

# Vandalism Strikes the College

By MARK T. McDONOUGH  
SUSAN BEASLEY and  
SOPHIA FEISULIN

Several incidents of vandalism occurred on campus late Thursday night, with damage estimated at \$40,000 by College officials. There are no suspects, according to police and College officials, and the motive for the incidents is unknown.

Windows were broken at the Cohen Library and Goethals and Curry Halls. Fires were set at the North Academic Complex (NAC) construction site on the North Campus and at one of the temporary huts near Eisner Hall on the South Campus.

Israel Levine, the College's Public Relations director, has said that due to the recent budget cuts "nobody knows" if the damage can be repaired in the near future.

The first incident, which took place at Curry Hall at about 10:30 PM, was thought to be an isolated occurrence by security personnel, who took no action. An empty 55-gallon oil drum thrown through a window.

At 11:15 PM, another oil drum was thrown through a plate-glass window at Goethals Hall. Again, guards did not react.

The third incident took place at

11:40, when a security guard saw smoke coming from the 4th floor of the NAC construction site. A fire had been set with flammable gas near some tools, but damage was minimal.

Sgt. Sullivan, head of Public Relations for the 26th Precinct, said, "Whoever set the fire knew their way around." When asked if it

was possible that former guards from the NAC could be involved, he declined to comment.

Normally, five guards are posted at the site, but security officials doubled the number following the incident.

It was at this point, following the fire at the construction site, that officials began to suspect a series of

coordinated actions.

At about 11:50 PM, a guard reportedly "heard a noise" near Cohen Library and saw two men jumping over the fence onto St. Nicholas Terrace and running toward St. Nicholas Park. It was discovered that 14 large panes of glass had been broken at a cost of \$150-200 per window. In the morn-

ing, two more oil drums and a large rock were found inside the library and later taken by police to be examined for fingerprints.

The last incident occurred a few minutes after midnight when a fire broke out in temporary hut E-2, near Eisner Hall. Fire Marshalls believe the fire was set deliberately, based on their evidence. As much as \$35,000 worth of damage was done here alone, since nothing was salvaged but a few chairs and the hut had recently been renovated for the fall term.

According to Levine, the New York City police will have extra men in the area during the evening and the College's own security force has been briefed on extra precautions.

The Penn Security Guards, who took over the College's security during the last week in June, are being paid almost \$50,000 less than their predecessors, the Wackenhut, who were infamous on campus for their incompetence.

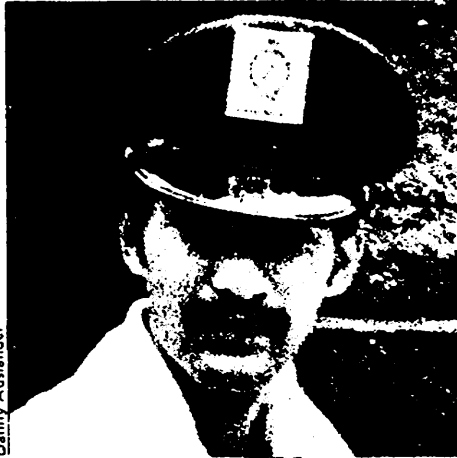
During the controversy over campus security last semester that arose after three rape incidents, it was pointed out by many students that one reason the Wackenhut Corporation could not attract more efficient employees was their low pay.

## Penn Guards:

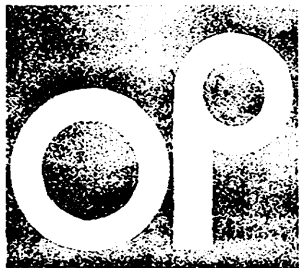
## Just Another Pretty Face?



Wackenhut Guard



Penn Guard



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# Buddy, Can You Spare a Dime?

By MARC LIPITZ

The only thing certain about the massive budget cuts in store for the City University, estimated to range from \$57-million to an astonishing \$121-million in reductions from the CUNY budget, is that as much confusion exists today as did last November when a comparatively minute \$16-million cut was being heralded as "crippling" and "totally unacceptable."

According to the Board of Higher Education (BHE), the 1975-76 adopted budget of \$597.9-million is \$64.7-million less than the amount originally certified by the city for CUNY several months back. In actual purchasing power, then (which takes into consideration increased fuel and electric costs, salary increases required under existing union agreements, the increase of about 9,500 students over last year, and other costs victimized by inflation) the present budget is \$87-million less than that of last year's funded level.

This is where the figures begin to get a little opaque. The hike in consolidated fees for undergraduate New York City resident students and increases in tuition for graduate students and non-resident students will yield an estimated \$30-million. These additional funds brings the actual shortfall to \$57-million. But an additional slash of \$32-million that was recently ordered by Mayor Abraham Beame under his so-called "crisis budget" remains the cut in

purchasing power to a figure hovering around \$88-million.

All these figures may seem abstract and confusing to the reader, but more importantly, they appear to register the same effect upon officials at City Hall and the BHE. According to Aaron Alexander, a spokesman for the Professional Staff Congress (PSC), the union of CUNY faculty, the city now claims that the additional \$32-million cut ordered by the mayor represents only the city's share. New York State, which supports about fifty percent of the University's budget, would then have the option of withdrawing its equal amount of matching funds. If the PSC arithmetic is correct, and if the state should insist on matching all cutbacks ordered by the city—as it has thus far—then a possible, although highly unlikely, \$121 million could be axed from the CUNY 1975-76 operating budget.

City College, which will probably feel the impact a little less than most other schools in the twenty-unit

CUNY system, is now gearing up for a shortage of approximately \$5.5-million less in purchasing power from last year.

Cutbacks at the College puts operations at what Provost Egon Brennan calls "the minimum" possible without having to cut undergraduate courses. "Beyond this point," he adds, "we don't know how to do it."

To meet the required reductions, the College has taken the following actions:

- Maintenance will be reduced to virtually zero. General upkeep, including repairs, such as the replacement of glass windows in the Science Building, will have to wait.
- A continuation of the College's energy saving program.
- Reduction of part-time secretarial, administrative and library staff.
- Fewer part-time instructional staff hired, thus increasing the teaching load of full-time staff.
- Not filling faculty vacancies created by retirements and non-



- Recappointments.
- Reductions in laboratory and office supplies.

The SEEK program, often named by politicians as a prime target for cuts, emergency medical service and counseling will all be maintained.

The reductions that have been made, says Brennan, will go unnoticed for a short time. "Eventually," he says, "it will show that we don't have a good library. The first year you'll barely notice it." The effect of reduced upkeep on aging buildings might show up at a quicker rate.

At the same time, the BHE and University Student

Senate (USS), to persuade Governor Carey to maintain the State's share of CUNY's budget.

