



Meanwhile...

at City College



Collin ...

After Graduation: Eight Months With

By JOSEPH RIZZUTO

When I graduated from The City College in August 1974, I knew that I would have trouble finding a job as a teacher of English. That whole last year at City I had heard nothing else, so I had no illusions that I would quickly find a job. I was prepared to write to many schools, to obtain many interviews, and to make many phone calls. I didn't mind. Anything that is worth having, is worth working for.

Well, it's been about a year since I started and I'm still looking. Only, it's difficult not to get discouraged. It's difficult not to feel that one's efforts are futile. After looking for a teaching job for over 12 months, I must admit that I'm just about licked.

I had majored in Psychology along with a million others. I felt that it's useless to just obtain knowledge if you don't first understand yourself. I don't claim to understand myself now, but as a result of my studies I do feel a lot better about "me."

When I reached my third year at the "Poor Man's Harvard" I decided that I would be better off teaching English. I took enough credits to qualify for a New York City teacher's license in Secondary English, even staying on an extra six months plus summer school to get those credits. I thought that with today's problems in our schools, the City would be interested in someone with a degree in the Social Sciences. I was wrong.

After being rejected for a job by Macy's in August 1974, I was desperate. I had intended to work for them as a part time sales clerk but Macy's policy is that they don't hire college graduates for sales help. They would only hire me for their "executive training" program, but I didn't want to get involved full time with a job that involved thinking about things in which I wasn't at all interested. I was looking for a job that would give me a lot of time to myself, that offered mental privacy. That is to say that I would be willing to prostitute my body to a job that I didn't like, but not my mind. That's why when I saw a Wackenhut Corp. ad in the New York Times for security guards I answered it.

By then my feet were blistered from walking all over Manhattan. Going from school to school in search of a job that was not there proved to be more expensive than I thought. The problem, I was told over and over, was that there was a surplus of English teachers to begin with. Because I didn't even have a license yet, how could they even consider me? Wackenhut took me in without asking any questions about my license. All they required was that I submit to a polygraph test. I accented.

The test was really simple. I was wired up to a strange machine which simultaneously measured my heart beat, blood

pressure and respiration rate. The I was asked questions: "Did I drink?", "Did I ever commit a crime for which I was not arrested?", "Did I steal?", "Did I smoke pot?". Throughout this whole ordeal, I was told that the important thing was to tell the truth because the company didn't care what I did previously as long as I was now honest about it. On September 23, 1974 I was hired and stationed at the Exxon building in Rockefeller Center.

Working for Wackenhut

The Exxon building is for all practical purposes an "armed camp" prepared for a siege. While I was there I never saw any weapons, although some of the supervisors must have carried them, but I'm not speaking of an armed camp in terms of weapons. I'm speaking

After 8 months I found a school to hire me

in terms of mentality. We were there to serve as the eyes and ears of Exxon, to make sure that no unauthorized persons were to enter Exxon floor space. The issuance of walkie-talkie radios only served to enhance the Dick Tracy like atmosphere. They also served as ideal means of keeping track of the guards' positions.

Countless millions were spent to make the building as "secure" as possible. This begins with the Wackenhut presence; but it is only the visible part of the apparatus. The many cameras throughout the building not only serve to observe the people that pass in front of them, but can videotape them also. In many places, the people can be overheard as well, thanks to the countless microphones which are installed throughout the building; all fire exit doors are alarmed and connected to a computer to alert the guards that an intrusion has been made; all bathroom doors are locked. And there is the constant patrolling of all floors by the Wackenhut guards. To add to the Big Brother atmosphere, there is a separate group of Exxon employees who are always watching their fellow employees as well as the Wackenhut guards themselves.

To understand the potential for comedy one has to realize that we were encouraged to report on any and all suspicious looking "characters." When I pressed my supervisor for a definition of what a suspicious looking character is supposed to look like, he simply told me that anyone was suspicious if I thought that he was. With a clear definition like that how could I go wrong?

Wackenhut is a very secretive company. It has a contract with Exxon which it re-negotiates every two years. The company itself negotiates and none of its employees are allowed to know the contents of the contract. None of the guards working at Exxon has the benefit of union

representation because a union cannot survive there. The guards are paid above union wages so as to discourage a union's formation.

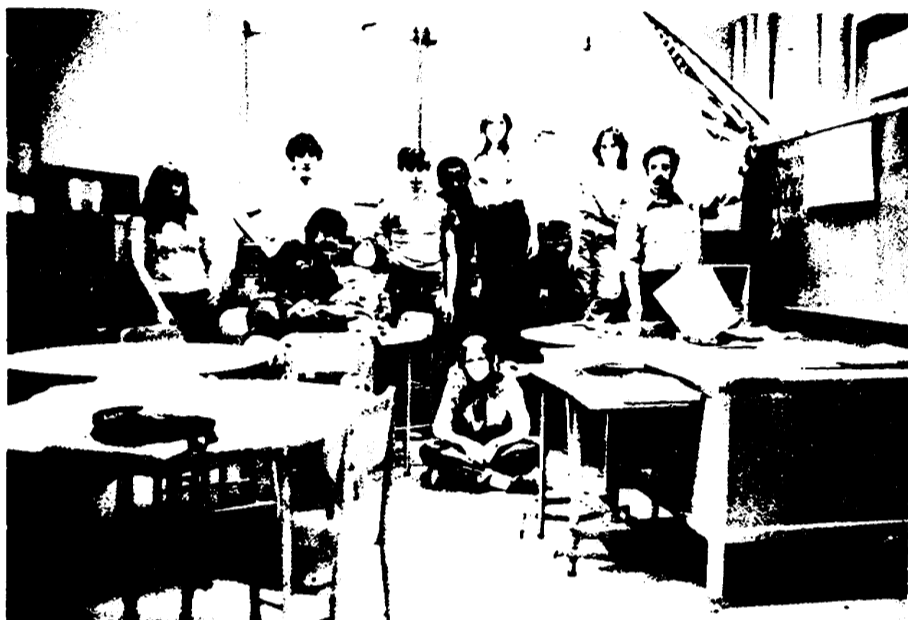
All that you know as an employee is what they want you to know. This is always the minimum that you must know in order to function at all on your job. We would often be shown the photograph of someone and simply be told not to let them in; never would we be told why.

My job at Wackenhut didn't

without exception none of the others had finished high school. One thing was sure, they were less tolerant of our differences than I was. Once in a rare moment of intimacy, I was told that I intimidated people when I spoke to them. I could only laugh because it was so removed from the way I was trying to interact with them.

I also found myself at the receiving end of the public's frustration. Everyday, in the morning and at lunch I would

and Upstate. All answers were negative. I spent hundreds of hours and over \$50.00 worth of stamps all in pursuit of a job. I have received over 80 rejections through the mail, and the rest never bothered to answer my request for employment. I even taught a sample lesson in a Bronx junior high school, which only resulted in loss of a day's pay and a near assault on me near the school by a teenager who thought that I looked like a teacher he knew. After searching for nearly eight



require any thinking to the job at all. While this might seem like a liability, let me assure you that under some circumstances it was a definite asset. My time was spent working for Wackenhut, but my thoughts were my own. Unlike some jobs, the nature of which are also menial, this allowed me to think about things which were important to me. That's all I really could do. It was what one had to do to maintain one's sanity.

I was nothing short of a glorified doorman. The euphemism for this job is "security officer." For my daily salary of \$32.00 I was required to stand up, usually in the lobby, for a total of 7½ hours. (Wackenhut guards at other institutions made less \$. While so tired that I could have collapsed, I had to witness hundreds of Exxon executives who would linger in the lobby, so that they could stretch their legs before returning to their comfortable chairs in their plush offices. How I used to hate them!

I found myself not being able to really get along with my fellow employees, even though I never ceased trying. Perhaps it was because I could leave at any time and get a "better" job, while many of the others however, were trapped. Or maybe it was because I used to bring reading material for the boring weekend tour. Or because I never talked about an expensive car, as everyone else did. Perhaps it was because I was resented for my college education, while almost

see the same people and every day they would be forced to show me their I.D. cards; I could see their private selves which they didn't even have to reveal to friends. I saw how old they were, the departments they worked for, their social security numbers, their height, their descriptions and of course their names. No one was excused from this scrutiny, regardless of what burdens they held; whether they were early or late, or whether I knew them. It was repeated even if they stepped outside the elevator banks just long enough to mail a letter or buy a newspaper. Naturally this got people angry and contemptuous. But it's not the contempt that bothered me; I didn't like it, but at least I could understand why it was there. What I did object to was being treated like shit just for the hell of it, the result of being low man on the totem pole. The Exxon employee knows what is going on. He knows that it's not really the guard who is stopping him and asking him to identify himself; he was getting angry because he knew that he could show his contempt for Exxon on me and get away with it.

My job at Wackenhut, after eight months, ended on May 14, 1975. Ever since I started working for Wackenhut I had looked for a teaching job, attending interviews on my days off. All of my spare time was used to send letters and resumes to all the public schools in New York City and school systems on Long Island

months I found another city school that wanted to hire me from May until the end of the school year, but there was no hope of being rehired after my month was finished. Needless to say, I took it.

Thirty-Two Days of Teaching

The school that I taught in for 32 days is highly disciplined, regardless of what you compare it to. Yet the reason the

I was not able to get along with fellow employees

job was available was because the principle couldn't get any teacher to stay longer than one week. The former corrective reading teacher was 70 years old and due for retirement in June yet in May she quit; a substitute lasted about five days. The next teacher hired quit after three days. When I showed up the classes were ready for their next victim.

During my month of service I learned a great deal about the N.Y.C. school system. I learned that in order to survive, the teacher must do what the principle thinks is important and nothing else. I learned that the question that is in the principal's mind when he is considering whether to hire someone is whether that person can control a class. If the principal doesn't think so, then that person is not hired.

