

OP

observation post

Vol. 66 No. 1 THE CITY COLLEGE Friday, 28 September 1979

Edit-Prop

By Wayne Noto

Perhaps you thought you'd seen the last of OP.

Well, if everything goes according to schedule, you'll be seeing us five more times this semester. Rumors of our death were premature, a case of wishful thinking by the Ayatollahs of Convent Avenue, those rabble-rousing holy rollers who deceived and used the students of City College for their own moonie purposes. The uneasy allies of the crypto-fascist moonies were those bureaucrats who were so agitated by the penetrating light of public attention which OP attracted to our school, and therefore on their bureaucracy.

OP has survived the lynching, but just barely. We have lost our funding and our office. We have been, and remain, the target of harsh, frequently unreasonable criticism. We have been pilloried for the execrable taste some people feel we showed in running our controversial photo-essay. We have also been criticized for the lunatic over-reaction of a violent minority of anti-OP protestors, when we were patently the people least able to control them. One misinformed school newspaper cited us as an example of how to "kill a newspaper" but didn't seem to care that we were working our asses off to save the newspaper they claim we gleefully put to the sword.

We find it significant that at no point have our detractors made the slightest bit of sense. Their irrational emotional appeals have shown little relationship to sane thought.

Those otherwise sensible students who were sucked into voting for the moonie organization's anti-OP referendum have since had time to ponder and regret. They are reminiscent of those Germans who avidly voted their "savior" Adolf Hitler into office, heedless of what the man actually stood for, but blinded by the public spectacle and the empty, rousing rhetoric.

Miraculously we've all been granted a second chance. We have not been repressed, and the students of City College still have an alternative to the dry-mouthed, safe reportage which is in such overabundance on campus.

We are a student organization. Every one of you has the right — perhaps the duty — of presenting his or her opinions in this open forum.

When you see something in a student newspaper with which you disagree, it's healthier to have your own opinion aired in the same paper than to surrender to the mindless urge to destroy.

Memorandum

re: Nancy Meade

I know that some people take great umbrage at the appearance of any new piece by Nancy Meade. Her compulsion to tell *all*, including the smarmiest details of what should be her private affairs, distresses their easily brutalized sensibilities. Prudery blossoms in people who do not consider themselves prudish.

To me, however, these pieces are stunning works, bravura displays of egomania which dwarf the ambitions and pretensions of most journalists. These shocking glimpses of a grotesque, brilliant, libertine, perverse, versatile and alluring personality are totally different from anything we are familiar and comfortable with. The fascination is obvious, and most people react to Meade with curiosity: What makes Meade tick?

The views expressed in Nancy's latest are, as always, of her own creation. While we agree with many of the points she makes, credit for her wicked barbs belongs solely to her.

Nancy has advanced the idea of doing a regular column, "O Paris Review."

The Meade creative juices, space permitting, we should get several more enthralling peeks at the Meade persona.

*Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame
Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947, ... Resurrected, A.D. 1979.*

Ralph Ginzburg

Patron Saint

Howard L. Adelson

Faculty Advisor

Contributors to this issue: Naomi Brown, Alex Coroneos, Danny Haber, Nancy Meade, Wayne Noto, Ronnie Phillips.

Letters

Say Cheese!

Aw, Rats:

Why did you have to let the whole world know the filth and depravity generated at CCNY? You could have been more insidious. Now they know who and what you are.

An Alumnus

Hi Rats, me again:

Got to worrying about your hirsute lice-infested bodies. Why not take a bath in Phenol (C6-H5-OH) in case you've forgotten. May save infection of decent students.

The Alumnus

Rats:

It is a fact that *Rattus Norvegicus*, The Brown Rat, is less dangerous and destructive than *Rattus Sinaiticus* which brought the Bubonic Plague to Europe from the Middle East in the 14th century. The long-nosed ones, the Amethyst-Blue Crystals of Zyklon-B have proven effective against them. Try some.

The Alumnus

Feh!

Dear Fucking Kosher Jew Bastards:

Did you know that all Jews are Kosher Bastards? Do you know why? Because all Jews are always fucking somebody. Particularly, their mothers or fathers or sisters, in the back yet, like dogs.

Maybe no one else will react to your swill, so we're coming to New York soon, to see you, so get busy writing your memoirs.

If we can't locate you, we'll take care of the equipment and building. Then, somebody in your family.

See you, Jew Boy.

P.S. I just found out that there are only three nationality groups in New York: Porto Ricans, Niggers, and Hebrew Assholes. No wonder New York is going to hell.

