly know and like things. We are proud to be studying it. We think you could be too.

Fausto Aguilera
Lore Elbel

Lella Rosen
Miriam Webe

Abortion...

(Continued from Page 2)

Understand, that as a thinking, feeling human being, I feel the tremendous tragedy about the death of women at the hands of some back alley butcher. Also, that in the face of a crisis, all alternatives look evil. I sympathize with the circumstantial victims as well as the actual ones that the act involves.

But I eternally protest about all those people, be they parents, presidents or kings, who egotistically and arbitrarily decide the fate and destiny of human beings.

Thirty It's Been A Long Time Coming

by PETER GRAD

I'm not sure I can express just how difficult it has been for me to put this column together. Traditionally, it is a most trying task, one in which editors who have spent many a night (and morning) rewriting leads, conjuring up headlines, proofreading galleys or scrambling through papers to find lost copy, find themselves at the end of the road facing a typewriter and wondering how they might attempt to summarize their experiences in one final column.

I was sixteen when I entered City College in 1967. Since then, I have spent exactly one third of my life within the grand corridors of this campus. No doubt, today has been a long time coming.

In 1967 there was a vastly different atmosphere from that which surrounds the College today. But, it is no wonder. In those days there was a markedly different student in attendance. The College body was about 90% white, three out of four students were males and no student had a high school grade index below 86. Students were participating in well over 200 organizations and House Plan, a less formal version of the waning fraternity and sorority houses, had the enrollment of a good percentage of the entire student body.

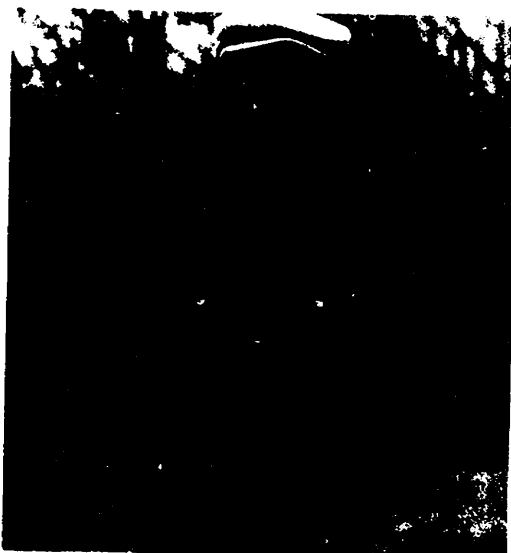
During the Fall of 67, rock music was just beginning to emerge from its adolescence and much talk was then centered around a strange new album by the Beatles called "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band". That they had for the first time made reference to a drug experience caused a stir within the establishment which had always considered the boys to be a "clean" band. At the same time, Buffalo Springfield was releasing their final album "Last Time Around" as Steve Stills had begun jamming with Byrds rhythm guitarist Dave Crosby, a coalition that would eventually lead to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Joni Mitchell, the Band, Cream and James Taylor were all still unknown.

That same Fall, the society pages of newspapers were predicting the end of the mini-dress which had been around barely a year. But a new phenomenon would shortly be receiving coverage in papers throughout the world. The emergence of a cult known as hippies drew the attention of journalists from coast to coast. The establishment would lament over these modern day beatniks who "showed no regard for the morals and values of their parents". These hippies would overturn dress regulations as they dared to wear dungarees to class and as they dispensed with well pressed shirts and jackets in favor of brightly colored shirts and garbs. And much, of course, would be said about males wearing their hair an ungodly four, five, even six inches long; why, America could no longer distinguish between its male and female youth! It was also noted that these people were increasingly "turning on" with such drugs as marijuana, hashish, mescaline and a synthetic concoction called LSD. Recognizing the rapidly expanding ranks of these people a journalist would one day perceptively report that "American youth is going to pot".

He failed to note however, that this same movement would indeed prove to become the most spiritually healthy and politically constructive force this nation was ever to have seen.

Inasmuch as they were going to pot, in 67 American youth was also going to war. Casualties in Vietnam were escalating to a peak and for the first time congressmen were beginning to strongly denounce the war in public. Harris poll figures showed the President Johnson's massive bombing policies were still supported by about 70% of Americans, but the slow erosion of this figure was to be forged by a progression of organized strikes, sit-ins and nationwide demonstrations. At the front of this movement would be the country's college students; our attention would soon be turned towards news of encounters between students, administration and police. There would be parades and chanting, occupations and demands, flowers and blood.

There used to be a tremendous feeling of community on this campus, particularly amongst the so-called South Campus people. Although there was an obvious division between those predominantly engineering and science students who hung around North Campus - relatively straight, conservative in dress and at best, politically moderate, and those in the south who were essentially in the arts and social sciences, politically progressive and often radical, there was no visible friction. The South Campus did seem to promote more of a sense of belonging to a group; if you saw a guy with long hair and a beard, you could smile and be assured of a friendly gesture in response and chances were that your politics and musical tastes were similar. Outside on the lawn, strangers could sit down together, open up to each other and leave as good friends. Joints were passed openly and freely. We played frisbee together, hated Lyndon Johnson and General Hershey together, spoke of the war and played the Beatles. Dylan and



1973

Stones together.

But in October 1967, the tranquility of the South Campus lawn was disrupted. The College administration had hired contractors to dig up nearly a third of the lawn so that construction of "temporary huts" could be begun. So great was our attachment to that lawn and its trees that several hundred of us were there to meet the bulldozers when they came to raze the first tree. Along with the Students for a Democratic Society, the Commune (almost half of whom belonged to the staff of OP) and dozens of supporters, students stood before the tractors and refused to let them tear up the lawn.

Over the following weekend, however, tractors did begin to dig holes. But that Monday morning, angry students returned to the area, known as Site 6, piled into the trenches and began filling the huge holes left by construction workers. In the coming days, one would see students lined up from Finley to the construction site transporting buckets of water to nourish the freshly planted seeds which were bought with the contributions of pennies, nickels and dimes from supporting students.

This apparently proved to be too much for administration officials. On November 1st, two busloads of city cops marched onto the lawn and dragged 50 students from the trenches and arrested them for trespass and disorderly conduct. A student strike immediately ensued as an estimated 12,000 students (75% of the College's enrollment) boycotted classes for the rest of the week.

But the administration had won - the damage was already done and the huts were soon to be constructed. One third of our lawn was forever gone.

Talk of the late sixties at the College is not complete without mention of Josh Chaiken and Ron McGuire. These two students were the most insane, yet most beautiful people you would meet around campus. Josh, the guy who led the sit-in inside the trenches at site 6 as well as innumerable anti-war protests. Josh, the guy with the cowbells grazing his wiry-haired chest, bare except for the two-inch thick suspenders holding up his pajama bottoms, often with the words FUCK LBJ or WAR SUCKS emblazoned in bright day-glo lettering over his belly; his old brown derby proclaiming the words LOVE and PEACE between two freshly picked daffodils. Josh, who stood motionless, erect and half nude atop the entrance ledge to Cohen Library between one change of classes as he held forth a long pole with the middle finger of a glove affixed to the end of it as hundreds of startled students gazed upwards at him. And it was both Josh and Ron who interrupted an ROTC military marching drill in Lewisohn Stadium by prancing between the rigid columns of expressionless soldiers. Equipped with cowboy hats and holsters, they brandished bananas as weapons and poised themselves as if aiming to shoot the cadets. And they, with Jeff Steinberg, who would one day climb the outside walls of Wagner Hall and peer into classes in session as horrified teachers and bemused students observed Josh's painted face break into a grin as he began to expound on his personal brands of politics and sex.

Josh is apparently back in the city now after a stay in an Israeli kibbutz; Ron is believed to still be working for a corporation near Berkeley and, we understand, he now wears jacket and tie.

I walked into Finley room 336 the first week of classes in September 1969. I was becoming increasingly frustrated over the apparent ineffectiveness of the anti-war movement. I had marched

in a few demonstrations and still clearly remembered seeing my peers being beaten into submission by Chicago police during the 68 Democratic Convention. I began reading news reports and speeches by Nixon and Agnew and began to comprehend the awesome power these two men wielded and how they used not only police force but words and emotions to attempt to placate those who began to ask questions and malign those who dared to disagree.

During my first two years as a member of OP I would witness over a dozen student strikes, sit-ins and peace rallies from the Bronx to Washington D.C. One rally occurred at Fort Dix.

We were there to express our support for Bill Brakefield, an ex-GI who quit the army because he could no longer in good conscience participate in this country's ravaging of a tiny Southeast Asian country. A year earlier, several hundred students had set up a sanctuary for Bill for several days in Finley Ballroom to prevent federal marshals from arresting him for being 'absent' without official leave' (AWOL). But on the eve of November 8, two hundred helmeted cops marched into the ballroom at 2 A.M. while most students were asleep (a favorite tactic of police and the FBI) and proceeded to arrest 170 students. Instead of supporting Bill and those who so rightfully held sanctuary for him, our administration, notable Buell Gallagher, was to condemn the students for their "vandalism and fornication". At precisely the same moment the arrests were occurring, CBS news was still reporting that the previous day's presidential elections were still too close to call.

Later that morning, 170 students woke up in jail to the news that our new president was a man named Richard Nixon.

We were now on Fort Dix property. Brakefield had been sentenced there to an indeterminate sentence at hard labor. I had learned in public school and from television that sentences to hard labor were meted out to those who unconsciously robbed, killed or committed serious crimes against others for self gain or profit. What fantastically perverted sense of morality and justice must have poisoned those who rule over our corrective institutions (no doubt fed by the likes of Nixon, John Mitchell, Hugh Scott, Melvin Laird, etc.) when they sentence one whose crime was not murder but refusal to kill, whose motive was not a selfish drive for profit but rather a sense of conscience and morality, and whose weapons were not napalm or the M16 but determination and resistance?

We never heard the signal to fire the teargas. But it didn't matter. The 10,000 of us were neatly surrounded by armed, helmeted and masked National Guardsmen and it was clear that they were not there to join the protest. We had heard earlier the encouraging news that several guard outfits had refused to participate in disrupting the demonstration out of sympathy with our protest, but additional squadrons of New Jersey State Police were quickly shipped over to fill in for them.

When the cannisters exploded, an eerie silence shot through the field. We were too startled to speak, but within seconds all that could be heard were the dull thuds of more exploding cannisters of the immensely powerful CDS gas, a chemical agent stronger than tear gas. I thought to call out for my friend but I was too terrified to open my mouth. The thick grey cloud was beginning to descend. I stalled for a few moments to take pictures of the gas clouds descending, but I soon was in flight with everyone else. There was no time to think about where I was going; the gas was beginning to take effect. Within fractions of a second, my eyes began to flush, a continuous stream of tears pouring from the sockets of my eyes. My saliva thickened and mucous began to jet from my mouth and nostrils.

We were running aimlessly, blinded and terrified. Only instinctually did our legs carry us across the grassy turf; some tripped and fell, screaming incoherently for help. Partially in shock and fantastically drained of energy from fear and running, I began to realize that my heart was wildly speeding and I was being compelled to gasp for more and more air. But it now hurt to breathe, as though a million pins were sucked into my esophagus. With every painful gasp of air, my throat slowly, and totally involuntarily, began to swell and I was forced to breathe even harder - a long distance runner whose every step taken was accompanied by a noose increasingly tightened around his neck.

I came to what I thought was the outside a hundred years later. I discerned a figure through swollen eyes but I was soon to realize that it was the figure of a soldier, with bayonette in place at the tip of his rifle, motioning me in the opposite direction.

I had run the wrong way...