I'm not against this criteria for employment. It is very

Wackenhuts and 32 Days Teaching

important that order is maintained in a class room, or otherwise nothing will be accomplished. But shouldn't there be more? If control is all that important, then laws should be passed that would give the teacher unlimited power in the class room. That, however, will never happen and it never should. But by leaving the school system the way it is now, is to ensure that chaos will prevail.

When a class does not want to learn (and tells you so), and when you cannot be flexible enough to change their classroom situation because of the principal's power so that perhaps the learning environment will be improved, then you are in a hopeless bind. Add to this children who because of their home background will act out in class all of their frustrations and what do you have? You have a teacher who is about to quit and a class that has succeeded in shortchanging itself. A group of people who because it has not learned all that they could in school will enter the working world ill equipped to be able to earn its living.

During my employment I faced the frustrations of being a teacher for the first time in my life. Of course I was a student-teacher as part of my training at City College, but that involved being under the guiding eye of a professional. This time I was alone. I wanted so much to happen but I could also see that so little would. This was evident from the beginning. What kind of system would allow a group of classes to effectively force three teachers to quit? In my program I should have been assigned a para-professional, but I was not. This left me to try to carry on the work load of two people. The classes I had ranged from a special 7-8th grade group, which was made up of last year's failures, to a group of predominantly foreign speaking students. All needed as much individual instruction as they could get.

Dealing With The Students

The system I had to follow in teaching my classes is called the contract system. The child is tested at the beginning of the school year and placed in one of seven reading groups, each representing a different reading level. My job was to write "contracts" for each of the seven groups once a week, assigning work to help the child improve his reading by reinforcing the skills that he needs the most. The student is to check his own work and once he is finished with the contract, I had to check it off in my book and collect the work.

Because I saw that my classes were not doing the work themselves I forbade my classes to use the answer books and told them I would check it myself. The principal promptly informed me that I

was there to diagnose reading problems and not to check work. He said that if the kids wanted to copy the answers they "were only cheating themselves." I therefore immediately stopped doing it. Were the students really being helped by being allowed to copy the answers? I don't think so.

The most important aspect of the reading program is individualization. That is to say that the class is not treated as a whole, but as several groups of people with different abilities. Another part of the program is to encourage students to read. There are no book reports, and no pressure is put on the students as to what to read. Because of this policy I set aside one day a week for the purpose of free reading. The students were told to find something to read and as long as they were reading I didn't disturb them.

When the principal found out what I was doing he immediately told me that I wasn't being paid to be a babysitter. If the children could just sit there and read without my "direction," then why did he hire me? He told me that I must give direction to the weekly free reading period by suggesting a theme and asking everyone to bring something on this theme to read in class. This is a good idea for a regular English class but not with a corrective reading class which uses several different books at the same time. Also it is ludicrous to expect kids to bring in books if they have no books at home. If they can be made to read something which they like, while in school, that is an achievement in itself.

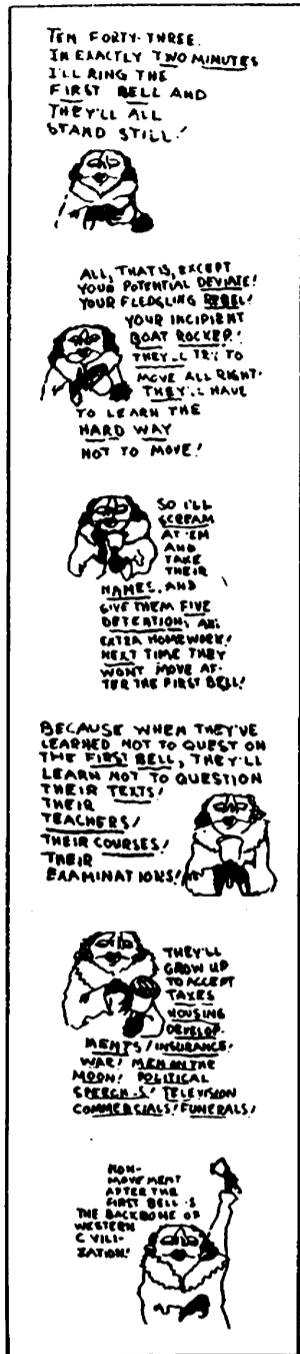
Discipline at the school, compared to other New York schools was excellent. So you can imagine what other schools must be like when I found that

on occasion I had to disarm several students almost daily. They carried knives, metal bars and sharp pieces of metal. While I taught there I had my life threatened several times. I was threatened with beatings, and I was told my car would have sugar put in its tank (you can imagine my relief at not having a car). Several fights broke out in one class. Books were thrown all over the floor daily. Chairs were flung. On more than one occasion I was told to go fuck myself. Throughout all of this I had to remind myself that I shouldn't take it seriously. After all, I thought, they're only eighth graders. But after a while I asked myself whether it's worth it. It got even more depressing after I made telephone calls to the parents of these students. Many parents themselves had given up on their children long before I called them. When I did call them they were not surprised. They expressed no shock, no disillusionment. They knew. All they told me in a low voice which is stained with defeat is that "I've tried." Their child will get left back? "Look," they said to me, "what do you want me to do, kill the kid?" And suddenly it dawned upon me that I was trapped. The trap can be called whatever one likes. It can be capitalism, urban decay, communism, the new morality, or the inadequacies of the school system. I might not have known what it was but I understood that I was licked even before I started; my hands were tied. The parents were happy if their children are out of their hair for six hours. The principal was happy if the classes were quiet. I was the one that had to face the shit. If I had pulled the troublesome children out of my class too often, the word would have gotten out that I couldn't handle my own disciplinary

problems. Soon after that, the dean might have refused to take them. If I had left them in I couldn't have possibly taught the class anything. After speaking to many of the teachers, it became obvious as to what happens. After a few years they no longer even tried to teach but just rode with the classes, counting off the years until they had to retire. And sometimes they must quit, even when they only have one month to go.

It's been one year since I left The City College. Eight of those months out of school I spent time looking for a job in my chosen profession. One month I spent actually teaching. Three months I've been unemployed. One month out of 12 isn't too bad. I know friends who haven't even had that much experience. With the on-going fiscal problems in N.Y.C., it's unlikely that the teacher market will get better. There are plenty of teaching jobs in the United States, but many of them are in small towns or small communities. Even Upstate New York has many job openings. One thing for sure, though, there are none in New York City.

I hold no grudge because I'm now unemployed. I have no regrets that I spent four years at City College. I didn't go to college with the intentions of using my degree as a passport to some high paying job. If that's what I had wanted, I would've become a sanitation-man. This does not mean that you must go to college, because not everyone can obtain the same benefits from it. Some profit and some see it as a total waste of time. I saw myself as having profited. I guess that I am a little disappointed at not being given the opportunity to practice what I have learned in the same city in which I grew up in.



One Day in a Doughnut Shop

By MIKE ALLISON

A bearded young man wearing a dirty apron slid a tray of fresh eclairs into a glass case in the wall and disappeared back into the kitchen. Two shapely young waitresses undulated behind the counter, bustling back and forth with cups of coffee and plates of doughnuts. A coffee urn belched out clouds of steam and the aroma of baking pastries hung heavy in the air.

The front door of the shop swung open and a tastefully dressed, middle-aged man came in and walked over to a stool and sat down. One of the waitresses hurried over and wiped some coffee stains off the portion of counter before him with a damp dish rag.

"Yes sir?" she asked, exuberantly, after she had finished wiping.

"I'd like to see six glazed doughnuts please," he said, in a mild Scottish accent.

"Six glazed doughnuts." The waitress marked it down on a small green pad with a pencil stub that was previously stuck behind her left ear. She then walked over to the case, slid back the door and piled the doughnuts on a plate in small circles, two high, and came back to the counter and put them down in front of him.

"So beautiful; so shapely," he muttered.

The waitress blushed when she overheard him and she looked embarrassingly about.

"Any... anything else, sir?" she asked, trying to sound composed.

"So firm; so perfectly formed."

"Sir?" She was nervously shifting back and forth on her feet, unsure as to how to handle a seemingly rude customer.

"Oh, I'm sorry. This will do

fine for the moment."

She started away but the man called her back. He leaned over the counter and talked to her in a low, confidential tone.

"I hope you don't think me crass or anything of the sort. My remarks weren't directed at you."

"Sir?" A puzzled look crossed her face.

"No indeed. Pretty as you are, my remarks were addressed to the delicious specimens before me."

"Sir?" She scanned the counter with her eyes.

"The doughnuts, lassie, the doughnuts," he said, directing her attention to them with a nod of his stately head.

"The doughnuts, sir?" she asked, batting her long eyelashes in curiosity.

"Of course. What else is there?" He looked back down at them. "So perfectly formed; such beautiful concentric circles of sensual pleasure; so full; so..."

"Are you going to eat them, sir?" she asked.

"EAT THEM!" His head came up with a start. "I don't dare eat them, young lady. No, I wouldn't dream of it." He ran his fingers lovingly over the doughnuts, tenderly caressing each one. The waitress went away to wait on another customer and a few minutes later the man caught her attention again as she passed by.

"Could I trouble you for six sugar doughnuts, please?" he asked.

The girl went back to the case, put the doughnuts on a plate and brought them back.

"Oh yes, yes, this is fine. This is it." With that, he lifted one of the doughnuts up to his mouth, pressed it against his lips and kissed it. He then poked his tongue out from the hole in the center and licked off

the sugar. He did this in turn with the other five and then asked the waitress to bring him six cinnamon doughnuts. When he got them he kissed two and the other four he slipped over his thumbs and index fingers and twirled them around.

As time passed, he ordered six chocolate covered doughnuts, six plain, six raisin and six butterscotch. He performed the same ritual over and over with each doughnut — first the caress, then the finger spin, and finally the kiss.

