

Asbestos Found in Steinman Dust, Professor Says

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

A geology professor here has confirmed a report that particles of asbestos from ceilings in Steinman Hall are falling through the air and settling on desks, equipment and the floor.

A sample of dust from a desk in Steinman and a sample of the ceiling material above it, were X-rayed by Prof. Jeff Steiner of the Geology Department this week. Steiner explained that a mineral discernible in both samples was asbestos.

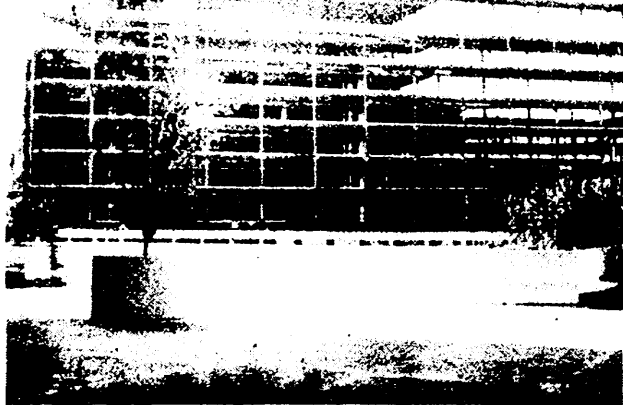
"I can now say confidently that there is asbestos falling from the Steinman ceilings," Steiner said, "but I can't say whether it is a dangerous amount or not."

Asbestos is known to cause asbestosis, a crippling lung disease, in persons who have been exposed to the mineral, although symptoms often do not become manifest until three or four decades later. Asbestos is also the only known cause of mesothelioma, a rare form of cancer.

"If that dust accumulates on a desk within only a few days time," explained Dr. Martin Langer, of Mt. Sinai Hospital, "I would say that it's an unsafe area."

Students and faculty in the Health Care and Technology and Electrical Engineering Labs have complained that each school morning they find a layer of the dust covering furniture, equipment and the floor.

Another Mt. Sinai doctor, Arthur



The North Academic Complex, where work is expected to stop today.

Rohl, said that the asbestos in the dust may be particles from the ceiling that are so dense that they fell immediately to the surface below. "Because these particles have a finite settling velocity, there's little chance of it being respirable," Dr. Rohl said.

He said that this was found to be the case in Curry Garage during a study conducted by Mt. Sinai this spring.

Following that study, another Mt. Sinai doctor, William Nicholoso, suggested that ceilings in three buildings — Cohen Library, Curry and the Psychology Center — be covered with acoustic material to "prevent further leakage."

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BHE Weighs Furlough Tries to Avert Closing

The Board of Higher Education (BHE) is considering a plan to furlough all staff and faculty of the City University for a two-week period sometime before the end of the fall semester, according to a BHE spokesman. If the proposal were to be implemented, one-third of the faculty and staff would be on furlough for three consecutive two-week periods.

According to the BHE spokesman, every effort would be made to avoid interrupting the semester's studies or adversely affecting students.

"We're not proposing that the university close its doors for two weeks," the spokesman said. "We would try to have it done during intersession."

Jay Hershenson, the Chairperson of the University Student Senate (USS), said that the USS was opposed to the furlough proposal and would make every effort to fight it.

"Aside from fucking up the semester," Hershenson said, "the policy of the BHE and the USS must be resistance, not weakness."

Hershenson said that the real tragedy of a furlough would be "not for someone making \$37,000 a year but the people who work for the University who are literally living from paycheck to paycheck ... the guys making \$6000 a year."

USS to Plan Fightback

The USS will hold an open meeting this Saturday at the CUNY Graduate Center at 33 West 42nd Street in Room 210. The meeting is being held to discuss forthcoming cutbacks in the CUNY budget due to the city's financial crisis, and to plan future USS strategy to fight the cutbacks.

"Primarily, we favor the restoration of the state's matching funds as a way of fighting the cuts," Hershenson said, referring to the \$32-million worth of state funds that were withdrawn by the state government when the city was forced to make an identical cut in the CUNY budget last summer.

Another USS spokesman explained the meeting as "an effort to organize all the different groups at the individual colleges into one coordinated group ... a coordinated effort is lacking all over."

The USS is currently attempting to establish weekly meetings, such as this one, to plan citywide activities against the budget cuts. "We'd like to concentrate as much as possible on local actions because they're more likely to be effective," said the USS spokesman.

"President Ford doesn't consider education essential, but we do," said Hershenson.

All interested students are invited to Saturday's meeting.

CUNY Sites May Close

By SOPHIA FEISULLIN

All CUNY construction sites will shut down due to the financial problems of the State Dormitory Authority (SDA), the agency managing CUNY construction, according to unofficial sources.

The work involves \$230 million worth of partly completed academic centers, theaters and other buildings. At the College, there are currently 3 projects underway worth about \$80 million, altogether.

There have already been 101 workers laid off from the North Academic Center (NAC), since last week. There are now 270 workers on the NAC, the Leonard Davis Center and Baskerville Hall.

The SDA has been unable to sell their bonds because of an investor general lack of confidence in New York resulting from the city's own

financial straits.

Governor Carey has requested a 90-day loan from the Federal Reserve Board for the SDA as well as 3 other state agencies having financial difficulties. The loan is for \$567 million, Carey says that the financial woes of these agencies has nothing to do with the fiscal crisis in the city. It is due to the spreading "contagion" of the city's fiscal crises.

In response to Carey's request, Paul Volcker, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, didn't rule out consideration of the loan. Carey's request was, however, "incomplete, as presented," and therefore must be resubmitted.

Speculation is that construction could stop as early as next week if the SDA ran out of money. Other sources say that it would probably be at the end of November.

Bio-Med Reacts to Ruling

By ANDREW FEIGENBAUM

The Center for Biomedical Education has been approved by the State Board of Regents with eight stipulations, including a two year service requirement for graduates of the program and the reimbursement of up to \$25,000 to the City and State in tuition costs if service is not rendered in a physician needy area.

Reactions to the residency and payment provisions were mixed and while most involved with the program agreed with the moral issue in maintaining an urban medical program, they questioned the legality of the Regents' ruling.

Speaking for the administration, Vice President Robert Carroll said, "it is not in principle that we differ but the method" of the Regents "to order an edict upon the administration, to force what we have already built into the program."

Carroll also implied that the new requirements would make recruitment more difficult and that they could eventually lead to legal complications.

Students of the Biomed program questioned the legality as well: "It opens a Pandora's Box of legalities. I wonder if it can be worked into a legally acceptable form in the future," commented Lidia Pousada.

Juanito Medino, a Biomed student who expressed interest in practicing primary medicine in Puerto Rico, said that he "planned to work in an urban area regardless

of the ruling" but said that "it seems to be unconstitutional to limit my freedom by such requirements."

Leza Gallo, a junior in the program, felt the Regents ruling to be in the best interest of the program, "if the \$25,000 stipulation will discourage students whose views do not jibe with its basic philosophies."

Dr. Alfred Gellhorn, Director of the Biomed program, stated that "students (of the program) have already signed a memorandum of understanding" and that "the ideas of the provision are not new to the program."

The "memorandum of understanding" is a statement students are expected to sign upon acceptance into the program. One passage reads: "Because my education at City College is being subsidized by the taxpayers, it is my intention to repay this debt by providing medical/dental service in a health facility designated by the Commissioner of Health of New York City, or of a city of over one million persons for a period of two years." This is not legally binding, however.

According to Byron Connell of the State Board of Regents, the residency and payment requirements are not retroactive to students already enrolled in the program.

The residency requirements would not be confined to New York

City but would include physician-needy areas where the student completed his or her medical training.

Other provisions in the Regents approval plan include a panel of physicians to review admissions decisions before final acceptance is made, and the finding of sources outside the College to fund the program. A substantial amount of funding is already furnished by the Federal government.

The Regents have also asked that a seven year alternative to the normal six year program be provided. This is to help alleviate the high dropout rate that has plagued the program.

Other requirements include:

- A maximum of 80 students be admitted for the Fall 76-77 terms.
- An annual evaluation of students submitted to the State Commissioner of Education.
- A reevaluation of the program during the 1877-78 school year to see if it should be continued.

In addition to approval by the State Regents, which was dated retroactively to July, 1973 when the program began, State Education Commissioner Ewald Nyquist cleared the Biomed program of discrimination in its 1975 admissions practices.

Thus far thirty-five students from the first class admitted to the Board program in 1973 have been accepted at various schools throughout the country.

New Legal Center Looks for Funding

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

The Board of Higher Education last week approved the College's Center for Legal Education, but the Center must survive its first three years without tax-levied funds, due to the CUNY fiscal crisis. The Center's future will therefore depend directly on its success in obtaining monies from other sources to cover a projected three-year budget of \$532,718.

"I hope that after three years we won't need any tax-levied funds," said Edward Schaefer, professor of Political Science and director of the Center. "Right now, we're having some trouble getting federal funds," he explained, "but if we can get just enough money to get started, the Center could then support itself."

Training for Urban Areas

Forty-five students enrolled this September in the six-year law

program — the major aspect of the Center — which was established in conjunction with New York Law School.

After three years at the College, students in the program can earn a bachelor of arts in Urban Legal Studies, and then a juris doctorate following three years at the law school.

The program is designed to train students for legal practice in underserved urban communities. But Schaefer said it would not be necessary to force the students to serve in these areas — as their counterparts in the Bio-medical program are — because "legal practice is more specialized [than medical], and the students won't be well trained to do anything else" but urban law.

The State Board of Regents recently ruled that all Bio-med

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Jay Hershenson, Chairman of the University Student Senate, who said the USS was opposed to the furlough policy and would make every effort to fight.

Campus Allocation Withheld By Senate

By MARK T. McDONOUGH

The Student Senate is withholding The Campus' fall allocation and taking steps to suspend the paper unless it complies with the requests of the Senatorial Hearing Committee investigating The Campus for a detailed, dollar-to-dollar analysis of last year's fiscal operations. The Campus must also submit a statement explaining the powers and responsibilities of all editorial positions on their managing board.

In response to the possible suspension, Dave Wysoki, Editor-in-Chief of The Campus, told OP, "I wasn't aware of the Senate's pressure on the matter; their request is not unusual and I'll have it for them by the beginning of next week."

Vivian Rodriguez, President of the Student Senate, said, "so far we haven't had any response from The Campus to our letter (dated Oct. 24) and so the Student Senate is withholding their fall allocation of 7000 dollars."

The Student Senate's action at this point is to seek administrative advice on the possibility of suspension. Rodriguez remarked, "there is a meeting on Monday (Nov. 10) in which the Student Senate Executive Council will meet with Dean DeBerry and Fred Kogut to discuss, among other points on the agenda, the suspension of The Campus."

Up until Thursday, the Student Senate did not know that it had the power to suspend a newspaper from printing. DeBerry told OP, "the Student Senate has the power to suspend a newspaper. After approving the suspension of a particular newspaper, and revoking its organizational charter, Senate must then contact both the newspaper's printer and the administration." This means that the printer then services the newspaper from that time at his own risk. But DeBerry's own sentiments expressed the belief that The Campus' unique financial status did not necessitate suspension.

Last fall, The Campus received a subsidy of \$4000, approved by Dean Sommer, to offset a \$5600 deficit that The Campus had incurred during the fiscal year '73-'74. The \$4000 was given to The Campus in return for a promise by the senior editors "not to do it again."

Fred Kogut said, "no one in the administration watched The Campus after the subsidy was given, because no one thought that they'd do it again."

Unlike last year, The Campus, by running 3 1/2 to 4 pages of ads with each 8-page issue, is spending within its fiscal budget. At this rate the paper is paying for itself at each printing. Kogut predicted, "the paper will be able to pay off its entire debt (\$10,500) by the end of the fiscal year '76."

At his first meeting with the

Senatorial Hearing Committee investigating The Campus, Dave Wysoki had spoken, telling them that he did not personally know of the debt last year until he was given his editorial position just before the last two issues of the spring term were printed.

"At that time, when I found out," said Dave, "the senior editors felt that we should continue to print because of the importance of the events happening at that time."

The Senatorial Hearing Committee has found this reasoning for The Campus's indebtedness irresponsible and serving only in the interests of the editors who were in control of the newspaper last year.

For this reason, the Investigating Committee has asked The Campus for "a statement explaining the managing structure of The Campus including now decisions are made concerning expenditures." This was requested by the Hearing Committee with hopes of being able to recommend modifications within the political structure of The Campus to insure that there will be a centralized chain of communications within the paper that will allow all staff and managing board members to be aware of all policies and decisions affecting the newspaper.

Many faculty and administrative personnel at the College believe The Campus has been most prolific newspaper serving in the interests of the student body over recent years, but their \$10,500 indebtedness seems to be the price for their journalistic proficiency.

The Campus has expressed strong sentiments that it is not receiving a large enough allocation to serve the student body, as they used to when the original allocation was set back in 1958. On this point all of the other newspapers at the College agree. But whereas The Campus feels that it should get a larger allocation, other newspapers believe that the funding should be equal.

With the advent of printing 8-page issues, of which at least half is ads, The Campus has lost several of their writers to other college organizations and newspapers. But The Campus is printing and Wysoki said that the paper is planning to print next week.

The Student Senate's Hearing Committee has at this time sent three letters to The Campus requesting about the paper's fiscal and managing board operations of last year. All three dated 9/29, 9/30, and 10/24, respectively, have requested the same information: a detailed analysis of their fiscal and managerial operations last year. After a poor response from The Campus to the first two letters, the third asked specifically for a dollar-to-dollar analysis of last year's operations and the monies spent to date so far this term. Along with this, a statement describing the

function of The Campus's managing board and each position's power and responsibilities was requested.

It seems that one of the reasons that The Campus did not answer all that was asked was because they couldn't. Many of their managing board positions have no real function and an editor of The Campus, not wishing to be named, said that "only one third of the staff members listed are contributing and writing for the paper at this time."

Wysoki also admits openly that a figure of \$1283 listed as expenses is still not balancing in his books, but expressed hope that it will balance as soon as he can straighten the whole fiscal operation out.

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New Program Here Aids Vets

By MARK T. McDONOUGH

The Outreach Program is a new program, funded by the Veterans Administration and the Manpower Program, which pays 45 vets from the College to assist the more than 2000 vets here with the specific problems that they encounter as students.

Working in conjunction with the Veteran's Affairs Office in Shepard 502 and the Veteran's Association, the Outreach Program has organized itself into seven separate committees, each of which deals with specific areas of concern for the student-vet.

Drugs

The Drug Committee is a referral program that can counsel vets when their problem is not extreme. All interviewing is done privately, and all information is kept confidential. Veterans with drug-related problems will be referred to one of the following programs: Manhattan Veterans Hospital Drug Treatment Program, Reality House, the Veterans Administration's own Out Reach Program, E.S.P.A.D.A., or Coordinated Addiction Walk-in Service.

This program is also open to non-student vets within the community.

Housing

The housing committee provides information on three New York City Housing Subsidies: The Federal "236" subsidy program, the Mitchell Lama Housing, and the State Capital Grants.

For the Housing Subsidy, the applicant should be employed and prepared to wait four to 12 weeks before he or she is certified for an apartment. The committee also assists vets in finding apartments in private housing when necessary. Whenever possible, a staff member of the committee will go with the vet to secure housing.

A veteran seeking housing should bring to the College Veteran Housing Committee his DD214, 1040 Tax Statement, Veterans Administration Education Entitlement Certificate, W-2 Tax Statement, Employer's work statement, and a typed letter explaining present housing situation. Emergency housing in a hotel is also available for any veteran who may need it.

Prisons

The Prison Committee deals with society's "take it or leave it" attitude toward the vet-ex-offender. Often the vet's basic needs are not met by the state and federal ex-offender assistance programs.

The committee believes that the vet is subject to a unique multi-level predicament: he faces the dual re-adjustment from his vet experiences and the penal system. Often the vet is unable to handle

society's lack of insight into his special needs.

To eradicate this problem, the prison committee has emphasized the pre-lease method whereby an ex-offender is counseled by vets and supporting programs before his release. The committee has established a special services unit designed to help counsel the veteran's family with his special problems before and after his release.

Legal Services

The Discharge Upgrading Committee and legal services project, combined offer the student vet assistance with both legal problems and difficulties dealing with other than honorable discharge from the Armed Forces.

The Legal Services Committee will provide free legal advice for almost any problem and/or refer the individual to an attorney.

However, discharge upgrading is the project's primary concern. At present there are few agencies open to help vets faced by problems related to his less than honorable discharge. A discharge

upgrading counselor can act as an individual representative before the appropriate administrative boards, (e.g., Veterans Administration Appeals Board, Discharge Review Board and the Board of Correction for Military Records). If representation is not desired, the counselor will advise the vet of the alternative open to him/her.

The discharge upgrading/legal services project also keeps abreast of current developments in the areas affecting veterans with less than honorable discharges.

Jobs

The Job Committee works with several of the city's employment agencies. It also compiles a list of available jobs, sent out to all vets by mail, and keeps up on the latest job markets open to College students.

Freshman Program

This program deals with the freshman veteran, and can answer any questions the incoming student-vet may have with respect to the college, his benefits and bureaucratic workings of the

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Some Veterans Must Pass to get Checks

By SOPHIA FEISULLIN

Veterans who change their enrollment status more than twice may now have to undergo psychiatric counseling due to recent changes in Veteran's Administration (VA) benefit eligibility guidelines. The psychiatrist will then determine if the veteran is eligible for future benefits.

These changes result from overpayments made by the VA of \$140,000 during the September, 1974 to May, 1975 school year. So far only \$60,000 had been recovered.

Leon Little, Director of Veterans Programs at the College, feels that the VA is "too concerned with overpayment." They should, instead, concern themselves with making their system more efficient, monthly checks don't always arrive on time and applicants for benefits must wait from 2 to 4 months to have an answer to their application, he asserted.

Little feels that "if there are students getting money illegally, the VA should address these students." The other veterans "don't have to be harassed."

Other new guidelines include having the College report any changes in curriculum and enrollment status of the vet, plus the submission of standard progress reports to the VA. The report must

show that the veteran is making satisfactory progress in pursuing his education, according to set guidelines. Dependents of veterans who are receiving benefits must also be screened now.

Little says that the veteran is being "singled out" since other students do not face the same restrictions.

Legal...

(Continued from Page 1)

students here must serve in designated urban areas upon their graduation from medical school, or else reimburse the city and state for their years of free undergraduate work at the College. [Page 3]

To Help High Schools

Besides the program in Urban Legal Studies, the Center will have these other functions:

• It will provide underserved urban communities with information on basic legal skills and on the workings of the legal system.

• It will be a central resource for gathering and disseminating information about urban legal problems and legislation.

• It will evaluate and distribute materials for legal educational programs at elementary and secondary schools.

**New York
Will Survive**
(Continued from Page 19)

who voted for Gerry Ford in the first place? Richard Nixon! Now we know who we are up against — one yes man with no one to say yes to.

It is absurd to think that one man's political future is more important than eight million people's lives. Maybe Gerry Ford ought to follow in the foot steps of his Vice-President and shove his re-election ideas until he does something to help this country. He's got nothing to gain by ignoring New York City, except that he can concentrate on getting elected next year. But the way things are going, there won't be anyone left to vote.

Everyone is exhausted and drained from talking to the deaf ears in Washington, but that is no reason to give up, for after December first this country can go nowhere but down. So we'll scream a little louder and fight a little harder until our President finally starts to do his job right. And then maybe we can live our lives the way they should be lived.

Fear of Rape Persists at College

By CLAUDIA COYLE

Despite a new College security force, trained specifically to be more sensitive to sex crimes, women here still have old fears of sexual assaults, growing out of three on-campus rapes last year.

The defendant in the first rape was acquitted this summer, and the suspect in the other assault — police believe one youth to be responsible for both — is still at large.

"All efforts are being made to identify the suspect," Det. John Keenan, 26th Precinct, said. "The complainants viewed photos at the BCI (Bureau of Criminal Identification). It's hard to say what will happen now," he said.

Goldie Lieberman-Alfasi, a graduate student in the department of psychology, said that she "absolutely" feels unsafe on campus. "There is not enough security and the college is very dangerous," she said.

"Women are safer on campus under the new contract than under the old one," asserted Richard A. Kelly, Assistant to the Director of Security here.