Jay Hershenson, the Chairperson of USS, commented after a meeting with Carey, that "he (Carey) didn't really give any firm commitment, although he did give a lot of arguments for" restoring the State funds. "But I have a feeling that things will continue to get worse," the dejected Hershenson added.

The PSC, which has been threatening to strike unless their full contractual agreements are maintained, have won the first battle. Last week, the State Supreme Court ruled that an immediate trial must be held within ten days.

# Reminder to the New Senate

The beginning of the fall semester is an appropriate time to be reminded that a new Student Senate will be taking office, a Senate that is composed mostly of members of a different slate than the party that held control for the previous two years. While last year's Senate was a disaster of inactivity and powerlessness, we hope that this year the United Students slate will give this organization the influence and sensitivity to students' needs that it has been sadly lacking in its six years of existence.

We would like to remind both the incoming Senate members and the student body of the campaign platform that was put forward by the United Students last spring. The Progressive Students Coalition, victorious a year before, seemed to forget the promises it had made, and left no less than ten of its priorities unfulfilled. So for the record, we will restate the program the new Senate has said it will implement in the upcoming months.

Of particular importance are the pledges to hold regularly scheduled meetings open to the public, to publish bimonthly newsletters reporting on Senate activities, and to assign office hours to each Senator when he or she must be available for meetings with students. These reforms are vital if the Senate is to become truly representative of the student body.

In addition, eleven other major objectives were planned for this year, including:

- ¶ Establishment of joint meetings of the Senate and departmental advisory committee so that students will have direct input into the workings of each department, including faculty appointments and changes in curriculum.

- ¶ Support for the continuation of open admissions and free tuition.

- ¶ Promotion of expanded tutorial programs and encouragement to departments to offer credit to students working as tutors.

- ¶ Creation of information center on both North and South Campus to help students deal with the complexities of the College as well as giving information on employment and student organizations.

- ¶ Support for Co-operative Education Programs whereby students get College credit for outside work.

- ¶ Revive the work of the concert committee in improving entertainment in here.

- ¶ Support the expansion of the College's day-care center.

- ¶ Set-up a book exchange for students who want to sell their old textbooks and buy used books for a low price.

- ¶ Set-up a record co-op to sell records at reduced prices.

- ¶ Help in creating a media board of representatives from student publications that will decide allocations to the College's newspapers.

- ¶ Help in improving security at the College and getting students involved with security here; although the Wackenhuts have been replaced, much remains to be done in this area.

Also, we urge the Senate to continue the annual Course and Teacher Evaluation Handbook (called the Whole City College Handbook last year).

Campaign platforms have a tendency to be highly publicized before an election and then quietly forgotten afterwards. Hopefully, this reprinting will spur the Senate to be more productive and will make students more aware of what they should expect from their student government.

## Observation Post

Voice of the Student Body. Conscience of the Administration.  
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# A Safe Little Cubbyhole

FRED SEAMAN

I realized I was back in New York when I saw the sign above the token booth informing me that I could buy only one 35¢ token. It was Saturday, August 30, and I had just returned from a three month trip to Europe. Coming back to New York was like stepping out of a pleasant movie into the sobering reality of everyday life. In the subway I noticed a newspaper headline was \$3.3 billion. I wondered how much the College's tuition had gone up.

Yes, I'm glad to be back at CCNY. I'm acquiring a valuable education that will enable me to get a good job, earn a lot of money, be successful . . . I guess if you try hard enough you can go through college believing these myths. Maybe I believed them myself when I entered College two years ago. But since then it has become increasingly difficult for me to ignore today's depressing economic realities.

I'm reminded of a psychological survey done a few years ago in which young people were asked to describe what future they saw for themselves and for the world in general. In response to the first question would come

optimistic visions of middle class prosperity, but when asked about the future of the world in general, the worst was expected — nuclear wars, mass famine, natural catastrophes. There seems to exist a schizophrenic split in our consciousness. On the one hand we're realistic about the sad state of things in general, but we refuse to acknowledge that our lives are going to be affected by it and choose to nourish false illusions about our personal future.

Thus we repress the fact that a College diploma is rapidly decreasing in value as unemployment rises, preferring instead to believe that our investment of time and effort will surely help us to professional success.

More than anything else our colleges and universities seem to have become a place to keep millions of young people off the unemployment statistics. Yes, I know

I'm probably studying right into unemployment, but in some perverse way I'm still looking forward to another semester of studying. Going to school gives me an identity. *Student*. City College is my safe little cubbyhole from which I can observe with detachment how everything around me seems to be falling apart.

# When New York Defaults

JOHN LONG

When the air clears over City Hall, New York will either have gone broke and declared bankruptcy, or paid its debts through some miracle of bookkeeping. Unfortunately, it's more than likely she'll go under.

And when she does go, so will the City University. Tuition, a constant threat over the years, will certainly be imposed, the number of students in each classroom will be greatly increased, and vital services will be cut. Many of the better professors will be looking for work elsewhere as they, like many others will barely survive, offering the most mediocre of education.

Of the four year colleges, City College will probably be hard hit. Already college administrators are being forced to cut anywhere from 6 to 9 million dollars off the present budget. This is almost a one-sixth reduction from last year. To quote one college official, "Many teachers may be fired, while other services will be greatly reduced." Class sizes may increase as much as 20%, while fees have also increased to \$78.

When the city defaults, SIEK and financial aid will be sitting targets. Their demise would have a disastrous affect on the College because almost two-thousand students, or 17% of the College's population, depend on SIEK to finance their way through school. So when the city goes, along with the continual drop of job opportunities, many of these students will have to throw themselves upon the mercy of the banks for loans. For those few who receive them, it will mean high interest

rates, and long term debt when they get out of college. For those who don't, the end of their college education, unemployment, and a constant struggle for existence, will be their only prospect for the future.

Most of the other approximately 70% will probably find the money somewhere, but they too, will be hard hit. And the most ironic thing of all is that they will have paid for their degree, but it won't be worth half of what it was when it was free.

As harsh as all this may seem, it's about time we all wake up to this economic fact of life. If there's no money, someone has to pay, which means the poor and middle class, of course.

I offer no solutions, because there are none, at least at the local level. Only federal aid can help the City, and it's unlikely any will come until after the bomb falls.

You can burn down City Hall or protest till your face turns blue, but these tactics have failed before and there's no reason to think they'll work now.

A start might be to boycott the banks who have helped cause this problem. Reinvest in a union bank like Amalgamated, or any savings banks, whose investments are limited by law.

What's important is that you be aware. If you choose to ignore this imminent possibility, then it all might come down on you at once. And by then, it will be too late.