The waitress glanced at the clock over the front door and walked over to the man. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "but we have a one hour time limit for our customers and you've already been here well beyond that."

"Young lady," he said, "I haven't even begun to express my affection towards my friends here, so don't you go telling me that I have to leave. And besides, that case over there is still half full."

"But sir..."

"I won't hear of it."

The young man walked by with another tray of eclairs and as he passed the girl he whispered in her ear: "I'll get Mr. Cranberry."

Leonard Cranberry poked his portly face in the triangular window on the kitchen door and peered out. When he saw the forty-two doughnuts piled up on the counter his eyes got as wide as coffee saucers. He came out of the kitchen, covered over with a fine layer of flour, and walked up to the waitress.

"What the hell is this?" he asked, as he and the man eyed each other.

"Mr. Cranberry, this man refuses to leave the shop and he's been here over an hour."

She moved closer to Leonard and said softly to him: "And I believe he doesn't intend to pay for the doughnuts, either."

Leonard stepped before the man and leaned his huge, hairy, white arms on the counter. "You gonna eat all them doughnuts, mister?" he asked, looking intently at him from under his bushy white eyebrows.

"As I told the young lady here, I don't eat the doughnuts, I just make love to them." To demonstrate his point he picked one up and kissed it. When Leonard saw the man's tongue snake out through the hole and wiggle at him, his eyes bugged out from his head and he raced around to the other side of the counter trailing a cloud of flour.

"LISTEN YOU CRAZY BASTARD, I'M GIVING YOU FIVE MINUTES TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE!!!" He called another girl to help bag up the three and a half dozen doughnuts. After they were bagged, the two girls carried

them over to the cash register where one of the girls rang up the purchase.

"4.20, sir."

He handed her a five dollar bill. As she was getting the change out of the register, the man bent over and looked into the glass case underneath. He ran his eyes over the trays and then focused his attention on a tray at the far end. A smile crossed his face as he walked over to get a better look and his happiness was reflected back at him by the glass window. The girl put his change down on a small rubber mat.

"Your change is here, sir," she said, and turned away.

"Pardon me, miss," he said, licking his lips.

"Yes?" She glanced over her shoulder, hesitant about any further discourse with him.

"What are those little fellows over there?" He pointed to the tray.

"Those?" she said. "Those are canoles."

His smile widened. "I'll take a dozen."

Death Scene

By CELIA REED

There is no beginning to this sketch. The otherwise qualified unskilled laborers wake up too late and hung-over to be of any use to the work force. At ten o'clock the young secretary who walks down to the Eighth Avenue deli to buy some milk still feels secure. Two hours later and she will stick out the same as the successful, young executive in his three-piece-suit, carrying his attache case stocked with important papers and golf balls, buying a New York Times at the corner newsstand run by some PR's who thought enough to finish fucking early and open up the stand.

Now, proper folks, they tell you what you want to hear and play the game, discussing the weather and sports and local gossip, but these folks, well, they're not proper and they shout on and on at the other unofficially congregated nonentities about this and that and much, much more and the lawdriness and filth and absurdity of it all is them and the air they breathe, their being, their reason to go on spouting speeches of nothingness, reorganizing those few known words once more rather than just remain between some four walls, get trapped by the dirt and legally die.

The women here are sucked-out vacuums and clogged

sinks, malfunctioning machines with missing teeth who do their time out on the street, cursing and winking at the dirty, old men, Scarlet O'Haras with thickened waists and over-padded hips (the sagging breasts taken for granted) and no thoughts of tomorrow, at all. And the old men just leer at the young girls and the young men leer at the world, at the streets, entrances to sidewalk cafes, and at the other leering young men, with not much else to do other than pitch pennies or die of leering boredom.

The street is filled with over-filled garbage cans and littered with broken bottles and crushed cans of Schaefer. The outcasts are fat on cheap starch and slim on cheap drink and garbage pickings and stuck on the steps of Thirtieth Street. They never walk too far at all. Cleanliness kills.

There is no ending to this sketch. The depressing monotony goes on. One weather-beaten, stale animal cracker loses its tail but there are plenty more in the little bodega down the block, cross the street, turn left, stuff it in your seedy, split-seam pocket and amble on, one black, bad-mouthing drunk going back from where he came from, from where he thinks he came from, to somewhere, to Thirtieth Street.

There is no ending.

Shape of Things to Come

By PETER JOSEPH RONDINONE IV

Let others bring order to chaos. I would bring chaos to order, instead, which I think I have done.

If all writers would do that, then perhaps citizens not in the literary trades will understand that there is no order in the world around us, that we must adapt ourselves to the requirements of chaos instead.

It is hard to adapt to chaos, but it can be done. I am living proof of that: It can be done:

Breakfast of Champions

—Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

I picked up a copy of the New York Times at my local newsstand and read it on the subway. Item: New York Times — State Education Commissioner wants to impose a \$600 tuition fee for freshmen and sophomores and a \$800 fee for juniors and seniors. On that same day I bought a copy of the Village Voice, which I read in the Finley Snack Bar. Item: Village Voice — It's only a matter of time before the

bankers move against free tuition. And after reading the Voice, just before going to class, I had an interesting insight. Item: Personal Observation — With inflation and unemployment our elected officials raise the subway fare... sick.

That night I felt an urge to write a story. The story would in some ways be an allegorical expression of what I had felt that day. Here is the story:

The day the sky turned black the people ran to their homes to hide under lamp shades to remind themselves of the light. The light from which all was created — God said let there be light — you know that jazz. Even the animals sought reminders of the light. Birds nested on the tops of mountains to wait for dawn's arrival. But the sky remained black and in the course of one day no clouds nor blue were seen.

The garbage trucks didn't move on that day. As a result, the dirt, accumulated around

homes; pests, especially the rat, bred more rapidly along with the roaches. And they both plagued the residents of the homes by attempting to share their lampshades.

Meanwhile, the leaders of the country, like the people, didn't have the means to light their homes. So they decided to have a conference to propose some sort of solution. Covering their heads with lampshades they sat around large tables and debated the question of light: Should or shouldn't there be any (not realizing that since there wasn't any light the question of its existence was irrelevant). And they continued to debate while the people along with the roaches and rats sat waiting for answers.

A week passed and from the sides of the buildings human waste began to appear because in their reluctance to journey into the dark the people preferred to wallow where they stood, which was often far from a toilet bowl. Many drew up

(Continued on Page 8)

Untitled

*Circles skipping of urchins he is,
Various diameters of rowdy tots
In shades of infancy and desolation,
He is a nestling straining to land
In a collection of hard brick lead,
And she is a small girl*

*Misplaced in a child's world
Of sorrow and phantasy,
Strangling herself to be unscrambled,
They are wandering dreamers
On a sleepy mountain ridge.*

Donna F. Kreiner

CUNY Students Protest Budget Cuts

CUNY Rally Held

By SOPHIA FEISULLIN
Six thousand CUNY students demonstrated in front of Governor Carey's 55th St. office last Thursday against a possible \$64-million budget cut and the end of free tuition at the university.

Jay Hershenson, chairperson of the University Student Senate (USS), one of the rally's coordinators, said that the rally was "the largest of its kind" in a long time and that "the point was made". Governor Carey was in his office at the time of the rally, which lasted about three hours, meeting with the Emergency Financial Control Board.

After hearing speakers from the USS and the Professional Staff Congress (the union for college faculty members and one of the organizers of the rally), the protesters marched along Sixth Avenue to the American Telephone & Telegraph Building at 42 St. William C. Ellinghaus, chairman of the Emergency Financial Control Board, was inside. The protesters dispersed at about 3:30.

Although only 4½% of the 275,000 CUNY students were present at the rally, Hershenson says that this is only the beginning of the fight against the budget cuts and the proposed tuition of \$650 for freshman and sophomores and \$800 for juniors and seniors.

The Student Senate rented 3 buses to take an anticipated 50 students from the College to the rally. However, less than 50 students used these facilities. Seventeen busloads of students from Queens College and four busloads from York College were present at the demonstration.

In accounting for the poor turnout of City College students, John Long, Educational Vice President of the Student Senate, said students here are basically apathetic. They are conditioned not to take the initiative to demonstrate their opinion.



Long also said that another reason was that the Student Senate hadn't given enough publicity to the event. Although the Senate had started planning the event two weeks in advance, there was not much publicity.

Aaron Alexander, of the Professional Staff Congress, said that there wasn't enough publicity for the rally on the whole. He said that one third of the CUNY Colleges still hadn't opened at the time of the rally.

Joseph Kneller, President of Brooklyn College, was present at the demonstration. He had urged his students to participate in the rally.

(CPS) — Cow dung hurled by a new member of the Kansas Bar soared 184 feet as a new world's record for cow chip throwing was set over Labor Day weekend.

Dan Watkins credited a careful selection of dung for his record-breaking throw. Watkins noticed that fresh chips tend to be heavier than chips that have had a chance to dry out.

So while other contestants at the Old Settlers Day Festival in Russell Springs, KS threw chips like frisbees or discs, Watkins reared back and tossed his heavy, fresh chip like a baseball.

Later Watkins explained that he "picked a round, green cow chip just about six inches in diameter. I just threw it as far as I could."

Printing Service

(Continued from Page 8)
homosexuals, single women, single women with kids, and people who are doing their own things. In our system we're given no alternatives; here at Community Press we create the alternatives."

In so far as creating alternatives, they have at least provided a printing collective that will publish practically anything; they have hundreds of colorful pamphlets, newsletters and magazines stacked on their shelves. They

are the only people in the New York City area that perform free publishing services to the community. Many gay and leftist publications would never have had an opportunity to present their views to the public except for the services provided at Community Press.

At the present time, Community Press is in real financial trouble; their lease is due for review in December and they don't know if it will be renewed. If it isn't and they will have to move, the cost will be close to \$6,000 to cover moving the printing equipment and renting another loft. To raise funds for their continued operations would be much needed and greatly appreciated by the collective. Any funds or donations, no matter how small, can be sent to Community Press, 13 East 17th St., N.Y., N.Y.

