



## United Peoples sweeps elections

By JOSEPH L. LAURIA

Candidates from the United Peoples Party won all seven positions on the Executive Committee and 25 of the 30 seats in the Senate in student elections ended on May 6.

Raymond Jack of UP was elected President of the Senate by a margin of 554 votes over his nearest rival, Bruce Hack of the Free Speech Party. Heck lead a group of engineering students who took the other five Senate seats, all of them in the School of Engineering.

With all the votes tabulated, these are the results of the race for Senate President:

Arenas (Educational Restoration)	349
Hack (Free Speech)	464
Jack (United Peoples)	1018
Scherrer (Young Socialists)	21
Stone (Young Socialist Alliance)	30

Maxine Horne, this term's Senate Secretary, ran unopposed for Student Ombudsman and received 314 votes.

A referendum was passed, 302 - 180, in favor of establishing a chapter of the New York Public Interest Research Group (NYPIRG) on campus. The organization lobbies for reform on issues such as Marijuana decriminalization, and discrimination by insurance firms and credit banks.

Not unlike past Senate campaigns, these elections were marred by a widespread lack of student interest, allegations of improper voting procedures, and another familiar charge — but one perhaps never before as serious — racism.

It has by now certainly become clear to the students and administrators who run these elections, that most day session students don't care much about

voting for student leaders. According to a poll The Campus did last month, one student thought he had to be a US citizen before he could enter the voting booths set up in the Finley Student Center.

While the polls were open from May 2 through May 6 only 2,148 of the 10,336 (11%) students enrolled in the day session this term voted.

But this situation does little to mar the enthusiasm and political energy opposing parties usually generate. The most highly charged issue of the elections was a campaign poster the Free Speech Party placed around the campus. On it was a cartoon of Uganda President Idi Amin with the words above it: "If he was voting here next week, he'd probably vote to reelect the present senate."

UP charged racism, and after the two parties met with the dean of students, Ann Rees, Free Speech decided it would remove the posters.

On May 3, two days after the poster incident and one day after the polls opened, Free Speech complained to Ombudsman Thorne Brown, who supervised the election, that students were voting for more candidates than they were allowed to. The Senate bylaws and the College's Governance charter state that students may vote only for senatorial candidates in the school in which the voter is enrolled.

The United People's Party platform pledges to oppose the two years skills test ("This test is a part of the effort to turn CUNY into an elite and racist institution"); the Wessell Commission proposals to reorganize CUNY ("a devious way of recreating the elitist institution of pre-1969"); and to maintain student services established by the UP administration this year.



Raymond Jack, the president-elect of the Student Senate.

### *Summer institute to teach search for ethnic roots*

City College will hold a unique Summer Institute to train secondary school teachers and others in the methods of compiling family histories and discovering ethnic roots.

The Institute, which is made possible by a \$38,266 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, is entitled "Questioning the Past: A Summer Workshop for Research in Family and Ethnic History."

Professor Jim Watts (History) will head a team of three leading historians who will offer an intensive 70-hour program at the college from June 27 to July 14, 1977.

"There is strong interest among the various ethnic and racial groups in America about their backgrounds and roots," Professor Watts said. The Summer Institute will involve a series of lectures, seminars and field trips, with emphasis on the methods for creating oral histories for use as classroom aids in

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# The Observation Post

A FREE PRESS —  
AN INFORMED STUDENT BODY

Frederic Seaman  
GOD

Marc Lipitz  
HOLY SPIRIT

JESUS  
JOSEPH  
MARY  
MOSES  
SAMSON

Franklin Fisher  
Joseph Lauria  
Meryl Grossman  
Peter Rondinone  
Paul Dabalsa

DISCIPLES: Mari Alpher, Jeff Brumbeau, Ed Casey, Alfred Chu, Iby DeGeorge, Joyce Meisner, Orlando Rao, Michael Rothenberg, Leo Sacks, Linda Tillman, Monty Hall, J. Fred Muggs.

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FACULTY ADVISOR: Barry Wallenstein (English)*

## Prof. Geoffrey Wagner exposed

To the Editor:

It was with great shock and relief that I read P.J. Rondinone's article, "Extra: Student to duel Professor" (OP Vol. 61, No. 3, Feb. 28). I was shocked because I learned Geoffrey Wagner was still up to the same dirty tricks, and growing more and more blatant about it.