You have never felt real community if you have never felt as we did after miraculously making it through the ordeal and onto the roadside. People in the hundreds were comforting each other, cupping their hands with water for others, soothing strained backs, sore arms and twisted legs. People with

mucous covering half of their bodies; clothes torn; men and women dazed, some crying. A pregnant woman being helped across the street...

Passing by the main gate of the military post as we set upon our way back to New York City, a guard stood with rifle in hand. A sign hanging above him was bolted to a barbed wire fence. It read: "Freedom is obedience to the law."

There were to be more demonstrations. The Wagner Hall takeover after eight popular sociology professors were fired by the College because of their outspoken support of student demonstrations and condemnation of the College's policy of bringing police on campus to halt such demonstrations... Breaking into the offices of the ROTC in Harris Hall, smashing all windows, overturning bookshelves, setting uniforms and documents on fire... Jerry Rubin in the days just before Kent Dote leading several hundred students to a chant of FUCK NIXON... The fights between protestors and engineering students as Dow Chemical attempted to launch a three day recruitment drive on campus... The two week South Campus takeover by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Union which culminated in the hastily drawn plan for Open Admissions and the assignments of A's, B's and P's for all students after all finals were cancelled that term.

Demonstrations, of course, flourished beyond the walls of the College.

I remember the OP office at 1 in the morning as we prepared for a six hour drive to Washington D.C. Ed Webberman, insane OPhotography editor known for throwing dollar bills and spare change off the balconies of movie theatres, tossing typewriters on the floor at the printers and having an obsession for taking photos of ugly cops; Bobby Attanasio, a good friend but one with whom I've had many disagreements over the politics of repeatedly printing his drawings of disfigured characters with fifteen penises having sex with a horse on our editorial pages, who took to the highway during a massive traffic jam to give out copies of OP to irate motorists; Larry Rosen, old companion on Friday night cruises down Pelham Parkway and Allerton Avenue, asking me for the chords of Neil Young's Southern Man; Jay Buchbinder, pencil and pad everready in his overall pouch, writing a poem and telling me about the essence of life; Zeev Kransdorf who polishes the handlebar of his motorbike for two hours as he gazes at a nude woman bathing in a waterhole at a commune we had visited... Massive eight lane traffic jam by the White House at 10 in the evening as Ed and Jay step out of the car and hold up several hundred cars as I pull a U turn over a street divider and drive over makeshift barriers and directly into the park... An estimated one million of us at the largest peace rally ever held in the US sitting in the sun, singing and smoking before the evening gassings... A nude encounter group stoned in the middle of a fertile field of grass... William Kunstler, Abbie Hoffman, Dave Dellinger, Joan Baez, Benjamin Spock, Jane Fonda, Bobby Seale all speaking to us about Nixon, Dow, Thieu and ITT...

On May 1st, 1971, I was driving in the third car behind a bus which would pull sideways along the New Jersey Turnpike and create a traffic jam through three states for over four hours. Hundreds of us picnicked on the road, danced and threw frisbees. But tempers flared and an angry motorist tried to drive through a human barricade; I, foolish enough to be standing right in the path of the oncoming car with my camera in hand, managed to get a shot of the car running through the line as it tossed two protestors to their backs though they were not seriously injured. The next day I would see three of my photographs on pages 1 and 3 of the New York Post as I finally returned home after some 30 hours without sleep... Another demonstration, another year - hitching to DC with Larry, Judy Szalavetz and Mindy's sister in the back of a Landrover; hitching back to the city a day later in a teargas drenched Beetle Volkswagon with a very large, very wet and awfully pugnacious animal which we believed, and prayed, was a dog.

Memories, of course, span more than just the demonstrations. The OP War of 71-72 in which I contested Steve's iron-clad control of this paper during which I proposed a committee system to be headed by several editors - graffiti, loud arguments, threats and thefts brought a halt to the publication for two months; nothing was ever fully resolved... The continuing story of Ed W. who had a highly disturbing habit of grabbing one staff member's breasts every time she walked through the door...

And then there was Mindy. Having just been elected editor of OP, I had my first tense meeting with Louis Lumenick and Louis Rivera, editors of the Campus and the Paper, who had come to discuss my plans for OP. As though I wasn't tense enough, Mindy, a very sociable woman who was to eventually appear in a highly controversial OP cover photo, in her stoned state of mind, began undressing herself and climbed over the back of my chair, grabbed my waist and refused to let go of me. I attempted to stand but quickly found out that she wanted a piggy back ride which I was not exactly in the frame of mind to

give her. Quite awkwardly, I tried to explain what was happening to my two dumbfounded guests but immediately found myself in an awfully embarrassing scuffle with Mindy who was now trying to undress me. Both editors stood up and offered to come back at a more convenient time. I somehow got the feeling that I did not make a terribly good first impression on them. They apparently were not quite convinced that I had really only met Mindy very recently and was as surprised as they were over what was happening. I was subsequently to explain the situation and was to become good friends with Lumenick and Rivera.

Not long after that incident, I introduced Mindy to my friend Ben P., one of several prominent student leaders. Within an hour, they were both on the couch next to me. I was deeply involved in my ad lay out pages when I came to realize that Ben and Mindy had become quite attached to each other in the short time they had known each other. In fact, they were having intercourse right next to me on my favorite OP couch. Not quite wanting to intrude, I stared to leave the room. But they asked me to stay and said further they wouldn't mind if I took pictures. Being a novice photographer and having taken pictures predominantly only of demonstrations and trees, I felt this offer would prove to be a welcome change of scenery. Little were any of us to know that a year later, another editor would run this picture on the front page of OP and draw the protests of parents, religious groups, administrators, politicians and our own student senate whom we didn't know even existed till they poured into our offices threatening us with suspension.

We've done many outrageous things, many with the full support of the staff, most with dissent from a few, but some with dissent from a majority. One of the few instances of the latter case was the publication last year of the nun cartoon. I don't want to rehash all that's been said but I want to clarify one thing. That drawing was placed in this paper by one individual (Bob Rosen proudly admits his responsibility) against the wishes of almost everyone on the staff. Although Rosen immediately wrote to other papers complaining that we were attempting to censor him and condemning the staff as a bunch of prudes while slandering about six of us, he once again exposed the flawed reasoning he has on so many occasions exercised when situations of a similar nature have sprung up. It did not offend us that the cartoon depicted a sexual act or that it put down, or was supposed to put down, a particular religion. What *did* disturb us was the way in which the point was being made. I strongly believe that when criticism is leveled, one has an obligation to present a well reasoned and accurately documented argument. As I stated in a column just after the cartoon, I believe there is an important difference between an honest attempt, however strongly worded or visually depicted, to attack a doctrine, person or belief for the purpose of either educating the reader, introducing new evidence or of molding opinions, and a crude attempt to merely offend the target of criticism through the use of either emotionally charged words or derogatory symbolism.

I can think of no simpler way of stating what my objective as a member of Observation Post has been than to say I have hoped that I might have provoked readers to think. If I have disturbed some readers over what this country has done to the Vietnamese, over what it's done to our courageous draft resisters, its prisoners, its institutionalized patients, its poor; if I have provoked someone to see the inconsistencies between this nation's proclaimed ideals and its realities; or if I have merely motivated someone to take a harder look at their student government or to pursue a course in psychology, then I can be truly satisfied that my contribution was a worthwhile one.

There is much left to do, however. I have not had the time to write about certain subjects which I consider to be of utmost importance. Perhaps some of you who will still be on OP next term or maybe some prospective journalists might consider pursuing some of the following facts:

- While Ford has without reservation greeted and praised thousands of Vietnamese evacuees to our shores, many of whom killed and tortured civilians in the war, who in the final days deserted Thieu's army, and who pushed aside women, children and elderly people just so they could get themselves on board departing planes to America, no such reconciliatory

acts have been forthcoming thousands of American draft resisters, except for the president's sham amnesty policy in which resisters were to "admit wrongdoing" and pay a penalty of two years alternative service. Ford pardoned Nixon and Vietnamese killer deserters without asking for confessions of guilt - why is he demanding this of American resisters who unlike Nixon and the Vietnamese, put their consciences and concern for other human lives ahead of greed, self preservation and monetary gain?

- The reading comprehension of American children is beginning to decline; half of all American adults are now reported to be incapable of understanding our daily newspapers. Why? Are our teachers unqualified? Incapable? Is education becoming too "free"? Could the fact that children spend an average

"If I've provoked some people to think, then I'll be satisfied that I achieved my objectives."

of 20 to 30 hours a week before television account for the decline?

- And what about television - what impact upon the culture, morals and politics of this country must television be having when we find that the most frequently watched program is the Lucy Show and that at least 95% of the rest of television fare contains concepts and vocabulary not exceeding the understanding of a 13 year old?

What about censorship on television? We are allowed to witness the idiosyncrasy of quiz shows, soap operas and infantile variety shows, but television executives a couple of years back banned the showing of the anti-war program Sticks and Bones.

We can view brains being blown out and bodies plugged with bullets, but the Smothers Brothers who once they dared to level the first serious television criticism of President Johnson and his policies on Vietnam, were swiftly fired in an unprecedented maneuver.

We can listen to Bob Hope, Frank Sinatra and John Wayne baffle about heroism, praise the murderous Green Berets and play golf with Nixon and Agnew, but Joan Baez is censored on the Tonight Show when she interjects not more than two sentences about Amnesty International, an organization dedicated to releasing political prisoners throughout the world.

We can view men and women of all races and professions making utter fools of themselves on commercial after commercial without fear of damaging children's concepts of values in America but a network would not allow the Rolling Stones to sing the line "Let's spend the night together" in a 1967 Ed Sullivan broadcast. We can devote nearly ten hours a day watching vacuous quiz shows but had to wait ten years until the end of the Vietnam War to view for the first time a comprehensive summary of our involvement in the war. We can hear Ronald Reagan shout "Kill" but we are not allowed to hear Dustin Hoffman say "shit"; we can view women lined up as cattle on Miss America but we cannot view uncensored a scene of a couple making love.

Perhaps someone would like to investigate how we might finally establish a sense of relevancy to the airwaves and start programming shows that do not offend the senses and intelligence of every human being in this country.

- How about the food we eat? How many of you are aware of chemical reagents in the meats, breads, cakes, juices, cookies, vegetables, sodas and the infinite variety of artificially created foods we daily eat? How many of you understand the proven dangers of such widely used chemicals as red coloring No. 2, monosodium glutamate, BHT, or sodium nitrate? How many people understand the role sugar plays in reducing white blood cell levels and in causing anxiety? How many know about the animal particles, feces, machine lubrication and metal scraps that are allowed by the FDA to be present in foods? How many have questioned why salt does not seem to stick anymore in their shakers - is anyone aware that the new chemical added to salt is a component of a chemical formerly used to kill people in Nazi concentration camps? How many know that the purple stamp on meats to indicate grade of beef is composed of a proven carcinogenic substance? How many know that bacon and sausage might very well in fact be more dangerous than household bug killers?

These comprise a fraction of the areas I wish I had gone deeper into during the last few terms. I have about another dozen areas I'd like to mention but I'd probably only satisfactorily cover them in a full length book, which in fact I may just do some day.

I'd like to conclude by thanking some friends and teachers - both terms have often been interchangeable - who I feel comprise a part of me if only in some small way.