After having spent several afternoons down at Community Press, I still retain my first impression: they are weird people. But they're not eccentric; they just put their energies into what they believe their life force should be put into, printing and the teaching of others how to operate the "tool," which is how they speak of the press itself.

Campus Editor-in-Chief David Wysoki credited the financial troubles to the "1950 budget levels" the student organizations are forced to operate on. The Campus receives more money from the Senate than any other paper, but none of the others are in debt.

Wysoki justified the expense of running

Senate Plans Action

By MARC LIPITZ

The Student Senate, agreed Wednesday evening to begin gearing up for a coordinated one day strike of City College students, faculty, administration and staff in protest of the budget cuts and threatened tuition at the College and University. No date for the action has been set.

The Senate, meeting for the first time this term, expressed its strike sentiment after an opening address by President Vivian Rodriguez in which she read the following demands:

- New York State must release the \$60-million windfall acquired by its matching fund policy. For this to be accomplished, a special session of the New York Legislature is requested. In addition, the State is asked to roll back fees and tuition.

- The Board of Higher Education must eliminate all unnecessary and repetitive expenditures, study the enlarging faculty-student ratio, and restore graduate studies to prior levels.

- City College is asked to make more efficient use of the College plant and to establish a tuition partial payment plan. This pay part now, part later policy would in effect constitute a loan without interest.

A series of teach-ins and workshops will be established as a means of educating the student body about the most recent budgetary demands.

Members of the Executive Committee will meet Sunday with representatives of the University Student at an emergency USS meeting, seeking support and putting out feelers for a CUNY wide strike. Support for a strike is also being sought from the College's Professional Staff Congress, which is the union of faculty members.

Dean Edmond Sarfaty, the Student Senate's faculty advisor, noted, "I think that on this issue you're not going to find any stronger allies than the faculty and administration."

There was concern at the meeting that not enough unity exists at the College to expect that students strike. "Students are not willing to sacrifice themselves... they say I don't care what's going on..." said one Senator.

The Senate will meet again next Wednesday, October 1, at 5 p.m. in room 121. The meeting is open to all students.

The Campus is a "necessity" rather than a student organization. "No other paper on campus can do the job we do," (sic) he said, adding that because of the newspaper's fiscal woes Campus coverage would have to be curtailed and stories would not receive the extensive treatment they would have had in the past.

CAMPUS Suspended for Debt

By SUSAN BEASLEY

The Campus, the College's oldest newspaper, has been suspended by Dean Herbert DeBerry for failure to pay off their debts, and is publishing today by a special arrangement with Student Senate and administration officials. Printing costs of the issue are being paid for out of advertising revenue.

The paper was suspended a week ago after having gone some \$10,500 into debt. The actual debt still to be paid is \$8,500, since \$2,000 in funds allotted to The Campus for the fall term was available for use.

At the Senate meeting last Wednesday, outrage at the extent of The Campus debt was expressed by student leaders, including former Senate Treasurer Ken Carrington.

"The administration has allowed The Campus to build up all kinds of debts that other newspapers could not get away with," said Carrington.

Two Campus representatives were present at the start of the meeting, but left a half hour after it began and did not return. Several Senators were obviously annoyed that the representatives left before their situation was even discussed.

Three possibilities exist at this time for The Campus. They could be suspended indefinitely, which would prohibit their publication. They could be given a smaller allocation for the term, with the Senate paying off their back debt, and print on a reduced scale.

It is most likely, however, that The Campus will be given its usual \$7,000 allocation for the fall term and will use the money to pay off as much of the debt as they can. Their issues will be paid for, as much as possible, out of advertising revenue.



Editorial:

CAMPUS Suspension

Once again, *The Campus* finds itself in financial trouble, and once again the administration has been asked to bail it out. Last year administration officials obligingly provided \$4000 to ease *The Campus'* financial ailments, and indications this year point to another rescue.

This year, however, the administration should not blindly provide funds without the thorough investigation of *The Campus'* finances; something that has been lacking in the past. Perhaps that would explain \$14,000 in debts in only a year, and determine exactly where their money has been going.

The attitude of *The Campus* editors, however, is hardly in keeping with their poverty status. Two editors who attended Wednesday's Senate meeting, at which their financial situation was discussed, left an hour before the subject was even raised and did not return. One of them still saw fit to tell an OP editor how to do their job.

The Campus should have more respect for the Senate, the other newspapers, and the students in general, since it is we who will suffer for their mismanagement. All other student organizations can expect tighter budgetary restrictions because *The Campus* could not manage their own affairs sufficiently to stay out of debt.

The Campus, which has been continually resistant to change in all forms, still uses one of the most expensive typesetting processes possible. Much cheaper methods are easily available, but they persist in their expensive habits, which seems particularly unwise in view of their dire financial straits.

In the end, of course, the scenario will be the same as it was last year: *The Campus* will have their debts paid, and will continue publishing as before. This must not be permitted without a thorough investigation of their financial affairs beforehand.

Maybe then we'll find out how *The Campus* has been able to get away with what no other student organization (and certainly no other newspaper) has been able to do.

A Time for Action

MARC LIPITZ

This has been proclaimed as the era of student apathy. The prevailing image is that of the hard working, grade conscious, bleary eyed student, turned off by the mud slinging sixties; who, bent over a stein of foaming beer, cooks up ways to attain that cushioned seat in the splintered bleachers of life. The image is so good, so convincing, that we have all begun to believe it and act out our roles as programmed.

When city officials originally demanded that \$16 million be axed from the City University operating budget, hardly a murmur of protest was heard. In times of a monetary crisis, most agreed, the University could surely afford a little belt tightening. But as the figures continued to mushroom, from \$87 million to a now highly possible \$151-million in cuts — plus a tuition charge — the bleary eyed took notice. On Thursday, September 18, a mass rally outside Governor Carey's New York office, co-sponsored by the University Student Senate (USS) and Professional Staff Congress (PSC), drew an estimated seven thousand angered students, faculty and administrators from throughout the University. Only City College stuck out by its lack of participation.

Forget for a moment the seventeen bus loads of students from Queens College. Forget for a moment that Brooklyn College President Joseph Kneller not only urged his students to attend, but he too walked the picket lines. Keep in mind that the relatively minute, upstart York College mustered four buses, far overwhelming the one, less-than-full, bus that embarked from Sheppard Hall, as activity continued here as usual.

Obviously, publicity at the College was poor. The other College newspapers forgot to mention the event, and OP buried the announcement at the end of a budget article. The Student Senate neglected to hire buses until the eve of the rally and then never bothered to notify anyone about it.

At many schools, students and faculty were granted release time — that is, no penalty for absence — to encourage attendance. At City College, however, President Marshak issued the statement that if students should choose to attend the rally, then they must assume the responsibility of cutting classes.

"You're allowed a certain number of excuses," he said, and then added almost as an afterthought, "I guess on this one, we didn't take that much leadership . . ." Faculty Senate members claim they knew nothing or little of the demonstration.

From the first when the bursar's fee could be paid, as students stood in line eagerly clutching their \$78 check, it was apparent that at City College, the cuts would be accepted gracefully, head bowed. Meanwhile, registration mora-

toriums and vocal demonstrations sprung up at places like Hunter and Queensboro.

But what appears to be a renewed surge of interest has appeared at the College from a refreshingly surprising quarter — the Student Senate. Last Wednesday evening, the Senate agreed, in principle, to a one day stoppage of all classes and College activity in protest of the massive budget cuts and threatened tuition. It was also agreed that a series of teach-ins be held to help inform students, faculty and College staff.

The move is a step forward, but the enthusiasm that filled the room that evening will have to be tempered by some careful thinking and planning. A strike, with all its possible consequences, can win no friends. That's what the importance of teach-ins is. Only by educating students and the public to the realities of the situation can it be fully understood why CUNY, as important an institution as it is to the people of this city and country, has been chosen by the banks to be the hardest hit of all city agencies. And it cannot be forgotten that tuition will not help the University's budget crisis — only help sell MAC the knife bonds.

Students, faculty, staff, and administrators must all be unified. A struggle within the campus gates can only be self defeating. Not one of these groups, as demonstrated by the failure to support last week's rally, has shown any real concern.

A strike can also play into the hands of those who would just as soon turn CUNY into a private university. Dr. Belle Zeller, the feisty President of the Professional Staff Congress, has charged that recent contractual offers made by the Board of Higher Education were designed to provoke a strike.

"There is no better explanation for the Board's final offer to us and, in fact, there is no better way for the Board to achieve exactly what it has demanded at the bargaining table," she said. "A strike at this time can finance the increments that the Board is now refusing to pay — through the strike penalties provided by law." Labor leaders have often suggested in the past — most noticeably the UFT and Newark teachers' union — that strikes help fill treasuries of reluctant employees.

But the influence of a unified demonstration of force cannot be discounted. For almost two months, the PSC and USS attempted to meet with Governor Carey to discuss the release of all State matching funds. Carey did not contact these groups, however, until after the announcement of the September 18 rally outside his New York office. He then showed a willingness to talk.

It is about time that the prevailing media image of the bleary eyed student be shattered.

Observation Post

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Senate Education Co

By DENNIS CHATTMAN

City College is the "Proletarian Harvard" said the *New York Times* a few years ago; City College has spawned more Ph.D's than any other university in the nation, — except for Berkeley in California — these comments and others have impressed people for years about our C.C.N.Y. "University," and I believe they still hold true. We have a faculty which cannot be beat, and I know that we, the students, are bright and enthusiastic to learn from and experience what City has to offer — and we have a lot of experience and ideas to offer to the school.