I took a course with Prof. Wagner two semesters ago. The assigned text for the course was none other than Wagner's own book: "The Novel and the Cinema," a \$15.00 lesson on semantics. I was naive enough to believe that when Professor Wagner assigned a paper asking us to review several chapters in the book, we had the option of disagreeing with his theories. I also naively thought since we were being put in the difficult position of reviewing our Professors' book, the best approach would be to review the style and content unbiasedly, stepping outside of the student-teacher relationship.

When I got my paper back in which I had used great discretion in my criticism, never forgetting, after all, that I had to face this man three times a week and that he did hold the power of grades over me, it was reminiscent of the letter Rondinone received. It was strongly suggested that I drop the class. Childish rebuttals like, SO DO YOU! and SO WHAT? were inked all over the paper, in four colors.

I was shocked that a man with Geoffrey Wagner's credentials should respond that way. It floored me, and I might have been intimidated by the experience to never utter another word of criticism or intellectual challenge to a professor again, had it not been for my conviction that what I did was what the whole education process was about: To think and give opinions and get valuable feedback from the professor who is supposed to guide you and present you with your options.

But not so in Professor Wagner's class. If you differ in your views from Wagner, you're asked to drop the class, or you are dropped, with "insubordinate" scrawled across the drop card (which you never know about). This was told to me by Professor Wagner himself when we met in his office. It was how he handled "difficult" students, he warned me.

Our meeting never resolved anything, but I did get off my chest how shocked and disappointed I was at his reactions. I braved the rest of the semester, receiving B minuses and attached book reviews of his latest work, "Open Admissions, and end to Education," on every paper I got back. He'd write on the reviews how others thought he could write even if I didn't. What he had to prove to me, I don't know

Sincerely  
Mari Alpher

## Outspoken scientist who discovered flu speaks at College

Debra O'Brien

In a work of Henrik Ibsen, a physician tries to warn the people that their water supply is contaminated, but the town's leaders, realizing that this disclosure would damage the tourist trade, brand him "an enemy of the people." Such a physician was the guest speaker in a "Woman's Mind and Body" course conducted in Wagner Hall on Tuesday, May 3rd.

The physician, Dr. Martin Goldfield, discovered the controversial swine flu virus and later denounced Ford's mass-immunization program as unnecessary and dangerous — which is why he was dismissed from his position as Assistant Commissioner in the N.J. Dept. of Health this week.

Dr. Goldfield opened the classroom discussion with a detailed description of the molecular biology of viruses. From what I could understand, it seems that viruses are labeled by their external markings (features of their coat) but their virulence depends on the RNA they contain inside. Although what came to be known as swine flu virus shared the same external features (HswIN<sub>1</sub>) as the 1918 virus that swept the world in epidemic proportions, it did not possess the pathogenicity (disease-causing capacity) of its 1918 namesake.

How then did it come to be called the "killer virus" that we all needed to be vaccinated against?

In early '76 a flu spell made the rounds on the Fort Dix military base in N.J. Out of six flu specimens analyzed, four were of the Type A garden variety species while two were unidentifiable. Dr. Goldfield identified it as an HswIN<sub>1</sub> virus. Although the men on the base had been vaccinated against the Type A virus it spread farther and longer than the unfamiliar swine virus. The last reported case of swine flu virus was that of a 19-year-old soldier who refused to be hospitalized because he did not want to miss basic training. Sick with influenza-induced fever and chills, he insisted on participating in a night march on February 4th. After long hours of marching, the soldier collapsed and died in the cold. Formal diagnosis: swine flu. True diagnosis: self-abuse. This one man's death was to become the

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So what? If you got this far your eyes are probably tired. Go to the kitchen and put some cold water on them and then put this away, or throw it away. There's nothing worth reading here if you don't have any knowledge of the politics of campus newspapers. Besides, I don't have much to say. I'll probably go on for another page or so. It depends where my head is at as time passes. Sometimes I feel like writing this: I peck away at these keys as if I were chasing ants across a piano board. And sometimes, I sit in the green vinyl reclining chair we got at OP, lean way back in it, put my feet up on a desk and stare at the CCNY baseball team in practice.

I think about the days I was on the Tremont Little League. I was the youngest guy in the Major League, first baseman; and the older guys (I was 10, they were 13, 14) resented me, so they twisted my fingers back so that I couldn't catch a ball; however, I didn't want to be a baby so I told the coach my brother swung a baseball bat at me and I blocked it with my hand; and the coach put me into the Minor League, on a team that lost every game. Blah, blah.