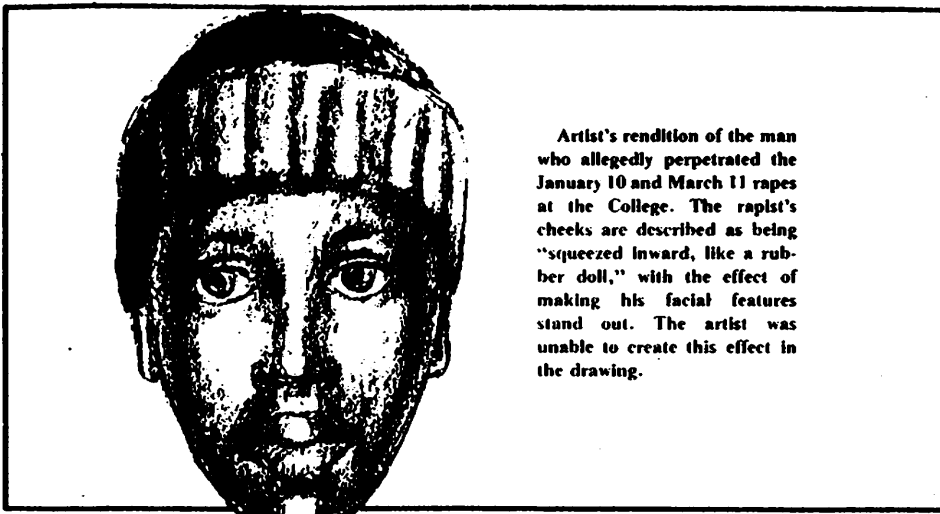
"I can't give you specific information on the number of guards on campus at any given time, and I can't give you detailed information on the number of guards that we have, but our response capability is measured to match the anticipated needs," he said.

Kelly maintained that reduction in security coverage over the past year was "less than 5 per cent" but emphasized that this reduction was in "gross man hours worked" and refused to comment on any reduction in the security force itself.

"Numbers are the least important thing to me," he commented. "It's actually less important than efficiency. For example, last year we had twenty walkie-talkies, now we have forty. We have three patrol cars available for use, last year we only had two," he said.

Ronald Spalter, assistant to Vice President Canavan, commented that "we don't have the money to do the kind of job that we would like to do in security."

Det. Edith Scagnelli of the Sex Crimes Analysis Unit said that the college employed 90 uniformed



Artist's rendition of the man who allegedly perpetrated the January 10 and March 11 rapes at the College. The rapist's cheeks are described as being "squeezed inward, like a rubber doll," with the effect of making his facial features stand out. The artist was unable to create this effect in the drawing.

guards and 2 plainclothesmen. "You're a little bit understaffed, but that's true of all the colleges," she said.

"Since last year there had been a shift in personnel to those areas where such crimes (sexual assaults) occur. This lessens the likelihood of the crime occurring," Kelly said.

All permanent guards receive rape sensitivity training "which helps eliminate the worst type of reaction, for example, treating rape like a joke," Kelly asserted.

Kelly also said that the training attempted to show guards how to deal with a rape victim. They are trained to safeguard any physical evidence, and are told not to force information from a victim. "The

initial contact is very important to any future investigations" Det. Scagnelli said.

Kelly also said that recently a Police liaison officer had recently been appointed to the college to "assist in handling sexual assaults." "Rape sensitivity training is not a preventive. It does not make the college safer for women," Spalter said.

Scagnelli said that the liaisons were "mainly instituted to call the colleges and explain what services the unit offers, which are referrals for medical or psychological assistance, and to file complaints. The liaisons deal mainly with women complainants reluctant to talk to men."

John McKenzie of the Security

Department said that prerequisites for avoiding a rape are: "don't speak to strangers, usually travel with groups, be familiar with the areas you're travelling in — and be aware of all access routes; avoid contact in a confrontation situation — walk away from it."

One student recommended that women "don't go to the restrooms alone, be careful with the elevators, and don't go into one alone with a strange man. The main thing is to be aware of what you're doing at all times."

Joyce Meisner, a freshman here, said that "it's terrible to have to walk with people. I go everywhere alone, so what can I do?" She said that "going to the Psych building in winter is going to be scary."

"I feel safe on campus, but I knew it's an illusion," Irene Korenfield said.

Priscilla Marco, a freshman at the college, added that "if you take a short cut to get any place on campus there's chance you won't see anybody."

She recounted an incident that occurred recently at The Women's Center in Finley Student Center. "This guy came into the Center and said 'I want to get laid.' I ran to the phone but luckily he left. I don't think he was going to do anything. All he had to do was close the door," she said.

Donna Fields, a 20-year-old student said that "I usually feel safe on campus — except in The Women's Center at night."

All three women agreed that the prerequisites to prevent a rape "won't prevent anything if someone comes into a room with you."

Fields added that "I saw one of the guards driving one of those little white security trucks around in circles about a hundred times. I finally asked him why and he said 'because I have nothing else to do.'"

Sue Werbe, assistant to Vice President Canavan and a member of the Women's Task Force on Rape, an informal group whose purpose is to educate and make suggestions to security, said that at a meeting the group held this year "only about 4 or 5 people showed up." Werbe added "It's awful this kind of psychology, that waits until something happens to act."

Communications Center Due Here

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

A member of the Curricular Committee of the Faculty Senate said this week that the proposed Center for Language and Communications would be approved by the Committee at its meeting next week.

Approval by the Committee would mean that the proposal would go before the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences, the final step before going to the Board of Higher Education.

Theodore L. Gross, the Dean of Humanities, has refused to comment on any aspect of the Center, due to what he felt was a premature report about the Center in The New York Times.

Through his spokesman Robert Carroll, President Marshak has also declined to make any comment, despite numerous requests for an interview.

Although Gross and Marshak have refused to speak about the Center, a 29-page case statement on new College programs — including a description of the Center — was released to the public last spring. The statement, entitled, "An Urban Educational Model," was distributed primarily to brief prospective contributors to the College's fund raising drive. The drive will officially begin on Nov. 22.

According to the Times, Gross said that because the first entering class would be small in number — only about 50 students — there would be no need to hire new faculty members.

But President Marshak reportedly indicated in late August that the College had received sufficient money from a college alumni, now in the communications field, to fund one new professorship for the Center. Marshak would not further

identify the alumni.

The case statement asserted that "the teaching staff for these courses in the Center will be drawn from the existing faculty and from professionals in the field — noted editors, newsmen, publishers, producers and linguists."

Urban Reporting

According to the newspaper account, Gross said that "around" \$1-million in private funds were being sought. He explained that these funds would be used almost entirely for acquiring new facilities, such as a newsroom and broadcast studio.

These facilities would be installed in buildings already existing on campus. But, according to the report, Gross left open the possibility that the Center would have its own home in the North Academic Complex after its expected completion in 1977.

Gross was reported as saying that the aim of the center would be to train students to work as reporters in urban centers.

The students at the Center will assume majors in academic fields while taking Communications courses. They can earn a Bachelor of Arts degree in a dual major after four years.

Gross said that courses in the Center would also be available to students who are not admitted as part of the Center.

The Communications Center would be divided into these three units:

- The Center for Applied Language and Communications would offer undergraduate programs in print and broadcast journalism, foreign language interpretation, graphic arts, photography and publishing. A media management program would be developed with other branches of the University.

- The Communications Services Unit will consist of the City College Press, a communications library, a special programs division and a placement service. The City College Press will publish educational materials, especially those for bilingual use in high schools and colleges. Work in videotape production is also planned.

- The Center for Research in Language and Communications will coordinate research projects in Communications being conducted on campus. The results of such

studies may be published in the Publication unit.

At least one editor of an existing campus newspaper views the proposed Center as the solution to the political and fiscal problems of each paper.

"With the Center, all the papers can be printed on campus, and we won't have to hassle over Student Senate allocations anymore. In fact, there is the real possibility that all the papers could then work together to produce a daily City College newspaper," he said.

Asbestos...

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But the report said that while concentrations in the three buildings are "significantly lower" than normal New York City air, "any disturbance or alteration of insulation material would release significant amounts of asbestos."

A study of asbestos levels in Steinman in October of last year produced similar results.

Dr. Rohl warned that installing accoustic material in Steinman would be a great risk, because excessive amounts of asbestos could be dislodged in the process. "The medicine may be worse than the disease in this case," he said.

However the results of Steiner's observations underscored the probability that asbestos is falling in Steinman by itself. No work has been done on ceilings there recently, but the asbestos-filled dust is found every morning, according to students and faculty.

Steiner did point out, however, that a story has been circulating about a bird that lost its way in Steinman, and then proceeded to dislodge asbestos by fluttering its wings near a ceiling.

Finley Reorganization

By PETER Y. KIM and ROUGET HENSCHEL

A Student Service Corporation (SSC) will be formed to prevent the sort of questionable expenditures that have occurred in the past in the Finley Student Center. It will handle nearly half a million dollars for the FSC.

The purposes of the SSC, as written by the Student Task Force, are to "include services to the vital education, social and recreational needs of C.C.N.Y. ... and to advance the educational program of the College by encouraging, generating and promoting good fellowship and the ideals of the democratic way of life. ..."

It is unclear how mismanagement of the FSC money is to be averted by this. The only part of the draft that deals with how FSC money could be managed, is Section 2 of Article 8, which reads, "funds not immediately be required ... may be invested and reinvested and administered by the Board of Directors in such securities, real estates ... as in judgment of the Board of Directors is sound and proper."

This seems to be giving the SSC even more freedom to use money in ways not directly related to improve services the SSC in theory is supposed to provide.

A \$54,000 loan which was given to the College last year for a drainage system on the South Campus Athletic Field is one example of the controversial use of FSC funds. It has also been questioned why nearly \$78,000 was spent on wages last year, which constitutes about 3/4 of the total FSC funds.

The voting members of the Board of Directors consists of seven students, four administration and three faculty officials. They are to meet three times a year. Students constitute 50% of the voting body on the Board. The Executive Committee, which meets between the "sessions of the Board of Directors ... shall exercise all powers of the Board." It consists of only two students and one faculty member. All are elected by the Board. The four remaining members are administrative officials; Students constitute less than 30% of the voting power on the Executive Board.

Beer Here Next Year?

Beer is a hell of a good way to avoid melancholia during these troubled times when we are facing the possibility of a New York City default and tuition at City College. It might at least put some smiles on thousands of those somber faces at City. Beer drinking certainly has some advantages: it doesn't make you pregnant, or rot your teeth, and it is certainly more stimulating than a day spent at Finley Snack Bar or an hour at the library. And fortunately, the prospects for beer on campus are looking up.

The Student Senate has unanimously passed a proposal, asking that beer be sold on campus. The Policy Advisory Council (P.A.C.) has decided to vote on this proposal at its next full meeting. In the interim, according to John Long, Educational Affairs Vice President of the Day Student Senate, it must be approved by various other committees and sub-committees, such as the Finley Board of Advisors. Such approval is expected, but it will take time. Hence the opening of a beer parlor will probably wait until the new year.

Robert Carroll, the College's vice-president in charge of public affairs, said the members of the P.A.C. seem to be generally in favor of allowing the sale of beer at limited times in the Monkey's Paw Cafe. He also stated that President Marshak's position on the beer issue is to accept whatever decision the P.A.C. reaches. In short,



the sale of beer on the college campus next semester is very likely.

The sale of beer would be limited only to the Monkey's Paw. The Paw is a small and easily policed area where drunkenness and sale to minors could be prevented. No wine, hard liquor or other drugs would be permitted in the Paw. Sale of beer would be limited to certain prescribed hours (perhaps after 4 p.m.).

The limited hours would discourage students from Music and Art H.S. from trying to purchase beer and permit beer drinking to compete as little as possible with College classes and activities.

Dean Sarfaty, director of Finley Student Center, said that given these limitations he could see no problem in policing the sale of beer adequately.

—Allan Korin

The Man In The Middle

By Celia Reed

He was tired of listening to the couple upstairs. They made a lot of noise, in their spare time, even at night, rearranging the furniture (which seemed strange for a newly married pair), but he figured that they were just fat people who couldn't make up their minds so they were trying a bit of everything.

This observation was important, for he rarely bothered to note anything at all. For some reason, today he felt different, even motivated to become different. He wanted more out of this weekend than a new bag of groceries so he decided to take in a Saturday matinee.

He paid no attention to the female attendant who took his five. He noticed only that the singles were crisp and new and that he hated anything so crisp and new, so he crumpled them together between his sweaty palms, separated the bills, recrushed them and then stuffed the prematurely-aged singles into the back-seat pocket of his well-worn, greasy, spotted jeans.

He looked like an aging man who refused to give up his youthful image. In fact though, he was a slob, with not much care for fashion or odor. So his hair hung long and greasy, mixed shades of black, white and grey, his clothes were beggarman style, baggy, with year-old stains and spots, and held up by an improvised, knotted, quasi-macrame rope.

He observed that the movie house was dark. He had forgotten, for it had been such a time since he had last frequented one. The last time he had entered the darkened mezzanine, his hair was black and short and greased to shine just so, and his belt, a Christmas present from his Valentine's Day sweetheart, was genuine, handcrafted leather. But the girl had died from encephalitis and as a final tribute he had wrapped the belt around the

girl's waist and without looking back, left it lying there in the coffin to be buried.

The movie began, the end of a conventional love story, fairy-tale style, with the girl hugging her man and murmuring, "I love you. I'll never leave you." Only after the clichés were spoken, no credits were rolled.

The film progressed somewhere, but already, accustomed to spending his Saturday afternoons dozing in his rocking chair, Freddy Styke fell asleep. He slept soundly, for an hour, maybe more and after that while he began to dream. He was back in the mezzanine with his love at his side, seeing "Gone With the Wind" for the first time.

He remembered her finely-cropped, dirty-blond, silky tufts of hair, the smoothness of her cheeks, the slight, half-moon scar below the left side of her bottom lip. Even her scent drifted into his dream. Chanel No. 5, applied ever so sparingly to the tips of her earlobes and the nape of her long, Grecian neck.

The lady in the fourteenth row wished the man on her left would stop snoring. She was a lonely, single lady who had gotten all dressed up and perfumed for her weekly excitement, a matinee followed by a stroll down Broadway, ending with a hot chocolate and some pie, both topped with sweet, whipped cream, at the Front Porch, a cozy place where this single lady felt comfortable to dine.

She felt too timid to get up and disturb the rest of the aisle, so she remained in her place.

Presently, Mr. Styke reached over to get some hot, buttered popcorn from his love's container. He hadn't eaten today and the popcorn's smell was making him hungry.

He groped in the dark, unable to locate the container, and awoke to find his hand on a middle-aged

Careers for the 1980's

By HAROLD VAUGHN

Most of the students attending college have some idea of what they want to do for the rest of their lives. But the important question remains: What jobs will be available? What will employers be looking for? The presentation, Careers and Life-styles for the 1980's, held here on October 23, offered various insights into the future job outlook. This event was the fourth of many to be sponsored this semester by the Office of Career Counseling and Placement.

The presentation, attended by 75 to 100 people, included panel discussion comprised of City College graduates Jesse Benjamin and George Chludzinski and a representative of the World Future Society, Dean Meridith.

Jesse Benjamin, Chief of Programs Research at the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, indicated that the present slow down in economic growth for labor, does not necessarily mean higher unemployment for the future. Though there will be employers who will take advantage of the situation or it may be difficult to find jobs in the area of our chosen major, Benjamin pointed

out that education will gradually pay off.

Whereas in the past, employers would have employed unskilled people and allowed them to "grow" into major positions, the future employers will hire prospective employees with education. Labor statistics projected a rise of professional and technical employment along with huge openings in elementary education.

The panel discussion moved smoothly with the help of moderator Larry Cooley. Cooley hoped that the discussion helped to illustrate the trends expected within the next ten years. Students have a definite idea what they want to do and should be shown what to expect, he strongly stated.

The second panelist, Dr. George Chludzinski, from the Exxon Corporation, suggested that careers involving the storage and maintenance of energy be considered. The Doctor of Chemical Engineering projected a possible energy crisis within the next 20 to 30 years. The majority of industrial and technical systems now use petroleum and nitro gas as a source of energy. Fields encom-

passing the conversion of systems from a petroleum-nitro gas based type to the nuclear converter-reactor type will develop.

The need will lean towards fundamental research including geologists, physicists and engineers. Along with these openings, there will exist a demand for organizers, technical and business people.

The highlight of the presentation came from Dean Meridith. Briefly he discussed considering health and human services (anything that increases the quality of life), communications (particularly with foreign countries), law and the non-traditional Alternative Learning. He suggested that we should also consider careers involving "getting work to people" in order to avoid psychic and physical waste. The point of this being to give people an "exchange value" rather than just getting him or her a job.

Dean Meridith promptly went into what kind of change in life-styles can be expected. Up to now, employment has been a matter of the "managers and the managed." He urged that we change our thought to that of an "entrepreneur," meaning being an opportunity seeker and creator, and making use of our own "exchange value." As the two preceding speakers, he strongly suggested that college students don't restrict our fields of study. Doing so, he went on, would lessen that "exchange value." He further urged them not to become complacent when settled in one situation.

The panelists all agreed that students should not restrict ourselves to their chosen major, that sufficient education will pay off eventually, and that the future job situation will be "tougher, but not hopeless."



Jesse Benjamin speaking here about jobs and the recession, Oct. 23

man's upper thigh. Though still drowsy, he quickly removed his hand and began to apologize.

"It's okay," replied the stranger, his golden earring glinting in the dark. "We all need it and the women ain't so easy to come by when the belly starts to droop and the money runs low." He put his hand up Styke's leg and patted the crotch area. Panic urged Freddy to get out, to run, not to get involved, but there he sat.

The movie was over and the stranger picked up his Salvation Army trench and said "Nice to meet you. I come here every week." With that he vacated his aisle seat and became part of the exiting line.

Still sitting, staring at the empty, grey screen, Mr. Styke felt a calm come over him. Ten minutes later, he left the Loew's 83rd Street Theater a contented man. He didn't need very much.

Meanwhile, the couple upstairs, tired out by the scraping and bumping sounds of the furniture they moved, fell asleep, fully clothed, on the newly re-moved sofa.

The man downstairs returned home. With a big smile on his face and one hand inside his pants, he rocked himself away into a blissful peace.

In the shadow of the dark empty spaces.

Far down in the infinite reaches Where the deep void is forming There is death within the pregnant silence.

Where time and place are strewn with sullied forgotten rainbows

And deception is told not with the lips but the eyes.

I rendezvous with Nemesis.

But the circle is broken and fragmented.

And the nameless needs flee but are caught flicker, flame and die

In the shadows of the dark empty spaces.

There Aurora is buried Beneath the blind, broken truth

And the unspoken words fall down into the void only their silent echo is heard.

Regina Kelly



New Hampshire...

(Continued from Page 7)

hair and clogging my eyes, ears, and nose.

Finally, though, I was to advance to the chemical ward at the mill. For the next week, they had me dipping ammunition crates into a preservative fluid that would burn your eyes if accidentally splashed the wrong way.

Every hour at that job was mentally and physically demoralizing. It was bad enough that the work was like shit, but my fellow employees didn't rate much better. They were all middle age drunks who spent 90% of their time talking about how they made their home brew beer. The most intelligent word in their conversation was luck.

Almost immediately after I started that job, I went looking for another; unfortunately, the only jobs available were in factories. I tried to hook up with a couple of newspapers, but they didn't come through either. After three weeks at

the sawmill I'd had it. I was tired of knocking myself out for such shit wages and I was tired of searching for jobs that I could never get because I wasn't qualified.

By Thanksgiving it had been a long time since I'd been home and admittedly, I was really lonely for New York. "I could always find a job in New York, even in the worst of times," I thought to myself. The education was free in New York, unlike the \$800 per semester I would have to pay at the University of New Hampshire. I really did miss my friends back in New York.

As each hour passed, the feeling grew stronger. Where I really wanted to be was home. In less than a day I was back.

....

It's been ten months since I left to come back home. At least 50 times I've regretted making that decision, but I've spent many more moments being thankful that I'm here. I've been very lucky in just about everything I've done since. Every so often, when the pressure builds up, I go back for a weekend to get it out of my system. Eventually I would like to return for good but the next time I will plan it out better.

It's unfortunate that I let so many people know about what I was doing. They expected me to be someone who would fulfill their dreams of adventure. To this extent I regret letting them down. But if looking back at failure means a new learning experience, then I have no regrets. As Janis Jan put it: "Life isn't all it seems at seventeen."

'Watch it in Good Health!'