To Jonny Neumann, the best writer OP had in the late 60's. His concern and kindness helped give me some much needed confidence when I was just

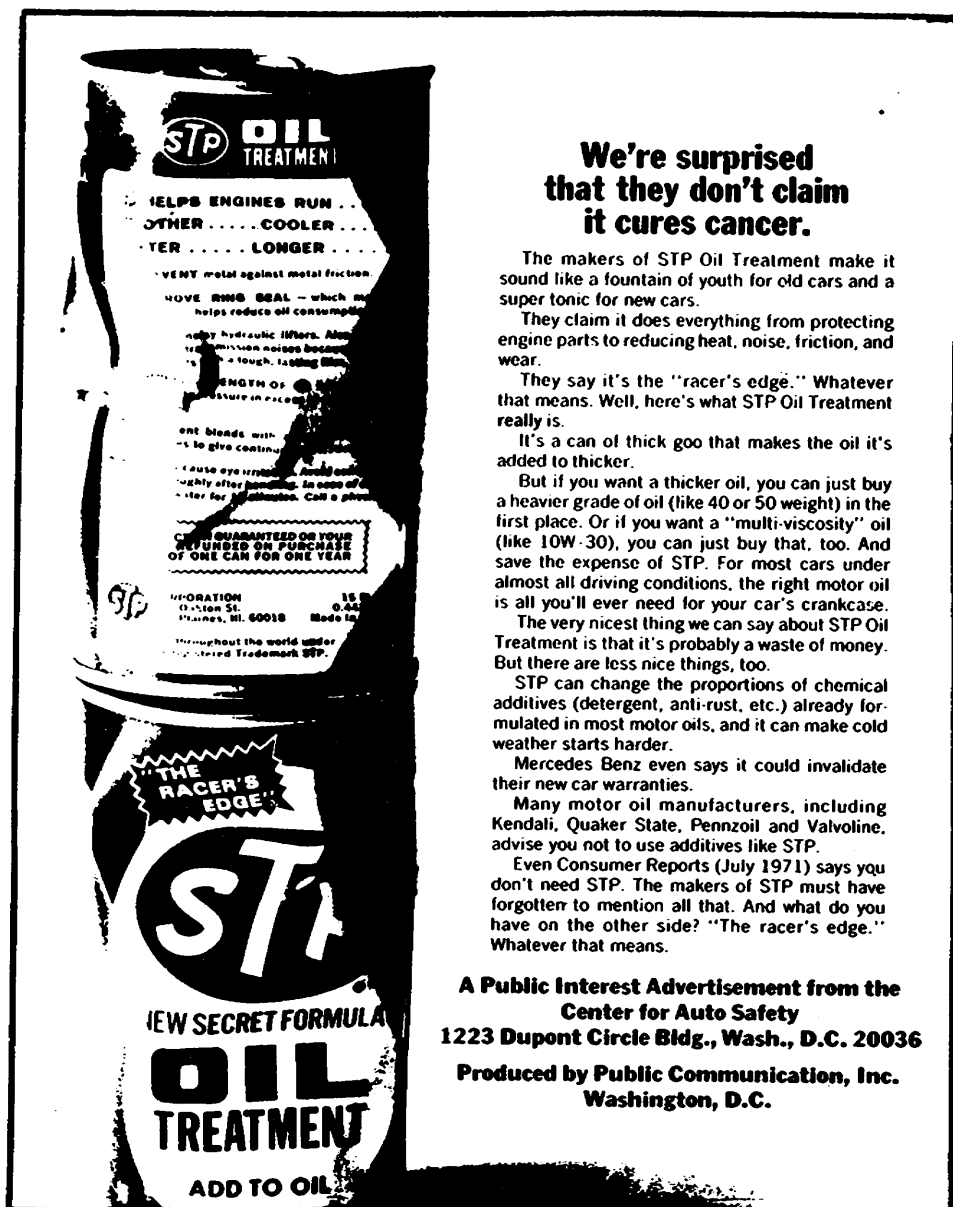
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Robert Ness, OP's business manager for the past year, is graduating this June. Bob joined the staff in 1972, and was news editor before holding his present position. Due to a delay, we weren't able to print his thirty column, but we hope to print it next semester. We wish him the best of luck.

just a few months ago said you didn't think you could handle news editor? You're doing fine except for keeping things in order - if you become any more disorganized you're going to become as absentminded as I was. Herb and Fred, I hope to see some heavy political edits come next term - we're gonna need them. And Paul, being among the best feature journalists in the school, how about arranging some orientation classes for newcomers on OP next term?

To Susan, our up and coming star reporter. When are you doing the elections committee follow-up? Just because you had to up-date the lead to your last piece eight times doesn't let you off the hook ya know. To Mark M, good to have you back - yours will be a strong voice next term in the restructuring of the managing board and yours will certainly be a significant role.

To one of the hardest working students in the College, Matt, good luck on your ventures in Europe. Maybe you'll compile a Teacher Evaluation Handbook overseas. Hey, did you ever find Wang's evaluations?

To Bob Ness, our fearless businessman who is departing with me, we never did get to complete that new survey. How about doing one next year on how people select graduate schools?

To Ann, one of the friendliest and well respected people we've had on this staff. Save a spot on the unemployment line for me, will ya?

I'd like to also thank some oldtimers for their help through the years; Bob Lovinger, Fred Miller, Barry Taylor, Bobby Attanasio, Bruce Berman, Ken Winikoff, Tom McDonald, Rebel Owen, Bill Bywater, Zeev Kransdorf, Steve Mekler, Judy Furedi, Bruce Berman and Suzanne Grill and any others whom I may have forgotten to mention.

I'd also like to express my appreciation to those who helped out on the Handbook staff. Few students realize the contributions and sacrifices made but I think we had some good, although hectic, times. My thanks to Gale, Maria, Bhaskar, Sue, Danny, Bill, Fran, Rich, Lorrie, Randy, Joe and Jeff.

Thanks also to Lee Sforimsky, Maureen Sullivan, Tony Spencer, Dave Wu, Ken Carrington, Erland Suni, Mrs. Debel, Mr. Sarfaty and Merland.

Finally to some people who have been substantially more than friends to me.

To my parents and brother. I think you're the finest bunch in the world; I'm sorry I've never quite been able to show it.

To grandma. You made medical history at Albert Einstein Hospital last year and now you're as strong as ever. You're gonna be around for a long time to come. I wish I were as young as you.

To Gale. You've given so much and I, so little. You've been a sister to me. I hope some day to repay you.

To Madeline. Only a few memories, letters and leaves; not very much else. There's a campfire in the distance on a hill in July. It's now almost faded, but I still feel the warmth.

Thirty

(Continued from Page 9)

beginning on this paper and his style has proven to be among the greatest influences on my writing.

To Larry Gould, an instructor I had my first term here. His influence was instrumental in my decision to major in psychology and his research study, which I understand is still going on today, first aroused my interest in psychological surveys and had ultimately led to my involvement in Course and Teacher Evaluations.

To the teachers of two of the most fascinating courses I've taken here: Elihu Perlman, my intro English instructor in 1967 who has long since left the College. He merged psychology and literature in a way such as to command an interest in reading that I did not have before I came here. And to Gerald Kauvar who took up psychoanalytical interpretation of literature where Perlman left off and presented the most stimulating lectures given in this college. My preoccupation with several Senate functions that year kept me from keeping up with class assignments but the course was still most absorbing.

To the instructors of the most unique and most challenging course I've had, one into which I poured more energy and labor than perhaps any dozen other courses put together. Ken Eisold and Julius Elias made an insuperable pair heading a course called the End of Reality in the Humanistic Studies department. Ken might just be the most concerned teacher in this college - his going out of his way to assist me and several other students in that class was quite a rare but most appreciated gesture. And Julius' philosophical excursions always proved to be a special event.

To Victor Fields, one of the few old world disciplinarians whose extraordinary patience and wisdom was a great benefit to me while a freshman in his speech class. He, too, stands among the most influential instructors I have had.

To Dean Bernard Sohmer, executive assistant Fred Kogut and Dr. Harry Meisel who have all satisfactorily destroyed the myth that administrators are detached from and unconcerned about the affairs of students. I first met Dean Sohmer in 1969 during a takeover of his office. His sense of humor and frank manner defused many potentially explosive situations on campus. He was, as I recall, the only administrator to evoke smiles from otherwise angry demonstrators during

the tense years of police presence on campus. He was the Mr. Chips of City College. Dean Sohmer, you may be wondering why 25 student radicals took over your office, with you inside, that cold day in December. The answer is simple. There had been extensive consideration of the political implications, the strategic significance and symbolic essence of the environmental configuration in which you were habituated - but mainly, we were after the booze you kept hidden in the cabinet!

Fred Kogut's assistance was invaluable to us during the preparation and aftermath of the last two Teacher Evaluation Handbooks. I recognize the nuisance our project must have proven to be and am most appreciative that he so often interrupted his own work to help out with all of our problems.

And Harry Meisel, OP's former financial advisor, had a spirit that certainly helped to make the business and technical matters that had to be taken care of a more pleasant experience. Besides, anyone who could stick with OP for so many consecutive terms, particularly during our battles (which were often waged within his own office) has gotta be a pretty good person. To John Antrobus, William Crain and Donald Mintz, all of whose lectures are among the very few that aroused enough interest in me to attend nearly 100% of their classes. Their courses in Sleep and Dreams, Abnormal Psychology and Learning Theory should be required of all students, majors or not.

I extend my thanks also to Martin Tamny and Kaikhosrov Irani whose philosophical discourses were most stimulating; to Bernard Bellush who, although I never managed to be able to take a class with, may be the instructor I would have to say I respect most in the entire College - he should be running for Congress where we sorely need more people of his calibre and intelligence; and to Richard Durnin, Ivo Duchacek, Richard Goldstein, Bernard Gorman, Lee Kaminetzky, Aaron Noland, Gertrude Schneider, Ellen Smiley and Al Weiss - some of whom I've only spoken to briefly, who have been exceptionally considerate teachers, have helped me with special projects or were simply good people to talk to.

And of course, to my good friends on Observation Post.

To Mark, Paul, Herb and Fred - it was a bit rough this term but you guys have begun to give a direction to this paper and have established a rapport and sense of respect towards others that have not been seen for too long a time here. Marc, was that you who

Thirty—A Yeshiva Dropout's Saga

By DAVID BAHARAV

Many of you out there think the typical OP writer is a superhuman creature, surrounded by groupies, snorting coke at every opportunity, first to see all the good movies and plays, intellectually a giant, sexually experienced and capable, and with a quiet sense of humor, ironic and self-deprecating.

At least, that's what I thought after reading Bob Rosen last year. I figured anyone who wrote that well must be all of the above. Hoping to get a little reflected glory and a few cast off groupies, I joined the paper. It turns out we get to see all the good movies and plays, but that's about it. My sexual experience, I say with regret, has come from outside of OP, and in fact, has stagnated since joining the paper. Nobody can afford coke.

But there are other compensations. When a fine woman like Marsha rubs your shoulders as you bend over the typewriter and whispers in your ear, "I like your stories," you feel like a king. When a sexy editor like Anne devotes a lot of time to a story you hand in, when she goes over it with you and offers suggestions and comments, how can you help but fall hopelessly in love.

When you review a play with Karen and share a byline with her, it is a thrill unparalleled anywhere in the universe.

And when you are denounced from the pulpit by some shit head Rabbi in Washington Heights because of your offensive satire on kosher food, then you feel that your place in the World to Come will be alongside Bertrand Russell, the famous atheist and Nobel prize winner.

Speaking of the World to Come, let me tell you about the college I went to for two years that claims to have the last word on Heaven, Hell, and how to get there. I refer, of course, to Yeshiva University.

Before I actually went there, I figured since you have to pay \$2,500 a year in tuition, that it would be a sort of Ivy League college, perhaps resembling Cambridge or Oxford.

My friends would be of the intellectual calibre of Bertrand Russell, or at least Moses. We would discuss philosophy late into the night. University life would be meditative, leisurely, and comfortable, the best to develop cultured human beings.