By the way, tell your kosher masturbating whore who poses for porno pictures with her worn out cunt showing that she's in the same boat as you are, we've got something special for her.

Affectionately yours,

A North Suburban, Ill. Reader

H. Adelson: OP Advisor

Professor Howard L. Adelson of the History Department has accepted the position of faculty advisor to the *Observation Post*. He spoke of his intentions as advisor: "I will be a full participant in the workings of the paper: I intend to attend the editorial meetings; and I want the paper to be a forum to represent disagreement." He added that though he would not make editorial decisions for the paper, when he disagreed with the editors over cardinal issues, "I will resign."

Professor Adelson told the editors that his alliance with the *Observation Post* would "not increase your stock with the Administration." The professor, who has taught here since 1953, explained that this was because of his "innumerable" conflicts with the College's administrators. "I've disagreed with every curricular change the Administration has made." He charges that during the tenure of President Marshak, "The College of Liberal Arts was severely damaged; no attempt was made to maintain standards; and the level of learning at the school has gone down. I don't feel the Administration has done justice to the students of this school."

An Admirer

To the Editor of City College Newspaper and Girl who posed for the obscene picture:

To put it mildly, I was appalled by the picture. It is a definite attack against the Christian religions.

In your interview you said the picture was made to draw attention to the newspaper. If this was not an attack against the Christian religions, why didn't you use other pictures? Since you are believers in pornography, why couldn't you use pictures of your mothers masturbating with a caption "Do you remember Mama? This would have brought attention to your paper."

I am also against tax money going to schools and students that attack religions and print obscenity in papers. Why should students who don't want to read filth be open to a newspaper as this?

F. Danne

Continued on page 3

THE NUN'S STORY

By Nancy Meade

I appeared on the cover and in the centerfold of *OP* on May 4, dressed as a nun, committing what appears to be genital Hara-Kiri with a nine-inch crucifix. A short text in the issue sketchily cited the motivation for the publication of these photographs.

Many readers, however, felt the real incentives had been obscured and doubted the existence of any valid impulsion. People were bewildered. *OP* was barraged with one question: "Why?" Interviews with *NBC*, the *Village Voice* and the *Soho Weekly News* resulted in no intelligent, serious, or honest coverage.

I am delighted at having been a minor media star for a moment.

I also feel the necessity to explain how, what's been called "NUN II" emerged, and to describe its reverberations.

I acquired the position as Editor-in-Chief of *OP* as a result of winning the "Anyone-Can-Edit Contest" in January, 1978. A dubious honor, perhaps, considering that a photo of myself, nude but for a few manacles and leather bracelets, was the essential ingredient in obtaining all of my 23 votes. Soon after an *OP* party was scheduled, where I was to be introduced to the former editors. Fred Seaman, then Editor, thought I should be introduced, also, to the traditions of the paper. He showed me a handful of *OP*s that were outstanding representatives of the paper's commitment to radical politics and pornography. A cartoon of a nun impaling herself with a crucifix aroused my attention. I thought it was the funniest cartoon I'd ever seen in *OP* and told Seaman so. He explained that N.Y.S. Senator had proposed legislation to censor student newspapers because of the drawing, and the *OP* funds had been suspended temporarily. I was excited by the power of a college newspaper to cause a ruckus and amused that people had been offended by the anti-religious lewdness.

Seaman also gave me some background information about previous *OP* editors. He referred to some of them as superstars because they've established their names on campus through candid, self-indulgent writings in the paper. I accepted an unsolicited challenge to be the Most Outrageous *OP* Superstar Editor ever.

The day of the party, I danced topless in a Long Island bar from noon to 7 p.m., drank half a bottle of Jack Daniels, ate a small handful of cheap ups and threw a lot of it up in the toilet. Too distraught to subject myself to public transportation, I called a taxi to transport me to the party (in Brooklyn.) The fare was \$25 — half of my day's salary. Only a few blocks from the site of the event, I saw Seaman flailing in the street. We picked him up. He said the party was well-planned; there would be a lot of food and booze; and the main drug would be a whole lotta 'ludes. Quaaludes were the only drug I didn't do for fun — they made me fall asleep. Already I felt left out.