# So What Else Is New?

P.J. RONDINONE

*How time passes! Nothing could have been more common place than this remark: but its utterance coincided for me with a moment of vision. It's extraordinary how we go through life with eyes half shut, with dull ears, with dormant thoughts. Perhaps it's just as well — and it may be that it is this very dullness that makes life to the incalculable majority so supportable and so welcome.*

"Lord Jim" — Joseph Conrad

I was at a desk outside the administration building with another member of the OP staff, Sophie, trying to enlist new writers, artists, and poets. We had made up posters with catchy slogans — "You want to write? — right?" — and had brought along copies of OP, to spread out on the desk for people to browse.

As I was spreading the copies of OP I was struck by the difference between the past issues and the present issues. In the past, OP had covers that drew attention and made important points, such as a cover with a tombstone that had Nixon's name on it, whereas, in the present, there wasn't any cover at all. Now there's usually a formal logo with a brightly colored square and a simple picture, or worse, a straight news headline across the top. Does this mean I'm advocating a return to Fuck Covers and — possibly — masturbating nuns? Well . . .

While we were at the desk a lot of students passed us by, so Sophie, being more outspoken than I called out "Hey! Come here." This got students to stop at least long enough for us to explain we were looking for writers, and not donations. And interestingly, a lot of students recognized OP from the Fuck Cover and not from any of the later issues. One student, looking over the nun issue, commented "Wow! I remember that! I

have ten copies home." While another commented, "That was when OP was really good." Obviously something was missing in the newer issues.

A group of six students passed close to the desk and stopped to browse; as most then clowned and joked about the "nun" cartoon, I asked them what they thought about the later issues of OP. The response can be summed up as "I've seen them around, but I don't remember anything from them." What's the point? O.P. doesn't have the energy it used to have. The writers aren't excited or interested in what they write, while the managing editor pulls his hair and asks "why can't I do the stories I want to?" New reporters complain that the stories aren't interesting, feature writers tell me they don't know what to write about.

I read an article not too long ago about the malaise of today's society. I don't recall who wrote it, but the author made the point that the late seventies in comparison to the sixties and early seventies was extremely dull because there wasn't any war to gripe about, no Nixon, drugs or new trends in sex. We have become a nation in which the most happening thing is the new dance "The Hustle," and people talking about how good it is to get back to basics like short hair, long dresses, 50's music, and *The Housewives*. It's like the nation drew a deep breath, then sighed.

I asked Sophie what she thought about this. She said simply "people today are concerned with their futures: jobs and making money. Nothing else matters."

What can I say? The transit fare is up and so is tuition, the city may default . . . sooooo what else is new? yawn.

# Sex Bias Charged in Philosophy Dept

By CLAUDIA COYLE

Barrie Karp, former Adjunct Lecturer in the Philosophy Department, has filed a sex discrimination charge with the State Human Rights Commission in order to regain her job. The suit was lodged against Philosophy Department Chairman Kai D. Irani and CUNY chancellor Robert Kibbee.

Ms. Karp, who has not been rehired for the fall semester, said that the department is conspiring to retaliate against her for complaints she and other women have made against the Philosophy Department. Department Chairman Irani asserted that Karp's charges are "simply not so." He refused to comment further, but added, "Generally there is no discrimination and no unequal treatment in this department."

Ms. Karp has been teaching at the College for 5 1/2 years. According to Section 6.9 of the Board of Higher Education By-Laws, Ms. Karp should be placed on a preferential rehiring list.

Ms. Karp was informed by the Chairman that the Departmental Executive Committee had adopted a "5 year policy." In a letter to Ms. Karp dated May 21, 1975, Chairman Irani described this policy as "a general policy of not extending graduate students in Adjunct positions beyond a period of five years

... a number of graduate students at the Graduate Center had not had the opportunity to teach. This was considered by the Executive Committee as a good reason for formulating the above policy."

Ms. Karp maintains that the three Adjuncts hired for the fall semester do not fit the requirements of the five year policy. One woman the department planned to hire as an Adjunct as of April had been employed by the college for 8 years at some time in the past. Neither of the other two Adjuncts the Department had planned to hire is a graduate student. The Adjunct finally hired is not a graduate student. Therefore, Ms. Karp concludes, the five year policy "was designed to get rid of me."

"I went to the Chairman and asked him to make explicit the criterion used to hire people for teaching positions," Ms. Karp said. "He told me the criterion was academic competence and the needs of the students. But when Chairman Irani observed my teaching he rated me 'superior.'"

Ms. Karp describes the five year policy as "arbitrary." Oscar Marti, a member of the Department, has been employed by the College since the spring of 1970. If he is continued as a Graduate Fellow, he will have more years of employment than

Barrie Karp.

Another member of the department, J. Kantor, has been employed as a Graduate Fellow in a three year position. He was fired due to the budget cuts of the past month, after serving two years and rehired as an Adjunct.

Ms. Karp has a history of written complaints against the department, beginning Nov. 4, 1974. In a letter

to Chairman Irani on that date, Ms. Karp complained about two instances of sexism in the department.

One of her students had reported to her that when he had registered for Ms. Karp's course he had asked Professor Michael Levin of the Philosophy Department if Ms. Karp was a good teacher. According to the student, Professor Levin's response was, "Well, she has nice tits." The

interested in Women's Liberation," had been underlined, and written next to it were the words, "i.e., morons." The Deputy Chairman spoke to Professor Levin about this incident, and his alleged response was, "They (the women who had complained) couldn't take a joke."

On December 10, Chairman Irani replied to Ms. Karp's letter, asking for "whatever evidence or evidential material you wish to bring to my attention." The Chairman also inquired about why a letter from another woman complaining about sexism in the department had been enclosed with Ms. Karp's.

Ms. Karp replied that the student who had reported Professor Levin's alleged remark was reluctant to become further involved. Professor Gertrude Ezorsky of the Graduate Center would therefore call Chairman Irani to verify Ms. Karp's complaint.

Commenting on the woman who had complained of sexism in the department Ms. Karp wrote, "I suggest that if you have further questions it would be appropriate to contact her. Her letter was enclosed with mine because she asked me to distribute hers and it was expedient to enclose it with mine."

On February 4, Chairman Irani informed Ms. Karp that his examination of the first incident had been limited by the "unavailability of some relevant informational material" but expressed regret that such incidents, "accepting your description of one of them," should occur. Irani also commented that Levin had been treated "in an unprofessional way, sometimes even insultingly."

"Other women complained," Ms. Karp stated. "After their complaints I was accused of writing their letters. They (the department) know what the charge of sexism means. But they regard it as trivial."