The Education Committee of the Student Senate aims to work towards, and reach the goal of maximizing the learning and teaching interaction of all members of the City College Community. It is an ideal that none of us can afford to not believe in; it's an offer we cannot refuse.

You ask, What can be done? Who is going to do it?

If this committee has the solid backing of students and faculty and all interested people, we can accomplish enough to continue to keep

our school not only in the running with others, but far ahead as we have always been.

A number of ideas have been put forth:

- *Coalesce all information on availability of all tutoring at CCNY* (where, when, how to become a tutor, how to go about getting tutored). The rationale behind this is that there are a lot of different tutoring programs available which students are unaware of. The Student Senate can centralize this information, publicize it, and keep it handy for students who are interested.

- *Institute the "In-Class Tutoring Plan,"* where students taking a course can gain a credit for tutoring another student in the same course. This way most, if not all, students can benefit from a personal interaction with each other which is mostly lacking here. Students who are having difficulty with a course and receive tutoring can increase their grasp of the material. Also, students who tutor learn more thoroughly, and gain a wider perspective on the same material.

The advantages of having tutors and students being tutored in the same course are:

- Students in the course will have the chance

S-1: Bill of Frights?

JEFFREY TAUSCHER

A bill now pending before the United States Senate could seriously jeopardize the right of Americans to protest governmental policies, and could prevent future publication of what the government might arbitrarily consider to be "national defense information."

The "Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975," labeled Senate Bill #1, could stifle future mass demonstrations, such as those that occurred during the Indochina War, and would punish editors who in the future printed material such as the Pentagon Papers.

The history of S-1 goes back to 1966, when ex-governor Pat Brown of California was appointed head of the National Commission on Reform of Federal Criminal Laws. The Commission reported its conclusions to Richard Nixon in 1971. Rather than submitting them to Congress, Nixon turned them over to his attorney generals, Mitchell and Kleindienst, who eliminated the bill's liberal sections and transformed it into a carte blanche for political repression. Nixon saw the bill as a way to "reinstate stability" and halt the "growing sense of permissiveness" in America.

Letter to the Editor

Medium Rare

To the Editor,

There has been a ghost (you know: spirit, ectoplasmic entity, presence, etc.) in residence at Tau Epsilon Phi Fraternity's house, 336 Convent Avenue at 144th Street, for an indefinite period of time. The house was built in 1890 and so far it has not been possible to find a medium to help contact the ectoplasm in question. Since mediums are rare, if you are sensitive and seriously interested in aiding us in the search for this intangible entity please contact **Observation Post**.

In good spirits,
Raymond Strano

OBSERVATION POST welcomes comments from readers. We reserve the right to edit all letters that exceed 500 words.

Committee

to meet and communicate with each other, producing a non-competitive communal atmosphere in class.

- Tutors and students being tutored will come up against the same problems in the course and they can overcome them collectively.

- Teachers will be more motivated to teach because they will have a high expectation of their students' motivation to learn.

Anything Goes... Any ideas, any reforms, any innovations, **anything!** The committee will consider all proposals brought before it. Crazy, far-out ideas are especially welcome. We aim to please — we aim to improve and improvise on the CCNY education process in any positive way we can.

We need you to join this committee and work for a better CCNY community. All senators, students, faculty members are welcome. The committee will start having regular meetings soon.

Please contact me, Dennis Chattman, in Rm. 331, Finley. If I am not there or the door is closed, please slip a note under the door. Or call 690-8175, and ask for me or leave a message.

(State of the Union Message, 1973). The present bill, sponsored by Senators John McClellan and Roman Hruska, is closer to the Mitchell/Kleindienst version than the original Brown Commission report. Although it is unlikely that H.R. 333 will be voted on by this Congress, S-1 will probably reach the Senate floor this summer.

Section 1302 of the bill provides that "a person is guilty of an offense if he intentionally obstructs, impairs, or perverts a government function by means of physical interference or obstacle." The penalty for this offense would be a federal Class A Misdemeanor.

Four key sections of the bill (1121-1124) would comprise the Official Secrets Act and could be used to prevent public disclosure of governmental policies and practices such as those revealed by publication of the Pentagon Papers. Thus, Daniel Ellsberg, the former Central Intelligence Agency employee, and the editors of the New York Times and the Washington Post could have been subjected to up to seven years imprisonment for "unauthorized possession and disclosure of national defense information."

The most objectionable feature of this section of the bill is the definition of "national defense information." It includes information, whether classified or not, that relates to the "military capabilities of the United States or an associate nation; military planning, operations, communications installations, weaponry, weapons development, and weapons research; intelligence operations, activities, plans, estimates, analysis, sources and methods; intelligence with regard to a foreign power; communications, intelligence information or cryptographic information," and certain data related to atomic information. This definition encompasses a vast amount of information limited only by the imagination of the prosecutor. Publications of ordinary information and statistics about agriculture, industrial, economic and scientific data could conceivably be said to relate to one of these various categories.

Section 1103 of S.1 reenacts the infamous Smith Act of the 1930's, by stating that "A person is guilty of an offense if, with intent to bring about the forcible overthrow or destruction of the government of the United States or of any

state as speedily as circumstances permit, he;

"(1) incites other persons to engage in conduct that then or at some future time would facilitate the forcible overthrow or destruction of such government; or

"(2) organizes, leads recruits members for or participates as an active member in an organization or group that has as a person the incitement described in paragraph (1)."

An offense described in this section would constitute a Class C felony. The catchphrase in this section is "at some future time." The American Civil Liberties Union has said of this section: "The shifty language tries to obscure the real purpose... which is to allow the government to imprison people merely for talking about revolution — an activity fully protected by the First Amendment.

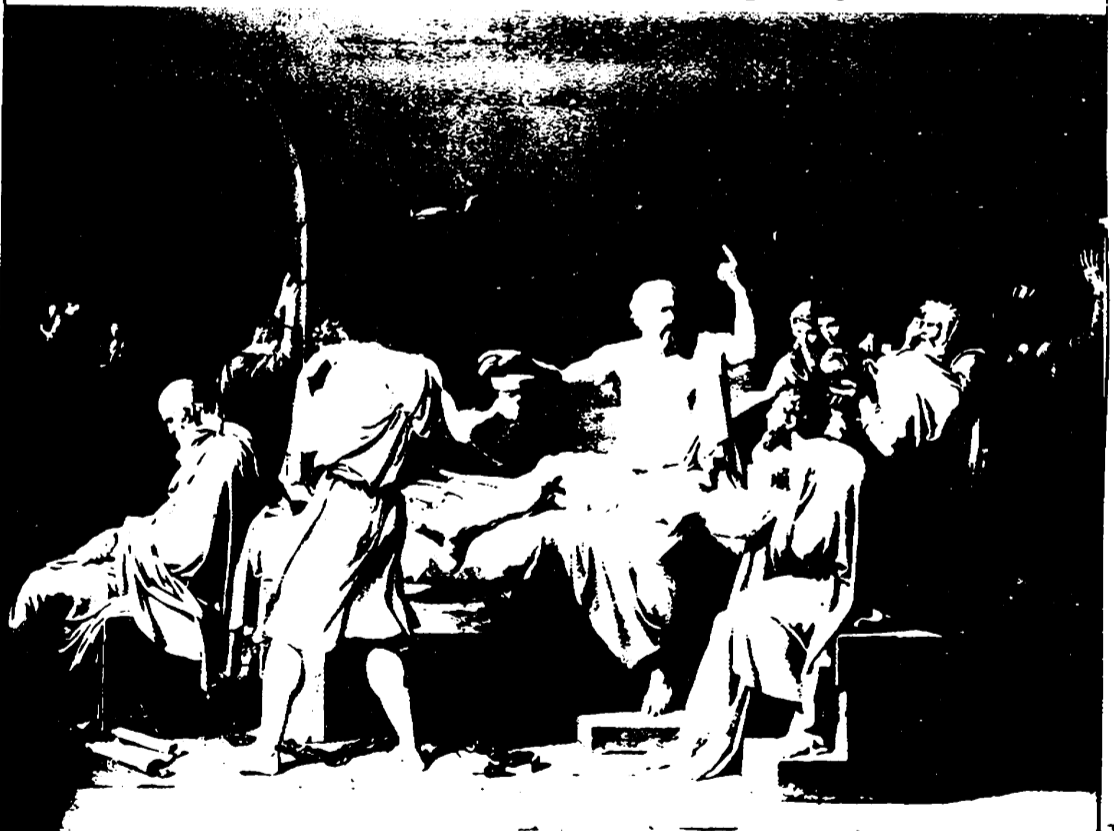
Section 1831 prohibits the incitement of ten or more persons to riot. The statute can be used to punish mere advocacy, even where no riot in fact occurs or where the connection between speech and violence is merely tem-

poral, and therefore substantially invades the protection of the First Amendment.

Sections 541-544 allow a defense in the prosecution of a "public servant" that the conduct charged "was required or authorized by law to carry out the defendant's authority." The effect there is to insulate public officials from the prohibitions of the criminal law and effectively divorce personal responsibility from official action, thereby setting a lower standard of conduct for every federal employee from the President on down. This section would have prevented the prosecution and subsequent imprisonment of some of former President Nixon's advisors because they were acting in an official capacity.

The Senate will probably be voting on the bill within the month and it stands a good chance of being passed into law because of powerful bipartisan support. Those interested in preventing the passage of the bill should write their Senator urging them to amend the most objectionable sections or contact the American Civil Liberties Union which is mounting a protest campaign.

CAN YOU DRAW THIS LUMBER JACK?



If you can, then we need want you as a member of our OP's famous graphics department.

We also need people who can write. Type. Draw circles. Or have masochistic desires to endure long nights at the printer. Or want to learn. Drop by anytime. We're in Finley 336

Gay Anarchists Offer Free Printing Service

By MARK T. McDONOUGH

Community Press is a weird place. I had heard some strange things about this particular printing collective, such as that it was run by a group who called themselves Gay-Anarchists; but it was still quite a bit out of the ordinary to see a naked man running around in the back of the printing loft.