Did you ever have the same experience?

How 'bout this? I tell you a story and you tell me one. That's fair.

I'm listening . . . Great. I like the one about the unicorn and the three blind albinos who sat under the cherry tree tapping their canes on the bark. That's my favorite.

And the part about how the petals of the cherry blossoms were shook loose from the limbs and came down upon the shoulders of the quartet like shredded cotton candy, ohhh, that's nice. I like that. Can I tell it someday? You're not sure . . . uh, huh . . . well I promise I won't write it down . . . and if I do, I promise I'll give you credit. Uh, huh Uh, huh. No go. Don't laugh like that. Come on. I'm not gonna steal it. What do you mean, *you know me?* Bullshit! I didn't steal that story about the man in the seashell skull cap! It came to me. Yu, sure, it didn't come from your journal. Yu. Get out! Yuh, yuh, yuh LOOK! In that case, I'm insisting I'm gonna steal your albino story I'm gonna steal your story. What? You trust me? You're only joking. That's cool. I can deal with that. In that case, I won't steal your story. I love you too. I really do. And God loves you. Bye.

Jesus, these interruptions!

Joe squints at me from across the room. Telemann's "Overture in D Major" plays on a cheap stereo.

"What do you see," I say. . .  
"Everything is surreal," he says. "You scare me!"

I'm sitting at a typewriter on the edge of my bed. I look out beyond his head. The frame of my window gives onto a brick wall. Silver eels hang from a cast iron fire escape; and nuns dance on the rails, their frocks bobbing like white whales in an oil spill.

Joe squints. "There are flutes on monkeys, in streets, with sunshine all

# -30-



## BY P.J. RONDINONE

around and bananas hung from clouds," he says and stands, blocking my view.

What am I going to write? This is my last column for The Observation Post and, really, who gives a shit? I mean, if people were concerned about the fact that my stuff wasn't going to appear in these columns they'd be up at OP shaking my hand, begging me to stay — and well . . . that hasn't happened, and I'm sure it won't happen . . . therefore, instead of attempting to write an entertaining piece about my experiences at OP that will be interesting to the student body I will simply write a few words of thanks to various people (that self serving crap) and let it go at that. I know my friends will read it, but I'll have to be honest and say "I'm sorry" to those people who will not relate to this at all — Oh, one last word, I will also like

to say that next semester OP should be in top form — because Frank Fisher who is currently The Daily News stringer is going to be editor-in-chief. And the nonsense that has appeared in OP this last Spring semester should be obliterated. I wish him luck and hope that he will aim high and take the Columbia Journalism Award from The Campus because, historically, the radicalism at OP in the 60's has left people with the impression that The Observation Post is for second rate reporters (or rather pornographers) when in fact some fine people have worked for OP. Check out this list:

*Noe' Goldwasser* — a columnist at the Village Voice who is now a senior editor of Cue magazine

*Gerald Eskenazi* — a sports reporter for The New York Times

*Selwyn Rabb* — a reporter for the New York Times, also the creator of Kojack

*Leonard Kriegel* — author of "Walking Through" and professor of English at the College.

See? I told you this would get self serving. So . . . I'm a chump. I am copping out. Here's more:

The Fall semester of this year had to be one of OP's best years to date. With myself as Magazine editor (egorama, the fun game) and Joe Lauria as editor-in-chief we put out a newspaper that people would take home and read because we combined solid news reporting with some interesting fiction and non-fiction in OP's first and perhaps only magazine section. I should also mention that Fred Seaman and Paul DaBalsa did a *dynamite* Arts section — though sometimes I felt some stories could have been reworked — but then again, who am I to criticize? That was, after all, a section out of my framework of understanding and in this business when it comes down to it — everyone has something to say about everyone else's work — and in the end, after graduation, who cares? We all go our separate ways. Some of us, the writers, get jobs in writing. Or we write books and magazine articles. While others go on to list their newspaper experience on their resumes and take jobs as proofreaders, bank clerks, or go on to do graduate work in foreign languages. Whatever! And I'm sure that most of us will never meet again except, of course, if one of us makes a bit hit. Has a best selling novel or a Broadway play. Then everybody will know.