The Philosophy Department has never had a tenured woman professor on its faculty.



Barrie Karp

Denny Alexander

## NAC Site Still Troubled Over Minority Hirings

sophia febulin

The threat of violence still exists at the North Academic Center because of the continued controversy over the hiring of minority workers.

The Manhattan North Coalition, an association of black construction workers and community organizations, has challenged the hiring practices of the State Dormitory Authority (SDA) on the site.

Naim Mafuz, Director of Operations for the Coalition, warned that "there will be some type of action taken with the students" in order to get Coalition demands met.

These demands include the hiring of more minority workers on the construction site and the honoring of an agreement made by the SDA last May to have two community workers act as intermediaries between prospective employees and the contractors. This agreement was instituted as a result of the violence between the construction workers

and Coalition members last semester.

Mafuz claims that the SDA feared the coordinators reporting unorthodox hiring practices of the S.D.A. back to the community. As employees of the SDA, they were required to break all community ties.

Currently the S.D.A. has placed an Equal Employment Opportunity Field Office on the site, headed by Don Ballard, as a replacement for the coordinators. Ballard's office interviews prospective workers and presents the names to the contractors from which they choose workers. The contractors are paid by SDA.

However, according to Gil Banks, a member of Fight Back, a group which was thrown out of the Coalition and is now working with Ballard, the contractors still haven't been hiring enough minority workers.

The original agreement was that

50% of the construction workers were to be black and Hispanic and half of those were to be union members. According to Ballard, out of about 150 workers, 47% are minority members. He says even more minority workers have been added since he began his job on June 9.

Although Mafuz says Ballard is doing "alright" in his job, he "shouldn't be there" in the first place. A court suit to reinstate the coordinators is pending, according to William Hachet, president of Candor, a subgroup of the Coalition. This suit is being delayed because of a lack of funds.

Hachet says the Coalition has hundreds of members on construction sites all over the city. He said one reason action is being taken against the S.D.A. is that they want to set a "precedent". The issue isn't restricted to the campus, he argued, but concerns opportunities for employment of workers city-wide.

student later informed Professor Gertrude Ezorsky at the Graduate Center of the incident.

The second complaint maintains that Levin had inscribed sexist graffiti on a poster advertising a lecture to be given by Juliet Mitchell on campus. The Departmental Secretary, Carolyn France, charges that she saw Professor Levin write on the poster. Ms. France read the poster, and found that an arrow had been drawn in pointing to Ms. Mitchell and the comment "pretty nice piece" written.

A phrase of the poster, "for those

## On Forced Sterilization of Welfare Mothers

BARNWELL, South Carolina (Guardian/LNS) — The rights of welfare mothers against forced sterilization received a setback from a federal court jury on July 25.

The case was a civil suit brought by two black women, Shirley Brown and Virgil Walker, against Dr. Clovis Pierce, a white Aiken County, South Carolina obstetrician, and several administrators in the county social services department and the county hospital.

Walker charged that Pierce had threatened to have her welfare payments cut off and to deny her access to the hospital in order to force her to undergo sterilization after the birth of her fourth child.

Brown reported that she had refused to allow Pierce to sterilize her after the birth of a child and that in retaliation he discharged her from the Aiken County Hospital the day after delivery.

The jury did not award any damages to Walker. While it found that Pierce had violated Shirley Brown's rights, it awarded her a meager \$5 damages. None of the other defendants in the suit were found guilty or were required to pay damages.

The two women had filed suit for a total of \$1.5 million, with the help of lawyers from the American Civil Liberties Union and the Southern Poverty Law Center. They charged that the doctor had violated their

constitutional rights by discriminating against them on the basis of race and because they were Medicaid recipients. Aiken County Hospital records from January 1 to June 30, 1973, established that 17 out of 18 people sterilized by Pierce were black. During this period, Pierce sterilized 17 out of 40 Medicaid patients giving birth in the hospital.

Pierce's sterilization policies (Continued on Page 6)

## Budgets

(Continued from Page 1)

When announcing the decision, the judge commented: "The city's unfortunate plight does not authorize it to violate or breach its contract. And the Taylor Law forbids a public employer from unilaterally altering the terms and conditions of employment in an expired collective bargaining agreement."

USS and the PSC will be holding a rally outside Carey's New York office at 1350 Avenue of the Americas, on September 18 at noon.

At last year's commencement, President Robert Marshak noted that "We are threatened by a fiscal and social crisis of major proportions... Perhaps the most dangerous crisis of all (is that) powerful men in high places seem intent on destroying our valued and successful system of free higher education."



Marc Kellner

# WILD TALES OF TRAVELERS

## A True Journey into America's Heartland

By MARC LIPITZ

I nervously molded a drinking straw wrapper into a paper accordion. Dave and Bob fixed their eyes on the seedy waiter counting his loose change at a corner table. Outside, two Greyhound busses easily bisected a street long ago saturated by a week's rain.

Paul, who until moments before had been forking his plate of mashed potatoes and turkey treading grease into a murky god-knows-what, broke the silence.

"Now I know why Evel Knievel left this town to pursue a career of jumping over trucks," he mused while pushing the plate toward Bob on the other side of the table. "There's nothing else to do here."

Butte, Montana on a dark, stormy July afternoon. The town is so beautifully type-cast that I find it difficult to conjure an image of Butte on some day other than a dark, stormy one. The buildings are coal black; the sidewalks grimy and used. The local men, donned in fashionable ten gallon cowboy hats and pointed boots, still think that steer roam the streets. And the air is so stagnant and lazy that few in town make any effort to displace it.

But it served as a fine resting ground for four City College students in search of an American adventure by way of a thirty-day Greyhound Ameripass. We would be spending over four weeks pursuing the many dreams about this country that we had nourished during the years living in the New York wilderness. And with the looming possibility that New York might fall off into the bushes long before our return, the search became more urgent: Bob for proof that yes, there is employment out there after four years of college; Paul and I investigating the hypothesis that the broken down used car is truly the worship symbol of middle America; and Dave, the most aggressive of our party, hoping to chat with a wild bear. So we travelled through the heartland of America, draped in its cloak of summer beauty, drifting down rivers, climbing hills, visiting local fairs . . .

They had come from all the neighboring counties — Zanesville, Klu Klux Klan repository Evansville, Terre Haute — to partake in the gala fourth of July celebration. The old Indiana U. football field was filled to overflow with the adrenaline of intense patriotism as it oozed from our pants, down the aisles and onto the sidelines. A pallid Abe Lincoln thread his way around the wood bleachers, clapping hands and waving at wide-eyed children, while the parking lot, teeming with overheated Oldsmobiles and Ramblers, bore testimony to how far Gettysburg really is from this land of steel mills and team bowling.