By MIKE ALLISON

"Watch it in good health," said the television salesman while holding open the front door of his shop for me as I carried out the box containing my brand new, deluxe color T.V. I put the box in my car and drove home, excited over the prospect of watching that night's football game in living color.

When I got home I opened the box, lifted out my prized possession, and gingerly set it down on the stand. I stuck the plug in an outlet, turned on the set, and a low, whining sound emanated out of it. I started slightly, because this was something that it didn't do in the shop, but then with a distinct crackle the picture snapped onto the screen. I sat back in a chair and a smile of genuine satisfaction crossed my face. My euphoria was short lived though, for in the next instant the picture turned completely orange, then green, then back to orange before fading out entirely in a kaleidoscope of color. I say there with my jaw slack, trying to comprehend the incomprehensible, as a thin column of purple smoke slowly spiraled up from the back of the set. I could feel the tears welling up in my eyes, but being too old to cry, I instead madly rushed over to the phone and called the dealer. It rang a dozen times before someone finally picked up the receiver.

"Albert's Audio-Visual Center." For a moment I thought I had dialed the wrong number. "Al's T.V.?" I asked, hesitantly.

"That was our old name," the voice on the other end said. "But what can I do for you?"

I explained my problem to him and he told me to wait while he checked the records. In the background I could hear him rustling through what sounded like the sales receipts of the past twelve years.

"Was that model XJ-429?" he asked.

"Yeah, yeah, XJ-429." The purple smoke was getting denser.

"It says here you brought it this afternoon."

"I brought it to watch the game tonight," I said, "but I haven't got a picture on the damn thing." I was growling impatient.

"Have you tried pressing the red button on the back?" he said.

Of course, that's it; I thought, even though I had no idea what the hell he was talking about, but it sounded official. "Hold on, will ya?"

I hurried over to the set and looked behind it, choking on the acrid smoke, and searched in vain for a red button. I had every conceivable color of button except a red one. I ran back to the phone.

"I don't have a red button," I said, fearing the worst.

"You gotta have one," he said, incredulously.

"Look dammit, there's no red button on the back of this frigging T.V.!"

"Well, then you have got a problem," he said. "But don't worry, I'll send a man right over to look into it." He hung up.

Three hours later the doorbell rang. I flung open the door and a short, fat, disheveled repair man was standing there holding a battered case full of tubes in his hand.

"I'm Joe," he said, stepping into the living room. "Hey, what are you cooking?" he asked, noticing the smoke.

"That's from the T.V.," I said. "Oh. Well, let's have a look at her." He plodded over to the set and I saw he was tracking some brown stuff across the carpet.

"Did you know you got a dog problem in this neighborhood?" he said, kneeling down behind the T.V. "I just barely missed stepping in a load of crap out there in the street."

"Do you think you can fix the set?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure. I already know what's wrong with it," Joe said.

"What is it?" I asked, hopeful of a quick repair.

"You ain't got a red button." We were back to that.

"But can you fix it?" I implored.

Joe stood up and sniffed. "You sure your not cooking anything? I

smell something." He then looked down at his shoe. "FOR THE LOVE OF . . . WILL YA LOOKIT THIS?" He raised up his foot. "OF ALL THE GOD DAMN THINGS TO LAND IN!" Without removing the shoe, he went back across the rug and out to his truck. I could feel the tears coming back to my eyes.

Joe trudged back into the house wearing a new pair of shoes and I directed him over to the television. "Now do you think you could fix it?"

Joe carefully unscrewed the back off the set and peered in at a myriad of smoldering tubes and burned out circuits.

"Jeez, this is a mess," he said, and I sensed the situation was hopeless. He proceeded to remove three tubes, each of which had some Japanese inscription running up the side, and in their place put three new ones. Then handing me a screwdriver, he instructed me to put the end of it into a small box. I was uncertain about doing it, for written on the box in eight different languages was a warning of high voltage. However, Joe reassured me that the power was off. I inserted the screwdriver while he was busy crisscrossing some wires.

"O.K., now turn as I twist this wire and . . ."

Before he had time to finish, we both received a thunderous shock that sent us reeling from the television. Joe staggered twice around the room before he toppled over. His eyes were glazed and rolling in his head, and the hair on his arms was singed. I lay supine on the floor, the still electrified screwdriver riveted to my hand, and through my hazy eyes watched the ceiling spinning around. Joe crawled over to me.

"Christ, . . . are ya all right?"

I was babbling incoherently as he carried me over to the sofa and laid me out. After that he packed up his stuff and drove off.

I dug down into my pocket and fished out the crumpled guarantee. Feeling some measure of satisfaction, I clutched it tightly in my tingling hand and drifted off to an uneasy sleep.

I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I'M THAT COSMOPOLITAN WOMAN!



Martial Arts; Fad or Discipline of the Mind?

By RON AKBAR

It was two-thirty in the morning. I was walking along Central Park West when suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, three men appeared. They surrounded me and one demanded that I hand over my money; I refused. All of a sudden one of them plunged toward me with a knife. I could see the knife he held in hand, raised above his shoulders and coming right at me. I kicked him in the groin and he quickly fell to the ground, groaning. I then caught sight of another about to grab me. Split second timing allowed me to follow through with a crescent kick. The last of the attackers began to run as he saw his cronies lying defenseless.

Although this short story is untrue it is an experience many identify with. Not so much the defense tactics, but the experience of being ripped off.

Being mugged today on the street, in hallways or wherever is commonplace. Being able to battle your assailants is not. Many people are misled by the advertisements and the action-packed martial arts films such as Bruce Lee's *Enter the Dragon*, Sonny Chiba's *The Street Fighter* and many more. We have replaced the so-called "spaghetti westerns" where guns were almighty, with new lessons of violence exemplified by such dialogue as "my hands are quicker than yours." One can go to these movies which fall short of containing plot, and, after being overwhelmed by the violence, come out and expect to do the same. This of course is foolish and dangerous.

The idea that martial arts is

strictly for self defense and protection is false. While for many in this country martial arts is a sport, hobby, fad or time passer, for many others around the world it is a way of life. It is said to have begun in provinces of China in Shaolin Temples. Shaolin monks devised what we call today, Kung-Fu, Tai Chi, Chuanand and many more related art forms. These were patterned after the motions of animals, birds, snakes and insects as they thwart attackers. . . . As I mentioned earlier many people fail to recognize martial arts as discipline of the mind and body.

One can learn to be more direct and positive in one's thinking and act accordingly. Vague as this sounds, one must be willing to understand and have patience, for any type of discipline takes years, especially after living in the Western World and not knowing much about Eastern philosophy. And unlike the western movies, it must be realized that martial arts has philosophical and spiritual aspects, scarcely touched upon in the movies, which have had an effect on the arts, philosophy, religion and total way of life of the people who practice martial arts. Also, going to a gym or school to take a few lessons may help one physically but represents merely scratching the surface in understanding and appreciation of the philosophy and mental discipline involved. To the serious student of martial arts it is a life time process affecting not only one's muscles but one's mind, heart, and spirit as well.

Throughout, the key to it all is unity of self.

"Now We Will See How Dedicated You Are"

"I am very serious about the art of mime. That's why I came here. I want to learn from the master."

Rouche said nothing. He simply nodded his head whenever he felt it was necessary.

"I have come to you, Anton Rouche, because I know there is no greater mime in the world. Someday I want the name of Bob Markin to be as famous as that of the great Anton Rouche."

Bob had gone through a great deal of trouble to find Rouche. He had spent eight months tracing Rouche to a tiny village in France and another two months trying to gain an audience with him.

Two months of unanswered phone calls and rejected visits to Rouche's home had finally paid off. A servant had come for Bob that morning and now he stood face to face with the master.

"I know how truly dedicated you are to the art. I'm glad you've finally given me the chance to prove that I too have the same dedication."

Rouche still had not uttered a sound. He had not said one word or made one gesture since Bob had arrived. Bob was beginning to think he had offended him in some way when Rouche suddenly sprang from his chair and knocked Bob to the floor. As they struggled on the

floor, Rouche pulled out a knife which he had kept concealed under his shirt.

Bob thought Rouche had lost his mind and he fought madly to free himself but it was to no avail. Rouche was a much stronger man and soon had Bob flat on his back and pinned to the floor. The last thing Bob saw before he passed out was Rouche's knife coming towards him.

Consciousness returning, Bob was greatly relieved to find he was

still alive. He opened his eyes slowly and found Rouche standing in front of him. Rouche, upon seeing he was awake, handed Bob a note. Bob stared at the note.

"Now we will see just how dedicated you really are."

When he tried to speak no words came. The only sensation he felt was a dull pain in the back of his mouth. Now he knew why Rouche was the best.

God, how he knew.

—Larry Feldstein



College Days

The doors are open as I walk in.
Many people are moving.
And I'm looking around.
There are many faces.
But I'm searching
for that one familiar face . . .
The face that I know.
After hours, I finally find a face
that looks

familiar, and then another and
another.
But these faces can only say
Hello. How are you, and then
goodbye.
And I'm left alone again.
To search some more.

—Cathy Drexel

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Wed Nov. 12-Poetry Jeanette Adams
 F 330 12 Noon

Concert Rose and Friends
 Hootenany with Rose of Folk City
 in the Monkey's Paw 1-4 PM

Fri. Nov. 14-Film Soldier Blue

showtimes 1, 5 PM
Page of Madness
 showtimes 3, 7 PM
 Ballroom in Finley Center

Mon. Nov. 17-Film Monday movie at the Paw-

CARTOON film festival with
Bugs Bunny & Friends
 in the Monkey's Paw 2-4:30 PM

Tues. Nov 18-Theatre Mt. Morris Players

production of **Medea** and
Euripedes in the Monkey's Paw
 4:00 PM

New Novelist Series

Gilbert Sorrentino
 F 424 1 PM

**Wed. Nov. 19-Poetry Barry Wallenstein and
 Joel Oppenheimer** F 330 12 Noon

Concert Kenny Kirkland Trio
 Jazz Band in the Monkey's Paw
 1-3 PM

Fri. Nov 21 Film Seduction of Mimi showtimes
 1, 3, 5, 7, Grand Ballroom of
 Finley Center

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Freshman Paranoia

By JULIA PASSOF
 I feel I must make a confession. I am a Freshman. This startling statement will get different reactions from different students. The Juniors and Seniors will probably go on to the next article, while briefly wondering what a Freshman is. The Sophomores might read this article just for a good laugh, trying to forget what happened to them last year. But the Freshman will read this article hoping to find a glimmer of sunlight in the midst of a violent thunderstorm.

Being a Freshman is a very traumatic experience. Many don't even make it through registration. They are taken away by the men in white suits and brought to the Freshman 'Funny Farm' where many can be heard murmuring over and over, "class closed, class closed." And for those who do make it through registration there is a new kind of game to play. This game is called Finding Your Class. In this game you come in third place if you get to your class; second place, if you get there on time; and you win if you have a nervous breakdown.

If however, the Freshman conquers these obstacles, the next thing to do is to get to know some people and join some clubs. This can be very difficult if you don't happen to be an extremely outspoken person, because you have

to go to them, they won't come to you. Most clubs don't really have a recruiting system, except for putting up a few signs.

There are several ways to join a club. The fastest, but hardest way is to just go and sign up. You can get information on all clubs and their room numbers in room 152 in Finley student center. Just get up your nerve, take a deep breath and march right into the club office. (Many clubs put up signs all around school telling the date, time, and room number of the next meeting). But not all of us have the courage to walk into a room with a bunch of strangers. So, if you're one of those people, and justifiably so, there is another alternative. Talk to some in your classes. Ask them if they belong to any clubs, if they do, ask them to tell you about it. Many people love to talk about the clubs they belong to; they're like grandparents talking about their grandchildren. They'll be more than happy to take you to the club and introduce you to everyone.

Once you've joined a club, stick to it. TRY NOT TO MISS ANY OF THE MEETINGS, ESPECIALLY AT FIRST. If the people in the club see that you're making an honest effort they'll accept you much faster. So Freshmen, keep your chins up. And remember, the Freshman of today are the Seniors of tomorrow.

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From New York To New Hampshire And Back

"Life Isn't All It Seems At Seventeen"

By JOHN LONG

It's been a year now since I left New York for a lonely little garden spot in Rye, New Hampshire. It's been a year to think about empty dreams, unkept promises, lost friends, and the embarrassment of making a major mistake.

I didn't last too long in New Hampshire; two months to be exact. It was a necessary leaning experience though, that no institution of higher learning, least of all City College, could teach.

Had I left without anyone, then perhaps I'd have no ill feelings about it now. But I didn't. I felt compelled to advertise it. (seven and a half, Sept. 1974). At least, had I kept silent, people would have asked when I get back, "Where have you been?" instead of "what are you doing back?"

I made many half-ass excuses on why I was leaving, ignoring the most obvious one, that is, my own emotional inadequacies. What follows is the story of what led me to New Hampshire, and why I came back.

.....

When I was a senior at Big Ben (Benjamin Cardozo High School in Bayside, Queens) I was anxiously awaiting my first semester at City College. I was going to be a meteorology major, and we all knew that the first step after this B.S. degree (very appropriate) is a job on ABC as Tex Antolne's replacement. It was so easy to dream during those lazy days of spring.

I had selected City as my first choice that year, even though I could have made Queens College. I knew little about the College except that it was in Harlem and was supposed to be one of the best in the country. I figured that the social life on the College would be excellent, like all the other colleges.

This illusion lasted through the summer days and finally, by the time September registration came around, I had convinced myself that City College would be some type of utopian learning institution, straight out of the twenty-first century, with ultra modern buildings. I pictured each school, be it education, architecture, or liberal arts, with its own structure. I thought that it would be a university on wheels, and I planned to drive in every day. Granted I hadn't seen the place yet, but I had a good feeling inside whenever I thought about it.

So it was with this in mind that I left my house, subway directions tightly in hand, and headed towards registration on a cloudy day in September. I arrived at the

Suddenly, all my illusions were gone. If there had been a place to escape I surely would have run. Had I seen someone I knew I'd probably have cried. Lacking either, I grabbed the first white person I saw, and he directed me towards the College.

In the weeks following registration, my disappointment was to grow. Not only wasn't it the ultra-modern utopian institution that I expected but I found it to be educationally and socially unredeeming. It seemed that most students couldn't get out of their classes quick enough, as they scurried along to catch the 'next train' home.

The only students who bothered to stay around campus at all usually had something going for them. They were organization leaders, or "members in good standing" and somehow, had built up a certain attachment to the place over the years. To an incoming freshman though, things were different. The social life at City didn't extend much past the smoke filled rooms of Finley Student Center, and even those few relationships one might gather there were built on false values.

It was with this underlying feeling of hopelessness that I joined *Observation Post*. Actually,

those four, but there was no victory in such harsh a defeat, especially after all the time I spent to make us win.

The year ended on this relatively low note. I couldn't help but feel that I had wasted an awful lot of time. My marks weren't bad but I had dropped seven credits. I felt I was going nowhere and taking a long time getting there.

Summer had finally arrived, though, and these thoughts of wasted time soon left with the spring. There were new horizons to explore and two and one half months to explore them. To me, it was the beginning of a new phase of my life known as independence.

By June, it had been six months since I had turned the magical age of 18. One of the life-long promises I had made to myself was that when I turned 18 I was going to move out of my parents' home, and take an apartment with some friends. I was going to make up for all those years of torture, when my parents held the reins over my life. I was to find out later that I never had it so good, but I'll talk about that later.

One night, I received a phone call from Herb Fox, then managing editor of *OP*. He told me about this great five room apartment that was available in the North Bronx. It didn't take much of a selling job to

of this place was that a friend of ours, Dave Leffler, had the apartment downstairs. This made for an excellent social life, since we didn't have to worry about complaining neighbors. Even the people in the buildings on each side could hardly complain, since one was a rooming house for drunks and someone on the other side had a fetish for "Midnight Train To Georgia" and consequently played the song at full blast till four in the morning one night.

Our apartment was to take on the name of *Opad* or *Oparty* to most of our friends, since it seems that *OP* related parties or staff meetings never seemed to end. Actually, there wasn't a day we were straight.

"I wasn't qualified to make diaphragms because I had no previous experience"

It was a good thing, too, since I had taken a second job and sleep wasn't included in my seven day calendar. The summer had passed in this state of altered consciousness but we were having the time of our lives, or so I thought at the time.

The summer was to end very abruptly for us though. On August 26 I came home at two in the afternoon. Herb was sitting on the couch with a very stunned look on his face. I knew that something was wrong, and then he told me that Eric had attempted suicide two nights before. He was in a coma for two days, but the reality of what he had done was to haunt him for a lot longer. He spent the next two months in the psychiatric ward of Jacobi Hospital.

Herb and I spent those two months deciding our own fates. Three days after Eric had entered the hospital, a fire was to spread through our two story tenement. No one was hurt, but as one fire department man said, "another five minutes and you would have been goners."

Both Herb and I were to move back to our parents for a spell, he to Co-op City, I to Bayside, Queens. We talked about getting another apartment but neither of us had the motivation to try again, at least at that point. We were physically and emotionally drained. What we wanted to do was escape for awhile, escape to a place where nobody knew us, to a place where trees were real, and not some design around a piece of concrete. We wanted the type of freedom that money can't buy, freedom of spirit. There was no time for that though. It was September again and a new semester had arrived. It was time to "cut the shit and hit the books," our future awaited us.

I registered that semester with enthusiasm of a turtle walking through sand. I had arranged my program to fit my two jobs. I still wanted to move out again, and I saw those jobs as a reassurance that I would. I wound up screwing myself though, since there wasn't a course that I considered of any relevance to what I was trying to learn.

So rather than waste the semester taking three bullshit courses, I decided that I was going to fulfill another life-long dream and travel out west. I'd decided to quit school, tell both my bosses to go fuck themselves (which I did to one), pack up my bluejeans and get truckin'. It didn't take long to realize that this was a ridiculous idea also since I didn't know

anybody out there and it was doubtful my car would make it.

So why New Hampshire? It may seem ridiculous when I say that it was there, but that's the best reason I can come up with. There was nothing especially appealing about New Hampshire, although I admit that I've always loved the state. I needed a place to forget all the things that were driving me insane at the time. I needed a place that was far enough away so that I didn't have to answer to anybody, but not so far that I couldn't return if I wanted to. It was the perfect compromise so at the beginning of October I left to start what I thought at the time was a new life.

.....
There is no real way to describe the serenity of Rye, New



John Long (L.) and brother Tom (R.) on New England beach last year.

I had wanted to join *The Campus*, but George Schwartz, then arts editor, who had been commissioned to lure new writers to *The Campus* came out with the line "Da, well I don't know. We have a lot of da, new members, and I 'link' we'll have to put you on the waiting list, da!" He said that without even coming up for air, so on that note I went next door to *OP*.

This began what was to become a fairly long and shaky relationship

convince me. This was my big chance to fulfill my lifelong dream of independence. The fact that the apartment was within walking distance of the Bronx Botanical Gardens, and the D train was just added incentive. And when I heard that Eric Thau, another *OP* staff member, was also going in on the deal, it was "roll out the carpet and send over the truck, I'm sure as shit ready to move my stuff." The rent on the apartment was only \$175, so dividing that three ways, it came out to \$58 per person. You can't beat that with a stick.

At the time this was going on, my parents had been on vacation in New Hampshire. By the time they got back I had half of my stuff moved out already. Needless to say, it came as quite a shock to them. My mother became very emotional, threatening never to speak to me again, but after awhile they both accepted the idea. I guess they figured that I'd see the error of my ways.

396 E. 198 St. was your typical Bronx tenement, the only difference being that this one was over a boarded up storefront. If you were to see it from the outside you would swear that nobody could possibly live there, except for drunks, degenerates, or welfare clients. Some people say that we fit all three classifications. They weren't that far from the truth. It may have been a run-down hole in the wall, but to us it was home.

One of the outstanding features

"There were new horizons to explore and two months to explore them"

137th Street #1 Broadway Local stop 90 minutes later, and with the physical apprehension that precedes any new experience, I walked out of the station.

"Where was City College?" I thought to myself. "The sign on the subway station says it's here." Yet all I could see was this very alien, almost surreal place called Harlem. Harlem, a chicken in every pot and a drunk at every doorstep; Harlem, "he drives a Cadillac and I drive a 64 Ford;" Harlem, you can't always get what you want, but if you mug someone, you get what you need; Harlem, rows of burned out and abandoned buildings; Harlem, so many hungry children just waiting for a chance.

with *OP*. During my first year, I was one of the hardest working writers on the staff, an issue didn't go by without at least one article by me, and very often, two or three. I became so involved with *OP*, that I saw it as an excuse to cut classes and drop courses. I began to say of *OP* that "it was my education." Classes were just a "means to an end." To this day though, I still haven't figured out what that "end" is.