Instead, Y.U. turned out to be populated by a species of semi-humans, the Pre-Med majors.

Faced with the opportunity of having a good time, the Pre-Med major slaves like Pavlov's dog and says, "Will it get me into Medical school?"

A typical conversation with these guys went like this:

"Hey, Stanley, let's get high."

"Will it help me get into Medical School?"

"Sure it will, medical schools like well rounded students."

"No, I gotta study."

And study he did. Pre-Meds meet each other seven-thirty in the morning, bleary eyed from lack of sleep, carrying around an organic chemistry text, and sounding the secret password.

"What's ethyl-methyl-yethyl-hydroxide," one asks the other.

"The pure is an aphrodisiac, and the saline isn't going to be on this test."

"But we don't have a test today, Stanley."

"Fuck you."

Now I know, in my infinite compassion, that it's not their fault. The Administration encourages that sort of thing, the faculty gives only a small fixed percentage of A's, and the poor slob has to go to classes from nine in the morning to eight at night. I had to.

In short, for a place that teaches ethics for a living, there is no one to look up to.

The worst part about it was that I confused the group of fuck-ups who found each other and created Y.U. with the rest of the Jewish people. "Jewish" began to mean "unpleasant, unreasonable, eats shit for breakfast and spits it around at others all day." I still think a lot of Jewish kids who don't go to YU are like that, too. But YU made it seem like the ideal to strive for, the inevitable result of a religious life.

By a feat of courage that still astounds me, I got out of there and entered Paradise, cleverly disguised as City College. Instead of paying \$2,500 in tuition, I was given money to spend. Instead of worrying about when I would have time to do anything, I wondered what I would do with all my free time. Instead of competitive classmates and obnoxious teachers, I found pretty girls and friendly professors. Instead of being told what to think about life, religion, sex, I was given many opportunities to live life, to speculate about religion, and experience the good things. Instead of trying to get an A, I was trying to develop my abilities. Instead of feeling guilty about my thoughts, I shared them with OP.

* * *

It is with a feeling of quiet pride that I write this column. I came to 'City' almost completely without

writing experience, and now here I am, graduating, and full of inside knowledge about the writer's craft. *Always use the active instead of the passive. Use easy words. Keep your sentences short.* That sort of thing.

What surprises me is that no one has latched on to where I plagiarize my material from. The author P.G. Wodehouse, creator of Jeeves the butler, has influenced my style to such an extent that after every article I wait for his widow to come around and demand a cut of the profits.

She will be surprised to know that not only do we here at OP work for free, but also, horror of horrors, we don't even get credit for writing our stuff. One of my most popular stories by which I mean that two or three of my friends told me they read it, didn't have my name on it. Some impostor called David Baharav hogged all the credit.

If you look back on the 'thirty'

columns of yesteryear, none of them are about what a wonderful paper OP is, or how much confidence people have that it will climb out of its rut. But lately, because the paper really has objectively gotten worse, the time has come to close ranks and defend it.

All that's really wrong with OP is that for a while we had editors that scared away people from joining. Fear no more, oh ye faithful. The ogres are gone. In fact, almost everyone is gone, or going. This is your chance, you bright young writer out there, to get in on the ground floor. If you have a skill, such as photography or knowledge or layout, you will be welcomed with open arms.

So join OP, all of you out there. I want it to be worth reading when I leaf through future issues, a tear in the eye, thinking about good old City.

Rumors of Our Death Are Greatly Exaggerated

By PAUL DIMARIA

After two years of working for the "other" newspaper on campus, I feel it might be worthwhile to assess the Byzantine workings of *Observation Post*, a subject that is ripe for exploitation.

I think I could divide the problems of OP into two types: those involving the day-to-day task of running the paper, and the bigger, long-range question of what purpose or philosophy the publication serves. The first issue is difficult enough to solve. It's no secret that OP doesn't have enough experienced staff members or just plain people who are willing to learn. Marc Lipitz, our news editor, recently described this situation by saying, "We're sort of like the Tidewater farm club taking over and playing out the season after the New York Mets got wiped out in a plane crash. And Peter Grad is like the Tom Seaver that missed the plane." Former chief-editor Bob Rosen, in his thirty column last June, had an even harsher interpretation, referring to many of the present staff as "young upstarts."

While I disagree with both of these opinions, I can understand what motivated them. Right now OP is run by about eight people, with perhaps a half-dozen more contributing some effort. We could easily

take in twice that number immediately.

Among the people we do have, few have had more than two years experience. A whole galaxy of very competent writers and artists, most of them with editorial background, have left us or are about to go in rapid succession: Jayson Wechler, Bobby Attanasio, Aron Berlinger, Bob Rosen, Bob Ness, Peter Grad and, of course, Steve Simon, who was to OP what Napoleon was to France, with all the both good and bad implications that statement entails. When Simon left, his position of editor-in-chief went with him, in sort of the same way that Babe Ruth's number 3 was retired.

On top of this, some promising newer people left prematurely: John Long immersed himself in the murky depths of Student Senate politics (going so far as getting himself elected). Marsha Langer vanished, Anne Mancuso graduated. A few other people are on the verge of quitting because they are fed up with the balky, creaking way in which the paper operated. At the moment, in fact, we don't even have the people to fill up the editorial positions we so painstakingly created last summer; there has been no assistant news editor or assistant OPOP (reviews) editor for some time now, and no one desires to

endure the rigors of being business manager next year.

I think that this staff problem need not be fatal. But OP is going to have to be very aggressive in recruiting staff members during the next two semesters, or the paper will indeed be dead before that ball on top of Allied Chemical Building drops to mark the beginning of 1977. About the only way to do that recruiting is to send representatives out to every creative writing, journalism and photography class in the school, as well as using frequent help-wanted ads. New people, once they actually join, have to be carefully cultivated, given work to do, invited to the printers, stuffed with good food, and generally made to feel wanted.

Printers nights are a study in chaos, with stories being written at the last moment, corrections being lost, editors diddling with layout, and paste-up artists vociferously bitching as they impatiently wait for us to give them something to do. It's a masochist's delight, but normal people have a rough time of it. Yet, going to the printers gets to be sort of a ritual, or perhaps an addiction, that one becomes rather accustomed to. Perhaps when the much-touted resurrection of the managing editor's position is instituted next year, the horrors of printers nights will be

mitigated.

OP has enough flexibility and informality to allow experimentation with different kinds of writing, front covers, and other areas. This paper changes with the changes within the makeup of its staff. This is obviously very different from the policies of *The Campus* or indeed, of most newspapers.

Then there is the perennial controversy of what OP's reason for existence is. I think that OP is fulfilling a definite need here, both for its readers and its staff. As *The Campus* is the paper of record here, reporting extensively on College events, OP can concentrate on columns, features, reviews, events off campus and anything else that strikes the interest of a staff member. Oddly enough, though, OP often competes with *The Campus* on news coverage, either trying to get a story first or to do a better job on it.

I believe that OP has done fairly well for itself in the past year, particularly during the spring semester. I know that quite a few people enjoy reading us and look forward to each issue, which is the ultimate test of a publication's viability.

Anyway, the past year at OP has had its good moments—I won't use the cliché "rewarding experience"—and it did give me a reason to stay in school. Finally, I have to say that most of the people I have met on OP have really cared about the paper and have done a lot of work for it. I guess they must be unusual, if for no other reason than that somewhere along the line, at a college where most people don't join organizations and most people in organizations are not on newspapers, they had the nerve to wander in and ask to join. All that's needed is about a dozen more like them and a half-way decent allocation from next year's Student Senate, and OP may be all right yet.

Paul DiMaria of the features department, is the only one of the three original assistant editors to survive this semester. He was recently heard to say, "I feel like I'm dancing on the graves of my fellow assistants."



Impressions Of A Poetry Festival And . . .

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

Somehow people always picture poetry readings as pompous stiff-collared affairs. They imagine some ancient Thoreauah character reciting Shakespearian sonnets before a dry and dignified audience. But City College's 3rd Annual Poetry Festival was nothing like the stereotype reading.

Held on Friday May 9th from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m., it was a casual and informal event, the poets as varied as those in the audience. Barry Wallenstein, one of the many excellent poets in the English Department, M.C'd the festival from morn till night.

It began at 10 o'clock with Wallenstein announcing to the small number of people gathered that guest poet Allen Ginsberg would not be appearing due to illness. However, he continued, David Ignatow (veteran poet of N.Y. literary circles) would be taking his place, reading and assisting Wallenstein in introducing the winners of City College's Poetry Contest.

At about 10:20 students of P.S. and 173 got on stage to read their works and succeeded in literally (and hilariously) knocking me out. I must admit I was immensely impressed with the caliber of their material, so impressed in fact, that I've considered giving up writing for dentistry. The scope of their material was rich with ideas and as vibrant as the kids themselves. I also enjoyed their unorthodox presentation of their work, some getting up to the microphone and reading title, poem and the name of the next poet all in one breath.

Raymond Patterson, author of *26 Ways Look At A Black Man* and instructor here at City, came on at eleven and read a short selection of his work. One poem in particular, a commemoration of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the long-neglected black poet, received exuberant applause along with another equally excellent piece called *Snow*.

Following Patterson, Richard Kahn sang a



Joel Oppenheimer

sea chanty, Melissa Balking of P.S.84, a young, notable, and self-assured poetess read from her work. City's Victoria Sullivan (who was a pleasure to listen to) read some urbane poetry written by a lady with a shrewd eye and silver tongue.

From 12 until 2, winners of City College's N.Y. High School Poetry Contest as well as receivers of honorable mentions read, revealing a wealth of talent existent in the city's school system.

Next was special guest David Ignatow who gave us a very enjoyable reading. Labeled as a city poet at the outset of his career, Ignatow read some selections from this early period, primarily from his great book *The Gentle Weight Lifter*. In-between poems, he told us a little about himself; his struggle as a poet

living in N.Y.C., and his socialist views that speak through his writings and resulted in his being investigated by the FBI.

Teachers Barbara Watson and Hugh Seidman from the English faculty read, followed by Alison Colbert and Jeanette Adams of the Creative Writing M.A. program. Ms. Adams was dynamite, grabbing our attention with her rich and agile voice, and her wonderfully pertinent and humorous material. Another poet who has left a mark in my memory is Armand Schwerner author of *The Tablets*. His work was brilliant and showed him to be a meticulous and imaginative craftsman.

All day long people were coming and going, some 300 high school students and a vast multitude of others, staying for a while and

then leaving. But by 3:30 the festival really picked up. Barry Wallenstein took the stage and added diversity to the event by reading to a musical accompaniment. The first piece he read, *A Field of Questions* was backed by piano and it worked beautifully, music offsetting poetry perfectly. Other selections worked equally well.

Once when I was downtown to hear Joel Oppenheimer give a reading, I overheard someone comment "No one looks more like a poet than Joel Oppenheimer". And when he got up on the stage of Finley Ballroom with his wild, steel-grey hair and his Neptune beard, I had to agree. Reading several selections from his latest book, *Women Poems*, and concluding with a poem he had written especially for the occasion. Oppenheimer and his poetry were warmly received by the crowd. Karen Swenson performed her *Saga of the Small Breasted Woman* and proved herself both a humorous and very able lady of literature. What heightened my enjoyment of the material was her astute, subtle reading voice which increased the effect of her work.

Towards the end of City's Poetry Festival few people remained, most of them having left after all the name poets had read. But those who left missed a great deal of good poetry, notably from Rochelle Rattner (sensational), Helen Cooper and Lee Willis, an undergraduate whose name I expect to see soon in bookshops.