Country Arnold and his Hot Damns filled the warm

### "The Adrenalin of Intense patriotism oozed from our pants."

night air with amplified twangs of "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey" and other lusty crowd pleasers, and some guy on the tinny P.A. soothed the fevered gathering with such Hoosier witticisms as, "Now be good boys and girls" and "isn't it great to be an American?"

We all soon began straining our necks searching for the plane that would drop three skydivers — hopefully, anyway — onto the field. I was picking the second splinter from my ass, and cursing the bleachers, when three figures, hanging from delicate parachutes, appeared in the dark sky. The first two wrote their names in Bloomington history when they landed squarely on the field, the first time such a feat had been accomplished since the stunt was begun almost ten years ago. Their combat boots made it all seem so magical by lifting an opaque cloud of dust.

The third figure, 140-pound Harry Zapolewski, tugged hard on his chute as he worked to avoid a landing somewhere over the horizon. He finally did manage to hit the field, but came down grasping his knee in intense pain. Country Arnold and his sidemen struck up a fittingly festive tune, while the P.A. announcer repeatedly asked the excited crowd to allow an ambulance through. Harry, who had spent the prior week at every local saloon boasting that he would be the hero of the show, waved to the throng of cheering admirers as he was lifted onto a stretcher, arms hanging loosely like some crucified victim.

About fifty kids broke past the Marshalls and chased ole Harry, and the ambulance, probably in hopes of collecting a souvenir bone chip

Bob pushed Paul's plate back to our side of the table, glanced at his watch and noted with little enthusiasm that we had fifteen minutes before boarding the bus. I threw down my paper accordion in disgust, my mind haunted by recent memories from aboard Greyhound Americruisers. The bumping and grinding like a five dollar whore, and I suspect that whenever a passenger heads for the john at the rear of the bus, the driver chortles with glee, and begins to switch back and forth between lanes. The innocent victim sways on the seat, praying to the heavens as the toilet chemicals splash his vulnerable rectum. (See accompanying article by fellow traveller Paul DiMaria).

I was certain that by the time we would arrive back in New York, I'd be a Pepto Bismol junkie. My folks would have to tie me to a bed post, gag my mouth, and hope for the best as blood-curling cries of agony and calls for relief from the torture of cold turkey fill the room. As it turned out, that scenario was never played, but I have written the Pepto Bismol and Dramamine companies extending my warm thanks and sincere hope of success in all their future endeavors.

Regardless, the buses were only momentary obstacles as we made our way to California, Frisco, L.A. Yosemite National Park, and Disneyland . . .



The day was winding down and Disneyland had proven to be a major disappointment. It's billed as "the happiest place on earth," but that endorsement was probably invented by an overzealous public relations department.

Disneyland is the ultimate culmination of the hard work, inventiveness, and imagination of a genius who lived to see his efforts sire giant complexes that float on a wave of profits. But aside from the multi-million-dollar Haunted House and a few other attractions, we found little that could compete with the old Palisades and Freedomland amusement parks. But there was a reason to continue the search.

There is a unique breed of individual — of which the four of us are card carrying members — who have a built in system that sniffs out the most punishing rides. The distant screams from some rickety contraption brings blood to our eyes.

A rating system, listed in the more advanced aeronautic texts as the Nausea Quotient, (NQ) is scaled from one to ten, and can be determined by watching departing victims. If someone walks away, his knees limp, a bent unlit cigarette dangling from the corner of his parched lips, his clothes covered by a fine mist of vomit, then you know you've found a winner.

Dave even showed surprisingly little disappointment as we bypassed "Bear County." Little did any of us suspect that we would soon be breaking bread with the real thing.

But we found little success, using up our coupons on measly three and four NQ rides, and on a one-half-way decent indoor roller coaster in which we kicked and screamed and generally agreed on a five rating. But it was getting near closing time, and it seemed that failure was close at hand. I looked dejectedly at my last ticket and nodded towards something in the distance

boldly labeled, "Little Miss Muffit and her Teacups." No one more than a month past puberty was in line. As the cups whirled by in giant sweeping motions, the children on board waved to their proud parents.

Paul scoffed. "Ya guys wanna go on that? It can't be more than a one and a half, maybe two . . ." A girl of about ten stood up in her teacup and did a little jig.

But the late hour coupled with the absence of any substitution was persuasive. Carefully spying over our shoulders to be sure that no group of rowdies had formed for the high purpose of yelling colorful aphorisms at us as we whirled by, we boarded the Trap.

We were seated in a circle around a metal wheel that the riders turn, rotating the individual tea cups. When the last victim was tucked safely into his cup, bells sharply rang out and we began to move. Little Miss Muffit smiled down upon us from an overhead banner. We tugged and pulled on that wheel, sometimes accidentally slapping each other in the face. As the pace quickened, I began to hear, I mean actually hear, a recent glass of milk slosh in my belly. I spotted Bob placing his head between his knees and heard him mutter, "I needed this?" before my glasses flew off into the night.

And then the great contraction came to a sudden

stream. The nearest no away.

After dinner, we bo picnic table. The flies had sprayed on our party. It was a chilly, phase. The wind hustled cracked warmly as ev in the car's trunk and crumbs. Bears love hu sleeping bag with you treats.

I was standing by th crunch. Looking up, I candidate for the Still Black Bear in no mood

"Hey fellas . . . heh town crier.

"Yea yea," came th know a fuckin' bear if y

This time my tone cl and sounded the alarm

No one ever consid long as he himself was there we were, the four

seat, the front windows

It must have been lik the actors appear to me legs flying as four idiot windows from the rear restored, as Dave and the windows, started t headlights.

"Bears are frightened. But the bear, who had Survival Manual for th his hind legs, his eyes re

We tried another fo sniffed around our animal's movements w constantly fixed on our what sounded like meta pack, left lying on the crunched and bent an under the front tires.

"My pack." I screame "Never mind!" shou you're worried about yo York."

the bear, an extraor his jaws to grab a jar of table, before fleeing into

When we finally filte damage, the bear's mov sounds of clanging pla hosts as he visited differ

The only real damag damage was at the expect self-assertion, we electe bear or no bear.

That night, the wo colorful tales of bear hap The bear would have ne much. A woman, wash in about her friend who hungry bear while sleep who proclaimed that he Florida, told us about the wrestler climbed a very ta

# THE WESTERN FRONTIER

## Going Greyhound: The Real Story of Thirty Days of Hell on Wheels

By PAUL DIMARIA

We've all seen the commercials; Fred McMurray, bland and bumbling as usual, interviews the passengers disembarking from a shiny Greyhound bus. Each and every one of the travelers is relaxed, bouyant and bubbling over with enthusiasm for Greyhound's tender loving care. McMurray smiles benignly, and concludes that everyone should go Greyhound and "really get in touch with America."