I had gone there to see about getting City College Veteran Magazine published; several people had told me that the collective had pretty good rates, so as I entered, I ignored the dude in the back and began looking for someone to question.

Just to the left of the elevator dorr, where I exited, I introduced myself to a young woman, who introduced herself as Tzu, and we immediately began discussing the printing process and rates.

But after talking for about 10 minutes with Tzu, I discovered that there was no such word as "rates" at the collective. All an individual or organization pays for is their own paper, the printed impressions; and plates used for printing; I discovered that in comparing prices, publishing the magazine at Community Press, nearly 60-70 percent of the cost could be axed from the average commercial price. I was pretty impressed to hear about the cost, but it was more interesting to hear that if a group or a person has some really good material and can't afford to have it printed, that the Community Press will print for free.

The three members of the

collective: Lin, Mercury and Tzu; are all gay, and their ideas are essentially aligned with anarchy. And it's for these reasons that they print at minimal or no cost at all. These three people believe that money and human energy are two opposing forces in life; but whereas money is an artificial expediency used by our particular economic system, Capitalism, people's energy is not artificial and is more real and viable than money. For this reason they will not print any materials that have any advertising that can only be used by people if they have money. Also, the publication, in whatever form, must be available to the public for free. "Free" is their key word.

Community Press began three years ago, when a group calling themselves Appleseed took over the loft that had been vacated by a Quaker printing organization. The Quakers left much of their printing equipment behind, thereby giving Appleseed the advantage of being able to print their own publications. At the start, they printed a calendar of free events that were available to anyone in and around New York City. But after a while, "there was a need to plug in," said Tzu. Meaning, it was time to inform people about what was happening in the world; in particular, they were concerned about offering alternate ideas to the people. So the collective began teaching others to print their own publications; "printing," continued Tzu, "became the primary objective for our collective."

Members Survive on Donations

The more I discovered about these people, the stranger things got: for instance, the members live on donations only. They don't spend any money for food or necessities; their only real necessity is to keep the maintenance up on the printing equipment and to continue teaching people to print. "We don't get salaries," said Mercury, "everything we get goes into the rent, the phones and printing. We really need money, therefore, our main priority is the press. But it really begins to hurt when you need glasses and you can't get any on Medicaid. Medicaid demands that you be making some salary, and we don't have any."

I discovered their printing policy the hard way when they refused to print the City College Veteran Magazine. They just didn't get off on our editorial policy. It wasn't that we had made a strong editorial stand in favor of the government in any particular way, but

that several of our articles had expressed our ideas as, "we were in Vietnam, and therefore we deserve our benefits," which to Mercury, Tzu and Lin, was the same as saying, "we did our job, give us our benefits." They felt that to be conductive with Community Press's printing policy we should offer an alternate idea; our editorial policy should have been something to the effect of "we were in the Armed Services and were fucked over, therefore, we deserve our benefits."

So I found out the hard way, that when they make a stand on what they want to put their energies into, they stay firm. They do have an "Equal Access Policy" available to all people, but they will not put their energies into anything supporting our current government and economic systems.

Defining Anarchy

One of the main questions on my mind was "what the hell is anarchy?" And after speaking

with the members of Community Press their beliefs come down to this: they believe that their own ideals do not relate to any within the main stream of the modern political spectrum, though some of the people who believe in Anarchy are closely aligned with Socialism. They also believe that in our day, technology has advanced to the point that humanity can now be freed of their toiling burdens in life and that as a result people can now work toward their real and personal potentials. Their belief is that this can only come about by people living "The Revolution," not by people intellectualizing the theoretical attributes of Anarchy. As one of the members said, "He or she must live the Revolution."

They believe in creating alternatives; "In this system," said Tzu, "you have to be white, male and competent to get around. The system doesn't support: black and Puerto Ricans, uneducated, lesbians, (Continued on Page 5)

Things to Come...

(Continued from Page 4)

metaphorical explanations for their existence and others rationalized. Of course the bible was discussed and philosophy. But nothing helped.

The leaders continued to discuss solutions. One man in particular rose and spoke clearly. He was a dark gentleman who blended with the surrounding area. He said, "These are troubled times"; and went on to chronologically list all the problems. Then he sat

and the room filled with whispering. No one was sure who he was, but they knew they heard something like that before. His words were familiar. When the news of the speech reached the people many commented on its familiarity; and they considered it a symbol of their leadership, because in their darkness they had to believe in something.

No sunlight and a considerable time having passed many people began to die in their sleep while the rats and the roaches feasted. The leaders were still in conference though many had fallen asleep not knowing whether it was night time or day time. And no solutions were offered. Finally a gentleman rose when all were asleep (he didn't know they were asleep at the time) and he read aloud a passage from Swift's, *Gulliver's Travels* that dealt with the nature of the Yahoo. Then he sat, alarmed at the silence that followed. But he chose to ignore it since he felt the people were reflecting on what he had said, or rather needed to reflect...

Nine months passed. Dawn remained hidden. All vegetable matter had died leaving vast plains of dust where parks and fields rich with grain once stood. The cities had completely deteriorated. Buildings floating in human excrement were abandoned for the safety of garbage heaps, since they could support life. By being well above the general mess the people had at their disposal a sea of sludge from which to draw their various food stuffs: carcasses of dogs, rats and maggots; or, a wide range of fungi and bacteria. A heap was also a promising shelter. There was less chance of attacks from neighboring heaps since lookouts (people whose eyes adapted to the dark) could spot

trouble long before it developed into a serious threat. Because of the abundance of certain stuffs on certain heaps many fought for the right to these stuffs. One of the most important stuffs, because of its nutritional value, was pus filled carcas of sparrow. Very rare. Rumors had it that the government secretly stored these animals for private consumption long before the exodus to the heaps. That's why, it was alleged, the govt. continued to hold meetings that ended the way they began — nothing accomplished. But the talk of secret meetings didn't affect the people's attitude towards their government, nor inspire them to change it. They assumed the government was always corrupt and they accepted it like everything else.

Back at the conference table the delegates remained in darkness, some asleep — some not, under their lampshades. The last person to speak was the man who had administered the words on the nature of the Yahoo. But finally, as in the past, someone spoke. His words were familiar and comforting. Everyone commented on it. He said, "These are troubled times."

Here is the end of my story: *Circumstances are like clouds continually gathering and bursting — While we are laughing the seed of some trouble is put into the wide arable land of events — while we are laughing it sprouts and grows suddenly a poison fruit which we must pluck.*

—John Keats

Free Space

You Should Be Kidding

"You don't love me."
"I don't love you?"

Wept in '71 I spent several months
looking for a job to buy a piano
I found you in an agency
& a job in a gas station
— simultaneously
I got dirty hands,
you,
no piano
but saw a lot of Manhattan discoteets

'72 to '73 were hard years
Caught in the trap of youth,
foolish & in love
I wanted to buy you something nice
With good intentions
& a small bank account
I entered a 12th St. jeweler's
When I later emerged
having been beaten senseless in verbal warfare,
I was close to physical & financial breakdown
I then went into hook
& the 42nd St. Y.M.C.A.
One month later you gave me my walking shoes

Back together again,
TV in pawn,
myself still at the Y,
little money coming in
& hope on the way out
I decided it was time for a change
I said:
"I think we should see other people."
You said:
"I already am."

—Jeff Brumbeau

On
New Years Eve, 1974
I rang in the new year with
you,
your mother,
Guy Lombardo
& a bowl of pop corn
(no butter)
On Valentines Day
You took me to see 2 horror films
(I paid the bus fare)
April 1st you sent me a Valentines Day Card
(15¢)
For Christmas you bought me underwear
(Alexanders Dept. Store)

& today I caught the train for Queens,
walked, jogged, then ran
the 12 blocks in the rain,
am now sitting in your kitchen
with the 3 windows of which
2 won't open
& the other no more than 3 inches,
it's the middle of August,
I'm drinking luke-warm 'up,
you're smoking my cigarettes
& you say I don't love you?

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A Female Bob Dylan?

By JOHN LONG

She walked out on stage. An old, battered, wrinkled and dirty black suit which has become a trademark of all her concerts was wrapped around her five foot, 100 pound body.

She stood firm as her faithful followers jumped and screamed. It made no difference that they made up only 100 in a crowd of 4,000 people at the sold out Artista Record Concert at City Center last Sunday evening. They were there and that's all that counted.

She looked scared. She had never performed before an audience that size. She was like a fly caught in a web of spiders, not really knowing where she was, or why she was there.

"S.L.U.T., well, you don't like the word," she said in a shy voice. "Then you don't like me." Her honesty caught most people by surprise. They talked aloud to themselves. "You hear that?" they'd say, "You can't bring her home to mama."

It was that honesty, more than anything else, that attracted me to her. She has been down roads that I'd never dare travel. She had touched the bottom, yet she had no regrets. "Jesus didn't die for my sins. I'm the only one who'll die for me."

Her band, which to this point, had been tuning up, started to join in. And like lightning, her voice lit up from the stage to a power and sense of urgency that no one could describe. One couldn't imagine how such power was radiating from such a tiny figure.

As she went on, the audience who came to see Barry Manilow and Melissa Manchester, began to sense this power. They rocked when she rocked, they mellowed when she settled down. They became a part of her magic even though they didn't understand what she was trying to say. They just knew that they were in the presence of a remarkably honest performer.

When her part of the show ended, the curtain fell and the houselights were quickly turned on so they could bring on the next performer. But the crowd would have nothing of this. They started to applaud and stand up, all 4000 of them. The chants of "more! more!" rose up above the intensity of the lights. After a few minutes they dimmed and she was able to come back on stage to do a splendid encore.

They say she hangs out a lot with Bob Dylan. Some people even say that there's a definite resemblance between her work

and that of Dylan.