Towards the end of my freshman year I ran for Student Senate, as a science senator and campaign manager for the losing Student Action Coalition slate. Only four out of the 37 people who ran on that slate won that year. I was one of

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If you've never had the misfortune of working in a sawmill then you probably wouldn't understand how much of a drag it is to work there. Picture these huge grinding saws moving away at every thing put in its way, then picture me grabbing these 50 and 100 pound pieces of pine, and putting them through this machine. After two weeks, I grew pretty tired of sawdust covering my
(Continued on Page 4)

The Reality Syndrome

By MARK T. Mc DONOUGH

There are 142 ways to skin a cat. There is the rather fast and simple method of tying the cat to a cyclone fence, pouring kerosene on it and then burning it. The only distinct drawback to this rather unique step by step method is that the skin is destroyed.

Another way is that of using fire crackers; tying fire crackers on the tails of the cat definitely lends an aura of power to the potential skinner... But the process is a long and delicate one.

Terrible parapets of hell surround the skinner as he cuts his way through obstacles. He must surmount them all and swim through the quagmire and muck that protrudes in all directions around the goal, which is education.

Vets...

(Continued from Page 2)

College. The program also takes care of tutoring services for all vets.

Vets are allowed a maximum of \$60 per month for 12 months to assist them in passing difficult courses, and by taking advantage of this benefit, a vet at any level of his college experience can get tutoring in areas not provided for by the college or his department.

The committee also has provided a video tape show which educates all vets to what benefits and alternatives are open to them at college. The tapes will be shown in the Science Building on the following dates and times: Nov. 20, Dec. 18, and Jan. 8, all at 12 noon. If the vet is an evening student, the tapes will be shown in 206 Shepard on Nov. 25, Dec. 17th, and Jan. 8th at 6 p.m.

Public Relations

The public relations program is the committee that disseminates all the information about the function and programming of the other six committees to all concerned vets.

At present the committee is engaged in printing the *City Vet Magazine* and the *Vet Newsletter*. Within the near future, the committee will have completed a Survival Handbook for all student vets. The handbook will have information relating to all aspects of the veteran-as-student, and additional information on veteran's benefits.

Leon Little, the director of the Outreach program, has taken over in the last few months and has been able to produce the co-ordination that a program of this kind needs to succeed.

At this time, the program is housed in Finley 421 and the telephone number is 690-6980.

All vets welcome.
All vets are welcome.

A delegation of students will be coming from P.R. to N.Y.C. They will be at City College to speak on the situation in Puerto Rico and the role of students.

Nov. 21st — Friday
time: 2-4
At: Finley 330

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The skinner must be relentless in his pursuit; very often the castle where the goal is honored and housed, will have fallen into decay and the captain of the establishment will have filled the stagnant most with Tarrillone oil to create an aura of credibility.

The pursuit of credibility is the most difficult procedure involved in the skinning process; the person must be amiable, intellectual and yet disciplined enough to withstand the deepest of cuts that will be inflicted in the skinning process, since the skinning process is being performed on a

most ferocious creature without the aid of heavy clubs, bombs and sharp knives. So the cat must be skinned as brutally as possible to get the most vivid effects. But you are only allowed to use your right hand which is tied behind your back. Skinning the cat under these circumstances allows for more sport and fun for all. Memos of the losers, however, are cherished in the hearts and minds of those who never groveled in the dirt with blood streaming from their open sores.

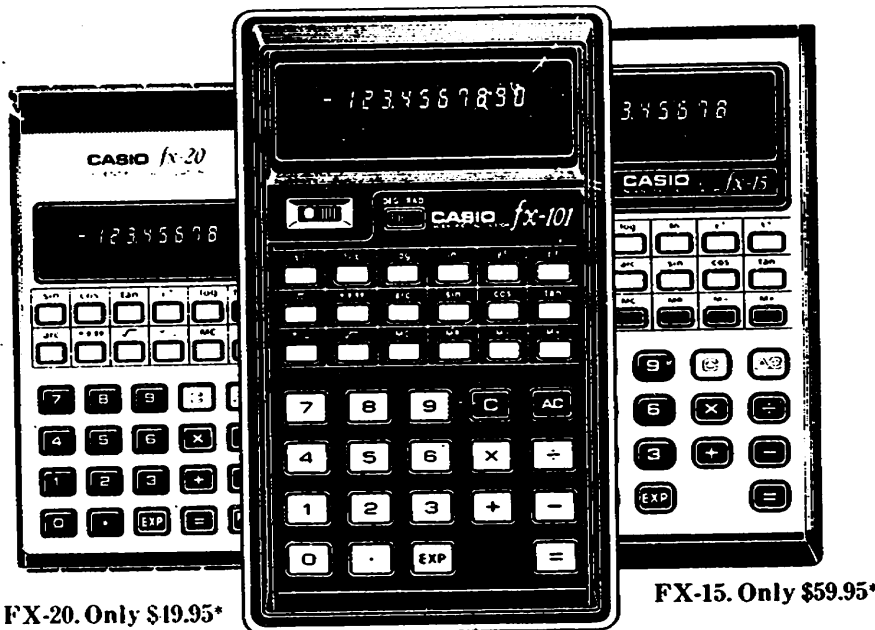
Often the skinner is allowed to have but only one leg chained to

the steaming marble pillar, but when this is allowed a more cunning animal is placed into the fiery circle.

As of now, we regret to inform the reader that no skinner partaking in this method has ever survived; not from lack of strength or courage, but from need of blood. For in the end the blood-sucking worms will drain the liquid life from the skinner's watery protoplasm before retreating back into their slimy holes, with smiles upon their twisted features leaving nothing but ivory bones that are to be withheld into whistles.

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A Revealing Peek at the Pentagon

By FRED SEAMAN

"The call had come early on a Wednesday morning, just after Easter. Dead asleep, I was recovering from a drug binge of the night before." In that debilitated condition, Ex-OP editor Bob Rosen was asked to come to the service of his country as a speechwriter for the Secretary of the Air Force.

Readers of OP will undoubtedly recognize Rosen as the uncompromising degenerate responsible for the College's biggest controversy since Open Admissions. On the historic printer's night of February 12, 1974, he published a cartoon of a nun masturbating with a crucifix, unleashing a storm of protest ranging from threats of lawsuits by the Catholic League to New York Senator James Buckley demanding a federal investigation of OP's "vicious and incredibly offensive anti-religious cartoon." There were even calls for statewide censorship of the college press by numerous Albany legislators.

But long before the controversial cartoon, Rosen had established himself as the College's outlaw journalist through his weird, pornographic features, including columns on necrophilia, bestiality and masturbation.

Rosen ventured briefly into politics during the '73 Student Senate race as a candidate for Vice President. There were two planks to his campaign platform: if elected he would a) expose himself at the first Senate meeting, and b) supply the student body with subway slugs.

The following term Rosen's career at OP reached its peak when he became editor-in-chief. He graduated the next semester, but when he returned to the College as a graduate student in the Creative Writing Program in Spring '75, he did not come back to OP. After the nun scandal he had grown resentful of many of the newer staff members who had criticized him for printing the cartoon without their approval.

He occasionally came to the OP office, and during one of these infrequent visits, when he happened to be in the office alone killing time between classes, an employee of the College's Office of Career Counseling and Placement came in looking for journalism majors interested in applying for a \$165 week Internship with the Air Force. Rosen applied—and got the job, which turned out to be a position in the Pentagon as a member of the speechwriting team for the Secretary of the Air Force.

Last April, when Rosen was notified that he had been awarded the internship, OP did a story on him. (Former OP Editor Hired as Speechwriter by Pentagon, OP, May 20, 1975). "This is the biggest break I've ever gotten," Rosen said in that story, "and I hope to make the most of it." He meant—and this the article didn't mention—that he was going to the Pentagon as a journalist, hoping to write a book about his experiences there.

Naturally, we were curious about the outcome of Rosen's journalistic expedition. On a recent Wednesday evening three of this paper's editors, Herb Fox, Marc Lipitz and myself, descended upon his Washington Heights apartment and, animated by several joints and some left-over liquor, interviewed Rosen about his adventures in the heartland of America's military establishment.

OP: What was your first day at the Pentagon like?

Rosen: I couldn't sleep the night before. I didn't know what I was getting into. In the morning I had to wait at the main information desk with about 20 other interns. After an hour some Air Force people took us to be "processed in" which was filling out tax forms, taking loyalty oaths, and having your arms checked for needle marks. Then I went up to the speechwriting office and met the people I was going to be working with. I was terrified. It was the first time I ever came in contact with the military. There were three lieutenant colonels and a captain. Lieutenant Colonel Riddlebarger, the chief, asked me to come into his office and said: "Well, Bob, you've got to hang loose. This is a very loose place."

OP: What did he mean by that?

Rosen: He meant speechwriting was a very frustrating job. It takes about ten days to write a speech. It's a very long process, involving a lot of research and interviewing. You spend entire days talking to people on the phone, running around the Pentagon tracking down "experts," going through microfilm files, and reading up on relevant material. Then you write a rough draft and finally hand in a polished speech. But, McLucas is a callous pig. He looks at a lot of speeches and says: "I don't like this. Do it over!" Then you'd have to do the whole fucking thing over. When he actually gives a speech, he usually reads the first paragraph, throws the rest away, and spins off on his own. It killed everyone in office. It wouldn't have bothered me if he was a good impromptu speaker, but he was terrible at it. He'd go off on all kinds of boring tangents that put people to sleep. He did it to gratify his ego; to prove to himself he was more witty and more articulate than his speechwriters. He treated us like garbage.

A couple of times he said things that got him in trouble. For instance, during a speech to a group of scientists in San Francisco he started to ad-lib, and called the Vietnam war a "debacle." That made banner headlines in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It got people in the Pentagon really pissed at him.

OP: How did a guy like McLucas get appointed Secretary of the Air Force?

Rosen: He was appointed Undersecretary by Nixon in '69, and became Secretary in '73. I guess he was picked because he's an excellent scientist and was president of the Mitre Corporation, a research organization in Bedford, Massachusetts.

The service secretaries — Army, Navy and Air Force — are supposed to be charismatic characters who can handle defense contractors. McLucas is not a charismatic character. He's 5'9", 20 lbs. overweight, bald, and a dull speaker. But he knows everything about defense technology. He's a well known physicist and he has some very important patents.

OP: When did you write your first speech?

Rosen: I started during my second week. It was an award ceremony for a colonel who helped develop the F-16. That's the plane involved in the big arms deal with NATO, the so-called "arms deal of the century." The Pentagon people were always talking about the F-16. They called it "The Free World's Fighter of the Future."

They have a fetish for airplanes. The halls of the Air Force section of the Pentagon are lined with all kinds of

paintings, and no matter what the subject, there's always an airplane in it somewhere. For example, there was one painting of an idyllic European village with two fighters barely visible in the upper right-hand corner. The title was "F-15's over Cherbourg."

OP: Now, when you began writing these speeches, what was your general feeling about it?

Rosen: At first, I tried to be as truthful as possible, but it was pointless. I'd write a ten-page speech and only three paragraphs would survive. I realized they were going to twist the truth no matter what I wrote, so instead of giving them extra work, I began to write the kind of speeches they wanted.

OP: Did you enjoy writing these speeches?

Rosen: I hated it. It was the worst part of the job. Those speeches were incredibly dull, bureaucratic, trite. The good part was running around the Pentagon, talking to people. Most people had a lot of interesting things to say, but you could never use it in a speech.

OP: You said that at first you tried to be as "truthful" as possible. What do you mean by that?

Rosen: Okay. Let me use my first major speech as an example. McLucas had to speak to a group of ROTC cadets who were graduating from college this year and expected to join the Air Force right away. Now these cadets had entered college during the Vietnam war, when the ROTC program was going full force. However, since the end of the war the size of the Air Force has been reduced by about 30%, and there's going to be no room for these cadets. McLucas had to explain to them they had to wait up to two years before they could join the Air Force, and he had to come up with something to tell them to do during these two years. So, I wrote a speech suggesting these cadets should run off and become hippies, and then when the time came they would be able to go into the Air Force with a completely new perspective on life.

OP: I suppose they killed the speech right away . . .

Rosen: No, they didn't kill it that fast, which surprised me. Each speech, before it gets to the Secretary, has to go through a chain of about 15 experts. My supervisor, Lt. Col. Riddlebarger, actually liked it, so I figured that there really was a chance it might get through. It passed three people before someone realized I was subtly suggesting these cadets go off and become hippies. I got an angry memo



John L. McLucas, Secretary of the Air Force



Fred Seaman

Bob Rosen spent three months in the Pentagon as a speechwriter for the Secretary of the Air Force

from the Pentagon Commandant of ROTC saying: "I don't think the Secretary of the Air Force should suggest our future pilots become hippies."

Another weird thing happened to me with that speech. After I had finished writing it, I typed a separate paragraph they wanted to include, mentioning there had been a 69% increase of women in the Air Force since 1969. I showed the paragraph to one of the officers there, Lt. Col. Smith, and he said: "You can't use this 69%."

"Why not?" I asked. "I triple-checked it. There's a 69% increase."

"Well, you see," he said, "you're going to be speaking to a group of ROTC cadets and they're all males. Here you are talking about women. You just can't use 69% when you're talking about women to an all-male group. Some of their minds might not be in the right place. You have to change that."

I thought he was joking and started to laugh. When I looked around I saw nobody else was laughing. It wasn't a joke. I had to change the 69% to something else.

OP: What kind of educational background did these officers have?

Rosen: Most had Master's degrees and Ph.D's. Lt. Col. Riddlebarger had a Master's in journalism. Lt. Col. Smith had two Ph.D's in engineering. Even though a lot of the speeches were highly technical, he was the only one with a scientific background. Most had backgrounds in English, journalism and political science.

OP: How did you get along with the other speechwriters?

Rosen: Everybody there was really friendly. I could not get over how friendly they were. If you could just forget they were war-mongering pigs who had gotten bronze stars for planning secret bombing missions over North Vietnam, they were easy to like. If you have to work with them for 14 weeks, you can't think about that all the time.

OP: What about the other people at the Pentagon?

Rosen: I wasn't friendly with many other people there. Most people at the Pentagon are not the kind of people I'd want to be friendly with. They're sweet on the outside, but as soon as you step out of line the pig in them comes out. The place is crawling with people like that. They'll be nice to you as long as you're the same as they are.

During my third week on the job, the *Pentagon News* — a house organ for the people who work at the Pentagon — called up and asked me to do a straight news story about a high-ranking bureaucrat who was giving a talk to the interns. Instead, I did a humorous feature story, telling how people slept through it. At the end of the speech they showed a propaganda film which has a shot of Curtis LeMay walking across the screen while a voice said "Curtis LeMay — a man whose profession was peace." I wrote: "Curtis LeMay, George Wallace's running mate during the 1968 election, was described as a man whose profession was peace." After I handed in that story, all the people who had been really nice to me for two weeks turned into ice-cold bastards overnight. Not my superiors, though. They were the only people I remained on good terms with all summer.

OP: What about the other interns. What were they like?

Rosen: They were very serious and uptight people. They didn't like me and I didn't like them. Most of them came from places like the Midwest and Texas. Of all the interns, I was the only one from a big city. I was the only one who

(Continued Next Page)

(Continued from Page 6)

was Jewish; and I was the only one who didn't get security clearance.

Most of the interns were really into their jobs and wanted to make the Pentagon their career.

Looking back on it, it seems the Intern Program was a propaganda operation. The people they pick for an internship are all outstanding students with a conservative, middle class backgrounds. They get a 3-month taste of power and success, and they're hooked. It's the American Dream in action. Make 35 college kids into overnight sensations and they'll never become bomb throwing crazies. I'll tell you, a couple of summers of this could turn the SLA into an American Legion Post.

They want the interns to make the Pentagon their careers. They're all hard-working, dedicated people.

OP: Then why did they pick you? I mean, you don't fit this image at all.

Rosen: I talked with Riddlebarger about this on one occasion. He was the one responsible for my selection. He told me.

There were 200 applications for the speechwriting internship. Most of them he described as "Joe College" people, but my application was very different. I had a diverse background of doing pornographic stories in college, and sports in high school, — had written for *College Monthly* magazine, helped out a student magazine at Brooklyn College, and was a graduate assistant. I had driven a taxi, and sold Good Humor ice cream.

He said that there were people there who didn't want to hire me, because they didn't think "a Jewish guy from Brooklyn who went to school in Harlem" — that's how they described me — would fit into the Pentagon. They were right. Somebody like that wouldn't fit into the Pentagon.

Most of the time I was pretty much by myself. The only girl I went out with worked for the CIA. She implied that she transcribed top-secret cables from an agent in Lebanon. I learned some interesting things about the CIA from her. Like everyone else, the CIA advertises through the want-ad section of newspapers. She lived in suburb of Pittsburgh when she saw one of their ads, and she came down to Washington to apply.

The first thing they do after you fill out the application is give you a lie-detector test and ask about sex and drugs. If you've smoked marijuana or had strange sexual experiences, they won't hire you.

If they do hire you, there's an introductory period lasting a few weeks in which you're shown propaganda films. They spend the first few weeks brainwashing you about drugs. They show films of people literally dying from marijuana...

OP: You mentioned that you were the only intern who did not get security clearance. What was the disadvantage of not having security clearance?

Rosen: I didn't get to read top-secret documents. If I had security clearance, I could have known absolutely everything. It was very frustrating, because the place is a secret-manufacturing plant. There are piles of secrets everywhere. Sometimes I didn't find out until afterwards that something I knew was top-secret.

For example, my third speech was for a reunion of U-2 pilots. I couldn't believe they assigned it to me, since I didn't have security clearance and the U-2s are involved in spy missions, which are highly classified.

I spent about two weeks talking to every U-2 pilot in the Pentagon. These pilots didn't realize I didn't have security clearance and they let slip some highly classified information. I had a lengthy discussion about spy satellites with one pilot, and I found out later spy satellites are considered top-secret. That's what's so strange about it. Things that are top-secret are in the newspaper every day.

CBS's *60 Minutes* once had a segment on a spy satellite called Big Bird. It's a really incredible satellite that can take photos of a man crossing a street from 120 miles up, and sends the film back to Earth in individual capsules which float down on a parachute.

The next day I told Riddlebarger about the TV program and he said: "Big Bird? That was on TV? Holy shit! That's top-secret information!" So I said: "You're obviously familiar with Big Bird. Can you tell me some more about it. I found it particularly interesting." Riddlebarger screamed: "That's top-secret. I can't tell you."

Another time they gave us a tour of the Pentagon Command Center. It looked like something out of "Doctor Strangelove" and its where they coordinate a nuclear attack

'Women can't be pilots,' General Boswell said, 'because a pregnant pilot can't pull the stick back all the way'

or any military operation for that matter. They took us to a back room and showed us a machine that was printing photos taken by a satellite. The major giving us the tour said: "That's a weather satellite. It's so accurate, it can take a picture of a man crossing a street. Are there any questions?"

I asked him: "How come you need a weather satellite that's so accurate?" "It's necessary," he answered. So I asked: "Are you sure that isn't a spy satellite?" and he said: "There are no spy satellites." He was even smiling. It's so ridiculous. He knew I knew there are spy satellites, but he couldn't say it because it's classified information.

I came across a card in my typewriter on my first day of work saying: THIS RIBBON IS UNCLASSIFIED. I thought it was a joke about my not having security clearance, but I found out there are three things at the Pentagon that are never joked about: The first is drugs, the second is homosexuality and the third is classified information. I didn't have security clearance, so I had to have an unclassified typewriter ribbon. The ribbons at the Pentagon are not your average typewriter ribbons. They are called film ribbons and record everything typed on them. If you type something that is classified, the ribbon records it and you can conceivably take it home to read in private. That's why classified typewriter ribbons have to be locked in a safe at night, while unclassified ribbons remain in the typewriter.

It's also supposed to be a secret that the Secretary of the Air Force has speechwriters. That's why the speechwriting office is called "Policy Analysis." Nobody knows what it means. During a trip to Florida, I was under strict instructions not to admit I was a speechwriter. If somebody asked me what I was doing there, I had to make up a ridiculous lie and say I was a research assistant. Anything but a speechwriter.

OP: Tell us about this trip to Florida.