Well, I've been there. I've put myself in the clutches of Greyhound for an entire month via the \$175 Ameripass. And I've ridden their routes cross-country to California and back, along with three other hardy souls. As a public service I must reveal what going Greyhound is really like, not just for a short cruise, but during sustained, extensive traveling, often with stints of between twenty and sixty hours apiece.

"Going Greyhound" has the same connotations as "going native" or "going insane"; it implies a new state of mind, a change of attitudes. It quickly becomes apparent to the novice bus rider that "getting in touch with America" really means getting in touch with the Interstate Highway system. The monotony of the freeways combines with the vastness of the nation to work strange thoughts in the mind of the traveller. For example, after riding all day just to get from Minneapolis to Fargo, North Dakota, barely an inch and a half apart on my U.S. map, I became conscious of the fact that I was locked in a small metal box crawling painfully across the face of the earth. A disturbing thought, indeed, almost as bad as realizing that North Dakota is exactly as flat and empty as the map's symbolic representation.

At night things get worse, for its almost impossible to sleep on a moving bus; with two seats at one's disposal, the space is cramped, while the more usual on seat per passenger requires the traveler to remain bolt upright. Add rock-like seat backs and the endless whining engine noise, and the result is insomnia, interspersed with periods of unconsciousness. Under such conditions, my brain and body played tricks on me. I would be awake all night, go into a coma around eight A.M., and then have vivid dreams about nothing but bus-riding. Often I had the suspicion, which was particularly strong at night, that each city I passed through was identical - Columbus and Idaho Falls and San Jose and Amarillo all seemed interchangeable, giant Levittowns out of the same mold.

But the weirdest hallucination was reserved for long sunny afternoons on super-local buses, the ones that serve every crossroads hamlet and other stops like Fort Ord's Main Gate and Soledad Correctional Facility (not surprisingly, nobody got on at the latter location). On routes like that, a passenger tends to forget that he has a home or a family or even a destination. The traveler becomes so thoroughly institutionalized that bus-riding is the only experience that seems real to him.

Be forewarned: Greyhound terminals have eating facilities, called Post House cafeterias, that serve uniformly awful food coast to coast; tasteless is too neutral a word to describe it. Transforming ordinary animals and plants into Post House cuisine must take real effort. To spread this foulness so evenly around the nation is work of art. With only twenty to forty-five minutes allotted to meal stops, passengers have little choice but to suffer through a Post House supper. I've had dinners at Post House where, after restricting myself to chocolate milk, doughnuts and a Sunkist orange, I actually looked forward to dining at Blimpie Base and Burger King again.

Should a traveler's bus arrive at a station late at night, however, the local Post House will mercifully be closed, but only vending machines replace it. A hungry passenger can then prepare his own dinner by buying a hot dog frozen as solid as the ones high school chemistry teachers prepare in liquid oxygen, and then inserting it into a little oven that will reduce the frank to radioactive dust if it is not removed in time.

And then there was the phlegmy woodsman. The type who has a life-long cold, the tell-tale being the petrified sleeve on his left arm. His breathing sounded like a broken muffler and he needed an ear trumpet to carry a conversation. His remaining wish in life is that one day he might be able to lean back, take a whopping breath, and not cough.

We spent the night tucked safely into our sleeping bags. In the car.

And God help the busload of travelers who get dumped at at Union 76 truck stop or some independent "cafe" for their meal stop. Such an experience will disillusion anyone who believes that truck drivers eat well. Sitting in some beaery's Dust Bowl Romanesque or Okie Gothic interior, I half expected to see the Joad family pull up for a quick bite before continuing their journey to Steinbeck country.

An adventuresome bus rider can attempt to play "Greyhound's Beat the Clock", which means trying to find a decent restaurant outside the terminal, eating a meal, and getting back before the bus pulls out. This ploy can result in a rude shock, for many stations are located in fringe neighborhoods with little to offer but machine shops and parking lots. A mad dash downtown may also be fruitless; New Yorkers don't realize that a town like Clinton, Oklahoma, although it appears to be relatively large, doesn't boast the same quantity or quality of restaurants that Greenwich Village does. According to drivers on the Albuquerque-Oklahoma City run, the one good dining place in Clinton has instituted a "No Indians, Dogs or Bus Passengers Allowed" policy to save the town's purity.

If terminal food is a bit skimpy, the air-conditioning on Greyhound vehicles is overly plentiful. Should a Greyhound customer die in the middle of his journey, he can be assured that the coach's "all-weather climate control" will preserve his body in perfect condition on the trip home. Asking the bus operator for relief from the oppressive cold results in the following routine:

"Pardon me, driver, can you lower the air-conditioning?"

"You mean you want it colder?"

"No, I want it warmer."

"Sorry, this is as warm as I can get the cooling system without turning on the heating system."

While the passenger ponders this complexity, he may fall asleep with his head against the window, directly over the cooling outlet, and later wake-up with one side of his face in a state of suspended animation. Oddly, when I was riding through the Nevada deserts, this prodigious air-conditioning system was totally inadequate and the driver cheerfully advised everyone to ride Amtrak next time.

God and Allah be praised, Greyhound coaches have rest rooms, but the hapless male who tries to relieve his bladder there while standing up will feel like he is threading a needle if the bus makes any sharp turns. A third hand to grasp the bar on the wall will help. Otherwise, he will be adding to the unspeakable mess that previous users have made of the little room. The Coors and Budweiser can rattling around in the bottom of that Stygian pit before him don't help. Veteran drivers like to talk about the rest rooms on the buses of the forties, which has doors facing forward. A sudden stop could throw anyone sitting on the toilet through the door to land unceremoniously in the middle of the aisle.

"There is no better way to get close to the people," exhorts the Greyhound advertisements. I don't doubt that for a moment, but the way a lot of people are in this country, one may or may not want to get close to them. To really understand this nation, there's nothing like sitting for seven hours next to someone who is explaining irrigation techniques or describing how the

**"A Greyhound driver may cruise the Pennsylvania Turnpike at 80 mph."**

Russians will destroy America by dropping hydrogen bombs on the polar ice caps.

