Democracy Is Not Just A Spectator Sport

It's true what they say about people making the world go round, then it's especially true of the 12 elected student members of LaGuardia's Student Council. This governing body, along with the Student-Faculty Association which is composed of appointed students and faculty, is the financial stronghold primarily responsible for distributing student monies. Your $20 student activity fee is your responsibility to vote. And, your Student Council should in some way reflect your feelings and ideas in their leadership. However, it is again your responsibility to let them know what you think. The people in M 122 should know who you are, Get involved. It's time to stop bitching about having to pay twenty dollars every quarter. It's time to start being concerned about why you do feel this way.

Support For Sepulveda

Raul Sepulveda is, according to all the students who use his services, one of the best counselors on campus. Why then has the College Personnel and Budget Committee told him that he will no longer be working at LaGuardia, as of September 1979?

None of the five members that head the College F & B seem to want to discuss the decision to not reappoint Sepulveda. Though he has approached each member individually, each one has told him this, says Sepulveda: "That I'm not striving for excellence in my department and contributions to the College."

The members of the College F & B are Dean of Student Services, Jeffery Klienberg, Assistant Dean of Student Services, Jerylyn Minter; Director of Counseling, Winston Davis; Director of Student Activities, Leo Newhall and Steward Day Counsellor, Joan Fierman.

Jeff Klienberg and Leo Newhall were asked to comment on the situation, but both said they were not at liberty to discuss it. This, they explained, is a policy of the F & B. Sepulveda is very upset and confused about this decision — as are the students who have been receiving his help and feedback. He is trying to appeal the decision and says, "Maybe somewhere along the line, I'll get reasons."

It all seems very strange, since evaluations of Sepulveda that were submitted by Jeff Klienberg and Steward Day (September 11, 1977 and November 3, 1978) were very favorable. Both supervisors praised his work with students. And now, no one can seem to explain just why they feel his work at LaGuardia is not up to par.

Sepulveda, who is still trying to maintain his cheerful outlook on things, has this to say about it all: "I think it was just an injustice action, based on no previous warning of either wrong doing or negligence of duties — and I really feel that it's going to be stricken."

The Flute supports Sepulveda in his fight to remain at LaGuardia. We feel that the students need him. We certainly hope that the Personnel and Budget Committee will reconsider this decision. But at least give Raul and the students who depend on him a reason why he is not being reappointed.

NEW YORK DOG DAZE — Umoja Kwanguvu

Worth The Price

During the fall quarter of 1977, LaGuardia students were given the opportunity to vote in a chapter of NYPIRG at the College. There was a referendum on the ballot during Student Council elections. Though NYPIRG had actually won by majority rule (a margin of 591 to 30), the chapter was overruled by an administrative loophole which prevented the chapter from being established — the two thirds rule.

Much controversy resulted from this. Harsh feelings were intensified when NYPIRG sued the College against this out-model by-law.

Many College officials were concerned about the one dollar refundable donation that NYPIRG requests from its members to support the continuation of the organization's consumer projects.

Now NYPIRG is back with petitions mounting to 800 signatures, signed by LaGuardia students in favor of the NYPIRG chapter — regardless of the additional $1 fee.

We are in agreement with these determined students and feel that one extra dollar per quarter is well worth the price for political and legal representation. NYPIRG has much of what we are lacking in spirit. They are responsible and active organization. And, NYPIRG has invaluable resources, which we just can't afford to let slip through our fingers (again) on a mere technicality and a one dollar bill.

Be Cool When You Cross

All of us — students, faculty, administrators and staff — are guilty of crossing in the middle of Thomson Avenue without waiting for the light. With literally hundreds of people trying to weave through dozens of moving cars and trucks, we have the potential for tragedy. Indeed, last month a woman who works in one of the nearby factories was run down and seriously injured while trying to run across Thomson Avenue without waiting for the light.

We have been exceedingly fortunate during the last seven years that no one from the College community has been hit while crossing the street. One of the first projects undertaken when the College was opened in 1971 was to have a traffic light installed in front of the Main Building. It took many months of fighting bureaucracy and red tape but the light was finally installed. Regrettably, today, it is not being used.

We urge all members of this community to use the light when moving back and forth across Thomson Avenue. The safety of all members of the College community is worth taking an extra minute or two by going to the corner and waiting for the light. Let us not wait until a tragedy occurs before we all begin to cross the street in a safe manner.

Bye-Bye, Bill

In June of 1978, William Hamilton, longtime Dean of Student Services, resigned from his position. Though not publicly, Hamilton had announced his decision to do so in June of 1977. Speculation flew around the College all winter and whispers of Hamilton's resignation were about. Around February, 1978, he made an unsuccessful effort to get the C.U.NY Vice Chancellorship of Special Programs, which ended in a rather unpleasant episode that made the New York Times. But nothing was official until June.

Though Bill Hamilton's resignation did not quite come as a surprise, it was somewhat of a disappointment. (Of course, this is not to say that his successor, Dean Jeffery Klienberg, is not a very wise and competent choice for the position.)

Previously the Director of Student Activities as New York City Community College, Hamilton had been Dean of Students at LaGuardia almost since the beginning. As Dean, he implemented a number of new programs, including the referendums which requires that 10% of all student fees be allotted to the Flute. He was concerned that the newspaper function with sufficient funding and supported freedom of the college press. He also worked closely with student leaders. He was the chairman of the Student-Faculty Association and was involved in various projects within and outside of the College.