The festival ended at 6 o'clock with a small number of people and a worn out Barry Wallenstein. Scores of people had read on scores of subjects and like everyone else there I was overwhelmed by the amount of talent and creativity those poets possessed. Not only was this true of the established poets but for the younger poets as well. New York is truly the literary capital of the world.

. . . Verses On A Diversified Presentation Of Verse

By MICHELE FORSTEN

I sat watching a paper plate on a seat,

While Armand Schwerner read his poetry

At the poetry festival in Finley Ballroom.

It was so nice to be in the cool echo-chamber,

After being in the heat generated by the protestors,

Sit-inners, and the weather.

So even though Mr. Schwerner read far longer

Than he ought to have had and monotoned such lines as:

"Breathing vulva of such sonic amplitude,"

And talked about menstrual blood until the

Red Curtains and red design on the plate began

To get ominous . . .

I sat back in my chair with eager anticipation.

I wasn't disappointed.

Jayne Cortez dynamically spurted such lines as:

"I am New York City. I sparkle with shit."

Her melodic reading of her poem on Drums

Really drummed the drums into me, Beating out a flashing flow of images.

There were cigarette butts and ashes in the plate

As Barry Wallenstein gently communicated gentle verses

About autumn, and warnings about softness.

With musical accompaniment, he read

The Legend of the Wild West.

Only it was more calm than wild.

Tall, lean Joel Oppenheimer read his

"Women Poems" in a hoarse, sort of dead voice.

But the poem he wrote that day to celebrate the festival

About the cherry trees at the College and

Their evocation of grander metaphors.

Allowed me to forgive his larynx.

In all honesty, I must say that the women poets

Read with more gusto and vitality than the men.

Even their poetry was richer, more enticing.

Karen Swenson did her *Saga of the Small-Breasted Woman.*

Then followed it with a poem on divorce.

And the beautiful *Cold Hands/Warm Heart*, among others.

After Mike Stephens brought me down

A few steps with his *Strawberry Yogurt.*

Helen Cooper sent my mind soaring

With her clever wit and arresting topics.

A line from the poem, *Teaching My Grandma to Suck Eggs*:

"Deviled eggs make work for idle hands."

Then came a narrative about the made wife in *Jane Eyre*:

(I guess in Victorian times, masturbation signified mental illness.)

It was followed by the endearing, *I'm Coming Off the Pill*

To Get Pregnant. Only praise for this talented Englishwoman.

The last poet I heard

Was a woman by the name of Alicia Ostriker.

She read her work linking two simultaneous events:

The US involvement in Cambodia and the birth of her son.

One destructive, one hopefully constructive;

A monumental effort, indeed.

5:00 — I couldn't stay for the student poets.

So I noislessly made my way out.

But not before realizing that someone had placed

An empty yogurt container on that paper plate.

Which had become the focal point of my concentration.

I sighed at such insensitivity, but left without delay.

Now I'd like to end these verses, if I may.



Barry Wallenstein

Dancer

Leaping thru the rm.,
crashing against the walls
the music frenzies — sometimes
weeping sometimes moaning &
she move, circles & steps
upraised arms searching sky.
hands moving always, leg
lifted high — Egyptian
Princess in blue jeans —
eyes light, fingers cocked, body
beckoning, rejecting,
Beckoning: &
all is forgotten

but her turning arching
flying-crashing crescendos —
wet flesh-dark-haired
raven-eyed beauty — olive
skinned calypson static angel:
& still the movement, the
movement, turning on elec-
trifying
the rm. — no longer a rm. —
forgotten & she a part of the
music
sweating with music
& on & on . . .

JEFF BRUMBEAU

THE WRAP UP

By Leo Sacks

Some things were meant to be: for instance, Eric Clapton will never look the same in any two published photos. "Yeh. That's my faith. Uncertainty, not knowing what's coming next," spoke Clapton in last summer's *Rolling Stone* interview. (Clapton emerged from a three-year hiatus last July with a national concert tour to promote the release of *461 Ocean Boulevard*.)

"I'd overexposed myself," he said of his layoff. "I'd worked so hard and played in front of so many people that it frightened me into hiding for a bit." Clapton, whose admitted three year "waste" was spent in part treating a galloping white horse, settled into an ultra-laid back groove for the 461 swing. "It was so quiet and delicate that I thought people wouldn't want to hear it." Now Clapton has released the 461 follow-up. It's called *There's One In Every Crowd* (RSO), and thrives on much of the same chemistry that produced its predecessor. *Crowd* features the same cast of last summer's album and tour, including Carl Radle (bass) and his mates from Tulsa, Okla., Jamie Oldaker (drums) and Dick Simms (organ), plus singer Yvonne Elliman ("I hadn't sung with a girl before [461], actually, and it was quite a turn-on," Clapton said. *'Oriental good looks' indeed*) and guitarist George Terry, who alternates with Clapton on lead and acoustic runs.

Crowd, recorded in Kingston, Jamaica and at Criteria Studios in Miami (Tom Dowd producing), is filled with all sorts of MOR pleasantries. Clapton never really works too hard here. He settles into his desired groove and . . . and, well, watching the needle spin around like that, I wonder if it knows what it's doing? Still . . . *Crowd* is an undeniable artistic gem. It's simply a matter of accepting Clapton's internal strife, and with that understanding he has my full respect . . .

Crowd troubles me though because of all the attention I give it. There are moments on the first side (the import side) that gives one the impression Clapton recorded *Crowd* for his own late-night listening pleasure. Each of the cuts enjoy a perspective so playfully low-keyed and inviting that . . . well, you're kind of left waiting for something to happen — but nothing ever does. *Crowd* speaks strictly in terms of spiritual high, which again, I respect. I must be getting soft.

Side two (domestic this time — it's more creditable) is unequivocally perfect in terms of the album's design. Clapton writes four of the five selections here, including "Pretty Blue Eyes," "High," and "Opposites," inspiring the band with an emotional fervor that leans on a heavy dose of old time religious inspiration, gospel flavor and classic R&B undercurrent. Clapton and Terry weave their lines with engaging instrumental grace on both "High" and "Opposites," and on "Pretty Blue Eyes" the group vocals play on your summer fantasies. *Crowd* is a triumph of the will — Clapton's will. Hats off, slowhand.

Comedian Robert Klein introduced several takes from his forthcoming *New Teeth* album for Epic at a recent press briefing, during which the former city public school sub discussed the album (recorded live for a studio audience) and related matters.

"It's nothing like a quick gimmick or novelty record," he said of the new album, his second. "I take my work too seriously for that. I try and keep my satire true and sensible." About his work, Klein says, "I get an impulse about something and go with it. I'm taking my experience the way a writer does. Like when Philip Roth discusses his background, he puts it down and people take it from there. Not everybody has that same background, but they can perceive into it and take it from there."

"The only way I write is to work live, and

through improvisation I can write stuff on the job. Comedy is something you learn by doing, and all my stuff is audience tested."

Klein, who foresees Barry White singing America's Bicentennial theme song, concluded, "I'd prefer to sell my own ticket rather than make it selling someone else's baked beans."

Neil Sedaka, Brooklyn boy, teen idol, father of two. Either I'm really getting soft or summertime is unquestionably here. Sedaka so thoroughly charmed his weekend Bottom Line gathering early in May that one would have thought it was Valentine's Day. Running through a neat array of packaged oldies rendered fresh, clean and alive (plus bits from Sedaka's *Back*, his Rocket Records debut), Sedaka was a portrait of MOR poise and savvy, age 36. Atop the Line's Steinway in a youthful pants suit with dresser-drawer pockets, Sedaka worked with special feeling for his New York audience. The "tra la la's" for "Happy Birthday, Sweet Sixteen" were just like the highs my babysitter used to lull me with to sleep. Backed with rhythmic support from a tight and spirited troupe, Sedaka paraded through favorites like "Calendar Girl," "Oh Carol," "Stairway to Heaven," a rousing "Little Loving Goes A Long, Long Way," and the clincher, "Breaking Up Is Hard To Do," for an encore.

He was pure loving magic.

David L. Sancious worked with Bruce Springsteen for two albums before signing with Epic as a soloist, and his *Forrest of Feelings* record is one mystifying debut. Full of swirling synthesizers and omnipresent moods and characters, *Forrest* is a terror. Sancious plays alongside a drummer and lead guitarist, and the album was produced by Billy Cobham.

There is a haunting presence to *Forrest of Feelings* which persists almost as if it were thematically inherent. I've grown akin to the

space waltz of the first side: it's like a midnight graveyard dance. The shrilling howl of the synthesized rhythms and leads highlight the "Suite Cassandra" as well as "Dixie (a) March of the Conditioned Souls (b) Civil War of the Soul." A definite trip if you can make it. And if you can't, go back to the Sancious touch on *Greetings from Asbury Park*. Then buy the album.

Not all record publicists eat dried prunes for breakfast. A very select few have been a joy working with. My man Marc Pucci from down in Macon land has been about as true as they come, and one person I've never once had to stutter for on the phone. Cathy Galligan, too, of Warner Brothers has been great to me. Thanks, Cath. Carol Ross — the Dynamite lady — is perhaps my secret favorite; she's with MCA and lives just around the corner from me on West End Ave. Thank you Carol. You're one of the nicest . . . Carol's friend Petrina also gets a heartfelt thank you. Petrina runs her own publicity firm (Wells Associates) and has just about the most pleasing telephone voice of anyone in the city (she also bakes *dyno-mite* lasagna). In fact, I spent a really memorable evening with the Wells gang and their ace clients Barnaby Bye one rainy night last month up at Fordham. The Byes are among the classiest and most refined acts to emerge in some time, and their national break is really momentary. The Byes work around pretty instrumental interplay (guitars and a synthesizer) with angelic and sprite harmonies, super tight arrangements and ballads that communicate with a loving delicacy and sensitivity. And they work so-oh hard . . . boy, I'm rootin' for them.

OPOP

COLLEGE JAZZ, BILL WATROUS

By Ron Akbar

On Wednesday, April 23, the Monkey's Paw, in association with FPA, combined the sounds of Richard Davis on bass, John Lewis on piano, Ed Summerlein on sax and Connie Kay on drums for a lively jazz session. The quartet began with their version of "C Jam Blues," an up tempo Ellington tune which started everyone stomping their feet and putting hands together. After a warm applause from the students they brought down the mood with a mellow treatment of Gershwin's "Like Someone in Love." "How High the Moon" featured a fine solo by Richard Davis, the virtuoso that has worked with Benny Goodman, Sarah Vaughn, symphonic orchestras and is just about the most sought after bassist in town. Davis is also noted for his exceptional bowing techniques.

Prof. Summerlein and Prof. Lewis, our artist in residence, are both faculty members of the Music Department. Prof. Summerlein heads the jazz orchestra. Other tunes included in their set were "Now is the Time" and "Yard Bird Suite" by Charlie Parker. And everyone got their licks in "Tangerine" and "Can't Get Started".

High words of praise were in order for drummer Connie Kay who, without blasting, kept things swinging at all times. Kay (for over two decades a member with Lewis of the Modern Jazz Quartet) is a marvel of taste and sensitivity. His presence is often "felt" more than "heard".

Bill Watrous and his Manhattan Wildlife Refuge is a seventeen piece jazz band with an explosive sound. Watrous, whose new album for Columbia is called *Manhattan Wildlife Refuge*, features Danny Stiles (lead trumpet and all solos), Joe Beck (guitar), and a host of other fine musicians. This band is the culmination of years of hard work. They are clean and precise with several distinctive soloists—most notably, Ed Soph on drums.