Rosen: That was the most incredible part of the summer. I had written a speech for a graduation exercise at Embry Riddle Aeronautical University in Daytona Beach, and I got to fly down there with McLucas, his military aide, and Lt. Col. Riddlebarger.

I couldn't believe it. We went down to Andrews Air Force base to meet McLucas' plane, which was Agnew's old plane, and Air Force One was right behind us. The press was there. I sat down in the plane, and a few minutes later a limousine pulled up and McLucas got out. Two OSI agents (the Air Force equivalent of the CIA) walked him to the plane, he climbed up the ramp, and as soon as he set foot on the plane they closed the door and it took off. If somebody is late, they just leave him behind.

I wanted to speak to McLucas, who was sitting in the back talking to Riddlebarger about the speech, but they wouldn't let me get close to him. It was frustrating, so I went up to the front and talked to the pilots. Very friendly guys. Later I was served a sumptuous meal by the steward.

After two hours the plane landed in Florida and we were greeted by a bunch of people from the school. McLucas was whisked off to meet the president of Embry-Riddle, and the other people gave me a car to drive around. They also rented us a room with a terrace in a really nice hotel, a two minute walk from the ocean. I got to room with Riddlebarger, which was the first time I ever roomed with a Lieutenant Colonel.

He liked to talk to me about my politics, and drugs. It was so strange. Riddlebarger had been in the military for 19 years and he only came into contact with other people in the military.

I'd say: "I take drugs and opposed the war," and he'd say: "Gee, I never met anybody who admitted he took drugs. I don't know people who opposed the war."

I told him there were a lot of people like me. He had only seen them on T.V. and read about them in the newspaper, and now he's suddenly rooming with one. He used to ask me a lot of questions whose answers seemed obvious like: "How come you didn't like the war?"

I'd give him a pretty standard answer about the United States having no right to destroy a country half way around the world for its own selfish interests. Then I'd ask: "How come you *did* like the war?" He'd tell me he's a patriot, and the communists were the aggressors, the usual story. He'd keep on saying we didn't bomb civilian targets. It was the most "surgical" bombing job in the history of the Air Force. He'd use expressions like, "We didn't want to destroy the whole country, we just wanted to twist the Communists' arm till they saw things our way."

If I tried to contradict him, he'd ask: "How did you find out about that?" When I'd say, I had seen it on T.V. or read it in the papers he'd reply: "Well, I was there for four years and I saw for myself. It's not always true what you read in the papers." What could I possibly say to him? He'd admit things like My Lal were wrong, but nearly everything else, he'd say the papers were inaccurate. He was an intelligent man, and it's very difficult to argue with first hand information, when you're only going by things you've read. I tried. But I'm afraid I didn't do a very good job.

It was a strange relationship. I actually got to like the guy very much. There were some things we had in common. For instance, he was into some surprisingly un-Air Force writers, like Hunter Thompson, whom I happen to like. We'd talk about that, he'd have me over to his house for supper, we'd go to parties, and drink in bars together.

We were sitting together in the back of the auditorium when McLucas was giving the graduation speech I had written. It was one of those occasions where he read the first paragraph and then spun off impromptu. People started to walk out, or fell asleep. He was just awful. After the speech Riddlebarger turned to me and asked: "Well, Bob, how do you think he did?" I figured I'd be diplomatic and said: "He could have done better." So Riddlebarger said: "Be honest, Bob, he bombed!"

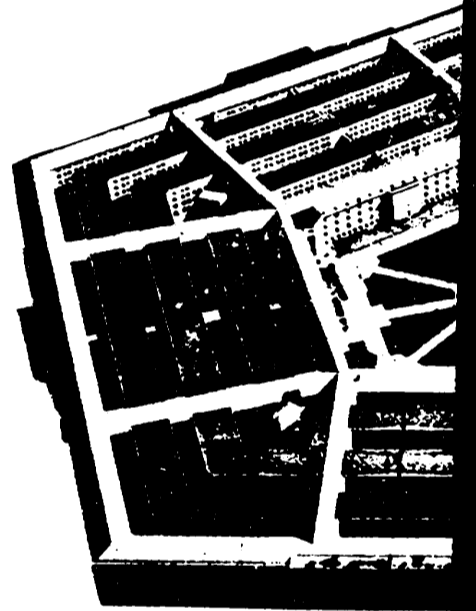
I was very surprised to hear that from the McLucas' chief speechwriter. In the Pentagon people are usually very uptight about saying the truth outright.

OP: So you went to military parties.

Rosen: Yeah, a few times.

OP: Did they smoke pot at these parties?

Rosen: Naw, they just drank. Parties are a very uptight



'There are three things that are never joked about at the Pentagon: The first is drugs, the second is homosexuality, and the third is classified information.'

thing, because everybody's afraid to talk about anything substantial. They just went there to get drunk, eat good food, gossip about who's being promoted, and tell dirt jokes. It was very boring.

OP: Did they wear uniforms at these parties?

Rosen: No, not at parties. You only have to wear your uniform once a week at the Pentagon.

OP: Any day of the week?

Rosen: No, it had to be Wednesday.

OP: You're kidding... Why Wednesday?

Rosen: I have no idea. Nobody really seemed to know suppose it's tradition.

OP: Is there a lot of competition among the officers?

Rosen: Absolutely. The place is a hotbed of competition. 95% of the military people there are high-ranking officers. They consider the Pentagon to be the major leagues. Or, the best in the military make it to the Pentagon. The officers were incredible. Some would put in 12-hour days, talk work home with them, and then come in on Saturdays. They were amazingly dedicated.

What it comes down to is, when you get assigned to the Pentagon, it means one of two things — either a big promotion if you do well, or the end of your career if you fuck up. There is no middle ground. The competition is absolutely vicious.

Riddlebarger was the fourth person in two years to have the job of chief speechwriter for the Secretary of the Air Force. There's a really quick turnover. If he does well, he sure to get his promotion to full colonel. If he doesn't, it's the end of the line for him.

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Q: Were there many women working at the Pentagon?

A: Yes, there were a lot of women there. Most of them were secretaries.

Some officers are unbelievably sexist. McClucas and Swell, a three-star general, held a "press conference" for interns. One woman asked Boswell: "How come women can't be pilots?" Boswell looked at her and cracked up. "Women can't be pilots," he said, "because a pregnant pilot can't pull the stick back all the way." This general is one of the most powerful men in the Air Force. I feel that his comment is on par with General Brown's remarks about blacks, which they were still talking about when I got there.

Q: How do they feel about it?

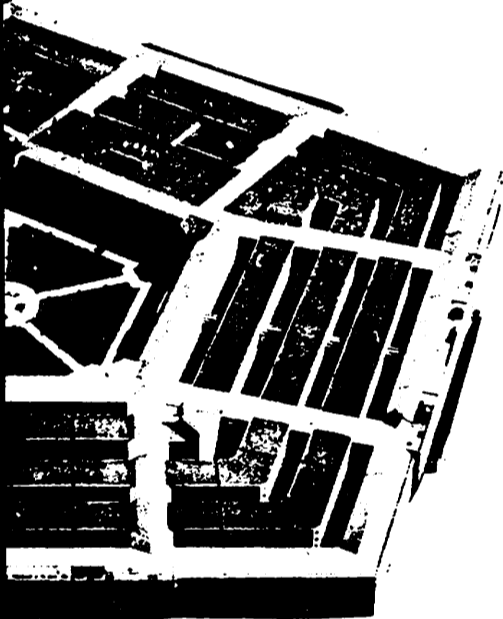
A: They feel Brown made a harmless mistake.

Q: Are they Anti-Semitic?

A: I'm sure there's anti-semitism there, there's anti-semitism everywhere, but I don't think I came across any. I couldn't attribute the fact people there disliked me to anti-semitism.

Q: What about blacks?

A: The big event this summer was Chappy James becoming the first black four-star general. They have a weekly publication called *Equal Opportunities*, which is a collection of articles about equality in the military lifted from hundreds of newspapers and magazines. For one month the only thing you could read about was Chappy James becoming the first black four-star general. Every chance they get they remind you about equal opportunities in the military. It's all part of their new image. Most of it is propaganda, though. Things have changed, but not as much as they want you to believe.



'You are never joked about at the Pentagon. The first is classified information, the second is classified information.'

Q: Are there many religious people at the Pentagon?

A: That's another incredibly weird aspect of the Pentagon — the way people there are into religion. This one speechwriter, Captain Rector tried to convert me to Christianity. He was a Charismatic Christian. He'd tell me how he talks to Jesus every night when he drives home in his car. There's something very frightening about an officer in a high government position telling you how he talks to Jesus every day. He also gave me religious books to read that painted a horrible fire and brimstone visions of hell. These passages would always be followed by a paragraph that said: "But, if you accept Christ you don't have to go to hell."

He told me I was in the Pentagon because God wanted me there. "Why would God possibly want me in the Pentagon?" I asked, and he said: "Well, when the Messiah comes maybe He'll want you to be His speechwriter. He has you here to learn about speechwriting and to learn about Him."

Q: Was there a lot of talk about nuclear war at the Pentagon?

A: That was one of the main topics of conversation. Just from listening to what people are saying there, I'm afraid there's going to be a nuclear war in the Mid East some time in the near future. The people at the Pentagon are positive the Sinai pact is hopeless. They think it's a joke. That's what made me really paranoid. Normally, you don't think about nuclear war that often, but at the Pentagon you hear about it every single day, until it becomes very real. It's not only that they say, "It's going to happen," but they say "It's going to happen there," and "It's going to happen there soon." You hear it the whole summer.

About two weeks ago they released the latest estimates of how many Americans will be killed in a nuclear war. The figure they came up with was 100 million. 100 million are going to be "taken off." You never hear words like "death" and "destruction" at the Pentagon. It's always "taken off," "buying the farm," "taken out." He bought the farm; that city was taken out. ...

The Joint Chiefs of Staff spend the entire day deciding what Russian cities will be taken out in case of nuclear war. It's their job to plan a nuclear defense strategy. For instance, if the Soviets take out Dallas-Forth Worth, then we take out Leningrad. That's what they spend the whole day thinking about.

OP: Do they believe that a nuclear war would eventually spread to the two major powers?

A: That's what even they don't want to believe. They don't want nuclear war. They're scared of it, too, because they realize they're going to die like everybody else. They say they believe in the concept of limited nuclear warfare, but I don't know if they really believe it.

OP: Who has the most powerful missile at the moment?

A: The Russians. The general feeling at the Pentagon is the Russians ripped us off in the SALT talks. They're developing a new missile called the SR-18. It carries six warheads, and one warhead is powerful enough to take out both Baltimore and Washington. One missile can wipe out the entire East Coast. They're building missiles at a much faster rate than we are. Right now they're still behind us, but in a few years they're going to be way ahead. That's why everybody at the Pentagon is so paranoid.

OP: Do you think there's something sexual about all these weapons?

A: Let me answer that this way. I spoke to a lieutenant colonel who used to work in the Minuteman Missile silos in Minot, North Dakota and he said, "Missile men have more thrust." I talked to a transport pilot and he said, "Transport pilots do it longer and slower." I talked to a submarine captain and he said, "Submarine men plunge deeper." I talked to an OSI agent and he said, "OSI agents do it discreetly." I could go on. There's one for everybody. But, I think you get the point.

OP: Is Nixon considered a goat for signing the SALT agreement?

A: The people at the Pentagon will say we did not get a good deal in the SALT agreement. They won't say Nixon fucked-up. They'd never say something like that.

OP: Do they think it?

A: Yes.

OP: Why won't they say it?

A: You're not allowed to express opinions, especially political ones. Saying something like, "Nixon fucked-up," is not the sort of thing that will get you too far in the military.

OP: Did these restrictions freak you out?

A: Yes, of course. I was there for 14 weeks and I first started feeling somewhat comfortable after 10 weeks. After 14 weeks I was still far from completely comfortable.

OP: Do you think you might eventually have felt very comfortable there, maybe after a year or so?

A: I suppose so. At times even I felt surges of patriotism. In my whole life I had never felt that before. That's a pretty weird situation, when you feel patriotism for the first time. It's like anything else that you never felt before. I'd think, "Holy shit! I'm feeling patriotic. I'm proud of my country. ..." I had to keep a check on it, because I could have easily gotten into it.

OP: Could you see spending the rest of your life as a member of the military establishment?

A: No, definitely not. If there's one thing I learned this summer, it's that I'd never want to join the military, even though they said that after I finish grad school they would like me to come aboard as a second lieutenant.

OP: Why won't you do it?

A: I couldn't stand the discipline. The discipline is sick.

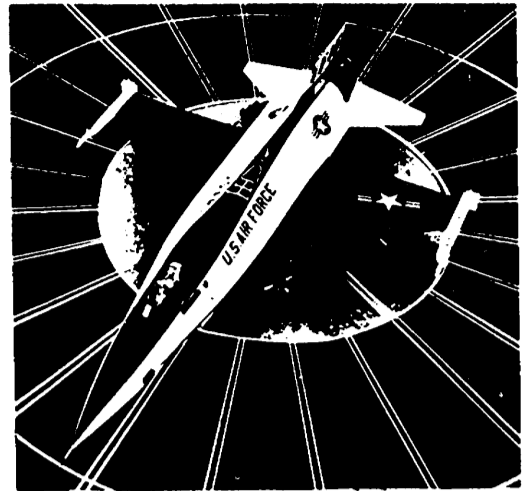
OP: What about the question of guilt? Being that close to a military establishment whose aim is to kill people.

A: Sure I felt guilt. But I didn't go there to be the speechwriter for the Secretary of the Air Force. I went as a journalist to gather information for a book. I'm in the process of writing it now. That's why I have 20,000 feet of tape, a crate full of Pentagon publications and hundreds of pages of notes.

After the 5th week, my whole life became geared to gathering information, and I started doing all kinds of ridiculous things to get material. One day I passed the Pentagon medical office and saw a sign that said "Give Blood." I'd never given blood in my life, but I thought it might be an interesting experience, so I stepped right in. I'm sitting there, getting pretty nervous, seeing these big needles being stuck into peoples' arms, and these Air Force officers keep coming in, acting real macho, saying: "stick the needle in! I'm ready for it. Stick it in!" They have the needle in one arm and a Reader's Digest in the other, just to show how tough they are. When it's my turn, they lay me on the table, stick in the needle and I pass out. Everybody starts looking at me, wondering, "Who is this kid?" They're lying there reading Reader's Digest with blood flowing out, and I'm lying there surrounded by three nurses who are giving me smelling salts. It was very embarrassing. I better get a good story out of it.

OP: Did you ever get stoned inside the Pentagon?

A: I had been thinking about doing it the whole summer, but it wasn't until the next to the last day that I



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decided to carry out my plans. I had to do it at least once to see what the place was like when I was stoned. It's a hard enough place to handle when you're straight, and I was really concerned that something might happen if I got stoned.

I had rolled a joint the night before — pure Thai Stick, very potent stuff — and I took it with me when I went to work the next morning. I was working on a speech that day and I couldn't work on speeches when I was stoned, so I had to wait until the afternoon. At about 3:30 I told my secretary I was going out to take a break. The Pentagon is surrounded by a grassy area with the Potomac river nearby, so I walked down to an isolated spot by the river. Still, there were military people walking all over the place. I hid in a grove of trees, lit up this fat joint and smoked it. I got incredibly stoned. When I started walking back toward the Pentagon the whole thing seemed surrealistic. I mean, shit, I was really twisted, I couldn't see straight — and there's the Pentagon. As I walked past the guard and showed my I.D. I had a feeling that even down there in that grove of trees they had cameras and somebody had been watching me get stoned and as soon as I set foot in the building they were going to bust me. Once I got inside and nobody swooped down on me I gained confidence and I just started walking around the E-Ring — that's the area where all the high ranking officers hang out — and I went around saying "hi" to all the generals I passed, trying to draw them into a conversation. I was waiting for something to happen but nobody paid any attention to me.

Finally, I went back to my office to sit around and dig on my co-workers. Suddenly, Captain Radzyhevych one of the speechwriters, walked over and asked me: "So, Bob, are you ready to get back to reality?"

"Oh, no" I thought, "he knows!" I nervously shot back, "What are you talking about?"

"I thought you were going home tomorrow," he said. Of course he was talking about my going back to the reality of everyday life. I was so paranoid there.

OP: Did you get a sense of being really close to power?

A: Yes, definitely. Flying to Florida with the Secretary of the Air Force and seeing how he was totally in command gave me a sense of being close to power. He could take off his shoes and go to sleep or chew bubble gum, but we had to sit there with our jackets and ties on. He has a huge executive office, a view of Washington and a desk littered with top-secret documents. He'd let you know that he had just been talking to Schlesinger of some senator, or that he's addressing Congress tomorrow. You get a sense of being very close to power, and that's one of the reasons why I enjoyed the job. I was close to power and it was very exciting.

This job also gave me a lot of confidence in myself. Before, I was just some slimy pervert who used to write about necrophilia, and suddenly I'm writing speeches for the Secretary of the Air Force.

OP: Which I suppose is even more derverted. ...

A: Yeah, after spending three years writing about masturbation, necrophilia and bestiality I'd still have to say it's the most perverse thing I've ever done.

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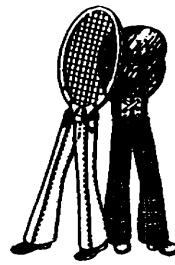
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HUK-A-POO: American Dilemma

By P. J. RONDINONE

They drifted through life rather than lived, the prey of aimless days and sterile memories, like wandering shadows that could have acquired substance only by consenting to root themselves in the solid earth of their distress.

—The Plague
Albert Camus

Huk-A-Poo and I were left standing in a vacuous train yard where splintered loading docks edged away from a long stretch of track that was coated with an orange gunk (like the stuff which leaks from old batteries); and above our heads were long telephone cables covered with white gum in which insects and rats were ensnared. The sky surrounding the yard was pink but from the reflection of the water in which Huk-A-Poo and I stood it seemed brown. That was because of the clay. Huk-A-Poo, of course, wasn't aware of the clay since he was dressed in a red and white pin striped suit with spats on his feet while I had nothing on except an orange bathing suit. So I invited Huk-A-Poo to move along to what looked like a town on the other side of the tracks because the feel of clay wrapping itself around my feet became extremely uncomfortable.

Huk-A-Poo and I crossed the tracks. Plodding along each step brought a loud sucking noise. I became worried. There were no trails leading back. The imprints that were left behind filled rapidly with water. My steps, it seemed, were heavier than usual and I watched them as if peering through a microscope: the sole of the foot touched, the ripples dispersed over the top of the foot as it immersed further, then tiny urchins skipped away like minnows from the thrust of the foot as it sunk into the clay. I took an interest in these creatures. I watched them skip away in panic as I advanced through the muck, over the tracks, and into town. And they seemed to follow my course like dolphins.

Huk-A-Poo, meanwhile, had gotten far ahead of me because with his shoes on he could move faster, unafraid of stepping on anything foreign that might bite, cut, etc. And lifting a leg in the distance I watched him as he showed me his spats dripping with clay, laughed and turned away . . . keeping in front of me.

The town: a hill sloping towards the tracks, bubbled like a sore with red brick tenements. As I got close to it the film of water I'd been stepping through suddenly changed to a black sludge with a lilly pad appearance, and coming from these pads was a blue mist. I stopped immediately. I was afraid of placing my naked feet into the mess since I had no way of knowing what lay beneath the scum, or what the scum could do to the skin — wrench it from the bone? The idea presented itself like a meter maid.

Huk-A-Poo, meanwhile, was still far ahead of me, already at an entrance to town between two tenements; and again, he lifted his leg, showed me his spats, dripping with black sludge, laughed, then turned away.