The bus drivers themselves deserve attention, and, as I preferred to sit at the front, I've seen more than my share of drivers. They are quite different from the average New York transit bus operator. There are indeed drivers who are young, plump, black, Italian, or Chicano, (though no women have been hired yet) but these are the exceptions. Seemingly, the typical Greyhound man is middle-aged, Midwestern, and wiry; although some may have grey hair and steel-rimmed glasses, they still look like they could tear someone in half if they had to. They are as adept at driving as most of us are at walking. A driver may cruise along the twisting Pennsylvania Turnpike at eighty miles an hour on a foggy night, racing with tractor-trailers, and he will still sip his coffee, which he has nursed for the past hundred miles, and steer with his elbows. They take

pride in avoiding tickets and accidents and seem to look askance at motorists and truckers less skilled than they. I remember one older driver on Interstate 80 who got into a kind of contest with a twenty-year old guy out for a spin with his girlfriend in a huge gravel-carrying truck. The two passed each other constantly, each caught up in a matter of principle he couldn't back down from.

Greyhound employees can be very critical and sometimes downright cynical about the company they work for. "This company is so badly managed it makes money in spite of itself," said one Arizona driver. But these drivers don't take any nonsense from their passengers either; there's no doubt who is in charge on a Greyhound run. One night my bus pulled into a roadside cafe in Tucumcari, New Mexico, the kind of desolate town the flying saucers often invade in fifties science-fiction flicks. The driver, the archetypical aging but steely Greyhound man, proceeded to permanently remove from the vehicle a man and a woman who had gotten into some serious tequila drinking and had become rowdy. This couple looked and acted like what Bonnie and Clyde would have become had they lived into 1975, but Mr. Greyhound was not to be deterred from enforcing the regulations. Although he had summoned no less than four beefy highway patrolmen for back-up, I don't think that driver ever put a hand on the two drinkers: he just used what used to be called "moral force" or "authority" to put things in order.

Greyhound passengers are such a varied lot that its impossible to categorize them, but I would guess that one would meet more interesting characters on busses than on jetliners. For really weird happenings, its hard to beat the bus stations themselves, which attract any number of too loose people who are not there for bus-riding but who need a hang-out after the bars close. I was once in the San Francisco terminal from two to five-thirty in the morning, waiting for a connection to L.A., and it was all I could do to stay out of the way of the dismounted motorcycle gangs, eccentrics, old people, derelicts, and various homo- and heterosexuals on the make who had settled into the station. There were even a few people who were actually going someplace.

A little note on one of bus traveling's sideshows, namely, the Gray Line sightseeing tours. On my guided tour of San Francisco, some of the driver's drive went like this: "Over there in Golden Gate Park a group of hippies got together last week for a concert, but somebody threw a bar of soap into their midst and they went running like crazy."

Fortunately, his 1967 vintage groaners were cut short when the vehicle's public address system died, forcing him to stop the bus at each attraction and yell out his spiel from the aisle.

Three days before our Ameripasses ran out, my three friends and I found ourselves in Flagstaff, Arizona with just enough time to get back to New York. So for three days and nights, with only rest stops and two longer ways for connecting buses, we rode straight through. All the elements of "Greyhound fatigue" were intensified: the strangeness of eating dinner at two o'clock in the morning, the disorientation of arriving in a strange city in the middle of the night, the characterlessness of the small towns, the insomnia.

I went three days without changing my clothes; near the end I couldn't even stretch for fear of offending my seatmates with my armpits. By the time I arrived at the Eighth Ave. Port Authority Terminal, I was looking back nostalgically on the twenty-two hour stints of the earlier part of the vacation.

A couple of weeks ago I took an Amtrak trip up to New England. I was looking forward to the trip; finally, I would be travelling in spacious, smooth-riding comfort.

A few disappointments were apparent soon after the train left Penn Station, including surly crew members and a non-functioning air-conditioning system that was a definite liability as the cars baked in the August sun. Ah, but at least the train had a snack car; no more Post House or Union 76. I headed for the last car of the train, but I was in for an unpleasant surprise, for there was no snack car, only one harried employee in a regular coach, serving passengers out of an assortment of boxes. I went back to my seat balancing my sandwich and my beer, spilling some of the beverage on my girlfriend nudged by the fact that Amtrak tooo had succumbed to the Post House Syndrome.

## Forced Sterilization of Welfare Mothers

(Continued from Page 3)

gained national attention in July, 1973 when several of his patients testified that he had required them to accept sterilization before he would agree to deliver their children. Pierce revealed then that he required all pregnant mothers who came to him on Medicaid to accept sterilization if they already had two children.

Pierce admitted that he only required Medicaid mothers to accept sterilization, and that mothers who paid their own bills were not required to accept sterilization regardless of how many children they had.

He told one Medicaid mother, "I'm tired of people running around and having babies and paying for them with my taxes." Pierce also reported that "illegitimacy" was another consideration in how he treated patients.

Pierce justified his policy by saying that he "did not force anyone to do anything. If they did not wish to do this, I suggested they seek medical care elsewhere." However, because he was the only obstetrician in Aiken County, they had nowhere else to go.

Several of his former patients testified about Pierce's policies including Dorothy Waters, who said that Pierce told her about his sterilization policy less than three weeks

before her child was due. Pierce had claimed that he told all Medicaid patients about the sterilization requirement at their first visit.

The South Carolina Medical Association, determined to defend the absolute power of doctors to give or withhold treatment on any basis, adopted a resolution in 1974 defending Pierce's practices. The resolution, which was introduced at the trial, argued that doctors "have a moral and legal right to insist on sterilization permission before accepting a patient if it is done on the initial visit."

While the lawyers for Brown and Walker did not dispute the right claimed by doctors to refuse any patient, they brought in a specialist on medical ethics who argued that it was unethical to impose two different sets of requirements on patients once accepted by the doctor, according to whether or not they were on Medicaid.

Although the jury decided in favor of the plaintiff's Shirley Brown, the lawyer in the case for the Southern Poverty Law Center, called the verdict "meaningless."

"What doctor's going to care if he can treat welfare patients like that and get away with it? What's going to stop him — the \$5?"

Brown and Walker are expected to appeal the decision.