Can she be a female Bob Dylan?

Probably not, but Patti Smith certainly stole the show that evening.



Patti Smith

Waiting for the Click in "Something Happened"

By MARY CUNNINGHAM

When *Something Happened* was first published, it became a favorite target of hostile critics who took it upon themselves to advise readers not to waste their time reading this novel. Now that the book has been published in a cheaper paperback edition, this writer will take it upon herself to advise students to forget anything they have either read or heard about the novel and hurry down to the nearest bookstore.

It can be said that the best writers are those who provoke their readers to come to terms with the ideas or issues that are being presented. Joseph Heller does indeed provoke his readers, often to their discomfort, but always to their benefit (Remember *Catch 22* and *We Bombed in New Haven?*).

In *Something Happened*, Bob Slocum's alternating moods of boredom and anxiety are at once irritating and compelling. Even though Heller tends to beat his message into his readers' heads (he cannot be accused of understating) there is something that compels us to continue to read, and that something is a glimmer of recognition. We know what Heller is talking about, because sooner or later we all come up against the same very unpleasant obstacles like the boredom and discontent that Bob Slocum must confront.

When Big Daddy asks Brick why he drinks in Tennessee Williams' play *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the son replies that he is waiting for a "click" in his head. It is this "click", like a hot light going out in a room, that brings peace, or if not that, at least sleep. It is this "click" that Bob Slocum is in need of to wake himself up to a new, enlightened vision of himself. It is this "click" that occurs suddenly when tragedy befalls the Slocum family, provoking an equally sudden revival of Slocum's sensibilities. This proves to be a most heartening ending to a sordid, but genuinely moving tale.

Juices of Adonis

Springsteen Forever

LEO SACKS

"... Someday girl, I don't know when/we're gonna get to that place where we really want to go/And we'll walk in the sun/But till then tramps like us/Baby we were born to run..."

It's all-American wall-of-sound. Dick Clark, a premier Bandstand performance. Saturday afternoons, Saturday evenings, gunning for that light to change. It's the Crystals, the Searchers, the Shangra-la's, Roy Orbison, a latter-day Van Morrison, an early diamond-in-the-rough Bob Dylan. The sun has finally taken hold of Bruce Springsteen, bar band vet from the Jersey shore and '70s rock 'n' roll savior. His time has come.

Born to Run is his testament. "Clarence," you can hear him whisper to the staple of his E Street Band, a massive, six-foot, four-inch Eldorado-driving hulk of Defensive End on tenor sax, "I'm pullin' all the stops tonight babe... or die tryin'. Are ya with me Clarence?" It's the immediacy, the sudden urgency of the title track that brings this point home so dearly. As exciting and anthemic as anything PLJ'll spin all year. Or next. Because "Born to Run" is it.

"In the day we sweat it out in the streets of a runaway American dream/At night we ride through mansions of glory in suicide machines/Sprung from cages out on Highway 9/Chrome wheeled, fuel injected/And steppin' out over the line/Baby this town rips the bones from your back/It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap/We gotta get out while we're young/Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to run..."

The magic here is two-fold. Here is the realization, the promise of a long-awaited third album that fulfills everything Springsteen was after, indeed everything ever promised in this, the sequel to his brilliant second album, *The Wild, The Innocent & The E Street Shuffle*. With the help and hit perspective of critic/producer Jon Landau, whom Springsteen credits for having pulled him from a creative lull during production of *Born to Run* (promised for January, then February release, then March then July, another two weeks another three weeks and then... there it was in Discomat that Friday morning, second week in August, two copies please), the E Street band pulls together for eight monumental tracks, the fury of which extract the very essence of the rock experience—"Highways jammed with broken heroes/On a last chance power drive/Everybody's out on the run tonight/But there's no place left to hide/Together, Wendy, we can live with the sadness/I'll love you with all the madness in my soul..."

An evening with Bruce Springsteen & The E Street Band is the greatest rock experience ever designed. Street punk, city poet, paravisionary soul crusader, you just know what happened the eve those sparks flew down on "E Street/where the boy prophets" walked it "handsome and hot..."

Yup, the E Street Band took on the Bottom Line for ten shows in August, the final mixes finally at rest in the Record Plant downtown. Three new additions to the band, Roy Bittan on the piano, hypster Steve Van Zandt on guitar and Max M. Weinberg behind the skins, plus—Garry W. Tallent on bass, Mr. Mysterious, Danny Frederici on the organ and big Nick—awesome Clarence Clemons on the sax—the act emerged from the stand with an invaluable sense of community and depth: more so than could ever hoped to be imagined. If Springsteen had it together with Dave Sancious and Vini Lopez two years back at the Line the night before Clapton came to town with the 461 show, imagine(!) what he's got down now, circa September '75!

From the promise of *Greetings from Asbury Park, N.J.*, to that first tour with Chicago at MSG, to the completion of Springsteen's searing opus "Jungleland"—three and one-half years later—the best fucking rock group in the free world could breath with relief that *Born to Run* finally had a home on Columbia PC 33795.

Depression-Era Art

By LOIS DEROSIER

Because public support of the arts greatly diminished during the Depression, not through lack of interest, but rather through a lack of funds, the U.S. Government created the Federal Arts Projects to support artists and maintain America's stature in the art world.

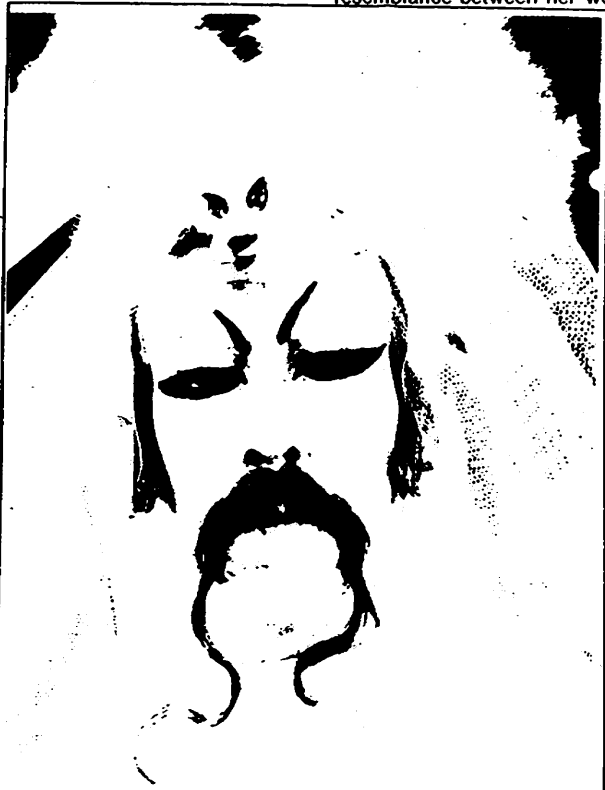
Many of the projects commissioned by the Government filled specific needs, i.e. campaign and war posters, and the murals and paintings commissioned for use in courthouses, post offices and public buildings.

The establishment of these New Deal projects, admirable

in itself, was carried one step further with the appointment of Edward Bruce, a painter, to the post of Director of the Projects. He insisted that there be no restrictions on the type of work created and that the artists continue working on whatever was of interest to them.

Consequently, one finds starkly revealing scenes such as George Biddle's *Tenement* (ca. 1935) reflected on the walls of the Justice Department in Washington, and a similarly depressing but colorful urban scape, Kindred McLeary's *Preliminary Mural Sketch For New York Madison Square Postal Station* (1939), com-

(Continued on Page 11)



"Wanna' Enter a Photo Contest?"

All City College students are invited to enter OP's First Annual Photo Contest. As prizes we have subscriptions to *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*, as well as copies of the *Photography Yearbook '75*. We also have three copies of a book by the celebrated photographer W. Eugene Smith.

Send in no more than five 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 black white, mounted prints with your name, phone number, address and I.D. number written on the back of each entry. Entries may be dropped off in our office (Finley 336) or in Finley 152.

Winning entries will be published in OP. Only original, unpublished photographs are eligible. The deadline for entries is October 31.

Tubemania:

By PAUL DABALSA

On stage at Bimbo's — a classy joint located on the north-eastern stretch of San Francisco — a crazed rock-and-roll surgeon gives birth to a miniature electric guitar. The music soars. Its throbbing, overly-synthesized beat builds to a loud, thudding zenith and suddenly . . . BOOM!! . . . all hell breaks loose! The doctor grabs one of his tools, a buzzing chainsaw and, in a rage of madness, leaps into the audience with the electric monster. The startled crowd instantly disperses, making way for the madman who proceeds to trample chairs, tables, and people, while frantically swinging the saw. The music again soars while band-extras pursue the mad surgeon and try to lure him back onto the stage. He lunges at them with the saw, but they all duck. Finally, saw in hand and still in a crazed state, he heads back for the stage. The frightened crowd sighs.

If this is how you like your rock and roll, **The Tubes** might

just be for you. This group has finally succeeded in smothering music with art deco and theatrics, and San Francisco loves them. They're a sensation in this fine city which once gave us **The Grateful Dead**. This new band, however, merely discredits the area's notoriety for providing great bands. True, San Francisco isn't the rock and roll city it once was. Now they go bananas for such insubstantial bands as **The Tubes**. They love the props, the dancers, the cameraman, and the dancing gorillas. They love the stage crammed with fifteen people all trying to dance and move around at the same time. All this choreographed crap and that backwall of electronic flim-flam is just great.

But most of all, they're crazy over Fee Waybill, the lead singer-actor who makes it all work. Indeed a fine entertainer, Fee is the sort of charismatic figure who will someday host his own variety show on NBC. What he does with **The Tubes** is closer to the field of television comedy or just plain acting

than it is to anything resembling rock and roll. All in all, the parodies (which is what a Tube's show is all about) do work well; at times amusing or shocking. The dancing is very well executed and some of the sketches — especially the one of the gourmet with a recipe for a hit record — are witty. But what is it all worth? Does America want its rock concerts to be more like a Broadway musical? I sure hope not.