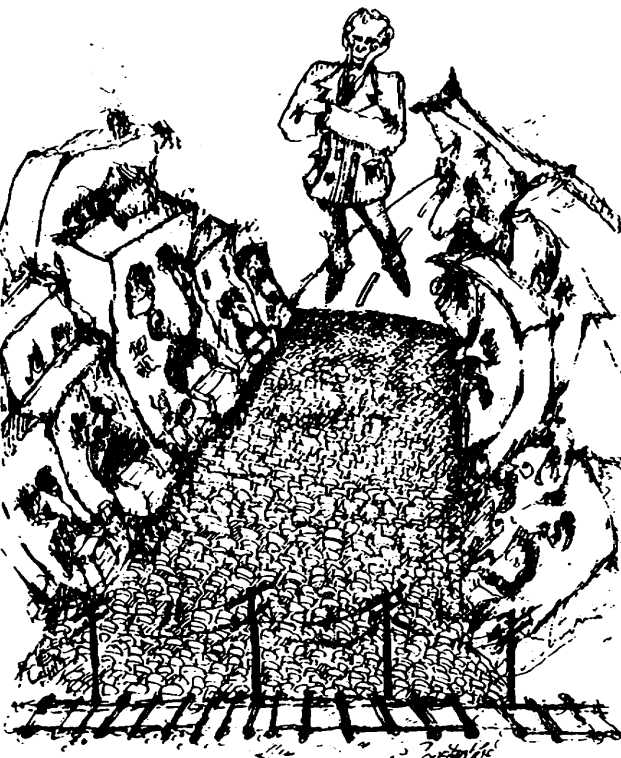
I had no other choice but to go forward. The black sludge enveloped my foot as I took my first step. The slime quickly clung to my skin and the mist stung my eyeballs making them tear. I lost sight of where I was going. I felt my feet only as they sponged into a sort of quicksand that made it nearly impossible to walk. Yet I did the best I could and forged ahead wanting to end the ordeal as quickly as possible. But in doing so, I

inadvertently lost track of where my feet were being placed and I fell face first into the scum with a loud smack like a hippo dropped from the steel pier at Atlantic City; and I found like those rats in the gum I couldn't free myself. I couldn't rise, nor walk so I crawled blindly through the ooze.

Where was Huk-A-Poo? If I had a rule I'd smack him on the head.

I made it: standing on firm ground, black cobble stone, rubbing what slime I could from my ears, eyes, nose, and mouth; and when I could finally see I was confronted with only one passageway that led up hill (pyramidal) into the town; and I got a sick feeling that in my guts worms were growing from the black slime I had swallowed in my fall. The thought of vomit was entertained, but dispelled after a long series of belched and spit fits.

The climb: A Greek scholar, king or prince I recall proved that by conversing while on a long journey the journey would seem short. So an objective was formulated: get



cleaned. And another: find a way out. And another: find people. And another: find Huk-A-Poo.

Huk-A-Poo would pay. In a gaseous state of mind he had already: Huk-A-Poo would have a spoon driven into his ear. Then his brains would be scooped out like diet ice cream and thrown to the ooze. Or, his eyelids might be put into the lips of a clam. Or, his arms fed to a lobster which would then be served to newlyweds at Jackson's Lobster House on Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx.

See how time flew: I've walked up half the hill already, passing gutters that were filled with the same slime I encountered below. (Obviously this slime must have its origin somewhere above town, and it makes its way down to the basin below in tributaries.) There were no people around, I noticed, and I began to worry again. Jumping the gutters that were lined with ooze I decided to look into the red buildings, the brick four story constructs with black windows and doorways.

I yelled into the brick:

Anybody!
Huk-A-Poo!

But only the sound of my voice returned from the hallow. I began to sweat and feel thirsty.

I crisscrossed the street and called wildly to the buildings when finally in the hallway of a brick I found a water fountain. It had two silver taps that gave into a white marbled sink and from the taps flowed fresh spring water. No doubt — my opportunity to get cleaned.

First I stuck my head under the water washing the ooze over the back of my neck, along my spine, down my legs and onto the floor. Then I cupped the water and rinsed my face thoroughly, flitting my fingers into the corners of my eyes, ears, nose and mouth. Doing the same: I also worked on the torso.

Ka-lean!

Part of me felt fulfilled. The other part had the strangest feeling I was being stared at. So I twisted my head in a circle with my body

vaguely distinguishable from the black backgrounds of the windows, were eight, naked char-dows, were eight, naked charcoal colored bodies. Or, as I looked closer, eight masses of powder, shaped in human form, with white hot balls of charcoal for eyes. Neither moved. Nor spoke. I felt sick suddenly, so I bent to drink some water while keeping an eye on the shapes. Then I realized that though I didn't know these people (if that's what they were) I felt sorry for them. In them I saw the years of the gutters, the sludge, the rats, and the hallow tenements but pop! before I could explore these feelings thoroughly their charcoal bodies began to recede back into the darkness of the brick. And the sick feeling that worms were growing in my gut returned. So I knew I would need to find someone soon. I bent to take a last drink of water before going on when, running my fingers along the marble, the water fountain and its magical appearance began to bother me. What da puck is it doing here? I questioned myself.

Of-course, of-course, of-course: It was the remnants of a politicians urban re-nwal project.

Huh-huh-huh-Ka-Poo where are you?

Up, up, up: I ascended towards the top, between the brick, on the cobble stones, rolling my eyes side to side checking for people, my bare feet carefully sidestepping sludge when it presented itself here and there on the street; and after a time it began to look like I was playing hop-scotch: bouncing here and there on my toes (cobbling): and in doing so my eyes had to be quick to catch the clear spots well in advance so that my feet could follow. Thus the street became an enormous puzzle because if I chose the wrong pattern I would invariably en-trap myself.

Cobblesludgecobblesludgecobblesludge: the game went: cobblesludgecobblesludgecobblesludge: and went: cobblesludgecobblesludgecobblesludge: and went . . . until a new obstacle presented itself (hello! I'm a new obstacle — hihihihihiti — how are you?). Here:

My rings can do to you the way
re action. I see rats and masha running
I and out of the house every day, she says
I called to the department of buildings but
they didn't do anything. The woman who

The ascent continued: I began to see the cobble coming to an end at a juncture where the pink sky met the blue at the top of the hill; and the cobble stone changed to a smooth tar, like the New York State Thruway with a broken line down its center; and there at this juncture, standing with his legs straddling the line and his arms folded across his chest like superman, was Huk-A-Poo wearing his red and white suit now seen against the backdrop of a blue sky. So I continued upwards with my eyes fixed on Huk-A-Poo hoping he wouldn't notice me. But then as I was sure I was going to sneak up on him an organ began to play on the street below and Huk-A-Poo looking for its origin discovered me, looking up from below, and he laughed and kicked his legs in the air then disappeared down the stretch of tar.

He was gone and I could not follow — my color scheme wouldn't allow it. I had no where else to go but down, so I did and found not too far away a group of people, powdered forms, arranged around an old, wooden pipe organ who had beer in their hands and who had begun to sing (we got the power) and who implored me to join them; and I did; and I have remained there ever since watching others dressed in red and white ascend to the blue skies above.

A Brief Encounter

I had not known him very well. I only saw him occasionally in the hallways of the building or on the steps of the library, as he sat peering into his philosophy books. We talked at these times of professors and students and books and dreams. But he never smiled.

Often I would sit and gaze into my newspapers or Viva magazines or text books and provide images of my future. I could sit as such for hours at a time. On many occasions, I sat long past the time when my classes were over and all of the people had gone home. Once, as I deliriously hobbled to the water fountain, a magazine tucked under my arm, I saw him. He was sitting with his head in his hands and his eyes stooped over the white lines in the linoleum. I did not know him very well and as such, I did not approach him. He, though, called to me and nodded.

I sat down by his side and he looked at me blankly, his eyes focused on my own. Neither one of us talked. We just continued to gaze at each other expressionlessly, almost empty. And after awhile, unsmiling, he rose and walked away.

—Donna F. Kreiner

following, naturally, and spied another spying me from a window, and another, and another and another filling four stories of brick with exactly two windows on a floor which makes eight persons, 16 eyeballs, spying on me; and attached to those sixteen eyeballs,

On a windy, cold Fall night
I sat, arms perched on my window,
Staring into a half-desolate
Harlem street,
Where the screams of winos
Have always shook
The garbage-burdened foundations
of
lamp post corner lovers
Who played ancient games
On frostbitten brothers
and iced-chinned sisters.
All night basketball players
Sang the song born out of a
Twelve century-old wet dream.
I sat upon my sill

Breathing in the damp, dreary,
biting, cold
Harlem night,
While the sound of a trumpet
Blazing through jazz runs,
Maintaining a rhythm for the cries
Of mothers whose dreams
Crashed into some void
While Hope wailed
From the destiny of a Fire Engine
I sat, chin propped on the outer
stone wall
Wondering, pondering
Why Why was I tired
After so much sleep

—Harold Vaughn

page to
they are encu
ie. Every time I li
setter place to live in, th
it didn't garbage in my yard
around to do anything about this abn
building. I don't want to have rats in

Opop Record Reviews

By PAUL DABALSA

THE MANHATTAN TRANSFER (Atlantic) — A band of this sort could only form in New York, where tastes are known to run the gamut. During the years the band spent floating around in the city's bar-circuit, I became extremely familiar with them and their followers. Perhaps this is the reason why I tend to like their debut LP so much, because it's so personal; I mean, for an ardent rock and roller to fall for nostalgic 1930's be-bop music, there has to be an explanation. And it's simple; this is nice, hearty music, providing a welcomed variation from stubborn listening habits.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE RAGE — "Oh, What A Mighty Time," (Columbia) — Up until now, RPS have been amazingly

consistent on record. So don't ask me what happened on "Oh, What A Mighty Time." The songs each lack the punch of the band's earlier works, and even Jerry Garcia's guitar playing can't save the album. The feeling one gets by listening to tunes like "Take A Letter Maria" and "LKA Bomba," is that the band wasn't fully ready to record just when they did. The Riders definitely seem to have nothing to say, and the LP comes through extremely forced, as though the only purpose behind it was to meet a deadline. I almost feel the band is aware that it released a weak album, so you can be assured that the Riders will ride again.

JERRY JEFF WALKER — "Ridin' High," (MCA) — Although "Ridin' High" is nothing to get wildly enthusiastic about, it remains, nevertheless, a good album from one of the most impressive country-Western artist around today. The strongest tracks are "Public Domain," "Mississippi You're On My Mind" and "Pissin In the Wind." The music is sweet, brimming with beautiful guitar licks, and something you can really lay back and smoke a joint to.

JEFFERSON STARSHIP — "Red Octopus," (RCA) — The Starship have reinstated Marty Balin and are off and flying again. Balin, who left the band several years ago, marks his return to the band with "Miracles," the album's hit single. But along with "Miracles," there's also "Play on Love," and "Sweeter than Honey," two other extraordinary songs. This album represents a new beginning for The

Starship. They're finally back at full strength, and although they remain only a fragment of the group I hold dear to my heart, I'm not disappointed that this will have to do.

SAVOY BROWN — "Wire Fire," (London) — At various times in Savoy Brown's lengthy existence, different versions of the band have occupied the slot of best British boogie group. Undoubtedly, the disbandment of the "Street Corner Talking" version of Savoy Brown was the worst loss the genre has ever experienced. But Kim Simmonds, guitarist extraordinaire and perennial leader of the band, has never been known for his inability to find musicians to play with. Just as fast as a certain configuration of Savoy Brown breaks up, Kim throws a new one together. The best thing that can be said for this new Savoy Brown is that the Boogie Brothers version has been done away with. "Wire Fire" contains some of the amazing guitar work which has come to be expected of Kim, but let's face it, neither Simmonds nor Paul Raymond (keyboards) were cut out to be vocalists. And until this band can find themselves another Dave Walker, all us disillusioned Savoy Brown lovers will be forced to sing the "all I can do is cry" blues.

THE LOST GONZO BAND (MCA) — On their first Walker-less LP, Jerry Jeff's back-up band has come through nicely, considering this is their first effort. Despite "Loose and On My Way" and "Desperados" which are tunes the Gonzos can always remain proud of, I expect

much better work on future albums than that on tunes like "Love Drops," "Those Were The Days" and "Foot for a Tender Touch." The LP's only disaster is "People Will Dance," which has this predominantly country-rock band trying to play disco.

THE SWEET — "Desolation Boulevard," (Capitol) — British teen-rock has taken its chances in American and, for the most part, has failed. For example, Marc Bolan's disappointing experience with American audiences has virtually caused him to drop out of the music scene altogether. *The Bay City Rollers* came and went during the course of a day, and *Slade*, like *Suzi Quatro*, has sizzled out. Now we have Britain's latest export, *The Sweet*. The sound is basically the same; a bit exciting at

first, and monotonous thereafter. And yet, with some promotional push, these boys might make it. "Fox on the Run," and "Ballroom Blitz" have the sounds of hit singles, and together could conceivably yield the band legions of sub-teen followers over night. If *The Sweet* make it, they will serve excellently as a transitional band for the young teenagers who might be ready to make the jump from the Osmonds to Edgar Winter.

FLO N' EDDIE — "Illegal, Immoral and Fattening," (Columbia) — A few weeks back I caught Flo n' Eddie at The Bottom Line and had a chance to pick up on their new material. Now I've got the album, and despite my familiarity with everything on it, I still get a chuckle every time I listen to it.

Bilham Cobly and Jan Hammer

Billy Cobham has a bizarre sense of humor. His latest LP, *A Funky Tide of Sings*, (sic), produced by "Bilham Cobly Productions," has a photo of an Orang-Utan on the front cover, and a photo of Cobham resting in the same position, on the back cover. Cobham seems to be running out of ideas these days. His music has shifted into the realm of electronic funk, for the most part bland and uninspired (The Brecker Bros. are, of course, part of the team). Cobham's obligatory drum solo, lasting 9 minutes and 24 seconds, contains some fancy electronic effects, but lacks any imagination whatsoever. A waste of vinyl. The only tune on the LP worth listening to is bassist Milcho Levis's "Moody Modes."

Meanwhile, Cobham's former Mahavishnu colleague Jan Hammer has underscored his reputation as one of the outstanding

contemporary keyboardists with a remarkable new concept album, "The First Seven Days."

A sideman on countless LPs by other artists, Hammer has only recently begun to record on his own. On his new record, whose seven titles are based on the biblical cycle of creation, Hammer plays a multitude of instruments, including a digital sequencer and string synthesizer, drums, and percussion. The album explores a rich variety of shifting moods, ranging from somber, ominous "Darness/Earth" in search of a sun to the light-hearted "Sun/Light." It's one of the most original works of music I've heard in a long while.

On several tracks, Steve Kindler is added on violin and David Earl Johnson on congas and percussion. All titles are composed by Hammer, who also produced and engineered the record.

— Fred Seaman

Richard Price

(Continued from Page 17)

In *Blood Brothers*, his forthcoming book about a family of construction workers, Price reveals through the main character, Stony, his own bittersweet tale of a day's work in the geriatrics ward of a hospital. When one student in the audience complained that in this novel there were no intrusions by the author to explain or clarify certain events, Price answered that he didn't feel he had to help anyone. He wants to allow his readers to draw their own conclusions. "I wasn't describing solutions," he explained, "just posing problems."

The New Writers Series will present as its second guest Gilbert Sorrentino, author of *Imaginative Qualities of Actual Things* and *Splendid Hotel* on Thursday, Nov. 6, 12:30 p.m. in Finley 330.

— Mary Cunningham

The Winners of OP's First Annual Photo Contest will be announced in our next issue, November 21

OPENING WHAT'S HAPPENING WHAT'S HAPPENING

Films

"The Ruling Class" (1&5 p.m.) and "Where's Poppa" (3&7). Fri., Nov. 7 in Finley's Grand Ballroom.

Crisis Teach-In

Herman Badillo, Jack Newfield, at Hentoff, Elisabeth Holtzman and Dave Marash will be among those speaking at the CUNY-in-Crisis Teach-in, Sat. Nov. 15, 12 noon at the Hunter College Assembly Hall (68th St. & Park Ave.) The program will be broadcast live on WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Women's Music Workshop

A program entitled "Women on My Mind," consisting of songs for and by women, will be presented on Monday, Nov. 10 from 3 - 5 p.m. in Finley 438.

Orchestral Music

Fred Hauptmann will conduct the City College Community Orchestra in a concert of American orchestral music on Nov. 9, 3 p.m. at St. Michaels Church (99th St. & Amsterdam Ave.) This New York premiere will feature works of William Henry Fry, John J. Becker, and John Knowles Paine. (\$2.00)

Medieval Cooking

The College's Institute for Medieval and Renaissance Studies is sponsoring a series of Tuesday medieval cooking workshops with Susan Scholes. Shepard 222, 12 - 2 p.m. The workshop is free and open to all interested students and friends.

The Institute is also sponsoring a lecture on "Concepts of time from Antiquity to the present," on Monday, Nov. 10, 1 p.m. in Shepard 200.

'Medea'

The Mt. Morris Players will perform their version of "Medea" with African rhythms and a Conga beat, on Tuesday, Nov. 18, 4 p.m. in the Monkey's Paw (located in Finley's basement).

Open Admissions Documentary

On Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7 p.m., WABC-TV (Channel 7) will broadcast a half-hour documentary on open admissions at City University. Much of the interviewing and filming was done on our campus. The broadcast will be repeated by ABC on Sunday, Nov. 9, 3:30 p.m.

Pushkin Lecture

Professor Vera Von Wiren of the College's Dept. of Germanic and Slavic Languages, will lecture on "Pushkin's Black Heritage" on Thursday, Nov. 13 at 12 Noon in Finley 438. The lecture will deal with the family background and impact of his Black ancestry on the life and work of Alexander Pushkin, Russia's greatest and most revered poet.

Party

The Department of Student Personnel Services is sponsoring a party on Wed., Nov. 19 8 - 10 p.m. in Buittenweiser Lounge. There will be food, refreshments, and entertainment (Irish folk-dancing and singing).

Boricuas Unidos

The Puerto Rican Student Organization, Boricuas Unidos, is looking for art majors to work on a new student lounge in Finley student Center. Contact Lou or Jose in Finley 343.

Veteran's Jobs

The Veterans Action Committee for Jobs announces job openings for hospital police officers, licensed practical nurses (full or part-time), as well as an apprenticeship program for sheet metal workers. Contact Steve Mendelson, 690 - 6990.

City Magazine

City 5, the Colleg's literary magazine is accepting fiction, poetry, literary criticism, and art work. Submit your work in Finley 152 or the English Department.

Ethiopian Forum

A Forum heralding the birth of a Marxist-Leninist Party in Ethiopia will take place on Friday, Nov. 14 at 6 p.m. in Columbia University's McMillian Theatre (B'Way & 116th St.).

Socialist Workers Rally

The two West Side Socialist Workers Party candidates, Robb Wright and Ruthann Miller, will speak on "The Socialist Solution to the New York Crisis." Saturday, Nov. 8, 8:30 p.m. at 2726 B'way (near 104th St). A social hour to meet the candidates will begin at 6 p.m.

Public Hearing

Patrick J. Cunningham, the New York State Democratic Chairman, will hold a public meeting on Saturday Nov. 8 & 15 in City Hall (Board of Estimates Chambers), 1 p.m. The hearings are part of a process required by the National Democratic Party Charter to gather the opinions of residents throughout the country on the issues, needs and priorities that should be reflected in the 1976 campaign.



Shakespeare's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' will be presented November 17-21 in Shepard's Great Hall, 7:30 p.m. (free)



Charlie Daniels Band and Jerry Jeff Walker: the South Does it Again

Charlie Daniels is not a performer. On record, he can generate more power and excitement than your Tuckers, Bishops and Skynyrd's, but on stage, Charlie has yet to shine through with that same power. He's even changed bands (except for drummer Fred Edwards and keyboards-man Joel DiGregorio) and still he can't seem to cut it. At a recent concert, that power was evident only twice (both times Charlie played fiddle), on "Texas" and "The South's Gonna Do It Again." Another excellent song which appears on the "Nightrider" LP, "Birmingham Blues," was downplayed, and came off-sounding dull. The point is that Charlie can do it, he just needs time to develop as a performer.

Jerry Jeff Walker was able to excite the crowd as much as

Charlie Daniels. Jerry Jeff, New Yorker-turned-cowboy, pleased the audience with some dandy Texas honky-tonk music. Along with his back-up musicians, *The Lost Gonzo Band*, Jerry Jeff did tunes like, "Mr. Bojangles" (which was penned by no other than Jerry Jeff), "L.A. Freeway," "Desperados" (off the Gonzo's fine new album), "Pissin' in the Wind" (dedicated to Kris Kristoferson and Johnny Cash) and "Sangria Wine." At times The Gonzos dazzled me with their smoothness, particularly John Inmon who performed some dynamite guitar licks. But the most outstanding feature here is the tightness which The Gonzos maintain among themselves and then with Jerry Jeff. They make it all look so simple. What better compliment can a band ask for?

—Paul Dabeala

Lovejoy's Nuclear War

On George Washington's birthday, February 22, 1974, Samuel Holden Lovejoy toppled a 500 ft. steel weather tower raised by a utility company as part of a project to build one of the world's largest nuclear power plants in Montague, Mass. After he destroyed the

tower, Lovejoy, an organic farmer, turned himself in to the local police and submitted a four page written statement protesting the dangers of nuclear energy and accusing the nuclear energy industry and the government of conspiracy against the people.