More on Joe Lauria. A lot of people  
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# Thirty: Lipitz wasn't al

City College was a hell of a different place four years ago. There was still something left of a South Campus lawn with trees and frisbees and free smoke. Vintage 1960's hippies still haunted the grounds and Lewisohn Stadium was still a place to run a lap. While Nixon defended Vietnamization and Billy Graham defended Nixon, friends of students were still bloodying farms in Asia. There was still a delicious blend of teachers and students and wierd, stimulating courses. And Tuition was still a goddamn joke.

I had come to the College in 1973 because it was the only place I could afford and probably the only place of some quality that would accept me. I had graduated from Bronx Science — with a bit of help from chemistry crib notes scrawled on my P.F. Flyers — but that school had succeeded in teaching me absolutely nothing of any consequence except that I would never be a researcher for Abbott's laboratories. I'm not sure why, but I had come to the College with some nebulous notion of wanting to teach high school history.

But within two months, I was growing addicted to the assanine pin ball machines in Shepard Hall for lack of anything else to do. I needed a little extracurricular activity, and as someone who always wanted to write, I thought it might be fun and relaxing to spend some time with one of the College newspapers. I was to discover a new, but non-toxic, addiction.

The first thing I recall seeing upon walking into the OP office was a painting on the back wall depicting a giant penis cradled in a frankfurter bun. In the center of the room, tables were piled high with newspapers, rolling papers, and large layout sheets. The floor was a mosaic of cigarette burns. The filth, the smell of shellac and old paper, the hairy people — it was like a bus terminal at two in the morning after all the bars close. I was holding a copy of their latest issue and pointed to the front page want ad to the first victim I met.

"I, uh, heh...heh...well, I'd like to write," I said confidently.

Bob Ness, who was then news editor, smiled. "That's wonderful. We could certainly use people. Would you like to write news?"

"Well, I don't know whether I can do that just yet," I answered. The sole of my left foot itched like hell. I just wanted to pull off my shoe and scratch.

"Would you like to do reviews?"

"Well, I don't know whether I can do that either."

"How about editorials?"

"Well, I don't know."

Ness stared at me like I was a plague carrier, or worse, and hurried back to his desk. I would become familiar with that look several years later while we spent

## By Marc Lipitz



thirty days travelling across the country in a refrigerated Greyhound bus.

Then I was approached by a short bearded individual with glasses. Figuring that he was someone of stature here, I tried a different approach.

"I know a little about the inverted pyramid," I beamed. The inverted pyramid is the standard style of organizing a newspaper news story.

"Really? What high school newspaper did you work for?" he asked. He never looked at me; only at the floor or the ceiling.

"None. But I worked for a junior high magazine." He flailed his arms in disillusionment and drifted to some other people.

I soon discovered that the guy was Steve Simon, then in his fifth legendary year as editor of OP and eighth as a student at the College. He, along with Peter Grad, another eight-year holdover, had joined the paper at the start of the student movement in the late sixties. It was those two who would be most instrumental in shaping the

newspaper through its many chameleon-like changes.

During the movement years, it was a progressive political publication, and many of its staff members were the College's leading activists. In the ensuing years, the newspaper was suspended a number of times because it was unable to come out when two opposing factions strongly differed on how the paper should be run; and another time for printing a cover photograph of two people screwing on a couch in the OP office. As former editor Bob Rosen, (City College's infamous outlaw journalist) once put it, "OP is not the kind of thing most parents appreciate."

One morning I walked into the office and watched as a copy of Screw Magazine was being bandied around by a bunch of smiling faces. It turned out that Screw had run a story on OP's history of printing stories and cartoons on things like beastiality and necrophilia. Simon, who considered himself a politically activist editor, remarked, "My God, I'm really pornographer!"

Parents — usually the type with Blatz Beer bellies and cigars firmly embedded in some lower molar — have been known to toss their children head first into swimming pools under the old sink or learn to swim approach. It was under such conditions that I wrote my first OP story. I was in the office a couple of days before an issue was due to be printed. Simon approached me with a story idea that needed to be done and said that space had been reserved on page one. "Me?", was the only thing I could think to say. But, it went relatively smoothly and I spent the rest of the year writing sleep inducing articles about the Board of Higher Education.