I hated the party: all the ex-editors there were male, and worried that a feminist bisexual was about to take over. I popped more speed, smoked a lot of Kools and joints, and kept quiet until I saw Bob Rosen come in. I'd read some of Rosen's stuff in early 70's issues and wanted to meet him. We spent the evening slouched on the floor in a corner, he blubbering through 'ludes and me zonked by more drink and smoke. By the end of the evening, he was so incoherent and incapacitated, Seaman asked me to see the poor fellow home. I obliged willfully. In freezing cold, I struggled to keep him on his feet until I found a taxi.

Two weeks later, Rosen dismissed his girlfriend of six years and we played a literary fantasy — girl and boy writing side by side, tumbling in fun screws, confessing our worst insecurities and fears. You may well wonder why I'm writing this. Rosen became an important influence on me with regard to my image as editor for *OP*. He encouraged me to write hideous self-confessions of my bizarre and shameful sexual behavior. When I told him that professors were discussing my writing for *OP* (that of lesbian poems written to my topless dancer lover, my sexual biography beginning with wanking on my teddy bear at age 4, etc.), and that they called my writing self-indulgent, gratuitous, and pointless, he became obsessed with prompting me as The Meade; he was determined to see me become the new superstar of the campus, and reap any benefits or notoriety that he could for being my attachment. he succeeded.

We decided that nothing could shock City College more than a live recreation of the masturbating nun Bobby Anatasio had drawn in 1974. At Eaves costumery we rented the habit, and swore we wouldn't do anything naughty in it. We bought a large, gold-toned crucifix in one of the Washington Heights religious shops near where we were living. Ed Webberman, slovenly sex maniac of *OP*-of-long-ago, met us at our residence. Early summer sunlight drifted through the windows that overlooked N.J. as the drooling Web loaded his camera, eyes cast upon my deliciously unshaven crotch. Roll after roll of film was shot, and Rosen, not to be left out of the limelight, insisted on donning the robes, too, and being photographed. I fucked him while I wore the vestment and the camera continued to click. (I refused to allow Web participation.)

Back at campus, I spread rumors that a live nun would soon appear in *OP*. Student senators got wind of the news and incessantly plagued our office for further information. They were incensed, as the Administration was, and both rallied their forces at that time to make life difficult for me.

A Media Board was formed. It was designed to take the student funds out of the hands of arbitrary disbursement by the Student Senate, but served the administration only too well in pressuring *OP* with regulations and rules that opposed the way we ran the newspaper, and jeopardized the possibility of *OP* receiving its fair share of the money. The conservative print medium of CCNY, *The Campus*, joined too, in antagonizing me and *OP*. We were lambasted. A bylaw created by other member of the Media Board (*OP*

having one ally of the seven or eight members) stated that a certain percentage of any group wanting funding had to be students. Everyone knew I'd virtually abstained from class attendance for months while working on *OP* full-time and part-timing as a go-go dancer. This bylaw was created only to relieve me of my power and influence at *OP*. It did nothing of the sort. I continued to run *OP* and Ronnie Phillips, a willing, devoted member of *OP*, assumed position as Editor.

But I was harried. I tried to do what's expected of college students. We at *OP* attempted to use the power, money, and freedom at hand (which we gained by belonging to *OP*) to explore our potential as journalists, activists, and nonconformists. We published what no one else dared. I decided to run free ads for NORML, just as the *Campus* ran free ads for the March of Dimes. I recruited anyone who showed any promise in my writing classes. I worked for *OP*. I saw it as the testing grounds for what I could achieve outside the

I saw it as the testing grounds for what I could achieve outside the confines of CCNY's stodgy structures. But, like mavericks in the real world, we were treated with about the same respect as Paul Krassner. Finally, I decided to get back at the bureaucrats.

Rosen helped again. We knew the *OP* would be shut down when we ran the nun photos, so we held on to them, waiting for the moment we would bust loose. Meanwhile, we came up with another idea: Golda Meir had just died, and I liked the cover of the *N.Y. Post* with her enormous photo and caption "GOLDA MEIR 19- (whatever it was) — 1978" I decided to die.

Writing my obituary was the easiest piece I've ever done, and one of the most effective. Copying that stark cover, we ran my death notice on page one of our "Wild and Crazy Christmas" issue. Students mourned, I received letters of sorrow and condolences (addressed to *OP*, of course). It was probably the most dramatic manner of leaving college that City has ever witnessed. Few people even considered the possibility of a hoax. I knew that many students I liked had suffered. But to keep the story credible, I couldn't tell everyone I wanted to that I was still alive. I went underground with nary a word to more than five people.

At last the strain of combat with CCNY folks was relieved. For a short time glee was mine. I had succeeded in leaving my mark on thousands of people. But guilt soon set in for the grief I'd caused innocent people.