Dean Pratt on trumpet and the aforementioned Stiles and Beck. As for Watrous himself, *The New York Times* put it best: "His extravagant virtuosity as a trombonist sometimes borders on the outrageous."

Manhattan Wildlife Refuge includes songs like Chick Corea's "Spain". The band introduces their sound in high gear with crisp and vivid ensemble playing. A guitar solo by Joe Beck highlights "Sho," which was originally written by trumpeter Bill Berry for his rehearsal band as a feature for Watrous. The third tune, "Dichotomy," is a two-part suite written by John La Barbera that includes a fine solo by Danny Stiles.

"Zip City" is "fast" (which is an understatement), and "Fourth Floor Walkup" was Watrous' first attempt at work for a large ensemble.

The composition is in three parts. Part two is an unaccompanied cadenza, and part three reiterates much of the material from part one. The trombone solo is very difficult, yet Watrous proves his virtuosity with help from Stiles. "Dee Dee" features a fine guitar solo by Joe Beck and pretty voicings and melodic work by Watrous. Lastly is "Ayo," written by Wayne Andre, which features trumpeter Stiles and the rest of the horns in some exciting high register pyrotechnics.

After years of studio work with Merv Griffin and Dick Cavett show bands, and as a member of jazz tinged rock groups such as Ten Wheel Drive, Watrous is now devoting his full energies to jazz.

He finished fourth in this year's *Down Beat Readers Poll*, and the *Manhattan Wildlife Refuge* was voted by *Cashbox Magazine* to be the Big Band of the Future. The band's New York concert debut at N.Y.U. last February drew a sellout crowd and proved that the band is at least as exciting in person as they are on record, combining some of the high

energy excitement of Rock with the basic feeling and creativity of jazz in the production of an exciting contemporary and original big band sound. The *Manhattan Wildlife Refuge* is definitely the big band of the 70's.

HOT TUNA

By Jeff Brumbeau

When I went to see Hot Tuna at the Capitol Theatre on April 25, I was in a musical depression. It seemed to me that rock'n'roll had become caught in a Sargasso Sea of non-creativity. All of the great performers of the sixties had mellowed out and were now laying back—I had placed good rock'n'roll on the endangered species list.

My mood was uplifted though, as Hot Tuna came on at ten and sizzled till one.

Touring is a grueling and demanding job to undertake, the strain on the performers to put on a good show each night enormously great. As a result, a band will rarely take to the road unless they have good reason to. Hot Tuna's motes operandi this time (like most bands) was to rock their latest release, *America's Choice*. In their three hour, non-stop set they performed several choice cuts from the new album including "Hit Single #1," "Great Divide: Revisited," "Funky #7," "Serpent of Dreams," and Robert Johnson's "Walkin' Blues." Of the five, "Funky #7" and "Walkin' Blues" were the best performed with classic rock 'n' roll gusto.

On "Triax By Fire," the band really let go: drummer Bob Steeler played a tough piece and shined through. Jorma Kaukonen and Greg Douglas traded some stinging, pouncing riffs and Jack Casady did what he does best, weaving his bass through and around the music beautifully. Everyone had been standing and clapping for this one and when Tuna moved into "Hesitation Blues," all were

up again, pounding the floor and cheering.

The members of Hot Tuna are what you would call musician's musicians. They're a tight group of rock veterans that really sweat to put on an exceptional performance. From the first note of Kaukonen's guitar to the last resounding beat of Steeler's drums, three hours and two encores later — never once did anyone fall out. They maintained their high-level musicianship throughout and put on a show few in the audience will ever forget. As for me, Hot Tuna has renewed my confidence that good rock 'n' roll still exists.

ALICE

(Continued from Page 15)

Welcome to My Nightmare is Alice Cooper's sixth album and his first without the Alice Cooper Band. It is a collection of senseless tunes that sell because they're channeled for more of Cooper's ghostly fantasies. The new album sparked a nation-wide tour which brought him and his new recruits to the Garden early in May. I was truly surprised to see that despite Alice's unlimitable commercial exposure, he was only playing to a three-quarters filled house. His new act is a visualization of *Welcome to My Nightmare*. The images that are constructed in Alice's foul mind during the wee hours are brought alive with loud, explosive rock music. The entire stage is propped up for Alice to unleash his eerie dreams. The band was so far removed from the stage that they're difficult to see. But are they ever loud! In fact, it was this solid backwall of music which kept the show from becoming a collection of macabre boobery.

When the theatrical nonsense ends, Alice bursts back for an encore of "Department of Youth." This was clearly the most electrifying moment of the entire show. The entire crowd was high on their chairs, screaming and cheering as Alice sang directly at them for the first time. Indeed, the climatic ending made it seem a better show than it truly was.

End Piece — A Former Out-Patient Says Goodbye

By Ted Heller

Since my time is up, the sun is setting into the blue horizon, the shrill whinings of innocent infants die out, these final notes will be expurgated from my pen. I'll talk about Viet Nam because . . . The power of the people, the will of the masses has once more proven more powerful than the infectious night of Billions of Dollars, bombs, etc. The American Machine has been stopped in its very tracks. Now, for an encore, why can't we do it here? Are we so far-sighted that we can only see oppression thousands of miles away but not even in our own streets? Just watch television for one day and see how long the Maalox lasts. Hooray for Ho . . . Don Ho, Hawaiian Guy, the fiftieth state's biggest contribution to the arts. Don is a legend in his own rind. We talked with Don over a pineapple avec the gray light of the sun kissing every pore of our rotting flesh . . . You see, I'm a cop and one damned good one at that. My name's Hesperus, Rex Hesperus. I was a teenage miscarriage of injustice. But now I'm a cop. I was working the day shift at night. That's my partner in the ebony sunrise. His name's Dover, Ben Dover. We were after the Lady in Red but it wasn't her time of month (she is thus the Lady in Heat) so we called up HQ.

"What's her M.O.?"
"Haleys."
"What's her V.O.?"
"Seagrams."

Rock Notes

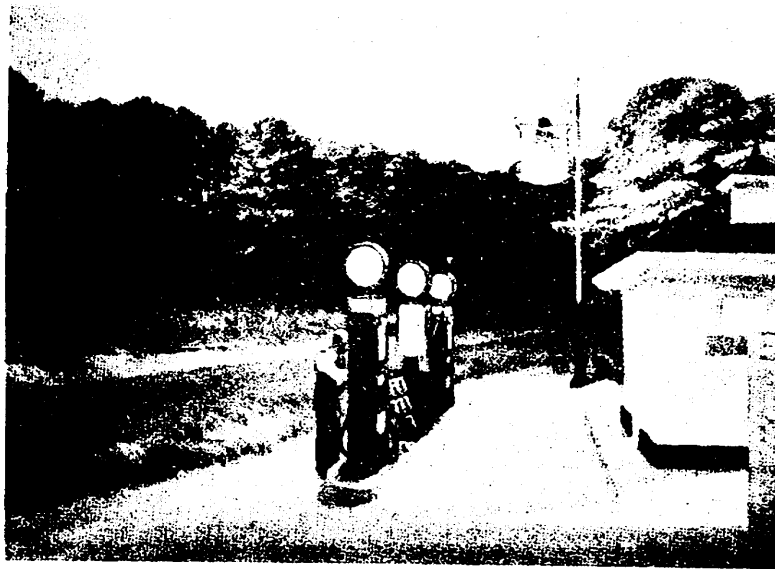
By G.R. Barnes

O.K. Enough already about Patti Smith. Has anyone bothered to dig Steve Tyler from out of the mountain of half empty beer cans shelled his way at last summer's Schaeffer fest? Regardless, Aerosmith has released their third album on Columbia, and judging by the streetwise vocals on "Walk This Way" and the mind bending metal rattle on the title cut, *Toys In The Attic* should set all you primordial rockers back on your haunches for some time to come.

Jacksonville's Lynrd Skynyrd have minted their second gold disc in the form of "Saturday Nite Special" from their latest for MCA, *Nothin Fancy*. Strong and to the point, Skynyrd will perform the track at the next Senate hearing on gun control legislation . . . There hasn't been a song as good as "Shootin Star" since the last *Bad Co.* album, thanks largely to the writing talents of Paul Rodgers. They're truly in a class by themselves . . . Speaking of Paul Rodgers, Maggie Bell and her band have beautifully resurrected Free's "Wishing Well" on her latest, *Sulicide Sal* (Atlantic). Mag takes it like Grant took Richmond. Now if someone would just revive "The Stealer," we'd all be free . . . "Funky No. 7" off Hot Tuna's latest, *America's Choice* (RCA), should be retitled "A Beginner's Guide To Fuzz and Wah-Wah" by Jorma Kaukonen. Such caterwaulin' hasn't been heard since Mrs. Montrose gave her little boy Ronnie a guitar for Christmas.

For What It's Worth: Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson ripped thru L. Reed's "White Heat/White Light" so badly at their recent Felt Forum gig that it required sixteen stitches at Mary the Immaculate to close the wounds. Eye witness accounts have Ronson taking half lead riffs with both the plug in and out at various times. We're awaiting notice of legal action by Mr. Reed's attorneys. The pair could not immediately be reached for comment.

New York's only progressive quad station, WQIV, is facing a double barrel threat. On one side is that huge conglomerate G.A.F.'s attempt to buy out Starr Broadcasting Group (which owns Q-4), and to restore its old call letters, WNCN, along with the former classical music format. And on the other side is Charles Benton, who's contesting WQIV's



The Waitress, He was Handsome

by cella reed

it was summer today and i just remember winter passing by, spring took a right at the light but ran out of gas halfway down the road and never quite made it, made off with some cheap piece of pie from across the way, gonna make it in some other place, walking through central park looking for The Man.

sprouts of people attending a money-grubbing, war-is-over, get-the-green together get together, plastic laws posted here and there to look out for those long-haired, smelly, unkempt, uncouth, some call 'em hippies, some call 'em youths, rolling up or starting up but it was all so lame and low.

there was sun on my hair on my skin on my clothes but they shouldn't have been there and i should have been running naked through the park shouting "i'm free" cause i finally was.

after a long year of being put down shoved around stepped on jumped on (i was home, i was adored, donald sutherland i take my hat off to you) my mind exploded, my insides

exploded and the doctors joked as they pushed and poked and they had no feeling at all, i was just another junior's jill, your address, can you spell it, we'll send you the bill, not even a goodbye or handshake to show that they cared and i'd walk out with tears in my eyes.

i've been jaded, degraded, and disregarded but now i'm just happy to be in the sun with my man, they don't call him pretty boy for nothing, riding on a real smooth head, cloud nine, his VSQ is Coronet and five weeks ago i'd never heard of Haleys but now i've had my share of Coors, golden days, one soft chocolate ice cream cone, one vanilla, small please with chocolate sprinkles, cold wet kisses, pedestrians, walking to the train, stars, and if i can't make it through tomorrow better make it through today.

staring into space on the train it was all so incredible, i had on my new shoes that day, peace and love brother, and rode to the sky only to come down and pay thirty-five cents for a train where i finally slowed down and dreamt of london fog.

Stones Preview

By Paul Dabala

A press conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and a brief ten minute live performance of "Brown Sugar" by the Stones just outside the hotel recently confirmed the band's plans for a 1975 summer tour. Tickets for the massive 58-city concert tour, which will carry the Stones through both North and South American continents, went on sale simultaneously throughout the two continents minutes after the announcement or May 1st. For the tour, Ron Wood will replace Mick Taylor on guitar and Billy Preston will be the band's special guest on keyboards. The entire extravaganza will kick-off on June 1st in Baton Rouge, Louisiana and will hit New York at the end of the month.