Then, in February 1974, things began to fall into the bushes. Late one night at the printer's, Rosen inserted in a back page section called "Mind Ooze," a poorly drawn cartoon of a nun masturbating with a crucifix. The sharp divisions among staff members that had created such havoc in the past, were back. Even the Catholic Church, John Marchi, and James Buckley got into the act, with Marchi creating a furor that threatened to put a clamp on all

# ways a household name

newspapers in the State and City Universities.

When the cartoon was reprinted a month later, this time with the words CENSORED shielding the nun's vagina, the twenty or thirty of us had a storm consciousness-raising staff meeting. Ironically, I sat with my back to a huge crater in the wall formed several years earlier when one editor had hurled a typewriter at another. But as the product of a not so tough neighborhood, I was unprepared for any violence. Hell, eighteen of us once got mugged on a baseball diamond by two guys. And we had the bats.

I don't recall too much of the meeting except that in the middle of a heated argument, Simon, who as editor-in-chief was on the hot seat, began peeling a hard boiled egg. He would pluck a bit of egg and roll the morsel between his dirty fingers. Then he would look at the ruined morsel and nonchalantly toss it over his shoulder. He finished the egg but never put any of it in his mouth.

By the end of my second year, the staff, again torn apart by new personality conflicts, asked that I be the one to patch things up as the following year's editor. At that point in time, after having been repeatedly stung by the manipulative tendencies of some former editors, and with no one with the experience of Simon or Grad around, we had all become paranoid about the mere thought of authority. We had devised an ill-conceived constitution that limited the powers of the managing editor, and decentralized the operation of the paper. Being editor was like being a manager for Charlie Finley, and the issues we put out often lacked any real cohesiveness.

That next term, however, we did build a staff from less than ten to over forty. OP was alive and kicking again. Issues would disappear after two days on the stand and we had to continually increase our printing runs. Mark McDonough, our feisty business manager, even succeeded in getting advertisers interested in us again, and it became financially feasible to print twenty and twenty-four page issues.

Probably the most widely read and talked about issue of that year was our "Revealing Peek at the Pentagon." Fred Seaman, Herb Fox and I, interviewed Bob Rosen, who had gone from writing

necrophiliac stories for OP to writing speeches for the Secretary of the Air Force. We even got hold of ads that arms manufacturers print in defense publications. A few weeks later, a reporter from the New York Times learned of the story and, at a Pentagon press conference, asked the Secretary whether it was known that one of his speechwriters had smoked pot there. Soon after, an amused Air Force Sergeant came to the office to collect ten copies.

There's nothing else remotely close to the life of an editor of a college newspaper. It was now my job to remain



at the printer until six in the morning (and then nod off in class while some professor would lecture on all those who walk through life with their eyes closed); to accept the responsibility for anything that may pop up in some secluded corner of an issue; to read the mail (especially papers from North Korea that report the status of [their] "Our Beloved Leader;" to get drunk at parties given by the wife of the College President.

When I first came to City, OP was described as the newspaper for those who don't know the sixties are over. That has obviously changed. The OP of this past year, is not the OP I joined back in 1973, or the OP I edited a few years later. The once large staff is gone, and only Fred Seaman and I remember the days of nunneries and violent staff meetings.

Next term should be a different story. OP still will not be the alternative type of publication that I'd like to see and that I think is so necessary at a school like City. But there will be good people running the show; people with a definite plan. It won't be the paper that gave so

much to me over the past four years, that so enriched my life, but it could be a strong publication once again.

Where do I go from here? I don't know. I have this recurring blood curling dream that I will spend the rest of my life composing juicy descriptions of Evel Kneivel motorcycle dolls to be read on the back of Kellogg cereal boxes by mewling brats at seven in the morning. I hope not. It would be too much like writing for the old OP again.

I'm left only with some fine people whose actions define what is truly human and kind in this world. They have all been teachers, and most important, they have all been friends.

To my oldest and dearest buddies — Fu, Seus, Fro, and Glick — you guys are always there in the clinch. You are the definition of friendship.

To the present, departing, and future gang at OP — Fred (who singlehandedly kept OP alive this year), Ed, Paul, Jeff, Joyce, Pete, Joe, Frank, Sam, Meryl, and Ollie — how tough its been.

To the other assorted magicians, jugglers, and gypsies — Herb, Peter G., Robt., John, Mike R., Mike D., Claudia, Andy, Norma, Hope, Anne, Dennis, Dave, Cynthia, Mark, Sue and Paul, little Cait, and my adjunct brother and sister, Carole and D.D.