Ronnie Phillips about six months later called to ask when the nun pix were being published. I would be resurrected as Sister Nancy. I gladly turned over the pix to him.

Unfortunately, Webberman had only left me with three big glossies, and Wayne Noto said I didn't have time to get more prints. Wayne wrote the text for the cross-shaped copy and came to my place for help in the lay-out of the whole thing. We spent hours on it and more time getting stoned. I was glad the ordeal was finally over.

Ronnie Phillips and Alex Coroneos distributed the May 4 issues at CCNY about noon. Two hours later, four unidentified students burned 2,000 copies in a trash bin outside Finley Hall, below *OP*'s office. (CCNY Security and the administration did nothing about this criminal action.)

I was interviewed with Wayne Noto on the college airwaves of WCCR. Later, I autographed my cover photo for students who came to the office. The phones rang with calls from lawyers volunteering their services should *OP* need them. *OP*'s crew sat at the windows, watching the students and professors below engrossed in the paper. The apathy and lethargy so indigenous to the campus was suddenly forfeited. We were joyous.

We received a letter of resignation from Professor Michael Keating who'd been our faculty advisor. I was stunned. Months ago I'd shared joints with him during long conversations in a locked *OP* office. He had encouraged me to print experimental journalism. I told him I was going to publish a live nun masterbating with a crucifix and he said he was glad something was finally being done, he was bored by the aimless chatter that normally floated around campus. I had taken this to mean he supported my plans. Now, it seemed, he was absolving himself of any responsibility on the paper to save his dignity and/or his job. He called me on the phone and I told him he was a hypocrite and a coward.

Naomi Brown, *OP*'s promiscuous receptionist, told me she'd arranged an interview with the *Village Voice*. Wayne couldn't make it, and at the appointed time no reporter was in sight. I called the *Voice* and told a Melik Kaylan I was coming over with my story. He sounded eager to hear it all after I'd given him the rough outline over the phone, and I wanted nothing more at that time than the public exposure of my story in that paper. I dreamed that book publishers would offer me a fat advance to finish my "Autobiography of a Topless Dancer Whore" if he saw my crazy antics at City detailed in the *Voice*. Kaylan was non-plussed by my story when I got there; but his editors told him to follow it up, so we met later at the Lion's Head, where he threw sassy remarks at me and bought me a Perrier, smirking at that, too. After the interview we walked to Washington Square Park and fell in blissful romantic love.

NBC called and set up an interview with Wayne and me. An audience of *OP* members and friends gathered to witness the elegantly dressed Mr. Noto and I deliver a fine and restrained interview. I thought the expensive suit I'd borrowed would impress the television viewers.

We watched Jackie Stone interview Dean Ann Rees whose position I pitied. Jackie was a rigid and pathetic figure, too: She said she felt uncomfortable and declined a copy of *OP* to take with her. The cameramen were thrilled, and gloated over the blow-ups of my cover photo they made on the wall. They were overheard discussing the possibility of

Continued on page 3

Head Lines

There is a recent and fast-growing trend of cultivating Cannabis at home. There are several reasons for this trend.

Paraquat, perhaps, is the most important one. After all, how do you know where your pot comes from?; and, paraquat is quite undetectable without a laboratory. In fact, people in New York rarely see Mexican grass, which is the only grass being sprayed. So, New Yorkers don't really have to worry too much about paraquat. Most pot coming into the East is Columbian (Columbia doesn't participate in the spraying program.)

Another major factor for the trend is pot's rapidly rising price. There are still many honest dope dealers, but even they can only deal with what's offered them. Cultivation solves that problem, because your only cost is for gardening supplies.

The ease with which you can grow good reefer also contributes to the trend. You have at your disposal a whole array of products and books to help you to increase your yield. Homegrown is rapidly becoming "respectable!"

There really is no reason why an intelligent college student can't grow top quality stuff. The potency of the grass is, to a large extent, genetically controlled. The other influence is environmental: Use seeds from good stock, and if you deliver them the proper care, you'll get fine marijuana.

Some warning: Because of the wave of home cultivation, paraphernalia suppliers are offering many substances to alter plant growth. Some, like Colchicine, are quite dangerous.

Colchicine is a plant mutagen. It is absorbed and assimilated in the plant as it

grows. It produces its effects by multiplying the number of chromosomes in the plant cells. It is exceedingly toxic to humans and should never be used.