Getting tickets for the New York shows was difficult, and those who managed did so only after hours of waiting on line. The vigil for tickets began two days before they were to go on sale. However, only 400 ticket-buyers had gathered by the time I had arrived on Wednesday evening (I couldn't miss Jeff Beck that night in concert), while others arrived early the next morning just hours before the

license renewal also in hopes of restoring the old brand of classical gas. In action only six months, WQIV is too good a station to be

tickets were to go on sale.

When I arrived at the Garden I had little difficulty working myself into the front of the line. I'm normally not this mischievous, but for the Stones there's no limit as to how far I'd go. By the time numbers were assigned, I was number 37.

Once I figured out mathematically that I'd get nothing worse than second row, I was able to relax. We had to wait all night, since tickets would go on sale no sooner than noon the next day. The Stones' management wanted all the tickets for the entire tour to go on sale simultaneously. Because of the numbers system, most of the pushing and shoving was avoided. And as the crowd boozed the night away, I laid back and tried to imagine the show: Mick Jagger prancing back and forth, Ronnie Wood and Keith Richards pounding out fresh rock and roll licks, Wyman and Watts their old trumpy selves, and Billy Preston bouncing frantically behind his electric piano. It's gonna be a ball.

taken without a fight, and a public hearing is scheduled for later on this year. *Anything's better than Roscoe walking the streets.*

"What's her V.S.O.P.?"
"Courvoisier," answered the pedantic voice. I called it a night. The night called it me. The crowd called out for more. In crimson harmony, we fell into quicksand tranquility, humming requiems of crystal. We were one with nature and that was okay for this gypsy . . . We are all gypsies . . . nomads, destined to sail through the black night stumbling impotently over New England cobblestone streets, the oatmeal gutters spewing out fugues for Salem witches . . . We are only the riders, only derelicts forever drunk in some crevice, internally vomiting into paint chips in some corridor in some state hospital for Dreamers on some island, somewhere sailing out in space. To sleep, perchance to wet dream . . . The tormented groans of amnesiacs, condemned to only remember forgetting, breaks the vibrating silence. The businessman in the lobotomy toupee, sporting his glaucoma sunglasses, hears his cash register mind tick away body counts, mercury poisoning, brain implants and other strangers. Off in a distant garbage can, the bodyless arms of a soldier's armless body shrugs a 'Why' into unhearing ears. Me . . . I'm just a clown whose make-up slowly drips over his chin, a cascade of sunlight kisses it all goodnight. In Ed Sullivan, *aloha means good-bye.*

Good bye.
Ted Heller, a local boy and frequent contributor to these pages, died for our sins.

Miller

By Peter Rondinone

The legend of Arthur Miller, playwright famous for *Death of a Salesman*, doesn't need elaboration since so much has been written about him. Of course I haven't read half of what he's written, since I'm too busy getting high. But no matter. I got to meet the man himself at Great Hall in Shepard last week as part of the groundbreaking ceremonies for Aaron Davis Hall.

After a number of excerpts from his various plays were performed by students of the Davis Center, Arthur Miller stepped from the audience and walked onto the stage. He received a standing ovation. (No two ways about that!) He's "part of the rock," grouped deservingly with Hemingway, Fitzgerald, and others. Then he sat down center stage, surrounded by students and professors.

At first no one knew what to say. People just stared, stage struck. I don't think they really believed Arthur Miller was there before them - in the flesh! They probably knew him from the papers they had to write about him, but never thought they'd be able to speak to him.

Students finally began to question Mr. Miller. One student asked in a very serious tone, "What should a play bring to the audience?" Miller looked at him, crossed his legs, propped his elbow on his knee—using it as a stand for his chin—and replied, "A play should be bread for the people. They should be able to feed off it."

As it turned out, Miller was the bread and the people were hungry. Many strained their ears, hoping to hear Miller put the essence of great playwrighting into one sentence; many hoped he would provide them with the key to the doors of success (you'll excuse the analogy) but when asked how one writes "a great play," Miller answered bluntly, "You should never write a play unless there is a need for one. There is no simple answer. Much depends on the writer's psyche. It's what he brings to the play that counts."

Standing in the lobby afterwards, Miller was surrounded by dumbfounded students who didn't know whether to kiss his hand, shake it or just reach out and touch him, hoping some greatness might rub off. I admit, standing near a great man gives one a strange feeling and I did brush casually against his arm. And I do believe as I write this, a little greatness has touched me (wink, wink).

The Women's Movement, White and Mann

by celia reed

The credits have Miss Waldman playing guitar, piano, dulcimer, doing the background vocals as well as singing and composing all but one of the songs. It appears that Waldman is a package of talent and that her album *Wendy Waldman* (on Warners) should be quite a hit. It is not.

To begin with, some of the lyrics are a bit too much, like "I know that god must be smiling." What kind of crap is that from a singer? Perhaps Wendy should try to make it as a prophet or a Jehovah's Witness.

There are a few good songs on the album, such as "Boatman," "Wings" and "Secrets." Here Miss Waldman demonstrates that she can actually sing. For the most part though, her repertoire is cluttered with shrill whining, moans and other tortured sounds befitting a woman in labor. Only in "Boatman" does Wendy actually hit the high notes without shrieking.

I am not writing off Wendy Waldman as a singer (she does all right when she confines her voice within the scales), but this record at best should be used as an expensive place mat.

If I seem overcritical of this album it is only because Miss Waldman shows a bit of herself on the cover (the photographer shot her before she finished dressing) and even less of herself in the album. And a two-year-old's whining is bad enough.

On the cover of her *Pieces of the Sky* (Reprise), Emmylou Harris looks sensitive but strong, a bit shy, a bit weathered. Her voice sounds the same. It is a sweet clean voice with just the tinge of melancholia suited for slow, thoughtful songs such as "Sleepless Nights" and "Before Believing." Unlike Waldman, Emmylou gets the pain and sadness across by singing from within herself (*Sing out Louise!*) to project her emotions.

This record ain't no hard rock, but Emmylou Harris' voice has a brazen, penetrating quality which comes across well on "heavier" songs like "Queen of the Silver Dollar" (with Linda Ronstadt as a backup vocalist).

The major flaw on this album is that Emmylou's voice seems to overdominate the songs. The lyrics fade into the background along with the music. It is not that the songs are insignificant or that the lyrics are incomprehensible or nonsensical. But Miss Harris' voice is too overpowering. Either she should sing with a little less power, in a more carefree manner, or she should try simpler songs.

The best song on the album, "If I Could Only Win Your Love," stands out because of its really nice rhythm and simple lyrics which perfectly suit her vocal style.

Included on *Pieces of the Sky* are "For No One," a Lennon/McCartney composition, "Bottle Let Me Down" by Merle Haggard, and "Boukter to Birmingham," which Miss Harris co-wrote with Bill Danoff.

With the help of some friends, Emmylou Harris has put together a very nice album indeed. And Emmylou is a real neat name. *Real neat.*

One of the most successful female vocalists of the year is Phoebe Snow. She came out of nowhere last August with her record *Phoebe Snow*, (MCA), which has recently turned gold.

A cut from the album, "Poetry Man," one of the season's hits, has been played and overplayed on major rock stations. Its well sung lyrics, a mixture of sexual sophistication and adolescent insecurity, sounds strikingly sincere and unaffected (perhaps Snow's major contribution as a composer).

The most moving song, "I Don't Want The Night To End," has reference to Charlie Parker—not the monster sax player, but a school friend of Phoebe's whose death was the indirect result of a drug overdose. The song relates Snow's uneasiness and fear of life ("What is to become of you and me"). Her wish to extend the present and remain hidden in the darkness of the night is summed up by the title. "And I don't want the night to end."



Starting with "Let The Good Times Roll" and ending with "No Show Tonight," tempo and lyrics change but Snow remains the same, polished and impressive—if not sensational. Which leads me to wonder how much better Phoebe Snow will sound after a few years of experience and "growing up." It's not easy to improve when you start out at the top.

Python

By Charlene Weisler

The more I think about it, the more I believe that *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* is one of the best films to come to New York in a long time. The quest for the Holy Grail is more like a trip through a wonderland of subconscious Lewis Carroll imagery with midnight black humour. It is the story of King Arthur and his knights of the round table as hallucinated by a widely imaginative and creative repertoire of geniuses. It is a film for the true Python patron.

From the opening credits with Swedish subtitles to the hilarious romp through hacked limbs, impaired knights and a ferocious rabbit, the Dadaist Python humour seeps through the macabre settings and leaves one with an avalanche of incomparable parody.

It is directed, constructed and acted by the Monty Python Flying Circus crew, comprised of university educated men who have created the largest English cult in America since the arrival of the Beatles in the early 1960s.

This reviewer, for one, has been following their television programs since October 1973 when, as a second-year student at the University of Essex in Colchester, England, I viewed *And Now For Something Completely Different*, their first film. I was hardly impressed by their type of humour at first exposure, but, not unlike a benign fungus, it tends to grow on one until it affects that person's entire outlook.

The Pythons mock everyone and everything—nothing is sacred, not even the Church. Authority, bureaucracy and bombast are held up for inspection and duly dissected until, as in Terry Gilliam's cartoons, they are altered into supernatural fantasies of the mind with no direct bearing on any important matter other than humour.

Some of their skits have become classics, like "Hell's Grannies" and the "Funniest Joke in the World." Eric Idle's sly "Knudge . . . Knudge . . . say no more" became as popular in England as "Sock it to me!" was in the U.S.

It was impossible to arrange an interview with them while they were in New York, but I did manage to meet their agent, Ms. Nancy Lewis, outside the Cinema II on the day of the *Holy Grail* premier at which four of the Pythons were to appear. We discussed the possibility of promoting Monty Python T-shirts despite the copyright restrictions. The troupe arrived after the first showing began

admit a mob of adoring fans, although I could have sworn I saw Michael Palin slip by unnoticed in a blond wig and handle bar moustache. Ms. Lewis mentioned that they would greet the audience after the first show but for the present time, they would be locked away in a room somewhere in the cinema building. Apparently, people started queuing up for the 11:00 a.m. performance at 5:30 a.m.

I cannot say I was entirely unimpressed by the crowd—I did see one or two knights in shining armour among most everyone else in jeans. (How anyone could sit through an entire film in a metal suit is beyond me.)

The end of the film is comparatively disappointing, since it rudely brings us back into the harsh reality of present day society. I don't know if it is correct to reveal the ending, but Graham Chapman as King Arthur never achieves his quest. And considering that OP is the self-proclaimed "Guardian of the Holy Grail," it is a shame that the Python crew did not stop by to pick it up. The price was certainly right . . .

Alice

By Paul Dabala

Seldom does an artist's career shift around as emphatically as has Alice Cooper's. With *Love It To Death* Alice began attracting attention, spurring a sizeable cult following. With *Killer*, Alice continued working hard and enlarged his underground alliance of fans. Following *School's Out* he went commercial and will little compassion kicked his old underground fans in the pants. Next, with *Billion Dollar Babies*, Alice successfully won the hearts of every 14, 15 and 16-year-old. And now, with *Welcome to My Nightmare*, Alice has betrayed his former colleagues (and old buddies) from the Alice Cooper Band, opting instead for the highest degree of commercial notoriety. Alice is a media superstar and has lost much of the respect he had acquired earlier in his career in the process. Today his closest acquaintances are no longer the likes of Frank Zappa; instead he's built his personality around such notables as Groucho Marx, Mike Douglas and the late Jack Benny. Alice is no longer a pop artist, he's a damn socialite. He's a multi-millionaire whose already confined talents are at best mediocre.