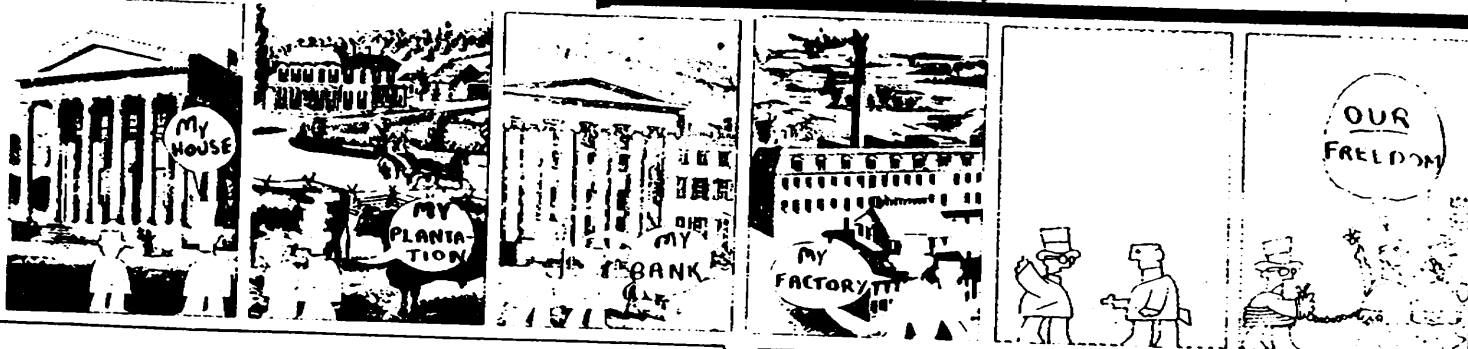


They can relax now that they entered **OP's FCST Annual Photo Contest**. If you haven't entered yet don't panic! The deadline has been extended to October 31st.

The contest, which is open only to City College students, is about New York City life, its people, scenes and architecture. As prizes we have subscriptions to *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*, as well as copies of *Photography Yearbook 1975*. We also have three copies of a book by the celebrated photographer W. Eugene Smith.

To enter, send in no more than five 8x10 to 11x14 black and white, mounted prints. Make sure your name, address, I.D. and phone number are 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 Ave., 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 being made for an exhibit in the lobby of Cohen library.



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# Miles Davis Disappoints at Schaefer Festival

By FRED SEAMAN

As on previous occasions, when he appeared late for concerts or didn't show up at all, Miles Davis again insulted his audience last Friday by deserting the Schaefer festival stage after playing for only less than an hour.

At the sold-out performance, Miles led an 8-piece band through an orgy of heavy electronic rhythms generated by a drumming base, thudding drums and two sets of pounding congas. Superimposed on this rhythmic carpet were shrill guitar and saxophone solos, as well as Miles' screeching and growling trumpet. Occasionally, Miles would bring the band's rhythmic barrage an abrupt halt with a loose gesture of his hand and a slower, quiet passage would follow in which Miles, hunched over his trumpet which was pointed straight at the ground, would play a solo consisting for the most part of disjointed phrases and notes. He would then stroll over to his nearby organ, strike up one or two chords, and plunge the band into a new wave of rhythms. It was an unsatisfactory set in which flashes of imaginative improvisation were overshadowed by heavy monotonous rhythms.

After about 50 minutes, Miles walked off the stage and was soon followed by the rest of the band except a percussionist who remained to perform a lengthy conga solo.



Miles Davis

When the band came back on stage, the audience watched in disbelief as the musicians proceeded to pack their instruments. There were calls for "more" as well as angry cries of protests, but to no avail. A voice announced over the P.A. system that "We'll be back in a short while with Raices and John Blair." Hardly anybody in the audience, including myself, had any idea who Raices or John Blair were, but it was reassuring to know that the concert would continue.

ing to know that the concert would continue.

Raices turned out to be a five man group from Puerto Rico whose music consisted largely of flute improvisations on up-tempo latin rhythms. They were strongly jazz oriented and had a light, swinging sound, but unfortunately most of their compositions were overdrawn and repetitive. Nevertheless the group generated some enthusiasm among the frustrated audience.

By the time John Blair and his group appeared on stage more than half of the audience had left, which was a shame because Blair gave the evening's most satisfying musical performance. A violinist who has performed with numerous well-known artists, among them Marvin Gaye, Blair demonstrated a superb command of the electric violin.

Backed by a quartet including electric piano and alto sax, he performed a tight blues-based set in which slow melodic tunes alternated with hard-driving rock-jazz. On most numbers he played a leisurely introduction with his fiddle and was then joined by his skilled saxophonist, either playing simultaneously or trading licks.

Several times he amazed the audience by playing his violin like a guitar.

## WHAT'S HAPPENING

Compiled by Mary Cunningham

### Village Art Festival

Once again artists from around the city have descended upon the streets of Greenwich Village for the annual Washington Square Outdoor Art Festival. You can view this "not to be missed" exhibit up to September 14.

### Chamber Concert

A chamber music orchestra conducted by Raffael Adler will perform at the CUNY graduate Center Mall, 33 W. 42nd st. on Wed., Sept. 10, 12:15 - 1:30 p.m.

### Jazz

Pianist-composer Cecil Taylor. Museum of Modern Art's Summergarden, 8 W. 54th st., Fri. Sept. 12 and Sat. Sept. 13, 8 PM. Admission is free.

Dave Pochenet Quartet. Sunday Sept. 14 at St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and 64th, 5 PM. Contribution.

### Chile Program

A Chile program featuring the film "Campamento," folk songs and poetry will take place on Wed., Sept. 10 at the Jefferson Market Library, 425 6th Ave., 7 PM (free) Admission is free.

### Gay Rights Demonstration

There will be a demonstration at City Hall on September 11 to demand the passage of the Gay Civil Rights Bill. The group will be gathering at 9 a.m.

### Theatre Workshop

The Ongoing Workshop at the lab theatre of Riverdale Showcase is looking for aspiring actors, actresses, and technicians, etc.. Anyone that is interested can call them at 884-5365.

### Free Pregnancy Tests

The Center for Reproductive and Sexual Health offers free pregnancy tests and other health services at their two clinics at 424 East 62 St., and 55 Washington Square South. Women should bring a morning urine sample in a tightly sealed container to whichever clinic is closer to them.

### Silk Screen Printing & Pottery

The Bronx Council on the Arts (West Bronx Arts League Studio, 724 Gerard Ave.) offers free Silk Screen Printing (Mondays 6-9 P.M.) and Pottery Making classes (Tuesdays 6-9 P.M.) through September 12. Contact them at 733-2100.

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## HELP WANTED

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Mon. Sept. 8 — 9 A.M.-7 P.M.  
Tues. Sept. 9 — 9 A.M.-7 P.M.  
Wed. Sept. 10 — 9 A.M.-7 P.M.  
Thurs. Sept. 11 — 9 A.M.-7 P.M.  
Fri. Sept. 12 — 9 A.M.-5 P.M.

**CITY COLLEGE STORE**

FINLEY STUDENT STORE (Ground floor)  
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**The Undergraduate Student Senate  
Welcomes you to City College**

**Get Involved!**

**Join Organizations:**

For more information and a listing of all clubs and organizations  
stop by the Student Senate Office, Room 331, Finley

**Attention All Student Organizations**

Please submit all budget requests  
before the end of September in room 152, Finley.