This radical act of protest is examined in a remarkable documentary entitled "Lovejoy's Nuclear War," which was shown on Wednesday, Oct. 22, at the Museum of Modern Art.

The documentary follows Lovejoy through the courts, where he defends his militant protest as an act of "self-defense." Surprisingly, he is acquitted of "willful and malicious destruction of personal property."

The film goes well beyond a simple documentation of Lovejoy's protest. It uses the incident to examine the controversial issue of the potential dangers of nuclear energy. We learn, among other things, that in order to guarantee absolute safety, a nuclear power plant must operate at close to 100% efficiency. In the event of an accidental radioactive leak, a government report concluded, an estimated 43,000 people would be exposed to potentially lethal radiation, and vast tracts of wildlife and vegetation would be destroyed.

Was Lovejoy justified in resorting to civil-disobedience to oppose the construction of nuclear energy plant? According to the court that tried him — yes. This question is further explored through an interview with Howard Zinn, a Boston University professor who is an outspoken advocate of civil disobedience in times of grave danger.

The picture that emerges is of an energy-hungry industrial state forcing the construction of nuclear power plants, playing down or ignoring the grave dangers they pose to its population. An estimated \$1.5 billion have been invested in nuclear energy and it appears that the protection of this investment has won priority over people's lives.

—Robin Gross

Matthau & Burns Perform Hilarious 'Sunshine Boys'

Walter Matthau and George Burns have put in commendable performances as a retired vaudeville team in the film version of Neil Simon's comedy "The Sunshine Boys."

Matthau is Willie Clark, a senile vaudevillian who cannot come to terms with retirement from show business, whereas his former partner, Al Lewis (George Burns), has found contentment living with his granddaughter in New Jersey.

Due to the incessant efforts of Willie's well-meaning nephew-agent, Ben, the Sunshine Boys are booked for a "History of Comedy" television special. Although they still respect each other as performers, their personal relation-

ship since their split many years earlier has been dominated by an intense, almost neurotic mutual loathing, and their reunion sparks hilarious psychological warfare.

Burns and Matthau (who was aged more than 20 years by make-up) work perfectly together, and obviously enjoyed doing the film. "I tell you what we should do," Matthau suggested during a press conference following the film, "I had so much fun that we should do it every year." When asked about their age difference, Burns pointed to Matthau and wise-cracked, "He's 54 years old — he's only a child. When I was his age I had pimples."

—Andrew Feigenbaum



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Barry Wallenstein & Jef Labes Village Jazz-Poetry Reading

By JEFF BRUMBEAU

The Village has changed. Once a sanctuary for the city's creative community, there was an invasion of values and cultures. Consequently, the frenzy and excitement of the late fifties and early sixties dissipated as the foreigners moved in and the artists fled as from a plague. The counter-culture became *the culture*, and with the business opportunists just around the corner, the invasion was complete. And as I walked down its streets, the Village seemed unfamiliar, somehow having sacrificed an ingredient of its chemistry in allowance for time and change. Even the Cooper Union campus as I approached it looked the worse for age and as haggard as its surrounding streets. But in one of those buildings a poet and a musician were performing something that recaptured that old feeling, at the same time breathing an air of hope into the present.

The program was billed as an evening of poetry and jazz featuring Barry Wallenstein, an extensively published poet, and professor of English at City College, and pianist Jef Labes. The fusion of poetry and jazz is not a new phenomenon on the literary scene. It has been performed as far back as the 1940's by Kenneth Tatchen and more recently in the fifties by poets such as Allen Ginsberg, Ted Joans and Gregory Corso. But the purpose of this joint effort, as Wallenstein stressed in a

post-concert interview "was not an attempt to groovify the poetry, nor was it meant as a gimmick."

"Instead," he continued, "we were interested in the rhythms of lyric poetry and the use of music to help bring them out."

For the first half of the program Wallenstein read alone, performing some poems he would use again later with Jef Labes. Often a poetry reading can be successful if it contains two important criteria in its performances: 1) when the material is not over-weighted with austerity but on occasion spiced with humor, and 2) if the poet is capable of communicating the emotional content of his poetry both vocally and physically. In these respects, Barry Wallenstein was fluent and earned the applause he received from the Cooper Union crowd.

"Speaking is nowhere if the music ain't there," the poet quoted in opening the second half, Jef Labes strolled at the piano. Together they did two pieces, beginning with *Prevention*, "a part serious, part humorous poem on seemingly innocent things," and followed by *Doreen*, "an exaggeration of a newspaper story about a girl arrested for selling cocaine."

Almost immediately it became clear that something very different was going on here. In the past when a poet and a jazz artist got up on stage they would be more or less jamming, one reading his lines, the other weaving his instrument through and around them. The effect was pleasant enough but the music didn't aid the poetry in its communication. But Wallenstein and Labes were working with a different method: they were playing *together*, each laboring to unite words and music

to present a cohesive theme. Between Wallenstein's ability to bend his voice and Labes's versatile gymnastics on the keyboard, they succeeded nicely.

A typical recitation would begin with a small piano intro which would prepare the audience and set the mood. Then as the poet began to speak, the music would act as a second voice emphasizing and echoing. One particularly well executed piece was *Main Street Liberty, July 4th*. Here Jef Labes opened with a variation of *Yankee Doodle Dandy*, and as Wallenstein began, "she walks down Main Street . . ." he quickly fell in line with him, helping to portray the scenes described in the poem.

Poetry, probably one of the most expressive of the creative arts with respect to history, culture, and every day feelings, has also been one of the least appreciated. This, perhaps due to its complexity and consequently, its difficulty in accessibility, explains why it has a small following. Another reason why poetry lacks popularity is that it often demands that the reader have as strong an imagination as the author. This is why Barry Wallenstein and Jef Labes received such a tremendous response. The music gave the poetry that extra push necessary to make it clearer and more accessible to the audience. What made this a worthwhile experience was not simply my enjoyment of the reading, but also what it could mean for the future of poetry. With more readings as carefully planned and rehearsed as this one, poetry could begin to realize the popularity and exposure it has long sought. Even the late night Village streets looked good to me that evening and it seemed like the fifties again. Almost.

Lisztomania: Russell (over) does it again

To director Ken Russell, "Tommy" demonstrated that the massive pop community was willing, perhaps eager, to be exploited by a pop director. What this meant to Russell was a chance to capitalize some more on the "Tommy" formula. And similarly, to pop-star-turned-actor Roger Daltrey, the success of "Tommy" meant that the public enjoyed his acting debut and anxiously awaited more. Unfortunately, these two seemingly trivial misjudgments have paved the way for a much bigger blunder — "Lisztomania."

Although in time "Lisztomania" will prove as big a catastrophe as "Tommy" was a success, the new film will undoubtedly cause initial excitement. One significant setback for "Lisztomania," however, is that the rock industry probably won't back it (or would be foolish to do so) as firmly as "Tommy." This is Daltrey's own ship and he'll go down alone, maybe with Russell strapped on deck.

The film, loosely based on the rivalry between two 19th century German composers, Franz Liszt (Roger Daltrey) and Richard Wagner (Paul Nicholas), relies on vulgarity to achieve laughter, and extravagance to camouflage a weak script.

"Lisztomania" is pretentious and transparently phony, exploiting its "pop-film" label. The handing out of minor parts to such rock personalities as Ringo Starr and Rick Wakeman guarantees Russell a



market, but most viewers will be disappointed after seeing the film and discovering that besides Daltrey, Starr and Wakeman, "Lisztomania" has nothing to do with pop music.

Actually, it was to be expected that "Tommy" would have a sequel; all big-grossing films nowadays seem to. If "Lisztomania" becomes a hit (since nowadays, gimmicks and promotion play almost a greater role than the quality of the film itself), we can again expect that Russell, Daltrey and Warner Bros. will hit us with a sequel to the sequel. Perhaps this time they'll cast Daltrey as the old bum in Jethro Tull's "Aqualung."

—Paul Dabeala

Planetary Citizens Celebration a Disappointing Media Event

By FRED SEAMAN

I had really been looking forward to this concert. James Taylor, Santana, Mahavishnu Orchestra, Sonny Rollins, Pete Seeger and Mirabal. With such a line-up of musicians it just had to be a great concert.

But something went wrong. Rather than a concert, the promoters of this event had something else in mind. They wanted it to be a celebration. Well, the First Planetary Citizens Celebration at Nassau Coliseum last October 24 was neither a celebration nor a good concert.

The problem was that the audience at the two-thirds filled Coliseum, like me, had come because of the music, not because they particularly cared for Planetary Citizens or the United Nations' 30th birthday. I began to feel the bad vibes when a slick, fast-talking MC started telling us how "beautiful" we were for coming, and how "a lot of beautiful things" were going to happen before the night was over. Then he read us a press release stating that everybody from UN Secretary General Kurt Waldheim to Queen Juliana of the Netherlands sent messages to this celebration of "joy, hope and commitment." The audience grew impatient.

After the speech, a huge choir appeared on the stage and proceeded to sing to the accompaniment of slides projected on three huge screens suspended above the stage. Two projectors were focused on each screen, fading one slide into the next. The slide show, consisting of colorful photos of many different people and places of the Earth, as well as awesome shots of our planet viewed from outer space, lasted throughout the concert.

The choir was followed by a guru dressed in resplendent white, presumably Sri Chinmoy himself, who occupied the stage for several minutes and meditated solemnly while the audience clapped in anticipation.

Finally, the concert itself got under way with the Hans Poulsen Group, straight out of Australia. They were followed by folksinger Pete Seeger, whose forceful stage presence electrified the audience. His beautiful songs with their penetrating lyrics immediately captured the audience's attention. He even got a little sing-along



James Taylor

going on "If I Had a Hammer." Sadly, he was rushed off the stage after a short 15 minute set to make room for the next "act," which turned out to be "Rolling Thunder," a Cherokee-Shoshone Indian dance group which had brought along a 104-year-old Hopi Indian to say a few words to the audience.

The next set belonged to Mirabal, an exquisite, versatile singer who was unknown to most of the audience. She realized that they were just waiting for her to get the hell off the stage and make room for James Taylor, and she took perverse pleasure in frustrating the crowd by rapping to them for minutes at a time. She even brought the 104-year-old Indian back on stage to narrate a long anecdote. Not even the most ardent Taylor fans dared to heckle a 104-year-old Hopi.

When James Taylor finally came on, pandemonium broke loose. He performed a long string of songs, occasionally pausing to take a sip of water or eat a banana somebody in the audience gave him. Soon cries for "Fire and Rain" became audible, but he ignored them until late in his set. It almost appeared there would be no encore, because the MC was eager to bring on McLaughlin. But finally he gave in when he realized he might have a riot on his hands if he didn't bring Taylor back for at least one more song. Rumors that Carly would be on hand to help hubby out had apparently been unfounded.

The Mahavishnu Orchestra turned out to be a mere quartet consisting of bass, drums and keyboards. To add to the disappointment, their set was marred by

technical problems which rendered McLaughlin and keyboardist Stu Goldman inaudible half the time. They performed several titles from the first two Mahavishnu LPs, which left you wishing the original group had stayed together.

Carlos Santana and his seven-piece group closed the concert with one of the most satisfying sets of the evening. He started out with an inspired rendition of John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme," giving ample solo space to the members of his group, which included a trumpet and soprano sax. He played one more piece, and that was it. The concert was over. Sonny Rollins, the great jazz saxophonist, was scheduled to perform, but the MC made a brief announcement at the end stating that "unfortunately Sonny couldn't be with us." They probably called him up and told him not to bother, because they couldn't fit him in.

Planetary Citizens is a United Nations affiliate group whose goal it is to promote "an awareness of the world as one environment and Mankind as one human family." An admirable ideal, no doubt. Strangely, there were no serious attempts to explain to the audience what Planetary Citizens was all about, and what was being celebrated. Instead the audience was fed a constant rhetoric about peace, love, brotherhood and unity.

Even more annoying, however, were the short sets. It takes a peculiar musical sadism to squeeze five top-notch groups and musicians and two additional acts (not to mention brief speeches by astronaut Edgar Mitchell and UN Undersecretary Bradford Morse) into a three and a half hour concert. The more I think about it, the more convinced I am the whole thing was a shrewdly calculated media event designed to earn Planetary Citizens some free publicity (yeah, the T.V. cameras were swarming all over the place). If they had staged it in Madison Square Garden, at least I wouldn't have had to walk walk three miles to Hempstead . . .

Juices of Adonis

Secret Stuff

By LEO SACKS

The ovation was thunderous for the George Frayne revue this past Monday night at the Bottom Line. The Ozones put on their usual fine display of slick hillbilly camp in a way that makes you forget they're professionals. I don't know of another band that relates to its audience as personably as do the Airmen. I quite forgot about my troubles basking in new and old Cody hits. In fact, there are so many songs in the Airmen's repertoire that it's possible for them to perform a virtually complete rendition of a three-minute cut in 30 seconds. And you never know the difference.

The Line is cozy, anonymous (at least until the lights darken), and most of all, my favorite show-place. Drink is infectious in this club (more so with a Cody crowd), and the possibility of a brawl seems almost romantic. I came pretty close to one at the door, beer in hand prompting an immediate I.D. check. (My first mistake). Insisting "I have rights" was my second. (You really don't).

But it was smooth sailing from there. Got high with Marion from WB Publicity, while Cella turned in a big smile on Andy Stein's "Hungarian Minuet." Also of note: "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar," "Too Much Fun," "Seeds and Stems," "House of Blue Lights" and "Cell Block #9." Reds 'n booze make it happen! . . .

The new Fleetwood Mac put on an exceptionally fine show at the Beacon Theatre on West 74th Street last Sunday night with new members Lindsey Buckingham (guitar) and shimmering cool Stevie Nicks (vocals).

Behind the bare trees logo imposed on a moon-white backdrop, the ensemble sound pushed ahead in full costume. Lindsey's rollicking leads are integrally woven into the burning rhythm clutches that staples John McVie (bass), the incurably mad Fleetwood (drums), and Christine "Perfect" McVie (keyboards and vocals) so expertly render.

On songs like "Blue Letter," "World Turning," and "Rhiannon" from their summer release (Fleetwood Mac), the group flashed its poise and fluidity, striking several fine moments of orchestrated crescendo, typically understated. This band has it.

Buckingham and Nicks are positive new spokespersons (!) of equal importance. Nicks, a striking blonde dressed in Queen of the Night black with top hat, sung two of her songs that appear on the new disc, "Rhiannon" (amazing depth) and "Landslide" (sung to Lindsey's acoustic guitar).

Fleetwood Mac know how to touch one another. They work as a unit, each part vital and fresh: there's always something new to say. The scorching rhythm bottom also produced "Station Man" (from Klin House), "Spare Me A Little" (Bare Trees), and the pulsating four-wall beat of Bob Welsh's "Hypnotized" for an encore (b/w Lindsey's "Don't Let Me Down Again," the cut Richard Tarrant made a hit out of). Quite a surprise. . . .

Parting Shots: London Lee killed in boating mishap on L.I. sound . . . Drakes Cakes heiress Prunella du Champs in love nest with jockey Eddie Arcaro at Dazzles. Do we hear wedding bells? . . . Karen Quinlan to take stand Thursday . . . Dancer Nureyev broke his arm last week in a Boot Hill tussel. Call it an all-male cast.

Wish I'd Said That: Coffee queen Carol Lawrence admits, "I don't do windows."

Where Are They Now: Tony Dow in jail . . . Vic Morrow in concert . . . Vidal Monsoon pushing beat nickels in the Park (off East Pond).

Cody & McGuinn: Good-Time Rock

It's not often that one receives magnificent performance by both the headliner and the guest band, but those few times you do it's unquestionably worth the \$6.50 or so you laid out for it. It's agreed that most rock concert billings are misleading in this way, and often one goes to a promising show only to end up totally disappointed. But on this night no one could have asked more for their money. Commander Cody and band were in their usual good-timey mood, although the real surprise was ex-Byrd Roger McGuinn, who also seemed to be sharing the energy. If for nothing else, McGuinn is a pleasure to have around to bring back those classic Byrd tunes from the sixties. If not for the ex-Byrd guitarist, we'd have no one to keep these tunes alive. He has never been afraid to reveal his love for these old classics, and indeed fills the larger part of his show with them. In between, he slips us some of his own material, to remind us that he can still be innovative. With his 12-string guitar strapped around his shoulders, his ever-present smile firmly set, he breezed through "I'm So Restless," "Lover of the Bayou," "Mr. Spaceman," "Take a Whiff," "Chestnut Mare," "Born to Rock n'



Roll," "So You Wanna Be a Rock and Roll Star," and "You Ain't Going Nowhere." Numbers were kept brief but enjoyable, and the order of songs was designed to provide an easy-flowing, logical sequence which could grab you at the start and hold you through to the last number. McGuinn was even called back for two encores, the first being the customary "Eight Miles High" and the second, McGuinn's own version of "Roll Over Beethoven." The crowd loved every minute of it.

One of Those Nights Following the usual delay between acts, Commander Cody led his Lost Planet Airmen onto the stage and had the crowd in a frenzy

before he even played a single note or said a sole word. From their new LP, the band played the rockin' "One of Those Nights," the sweet and self-descriptive, "Lightning Bar-Blues," "Honky-Tonk Music," "Minnie the Moocher," "Roll Your Own," and a hard-driving version of "Been to Georgia on a Fast Train." In addition, they performed some of their older, classic material like "Truck Driving Man," "Oh Mama, Mama," "Hot Rod Lincoln," "Diggy Liggio Lo" and "Riot in Cell Block #9." They were called back for three encores, and the crowd wanted still more. Surely, one of the better concerts in a while.

—Paul Dabala

Author Richard Price Opens College's New Writers Series

On Thursday, Oct. 22, the Finley Program Agency, in conjunction with the English Department, launched its New Writers Series by presenting a lecture and discussion with Richard Price, author of *The Wanderers*, a well received novel about gang life in the East Bronx. The series is designed to provide creative writing students and other interested members of the College community with the opportunity to

meet professional writers, and discuss the problems of writing and publishing.

Richard Price seems to agree with Dr. Johnson, the prominent 18th century writer, that "no one but a blockhead ever wrote for anything but money." While he feels that he writes novels (rather than short stories) because he needs a lot of time and space, he also pointed out that novels sell better.

Price does not adjust his writing for any specific type of audience; he writes what he wants to write, "take it or leave it." Most of his material is derived from his own personal experience. He advised young writers not to try to seek out experience, but to let experience seek them out. He feels that a writer should first live, then translate his experiences into writing. You'll never read a science fiction novel by this man—it would be too far removed from his realm of experience. He prefers the realism of a movie like "Mean Streets" to the fantasy world of "2001."

(Continued on Page 15)



Richard Price

Editorial:

CUNY'S Fall: Political Expediency

It is interesting to note that in the flurry of budget cuts, breast-beatings, demonstrations and default watches, the one item most consistently attacked by Washington and notably undefended by New York has been the City University. While speaking at the National Press Club last week, our man from Grand Rapids could not resist making a dig at CUNY, tickling the fancies of reactionaries (and private college presidents) all over the country and making it just that much less likely that the inevitable CARE package from Washington will contribute so much as one cent to the University. But why is Ford dedicated to destroying CUNY? And why have the city and its agencies done so little to prevent it?

Ford's emnity to free tuition and quality education surely comes as a surprise to none. The real surprise is that people expected anything better of him. Whatever else he may be (and the words "cheap politician" seems to fit him well) he is not exactly progressive, and the idea of people (particularly working class and poor people) going to college for free obviously offends his upright, fiscally conservative sense of values. But the real reason is that it would be politically expedient for Ford. He has proclaimed himself the Guardian Angel of the American Heartland, and no one will detain him from his appointed rounds.

But the greatest danger facing the University is that we will be undone by our own so-called leaders. Even at this late date, the BHE has failed to effectively affirm their "support" for free tuition and quality education at the University. True, they have not yet voted to impose tuition at CUNY. But the latest scheme they are considering, giving all CUNY staff and faculty two week "furloughs" before the end of the fall term, can only support the arguments of the free tuition opponents, who say that tuition is now a necessity in order to maintain academic quality at CUNY.

Even if the Board attempts to block some of the cutback proposals that would compromise the principle of Open Admissions, Chancellor Kibbee might very well overrule it — as he did last week when he said that he would implement a consolidation of CUNY programs in spite of the Board's vote against such action.