The key to much of Alice's recent commercial success is clearly witnessed in the difference between Alice past and present. Today, due to a few (futile) encounters with acting and other miscellaneous television appearances, many who are aware of Alice know little, if any of his music. These people know Alice for his gruesome make-up and his per boa. Alice now sells himself on the basis of his macabre reputation and not his music.

(Continued on Page 13)

By Mitchell Schneider

By now, general consensus has it that Barry White is simply repetitious. But, if White's entire repertoire can be looked upon as one long continuously infectious song, he attains unwavering grandeur. Yet, this is (importantly) impossible: Repetition, music's greatest plague, robs from pinnacles and rapes a song's low points to send the music into pointless oblivion. Repetition, too, is built-in obsolescence.

What White presently thrives on—half-sung, half-spoken hackneyed love monologues delivered with his pulverizing gruffness, swirling orchestrations, obesely funky percussion and the swelling intention of a hit single in every tune—might very well be the soil to bury his truly impressive record of nine gold records and albums in (including his most recent, *Just Another Way to Say I Love You*). Title implies the Love Master's growing awareness that his art and song, for the most part, has become an ineffectual journey into predictable lyrics, melodies and rhythms. His latest pop hit, "What Am I Gonna Do With You," for example, is the embarrassingly obvious combination of his last two immensely successful hits, "You're the First, My Last, My Everything" and "Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe." White, once a leader in the arrangement and production of Progressive Soul, has succumbed to his music to the point of becoming its victim. Result: a paucity of aesthetics. And just more of that same old sound. Again . . . and again.

If only for a short while one tosses aside White's inescapable similarities, there are still some rewarding and redeeming moments to be realized: his moody ballads and sensuous instrumentation with *Love Unlimited's* sultry, breathy voicings dotting the background. In presenting an array of subtle romantic and occasionally uplifting moods, White's music becomes a soundtrack for whatever the listener is doing at the moment. Instant cinema.

With the gargantuan success of discotheques, the ever-increasing proliferation of AM and FM soul stations and, most importantly, his hit single status, White is presently secure. But, while "Can't Get Enough" became the theme song of the *Hustle* last summer, his songs are just no suited for the recently popularized Puerto Rican *Hustle*, a fancier, more intricate dance step. Discotheques made White, and if his music ever ceases to be danceable, he will be abandoned.

Presently, the classiest discos in town are starting to slip in Latin/soul and pure Latin songs in between the chunky funk of Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes, Ecstasy, Passion and Pain and the Trammps. Whereas in the past whites have emulated the blacks' dance movements, there is now the vastly increasing interest in "gettin' down" with the Latins' mambo, pachanga, meringue and the aforementioned Latin *Hustle*. Soul Train is suddenly rendered irrelevant.

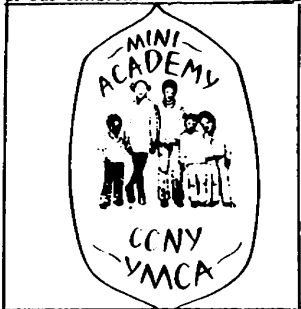
Sensing the soon-to-come Latin craze, jazz innovator/flutist Herbie Mann recorded "Hijack" a few months ago, a contagiously engaging collage of Latin and soul rhythms which is presently a disco favorite sailing up the charts. His latest album, *Discotheque* (Atlantic), incorporates an endlessly inventive Latin/Soul/jazz fusion, most notably on his version of Labelle's "Lady Marmalade," "Hijack," and his own "High Above the Andes." The virtuosity of Ray Baretto, his family of Mann and back-up chorus all provide the cohesive impetus for Mann's expressive flute tootin'.

Mann, Brooklyn born and 45, and other jazz musicians, in bringing a sense of commerciality to their music, have often been accused of selling out. Mann (who has recorded 40 albums), however, while compromising by presenting diluted jazz, has never discarded his jazz roots.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

Cultural Exhibit

The City College YMCA Mini-Academy, a college-based organization dedicated to the education of children from the Harlem community, is sponsoring an educational and cultural exposition on Wednesday, May 21, 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. in Finley Ballroom. The event is dedicated to the future of our children.



MFA Exhibit

The Art Department is sponsoring a Master of Fine Arts thesis exhibit in Finley's Lewisohn Lounge, May 19-23, 11 a.m. - 8 p.m. daily. The show will consist of works by eight MFA candidates who have been studying at the College.

Library Amnesty

An Amnesty on library fines will be in effect from Wednesday, May 21 to June 13. If you have a fine record, come to the library and get a clearance. No payment will be necessary. Records not cleared by June 13 will require the usual payment.

The Staff of OP wishes everybody a pleasant summer (vacation).

Photographers — Get Off Your Asses...

No, these balloons are not prizes in OP's First Annual Photo Contest, but we do have over \$175 in gift certificates, subscriptions to *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*, as well as copies of *Photography Yearbook 1975* (Time-Life Books). We also have three autographed copies of a book by the celebrated photographer W. Eugene Smith.

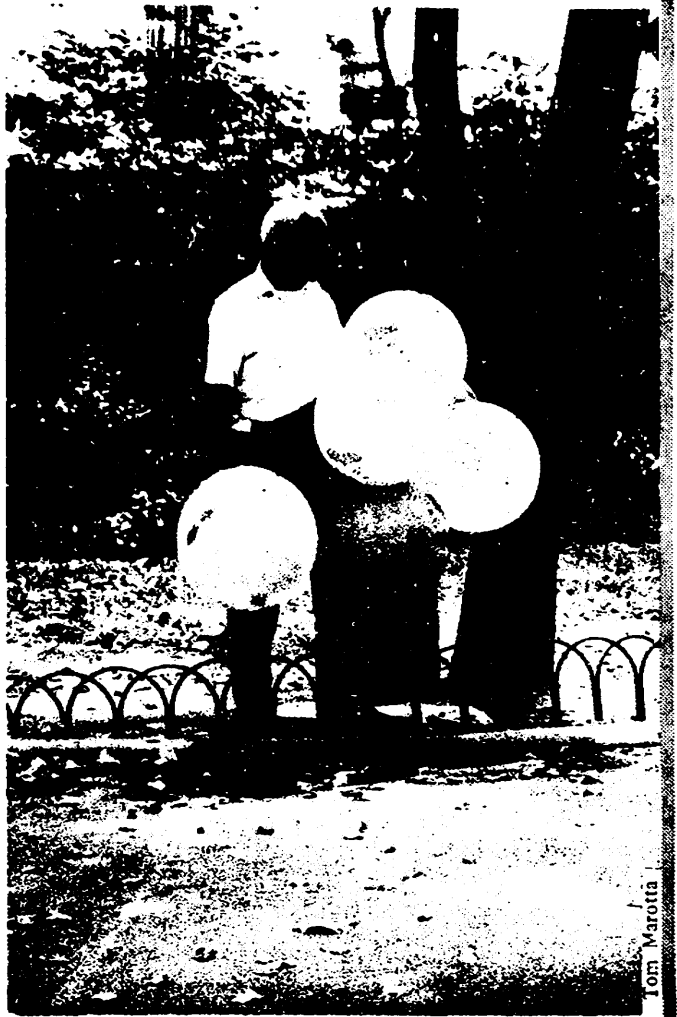
The original deadline for entries was April 30, but as we have received only a handful of entries thus far, we would like to extend the contest over the summer. This will give students who have expressed interest in the contest a chance to take pictures over the summer. We apologize to those students who have already submitted entries, but we do not think it would have been fair to judge the contest based on the few entries we have received up to now. We will be accepting new entries with the start of the Fall term until October 31.

The contest, which is open only to City College students, is about New York City life, it's people, scenes and architecture. All entries will be judged by three professional photographers: Norman Rothschild (senior editor of *Popular Photography*), Carl Kravats, and Tom Marotta. The judges will take into consideration how well the photos capture the character of New York City life.

To enter, send no more than five 8x10 to 11x14 black and white, mounted prints. Make sure your name, address, I.D., and phone number is written on the back of each entry. Entries may be dropped off in room 152 Finley, or mailed to: **Observation Post Photo Contest**, Rm. 336 Finley Center, CCNY, 133rd St. and Convent Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10032. Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want your photos returned to you after the contest. Only original and unpublished photographs are eligible.

Winning entries will be published in OP, and arrangements are also being made for an exhibit in the lobby of Cohen Library.

Get off your asses, photographers, and hand in some entries so we can have an interesting contest.



Tom Marotta

"THERE'S BLOOD ON THOSE GRAPES!"

This isn't a fight between two unions. It isn't even a fight between labor and management.

We're fighting for our lives. Because we need our union to survive. And we think the Gallos and the other grape growers are guilty of union-busting.

When they awarded a contract to the Teamsters in 1973 over the strenuous objections of the farm workers themselves, we call that union-busting.

When they called in the police to break up peaceful picket lines and Teamsters beat up our people, we call that union-busting.

And when they bring in non-union migrant workers (many of them children) to pick their grapes, we call that union-busting.

And we can't let them do that. "There's blood on those grapes!" Cesar Chavez told our people after two workers were killed during the 1973 strike.

But he wasn't just talking about the deaths of two workers. He was talking about the countless others who've died in fields all over this country.

Children run over by tractors. Mothers dying in childbirth. Whole families poisoned by pesticides.

Is this America?

It's a fact that farm work today is the nation's third most hazardous industry. (Only mining and construction kill more people.) In fact conditions are so bad, the life span of the average farm worker is only 49 years of age.

Is this America?

It's a fact that excessive work speeds up physically break the bodies of farm workers. And that the greatest need of migrant families is for hospital care.

But who can afford hospital care on an average income of \$1,085 a year?

And what has the federal government done? It spends about \$12 a year per migrant on health services compared with \$200 a year for other citizens.

Is this America?

Yes, this is America.

An America we were starting to change when the United Farm Workers Union came on back in 1962.

That's the year we fought for and won decent wages and the beginning of health and safety protection.

We established 5 clinics in California staffed with doctors and nurses. And sent health teams into labor camps to test for

tuberculosis, diabetes and other diseases.

We created the Robert F. Kennedy Medical Plan to cover farm workers and their families for everything from doctor's visits to maternity and surgical needs.

We prohibited the use of DDT, Parathion and other dangerous pesticides. And forced the growers to put toilets in the fields and provide hand washing facilities.

We stopped forced migrancy by introducing hiring halls and eliminating labor contractors.

And we prohibited the hiring of children, thereby ending the use of child labor.

We want this work to go on. So if you want to help 2 million farm workers, join our boycott of table grapes and Gallo Wine.

Don't buy table grapes unless they have the U.F.W. eagle on the label. Don't buy Gallo Wine or any other wine made in Modesto, California. (If it says "Modesto," it's made by Gallo.) And don't buy any of the Gallo names, like Thunderbird, Ripple, Andre Cold Duck, Boone's Farm, Madria-Madria Sangria, Tyrolia, Carlo Rossi, Red Mountain, Josef Steuben.

Do buy Paul Masson, Christian Brothers, Almaden, Italian Swiss Colony, Perelli Minetti, Viedel or Novatiato of Los Gatos.

If enough of us join the boycott, the growers will get the message. And America's farm workers will get the union they deserve.

United Farm Workers, AFL-CIO
311 West 84th Street
New York, N.Y. 10024
(212) 790-5800

1. I'm enclosing my donation
2. I pledge to Boycott Gallo Wine and table grapes unless they have the U.F.W. label
3. I want to be a full time organizer for the farm workers.

Name _____ Address _____
Town _____ Zip _____
Phone _____



You deserve a break today,
so get up and get away to

Now featuring
Computerized Service
for faster orders

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(corner of 145th Street)
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from City College