We're all teachers and we're all students, but some teachers are certified. To Prof. Jim Watts, Stu Kampel, Ernest Boynton, Lorraine Duskey, Paul Minkoff, David Rosenthal and William Minnich, and Bill Wertheim (a poet, a teacher, and fired from J.H.S. 143 for daring to ask why) — I have given you incompletes and late papers, and you have taught me that there is more to who, what, where, and when.

To my mom, who is most at home with herbal teas, potted plants, and former Bill Weng puzzles; to my dad who wrote the goddamnest best play anyone ever saw; and to my sis, Linda, who has dedicated her life to the mentally retarded (and who threatened homicide if I failed to mention her name); and to Skippy — you're my kind of people: the best kind (but why is someone always tying up the bathroom?)

And to me.

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*The softcover edition will be out in a month.*

# “Raunchy” Rondinone’s last hurrah...

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I’m sure that smut stuff was appropriate his by-line. Last semester, his by-line who read OP I’m sure are familiar with though there were (and are) people who think he was a space hog, they should understand that he had to write and re-write 90% of the stories because OP was lacking in personnel. Also, it should be understood that the man is a fine reporter. He’s a *New York Times* stringer and will be working this summer as a full time reporter on an out of town newspaper. So again to those critics of Joe Lauria it should be known he did more than his share, and it should be known that he’s gonna love this

## Summer institute

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the teaching of social studies, Professor Watts indicated.

“Participants will also have the opportunity to concentrate on the discovery of their own family roots,” he added.

Field work will be conducted through visits to the various ethnic neighborhoods of New York City, including Little Italy, Harlem, Spanish Harlem and Chinatown. Oral sources will be compiled through interviews with immigrants and their descendents, and written sources will be utilized to supplement oral data.

Co-directors of the Summer Institute will be Professor Robert Twombly of the City College history department and Professor Michael Weisser of the University of South Carolina. Twombly is an authority on urban history and Black Studies. Prof. Weisser, an expert on European peasant cultures, is author of *The Peasants of Montes*, a book acclaimed by anthropologists for its use of both written and oral sources.

Prof. Watts is co-author of *Generations*, a family history text that is in wide use at colleges and universities throughout the country.

Enrollment in the Summer Institute will be limited to 30 persons. They will be divided into groups of ten and will meet with the three Professors on a rotating basis.

*Persons interested in enrolling in the Summer Institute should contact Professor Jim Watts, History Department, The City College of New York — Wagner Hall, New York, N.Y. 10031.*

publicity; and it should be known that he has a brilliant career ahead of him as long as he keeps his standards well above what is expected of college journalists, and his peers who are not as hard working and as dedicated (Joe, I know that you know all this already. It’s all self serving on my part because you and I have discussed this at length and I’d like to get it out — without malice, because there are things you and I know can’t be said without sounding arrogant or petty); and it should also be understood, that I don’t like writing about friends or patting them on the back if they don’t deserve it.

More on OP. Before Joe and I organized two separate sections the paper was caught up with this image of itself that had no place in the 1970’s. That image was based on the work of some former editors who standardized OP covers that were usually related to some major political issue. Like the masturbating nun and the Fuck cover. *Dig. Dig.* Yes, I have consciously sought to make a point about some of the smut OP has turned out, because I realized that when I first joined this paper I almost got caught up in living up to an OP ideal — that is, “you gotta be raunchy, man.”

for its time. Unfortunately, no one has explained why.

Now, on to the last bit of self serving trivia. My future plans. You don’t have to read this. I know you have plans of your own — good or bad. There’s no reason to waste time listening to me. I write this simply for the record so that when I’m 25 (in two years) I can look back on it and see if my dreams were realized.

So, this summer I have plans to work on a novel, semi-autobiographical. That’s all I know about it in terms of content. I have never worked on an extended piece of fiction, so I expect it will be a challenge and painful. Nevertheless, the way I look at it — I have to try it and if I fail I would have learned (as Thomas Carlyle would say) “the work I can’t do.” And that’s important, because I know a lot of people who pursue careers they’re not talented enough for — yet, they refuse to back out — so instead they spend their most productive (youthful) years chasing after illusions of themselves that have no relationship to reality.

Have a nice summer and I hope you will be hearing from me in the future. Bye.

## Swine Flu doctor speaks

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sole evidence that there was a “killer flu” on the loose.