Others around the nation have joined Ford in a renunciation of free tuition. Former Gov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia and Pittsburgh Mayor James Flaherty have been quoted in the press as saying that New York college student's tuition should not be paid by the rest of the nation.

It seems particularly cruel, nonetheless, to single out the innovative and long-successful free tuition policy as a major contributor to the city's high complex fiscal crisis.

Propaganda and Powerbrokering

HERB FOX

Can Politics be taken seriously?
I'm not speaking of the political relationship between four billion people, and the relatively few who, through governments, corporations, bureaucracies and media keep the masses from controlling their own lives.

I mean the political relationship amongst those elitist officials, the ones who eat and drink too well and argue and accord while intoxicated with power, the *New York Times* brand of Politics where what is important is an official statement and what is irrelevant are the billions of lives being subjugated.

The recent Zionism-as-racism resolution of the U.N.'s Committee for Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Affairs is a perfect case in point. Here we have a set of diplomats who represent no one but their own governments (which represents no one but the rich and powerful within their own countries), deciding that a philosophy of self-determination of a group of people who have been oppressed beyond comprehension is a racist one.

Perhaps the first question to ask is, who are the governments supporting this resolution? The Sheiks of Saudi Arabia, who redistribute the wealth in Las Vegas and the popularly chosen King of Jordan who is doing, oh, so much, to relieve the misery in the Palestinian refugee camps, wanted to publicize their views on moral behavior. The freedom loving fascists of Chile and the proletariat Czars of the Soviet Union wouldn't want to be left out of this exercise in devotion to the oppressed masses, would they? And one should talk about which way the United States' vote would have gone if Israel didn't happen to welcome in American corporations.

But is the Israeli government fascist? Perhaps it is. It is difficult to defend any government that increases its borders tremendously within thirty years, that ignores the existence of a native population, and that considers American aggression in Southeast Asia as vital to its own national security in the Mid-East.

A more fundamental question to be asked, though, in deciding whether Zionism is racist, is whether the Israeli government is synonymous with Zionism? It

seems to me that this is where one falls prey to the power elite trap—confusing the policies of a particular government with the true liberation aspirations of a people.

It is hard to believe that there is a Jew alive who has any personal connection with the Holocaust who can deny understanding and sympathizing with Zionism on some level. As a political philosophy, it expresses the tendencies of an oppressed people to gather together to create a homeland after thousands of years of oppression and dispersion. As a personal experience, Zionism stems from the memory of parents and grandparents in ovens.

In this sense, Zionism is no different than oppressed Blacks rising up as nationalists or invaded Vietnamese rising up in self-defense. It is incredibly unfortunate that neither Black nationalists nor Vietnamese communists understand this ideological link.

What has complicated the picture and contributed to this misunderstanding are the policies of the current Israeli government. But again, this government is not what Zionism is. There is an important segment of Zionism thought, for instance, which binds Zionism with Marxism and socialism, and which opposes Israeli expansionism and the persecution of Palestinians by Israelis and Arabs.

But of course, all this is overlooked by diplomats who, like the governments they represent, use the rhetoric of self-determination without possessing the slightest interest in the day to day lives of the people they "represent." The Third World countries are ruled, more often than not, by power mongers who use their own people's sufferings for personal leverage, while leftists all over the world try to organize "vanguard" parties to "lead" the masses into revolution.

Politics, on this level, has more to do with self-serving propaganda and power brokering, with military armaments and food-for-politics, than with human development. As always, in every country, the few rich and powerful scheme to keep the people from controlling their own destinies.

Nothing is Revealed

By EVANS and NOVAK

I've done things like this before. Usually I excel. Every instinct tells me to sit here and blurt out whatever crosses my mind. But that would be far too revealing, and the one thing I am not in the mood to do at the moment is reveal. Nobody can ever know why this is being written, who is writing it, or what it is about. The style I have been cultivating for years must be carefully covered up. That distinctive trademark the masses have come to worship, not so long ago (isn't that disgustingly egotistical but I'm fucking entitled.) must be thoroughly annihilated beyond recognition. It must be ground into the dust, urinated upon and forgotten. Even that sentence is a little too revealing for my liking but old habits die hard. I'm dreadfully sorry.

So, as I sit here and breathe, the German says, "Profound," and again my basic instincts tell me to snuff the pig out. But I won't do that because in my more advanced age, I have mellowed.

Nothing is familiar. I am alien, a foreigner, an outcast, a prodigal son, and maybe even the messiah. Enough of these Biblical references. We must get to

The Meat! The meat is most important. Ask any journalist and he will tell you "A story needs meat." The many journalists here continually look over my shoulder threatening to cut this till there is nothing but meat. I am not vegetarian. If I was, it is rumored I would be less violent.

Like an incompetent fool I went so far as to suggest to the surrogate editor I had a vague idea what I might write about in this "column." "Have you gotten to IT yet? Have you gotten to IT yet?" he keeps asking. The sniveling punk has no faith in TRADITION. I always get to IT. he should know that. I know it. I'm sure the German knows it.

As I sat at the far end of the athletic field, late on a Thursday afternoon, not long ago I looked across the sparsely growing grass, was distracted by a jogging assistant professor of English, a sprinting college jock, three flying birds, and a small bird chewing a worm, my eyes focused on the decaying outer shell of Finley Center. All sorts of emotions I'm not going to write about leaked. — This is the meat. I don't like the way it sounds. I've lost my late night touch. I am a clogged brain. It's over. I will proceed to chug some Liquid Plumber, that vile mixer. Clean it all out.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

A few weeks ago I wrote a column in *Observation Post* suggesting some ideas for the improvement of education at CCNY and requesting that interested individuals join the Educational Affairs Committee of the Student Senate. Students responded and the Committee is growing, although we still hope that more people will take part.

Some students have told me that it's just not worth the trouble to try and upset the educational status quo of the college, because Nothing Can Be Done Anyway. I believe this is only true if No One Tries To Do Anything.

One way to initiate change is to first question what needs improvement or replacement and then do something about it. The Educational Affairs Committee is here to carry out these functions.

A question that the Committee will consider is whether standards are being lowered at CCNY. Is academic instruction presently conducted on a more elementary level than it had been five or ten years ago?

If so, is this the result of the college administration exerting political pressure on the various

departments to "make it easier" for students, with the politically advantageous result of graduating as many economically poor students as possible? But if these graduates are not "adequately educated," how will they compete with other college graduates for acceptance into graduate, medical or law schools? Or will they be able to obtain self-fulfilling and well-paying jobs?

Could it be that the level of teaching is less sophisticated at the College as a result of expectations which have been so successfully ingrained into us, expectations of what the level of academic achievement of "lower socio-economic groups" can be? Must faculty members and the students themselves continue to buy these expectations?

The Educational Committee needs students who insist on being well-prepared to get together with their futures, and who are now prepared to insure that they will be.

See us or leave a note in Finley 331, Student Senate Office.

Dennis Chetman

Observation Post

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Next staff meeting: Monday, November 10 at 3 p.m.

Hello... President Sadat... Hello...?

The following is a conversation between President Gerald Ford and Egyptian President Anwar Sadat which took place after the signing of the Sinal Peace Accord.

Courtesy of the New York Times

Ford. President Sadat?
Sadat. Hello. This is President Sadat.
Ford. How are you this morning?
President Sadat, I wanted to call you and congratulate you on the great role that you played in the negotiations that have culminated in this agreement.
Sadat. Hello? [inaudible]
Ford. Unfortunately, I don't hear you too well, Mr. President. I hope that my conversation is coming through more clearly.

Let me express most emphatically on behalf of my Government the appreciation for your statesmanship, despite adversity and some criticism, the spirit with which you have approached the need for an agreement.

I am most grateful for the leadership that you have given, and I look forward to continuing to work with you in—

Sadat. Hello?
Ford. Hello. Can you hear me, Mr. President?
Sadat. No, I can't hear you very well.

Ford. I know that you and I recognize that stagnation and stalemate in the Middle East would have been potentially disastrous, and your leadership in working with Secretary Kissinger and with the Israelis, all of us are most grateful for.

And as we continue to work together, personally, as well as Government to Government —

Sadat. Hello?
Ford. Yes, I can hear you, Mr. President. I hope you can hear me, Mr. President.

Sadat. President Ford, hello.
Ford. I don't hear too well, Mr. President.

Sadat. President Ford speaking?
Ford. Yes, this is President Ford.

Sadat. Go ahead please.
Ford. The connection, unfortunately, is not too good for me to

hear your comments, Mr. President. Let me say, if I might, despite the difficulties, that Mrs. Ford and I hope that Mrs. Sadat and you and your children will visit the United States sometime this fall.

I regret that I can't hear. The connection is very bad. I hope that you can hear me and my comments from the United States.

spirit, as well as the letter, that we will continue to develop the good relations between Egypt and the United States, working to make sure that we expand trade, tourism, and our help to the maximum degree possible and that this is the way that the United States can continue to play a constructive role in the most important area — the Middle East.

Sadat. Mr. President, I am looking forward to this visit with you and Mrs. Ford and your family. [inaudible] I also assure you we accept this agreement as a further

step towards a successful and peaceful conclusion. I consider it a turning point in the history of the country.

I again thank you, but it is essential, Mr. President, that we must keep the momentum of the peace process going and continue it.

Ford. I can assure you, Mr. President, we are going to keep the momentum going in the peace process. We will not tolerate stagnation or stalemate.

Sadat. I should like to add another point, Mr. President.

Ford. Yes.

Sadat. I think I would like to emphasize the importance of [inaudible].

Ford. I, unfortunately, could not hear as well as I would like the last comments you made. The connection from here is not, apparently, as good as I hope you have there, but —

Sadat. I hear you quite well.

Ford. Have a good day, and Henry will be there shortly, I understand.

Sadat. I am waiting for him.



New York Will Survive

By PAUL HERMAN

There's a sign hanging from the window of Governor Cary's Mid-Manhattan office. It says, "Dear President Ford: New York Will Survive."

That slogan sums up the feelings of nearly every New Yorker as the fight against default comes to a depressing and fruitless finale. It has been a long and demoralizing battle in which one man has held his demented ideals against the cries of an entire nation.

A few weeks ago the city came to within 50 minutes of default and the only response from Washington was that "it was not of the utmost urgency to where we should awaken the President."

Well, sooner or later, he's going to have to wake up. And he better make it sooner, because if New York goes under, there is going to be a war on his hands. Ford has scorned and neglected us enough; and for him to think that our troubles are only our own is totally ridiculous.

How can he honestly believe that the country will not suffer from a New York City default, or that the state and city government can actually avoid this catastrophe without the aid of the federal government? How can the President ignore the warnings of people who are more knowledgeable on this matter than he can ever be? How can the leader of the greatest nation in the world allow a segment of the population to face disaster without the support of their government?

What the hell did we do to deserve such treatment? So what if we were the ones who elected the crooks into office? We've been living each day with the threat of our city closing down, our jobs being taken away, and our lives being uprooted. And when we turn to our government for help, it turns its back to us. I didn't know that New York City wasn't part of the United States anymore.

The whole country laughed at us when our troubles first came to light. They said that it's our own fault, and that no other city was in the sad shape that we were in. But now they realize that if New York goes under, the rest of the country will go under with us. The banks and cities around the country have stopped their gloating and are now yelling at Washington to do something. So why isn't the White House answering their pleas?

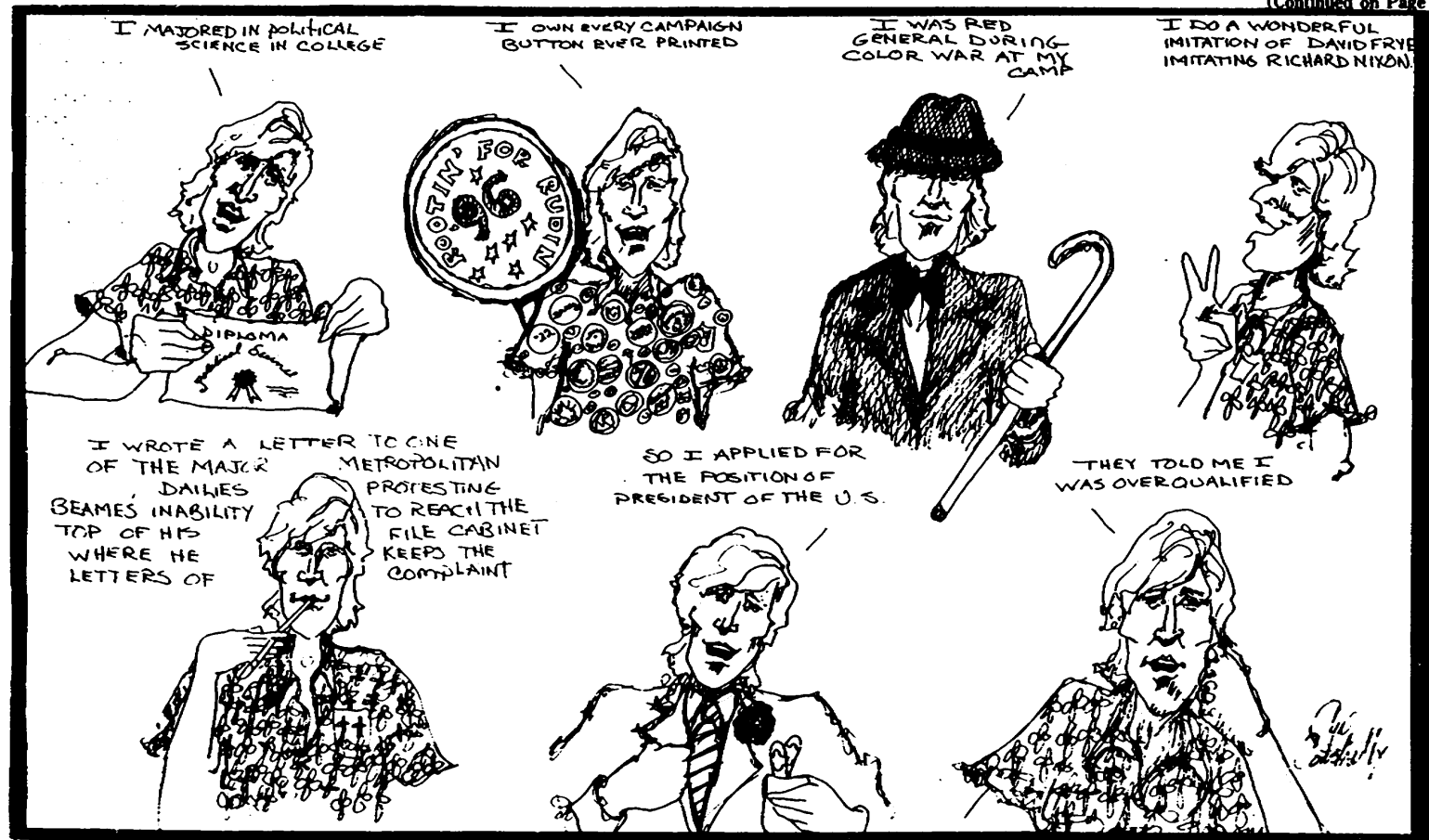
This is where the question of pride comes in. How can the federal politicians, who have used New York City as a scapegoat for their mistakes and corrupted actions, suddenly change their tunes and admit that yes, this country is centered around our fair city? Well, if we were independent now, and default affected no one else, then you'd bet your life they'd let us sink.

But the situation is not so simple, because our problems affect every single American, whether they admit it or not. If the federal government will not aid the cities, (or states for that matter), then what is the point of having a country at all? To give billions of dollars to banana republics around the world?

Right now, I've been hurt because I can't go to a financially secure school that is situated in a financially secure city. But damn it, I'm proud. I'm proud that I'm a New Yorker, and that when my country throws me out I'll have eight million fellow New Yorkers who will fight for their lives like no one thought we would. I'm proud that when the default riots start and that National Guard is sent in to restore the peace, they'll be treated like a natural enemy.

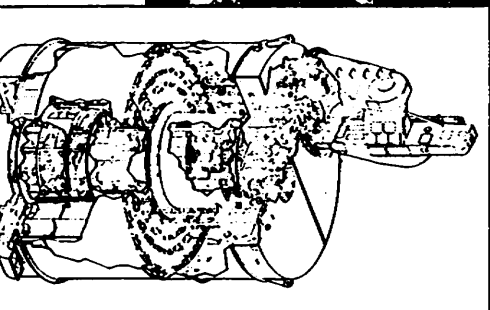
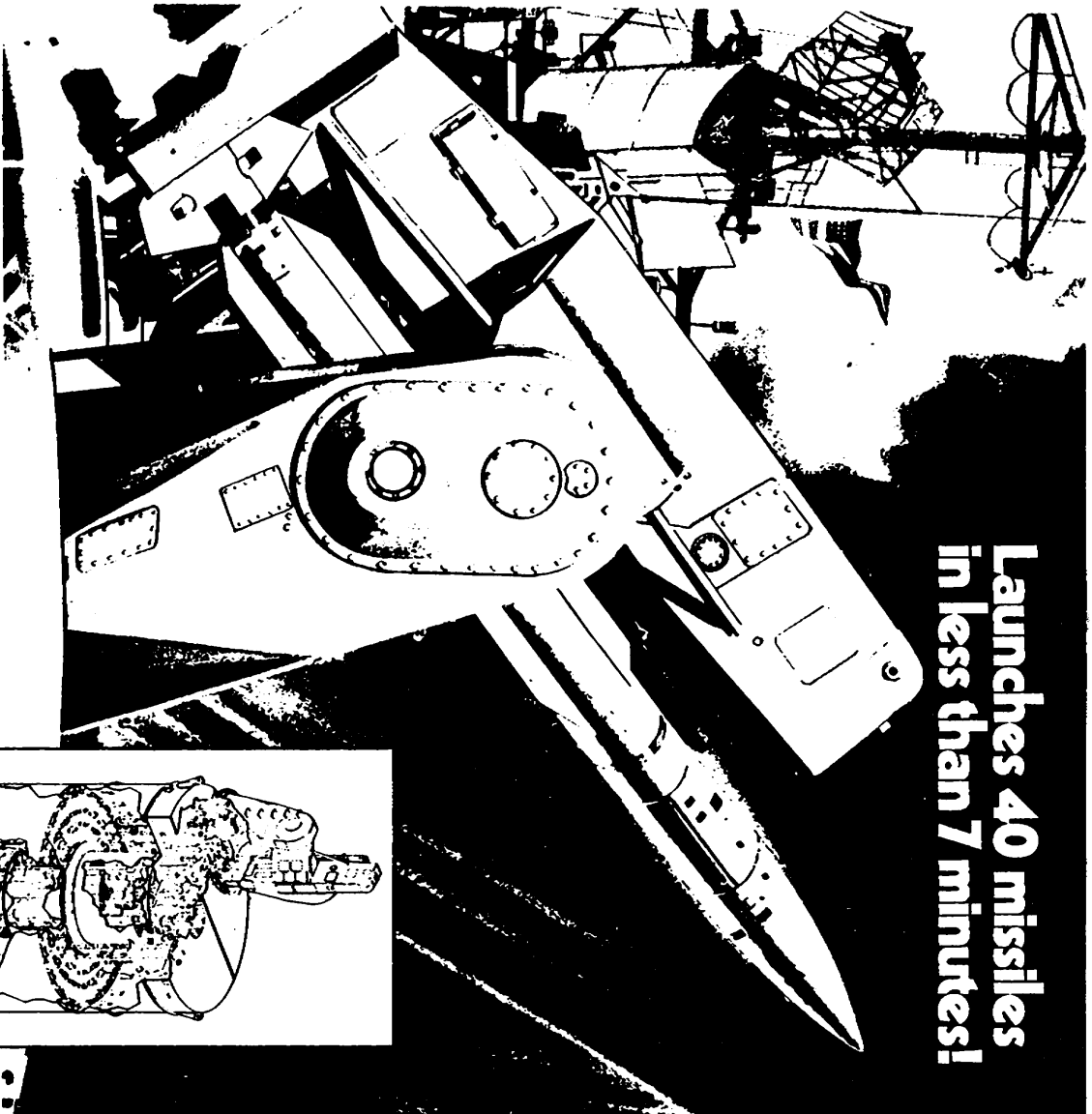
I just want to know what right does Ford or Simon have to treat our livelihoods like they were some kind of joke? Is their government running so smoothly that they can criticize us to extent that they have? And

(Continued on Page 2)



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