A company that calls itself Altered Perception came out with a flying pipe, called a "Buzzbee." It is actually a flying saucer with a perfectly balanced pipe bowl in the center, and the mouthpiece on top. The bowl is completely enclosed with a screen at each end. The bowl is leak-proof and the unit flies quite well. If you are into frisbee games and you are a head, then this is just the thing for you. The "Buzzbee" is a great novelty item that can be put to some creative uses.

It is of course a fad item and it does have some disadvantages. The bowl is quite large and takes quite a bit of pot to fill, and it must be packed. It also burns as it flies, wasting pot. Still, the "Buzzbee" can be quite amusing for occasional use.

Grass Roots Marijuana in America Today, Albert Goldman, Harper and Row, \$12.95: Albert Goldman frequently contributes to *High Times* and used to teach at CCNY. His articles are always fascinating reading, and now he has turned his talents into an interesting and comprehensive history of the use of marijuana. The book covers all aspects of Cannabis from ancient myths to present facts. It is great reading and you won't want to put it down. Mr. Goldman tells actual accounts of people smuggling weed, and of connecting in Columbia, all real life adventure. There is a section that tells you everything you need to know to be a successful drug smuggler. This book is a must for anybody who ever fantasized about the adventure of bringing in a load of weed.

Nun's Story Continued

Continued from page 2

getting my phone number, but neither had the balls to ask me directly. We were told our interview would air for sixty seconds on the 11 o'clock news.

Wayne and I thought we wouldn't be aired til the end of the news, but put the tube on at eleven. Our story was broadcast first. We were thrilled and proud watching our segment, but the bits they picked out demonstrated poor editing. We were disappointed. They'd chosen a comment of mine that was hostile and unrepresentative of all I'd said. Wayne came off with an intelligent reply but it was too short to really make much sense.

Reactions continued. Moonies were imported by the busload to distribute petitions demanding an end to OP's student funding. A referendum was called: OP was voted off the Media Board (and hence out of money from the school).

Ralph Ginzburg called to offer his financial support.

Two orders of nuns threatened to sue OP: Wayne has a cousin in one order.

Bob Rosen with the credential of being my ex-lover wrote a wretched lament for the *Soho Weekly News* after I told him of the *Voice* coverage I was expecting. Although he deliberately and maliciously sabotaged the *Voice* article, I am grateful for the *SWN* allowing him the space to publicly humiliate himself in his pathetic gesture of trying to hurt the woman he still loves.

I regret the actions some people chose to take as a result of NUN II. I'm glad that I performed this public sexual dramatization for my amusement and the amusement of my friends.

What I want and hope for most of all now is a publisher's advance to finish my first book, "The Autobiography of a Topless Dancer Whore."

More Letters

Continued from page 1

Dear Mr. Noto:

To Wayne Noto:

I would like to tell you that I think of you as the lowest person on earth. You are a disgrace to CCNY and even worse, you are a disgrace to those who reared you.

Here's an idea for next issue: how about a Rabbi ejaculating on the Star of David?

I am willing to bet that you would never dare to do anything embarrassing Judaism. Why do low-life like you and others of your ilk constantly make fun of Catholics? There are thousands of nuns throughout the world who dedicate their lives to children and the poor, and without salaries. On second thought, I think your very existence is a disgrace to the world!

Ms. Marion Lugo

Former OPer?

Dear OP:

Please send me copy of your issue re: nuns. The paper was rather dull the last few years — good work.

An Alumnus

D. Loggins

Now This!

Dean Ann Rees announced today that as part of the Administration's continuing crusade to extinguish the *Observation Post*, the entire staff of the paper is being transferred to CCNY's School of Limbo.

The School of Limbo is CCNY's dumping ground for faculty and students who have fallen from a state of grace with the Administration.

Of the OP staff, Dean Rees said, "We can't actually kick their kiesters out of here, so this is the next best thing."

Theodore Gross accepted the position as Dean of the School of Limbo last year.

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Vol. 66 No. 1 Friday, 28 September 1979



**OP
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**OP
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**OP
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Photo by Ronnie Phillips

Why isn't this man smiling?



**38124
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U. S. ANNIVERSARY

At the time this snap was taken, our Patron Saint was mired in temporal torments. However, His glum expression betrays an inner state of beatitude. Such inner bliss came from the divine inspiration that some day He would serve as the agent who would wrest the *Observation Post* from the clutches of the Philistines. His edict echoes like a thunderbolt in the ears of our College's administrators: "Stop putting the screws to the *Observation Post*." Carpe diem.