A prominent microbiologist went directly to President Ford and proposed a mass-immunization program designed to protect the American population from a flu “epidemic.” However, in the months that followed the soldier’s death 305 viral specimens were collected in the area surrounding Fort Dix, none of which could be identified as belonging to the HswiN, “killer” variety.

But these statistics didn’t matter. The wheels of so-called preventive medicine had already been set in motion and Congress appropriated \$130,000,000 for the synthesis of the vaccine.

To explain this boondoggle we must turn to what Dr. Goldfield termed “the group dynamics of manipulated scientists.” The scientific-medical community hoped to show the world how thorough their advanced research and technology they were able to avert a

health disaster, while President Ford and his political allies had the election to consider. Giving a “protective shot” to your constituents is surely more effective than just shaking their hands.)

What no one considered except for isolated critics such as Dr. Goldfield was the danger of the vaccine. Neurological reactions ranged from simple headache to total paralysis. One CCNY science student, James Vichench, was bedridden for two weeks after receiving the vaccine because of excruciating pain in his upper back and his limbs.

Dr. Goldfield is now worried about the future of other immunization programs. Like people who turned away from voting after the Nixon regime, this program may turn people away from all vaccines and Dr. Goldfield fears that mothers will not have their children vaccinated against measles, or themselves against rubella.

# German theatre troupe stages Kafka

By FREDERIC SEAMAN

Intrigued by the prospect of seeing a German-English production of a play entitled "Kafka's Dream of the Ape Red Peter" by the tri-buehne Stuttgart, one of Germany's most important experimental theatre groups, I made my way to the CSC stage on May 4 and caught their final performance of a three-month U.S. tour.

In addition to "Kafka's Dream..." the company's repertoire for this tour included Goethe's "Urfaust," both of which had been presented in Germany to significant critical and audience acclaim.

"Kafka's Dream..." turned out to be a fascinating collage of Kafka's work, drawing from his "Report to the Academy" and other short stories adapted for the stage by the artistic director of the tri-buehne, Michael Koerber. Using dance and mime techniques as well as creative lighting and synthesized sound effects, the tri-buehne transformed the barren CSC stage into a surrealistic landscape that soon held the audience in rapt attention.

## A Trapped Creature

In the first part of the play, "Red Peter's Dream," Koerber portrayed an awkward, puppet-like creature (Red Peter) trapped between walls that were constantly closing in on him (Koerber



Michael Koerber in a scene from "Kafka's Dream of the Ape Red Peter."

conveyed this through brilliant use of pantomime). Eventually Red Peter escapes into the "World of Men," where he faces two "opponents" (Juergen Schlunk and Herbert Zwiener) which he enslaves and subjects to sadistic abuse. This disturbing scene is shattered by a "Visitor to the Gallery" (Edith Baumker), and the play shifts into its second part, "Before the Academy."

Red Peter is now a civilized ape, who speaking in a heavy German drawl, lectures the Academy (a gathering of

scientists, one presumes) on his acquisition of human traits that catapulted him from the animal kingdom into celebrity status among humans. Accompanied by a diligent interpreter who effortlessly renders a word-by-word translation into English of Red Peter's lengthy discourse, the latter distracts the audience by playfully roaming on and off the stage. There is an almost grotesque slapstick quality to much of the action on the stage. The interpreter plunges down a deep gorge, returns with a bandage head, and proceeds to fuck a horny secretary, but is interrupted by Red Peter, who breaks her neck and tosses her away...

## Amusement turns to Horror

This strange spectacle strikes us as amusing at first, but our amusement abruptly turns into horror when the interpreter loses his hearing, voice, and sight in quick succession, and is suddenly reduced to a pitiful creature suggesting — you guessed it — an ape.

The play, which lasted almost two hours (with no intermission) did not attempt a literal stage adaptation of Kafka's work. Rather, it offered a visually stunning interpretation of Kafka's concept of freedom and power. And at that it succeeded admirably.

Most of the credit for this remarkable theatrical achievement goes to Koerber, a superb actor and mime with an uncanny ability to cast an hypnotic spell over the audience. This 34 year-old former theatrical producer has an intense stage presence that has evolved out of his study of Zen philosophy, aikido (a Japanese martial art), and Japanese acting styles, and he is clearly the driving force behind the seven-member company. Together with Edith Baumker, an experienced actress, Koerber founded the tri-buehne in the Spring of 1975, and they soon attracted attention as one of Germany's most innovative small theatre groups.