Inevitably, some will enjoy this sort of lavish entertainment. Others will fall in love with the stuff. But almost certainly **The Tubes** are doomed to failure. Their recordings will never capture the essence of the band, which is concentrated in their stage act, mainly a compilation of weird skits. What will happen when they finish their first tour? Probably the novelty of all their skits and parodies will have worn off. What then? New sketch material, new props, new choreography, more undulated electronic noise? Anyway, A & M offices has high hopes for the band. In fact, if it hadn't been for those cynical hisses and giggles I overheard outside the A&M offices hinting that something big was in the works, I'd probably be writing on The Bay City Rollers now and Paul Nelson wouldn't have "discovered" anyone this summer. However, the news did leak out and **The Tubes** are preparing to tour. The record company obviously believes there's a nationwide audience for them. They figure that somewhere in the schizophrenic tastes of rock audiences there'll be room for **The Tubes**. Also be assured that the band will benefit from hefty promotion.



The Tubes—Just Another Variety Show?

Paul Dabalsa

You're Not Playing Enough, Jean-Luc...

By FRED SEAMAN

In the European jazz world Jean-Luc Ponty is considered an innovative electric violinist. In America, however, he is still virtually unknown. While Zappa fans might remember him from the remarkable 1969 *King-Kong* album, it is his more recent work with the new Mahavishnu Orchestra that introduced the French violinist to a broader American audience.

Now Ponty has embarked on a solo career, appearing at Greenwich Village's Other End September 18-21. At his opening night concert Ponty was backed by a group of four able jazz-rock musicians and performed most of the cuts from his new LP on Atlantic, *Upon the Wings of Music*.

Compared to the imaginative jazz he played in pre-Mahavishnu times his present music is not nearly as interesting. I have nothing against jazz-rock, my only complaint is that Ponty contributes little to the genre. He is clearly influenced by the likes of McLaughlin and Corea, and it's always frustrating to see a good

musician imitate rather than create on his own.

Anyway, back to the concert. During the first set most of the tunes vamped along on a tight rhythmic foundation, with Ponty contributing short, catchy solos. Much of the time he simply bounced his stick off the strings of his violin, producing an electronic percussive effect that was frequently drowned out by his loud sidemen. I guess the only reason I stayed for the second set was because I hoped my press pas would exempt me from the \$2.50 minimum per set.

Well, I'm glad I stayed



Jean-Luc Ponty

because the second set proved to be much more satisfying than the first. For one thing, it included an acoustic interlude in which Ponty was joined by the bassist playing a second violin. At first they played in unison, gently backed by a grand piano and acoustic guitar. Then followed an imaginative interplay between all instruments, leading into a light, swinging piece that presented the group in a strikingly different light. When Ponty picked up the electric violin again, he brought forth a stunning array of electronic sounds and effects by tapping, plucking and stroking the strings in conjunction with a foot-pedal. His violing could have easily been mistaken for a synthesizer. During the rest of the set he livened things up considerably by contributing some fiery solo work to the hard-driving rhythms generated by his sidemen. It almost seemed as if he had listened to an angry cat-caller who cried out during intermission: "You're not playing enough, Jean-Luc, you're laying back too much!"

Is This How You Want Your Rock and Roll?

Howard Cosell might like them on his show, and Kenny might win as best choreographer next year on Don Kirshner's Rock Awards. Or the band itself might win the "best Tom Jones impersonation by a rock band" or "the Orchestra Luna look-alike" categories. One thing is for sure, namely that **The Tubes** serve no apparent aesthetic purpose. They're simply a band with a gimmick, propelled by heavy publicity. But, by all means see them — you'll have a good laugh.



Paul Dabalsa

Shaky Future For Schaefer Festival in '76

By PAUL DABALSA

The mood was a slightly mournful one as a sold-out crowd of regulars, first-timers, and all those caught in between joined in singing the last few mellow stanzas of "Goodnite Irene," perhaps the last song ever to be sung within the confinements of The Wollman Skating Rink. John Sebastian, perhaps the last musician ever to perform on the rink's stage, admitted that this was one thing he didn't want to be remembered for. He repeatedly asked the crowd to write letters and fight hard for a music festival which over the years had become an institution. And so, as the crowd sang the last, sweet words of "Goodnite Irene," the same thought seemed to be on everyone's mind. We all wanted it to be a happy moment to be remembered in case it should really be the last Schaefer festival concert. But it's hard to believe that as of 9:51 p.m. on September 13th, 1975, rock and roll will no longer be welcomed in Central Park. I mean, I've been going to three-fourths of all the shows every year for as far back as I can remember. The memories are countless.

The last stronghold of music from the sixties is about to be washed down the drain and not because of the decadence of rock and roll or because it has become strictly a matter of dollars and cents but of things due to the innerworkings of politics. How thousands of music-lovers who attend these concerts each year can stand idle while politicians destroy the festival is truly lamentable. If this is an indication of the times we live in, when we allow

something which means so much to so many be taken away by so few, then we're in sad shape. Ironically, Sebastian sang about "the magic of rock and roll" just minutes before he left the Central Park stage, handing it over to an uncaring Commissioner of Parks — a walking, talking zombie-tool for those jet-setters on Central Park South who love to see the festival go.

Ron Delsener, the promoter of the annual music festival, took the microphone just before Sebastian was due to appear and assured the audience that he would continue to fight for the Festival. Originally, Mayor Beame, Parks Commissioner Weisl and Central Park West dwellers wanted Delsener to move the festival to a new location this past season but lack of immediate funds enabled the festival to remain an extra year. Earlier in the season Delsener had handed out postcards with a list of alternate locations for the festival and fans were asked to indicate their preference for a new site. If Delsener cannot return to Central Park in '76, the festival might be moved as far as Jersey City, New Jersey or Uniondale, Long Island. It's very unlikely that Delsener alone can save the festival, but with the help of all those thousands who still enjoy great double bills such as Commander Cody/Charlie Daniels Band for as little as \$2.50, there's a fighting chance the festival can be saved. If you care, write the Mayor and the Commissioner of Parks. If the festival is gone in '76, we only have ourselves to blame.

Depression - Era Art

(Continued from Page 10)
missioned to decorate the walls of the New York Post Office.

In a quieter vein is Ben Shahn's large scale portrait of a black man intent on his work, in the mural *Worker With Electric Drill* (1938).

Alongside these visions of despair and gloom, however, there did exist a brighter, tougher spirit that was just as representative of the 30's. The outlook of Seymour Fogel's family in *Security Of The*

People (ca. 1940) could be described as utopian, but by no means unreasonable, in its fairly explicit statement that the living of the good life is no privilege, but a god-given right.

These and other works are being exhibited at the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees. Although it is a small exhibit, one is very often surprised at the range of vision of various artists during those very disheartening years of the Great Depression.

The film *Lady Sings The Blues* will be shown on Friday, Sept. 26 in Finley's Grand Ballroom (Rm. 101). Showings are at 1, 3, 5 and 7 P.M.

On Friday, Oct. 3 the film program will feature Monty Python's *And Now For Something Completely Different*. Admission is free with college I.D.

An exhibit titled *You Gotta Have Art*, is currently being presented in Lewisohn Lounge.

The *Monkey's Paw Cafe*, located in the basement of Finley Center, is now in its second year. The cafe offers such yummys as pastries, ice cream and cappuccino. They occasionally feature folk singers, so if you play an instrument, either alone or with a group, and would like to perform, stop by the Finley Program Agency (Rm. 151) for more info.

Attention Veterans

The Veteran's Office has produced a 23 minute video tape program which describes the services they offer the College's veteran population. The video tape will be shown on Thursday, Oct. 30, 12-12:50 P.M., and Friday, Oct. 31, 7 P.M. The showings are in J2 and J3 (Science & P.E. Building).



Students of *Art 8* (a special basic art course for non-art majors) working on cloth banners that are being exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art (81st St. entrance gallery) until October 5

The CCNY Coalition Against Racism is sponsoring a forum on the Boston desegregation struggle, Thursday, Oct. 2, 12-2 in J117. Speakers will include Brenda Franklin, a Black high school student from Boston.

Tryouts for Cross Country Track and Indoor Track and Field are beginning now. Anyone interested should see Dr. Castro or Mr. Dave Schmelzter in Rm. J26 or 27.

There's still time to catch the Richard Avedon photographic exhibition which is on until October 4 at the Marlborough Gallery (40 W. 57 St.). Over 100 portraits from 1949 to the present will be on display.

The third annual *Our Lady of Pompeii Fiesta* will be held from Sept. 25 to Oct. 5 at Bleeker and Carmine Streets in Greenwich Village. There will be games, rides, singers, dancers, and of course, ample food for all.

Columbia University has begun its "Cinemathèque" series of films. On Oct. 8, you can see Marlon Brando in *Night of the Following Day*, Bunuel's *The Strange Passion* on the 9th, and Wilder's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* on the 10th. Wednesday screenings are held at the S.I.A. Auditorium on Amsterdam Ave. and 118th St., Thursday and Friday shows in 511 Dodge Hall, Broadway and 116th Sts. Admission is only \$1.25 and there are two screenings every night, at 7:00 and 9:00. Further info. — 280-3996.

All of your Edgar Allen Poe fans will be delighted to know that the N.Y. Touring Co. will be performing scenes from the life of the master himself on October 4. *Poe: From His Life and Mind* will begin at 2:00 at the N.Y. Botanical Garden in the Bronx. Raindate is Oct. 5. Call 472-1003 for more info.

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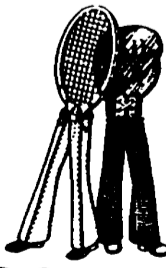
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