## Versatile Actors

The other members of the tri-buehne are Juergen Schlunk, a literary scholar, teacher and actor who has worked both here and in Germany; Christine Loeber, a 26-year-old actress and dancer; Sonny Hoss, a dancer and actress who also handles the lighting; Herbert Zwiener, a former television technician who is an experienced dancer and mime; and

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# Photographer looks at Rumania

By MARI ALPHER

When Tom Marotta left for Rumania two years ago, loaded down with camera, lenses, and over a hundred rolls of film, his goal was to capture the spirit and ancient culture of the Rumanian people he had heard so much about from his wife who is of Rumanian descent.

The final outcome of Marotta's three month journey, is presented in his recently published book of photographs, "For They Are My Friends."

What he captured was even more than he bargained for. Not only the culture that the Rumanian people have preserved for hundreds of years has come through in the book, but often their very reason for existing.

Marotta, a former student at the College, is a professional photographer who has worked for major newspapers and magazines, and is presently freelancing in New York



Tom Marotta

In the book, Marotta's subjects appear to be part of another time, never the 1970's. Yet they are one with the photographer, completely at ease, except perhaps for one photo in which several

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## Davis Center construction starts

By ORLANDO RAO

Construction on the Aaron Davis Center for the Performing Arts, which had been halted nearly a year and a half ago due to difficulties in marketing state agency bonds, resumed last week, and the project is now scheduled to be completed by the end of next April.

The Bowery Savings Bank purchased \$6.2 million in State Dormitory Bonds on March 23, which will be used to finance the completion of the structure that is only 30 percent complete. The College's Fund will be used as collateral of an investment portfolio whose current market value is about \$2.3 million. The Board of Higher Education made available an additional \$600,000 in collateral from a trust fund.

The steel had to be checked before construction could resume. After a few minor problems were rectified construction began.

Although the frame of the building has been exposed to the weather, it suffered no major structural damage, according to Frederick C. Amitrano, Project Manager for Lasker-Goldman Corporation, the company doing the construction.

Vandalism was no problem at the construction sight because of two major factors according to Amitrano. The Watchdog Patrol did an "excellent job" in keeping trespassers out and Amitrano said that there really wasn't much that could have been vandalized. boys, arms tightened at their sides,

## N. Y. photographer explores Rumania

(Continued from Page 7)

spellbound, wait for the camera to explode or for a genie to appear. Marotta achieved this effect by using a time-release and walking away. Many of his other subjects stare straight into the camera, almost challenging it, projecting their pride of who and what they are.

Marotta said he never received a rejection when he approached people. They were always willing to be photographed, even showing him photographs on their simple cottage walls that other photographers had taken of them.

Marotta had just arrived after a serious flood had hit Rumania. Many lives and properties were destroyed, but the people were anxious to start again. The funeral of a young man of twenty-four, who died as a result of the flood, is Marotta's greatest photographic achievement in the book. The pathos Marotta has captured in the expressions of the mourners grieving over the body of a dead youth awaiting burial in an open coffin, is overpowering to say the least. Marotta said he shook for hours after photographing this tragic scene.

To complement several photographs, the author used the writings of Mihail Eminescu, a famous Rumanian poet. As the photographs are in their own right fine examples of photo-journalism, I would have preferred it if the author had used his own descriptions or let the photos speak for themselves, as they well can, and do.

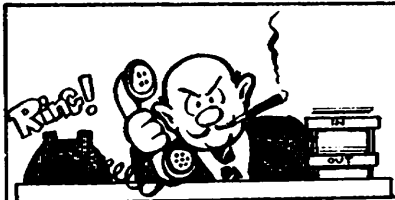
## German theatre

(Continued from Page 7)

herbert Foersch, the troupe's composer and percussionist.

What distinguishes the tri-buhne from other German theatre groups (besides the fact that unlike most German companies they are not subsidized by public funds) is the versatility of the individual members of the group and their commitment to the concept of an artistic collective. Their goal is to "develop a group style away from shallow theatricality," and to achieve this they rehearse each production with unusual thoroughness (up to four months) and participate in daily training sessions together.

This unusually gifted German company presents a welcome alternative to conventional theatre and one looks forward to their return to these coasts. Their language, after all, is universal.



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Finley Room 307