Though Bill Hamilton has resigned as Dean of Students, he remained at LaGuardia as a full professor, is the Social Sciences Department. Of course, we wish him much luck and success in his new classroom endeavor.
SOON. WE'LL KILL IT!

Well, after we went to the printer and ram went to get some dear nail polish to fix the run in my pantyhose. (Ed, the printer, only had red) and she never came back. This, I thought, was not too unusual for Pam. However, since she had left her child here with me, I got nervous (black people aren't allowed in my neighborhood). About a month later she called and apologized for forgetting to come back that night and ask Kl if her child here with me, I mean. we couldn't find him. I mean. we realized he had moved away, then came the ransom note: IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE THE LITTLE FLUTE ALIVE AT YOUR COLLEGE AGAIN, PAY THE TERRORS OF big metropolitan newspapers who promised us jobs being real writers. This, we couldn't find him. I mean. we realized he had moved away, then came the ransom note: IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE THE LITTLE FLUTE ALIVE AT YOUR COLLEGE AGAIN, PAY THE TERRORS OF big metropolitan newspapers who promised us jobs being real writers. That's when we figured the paper wouldn't get out by September, because we'd all caught some kind of jungle rot that kept us confined to our rooms for that long.

And then the Flute was almost finished. except for the 40 semi-old pages that were delayed when we were kidnapped by two gorgeous managing editors of big metropolitan newspapers who promised us jobs being real writers. They locked us in a closet in a penthouse in Manhattan with two broken-down typewriters for two weeks. Finally, we escaped. After that, things were running smoothly for a while. Except the night that Pam disappeared. We were at the printer and Pam went to get some dear nail polish to fix the run in my pantyhose. (Ed, the printer, only had red) and she never came back. This, I thought, was not too unusual for Pam. However, since she had left her child here with me, I got nervous (black people aren't allowed in my neighborhood). About a month later she called and apologized for forgetting to come back that night and asked if I could please mail her the kid.

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Me, Pam and the printer came back to New York, after we dug the Flute out. Then we set up tents in the old office and worked night and day and night, trying to revive the little Flute. That's when we found out about the strike and that there was no more newspaper left in New York. So we had to go and cut down trees.

We didn't mind chopping wood too much, but as soon as we had enough, it raised. It didn't really matter that we had to wait two weeks for the wood to dry up, because we'd all caught some kind of jungle rot that kept us confined to our room for that long.

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That's when we figured that the Flute wouldn't be out by December. And that's when we called our accountant and asked him to send us all the money in our budget, in case we would need it over intersession when he wasn't there. And that's when we went to Rio.

Kisses,
Laurie and Pam
The Hilton-by-the-Sea Hotel
Rio de Janeiro

Dear LAVERNE

Funky Poetry.
Student B.S.

WHAT'S INSIDE

Starts on page 13A

THE MAN INSIDE THE SUIT

THE CROCTH

DOCTOR

Getting back the Bucks...
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Dear LAVERNE

Funky Poetry.
Student B.S.

SUITE CENTERFOLD

THE ROCKY HORROR

PICTURE SHOW

Page 9B

Shaun Cassidy: Not for Teenyboppers Only

DIISCO 92

New York, New York

SPECIAL STUDENT PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION

FORELLO'S FOLLIES

JAGGER TO JOIN

LAG STAFF

Page 7B

Dear LAVERNE

Funky Poetry.
Student B.S.
La Guardia in Repose

By Sandy Schubert

The room is dim and quiet. The atmosphere is tranquil. Large candles stand, burning, casting a godlike light upon an object near the center of the room. It is a coffin.

Have you asked yourself questions about your future? Questions like: "What will I do? Or, is there a field that is guaranteed not to die, after I graduate?" Well, LaGuardia, bringing you the best of schizophrenia, has developed a new program in conjunction with the department of Natural and Applied Sciences and the American Academy McAllister Institute of Manhattan.

Mortuary Science is at LaGuardia. Well, not quite... John Ribe, Director of the new program, assures us that there will be no bodies being wheeled in through LaGuardia's lively corridors. However, students interested in this new fine course of study will indeed be walking it.

You may ask why. THAT'S why we asked for you. At first, the initiation of LaGuardia's Mortuary Science program may strike you as being a morbid procession. But, when you get thinking about it, you realize that the job of a moron is one that must be done. I mean, let's face it, we all gotta go through LaGuardia's kaboodle on campus and initially the room promises to be a pretty morose. In fact, LaGuardia will serve as a preparyatory college. Since entrance to A.A.M.I. requires students to have a year of Liberal Arts, we can fulfill those requirements. Our on campus part of the deal is to educate M.S. students in basic science courses as well as bring them through their Math, English, and Social Science requirements. 21 credits must be completed before students move on to the A.A.M.I. registration fee, with financial aid available to eligible students. During the second year, students must take McAllister's fee, which is a rather steep $1,900. However, the student is still officially a LaGuardia student and financial aid is still available.

The Science Department has been trying to develop this program since 1973. It was first concerned with the thought of having the whole kit and caboodle on campus and initially the program would have to be approved by the State Board of Education. However, after completing 33 credits at A.A.M.I., the student graduates with an Associate in Applied Sciences. Graduates then serve a one-year residency on a funeral home (sort of an internship) and after that they qualify to take the New York State Licensing Examination.

Joan Sina

At this time, the Mortuary Science Program must be kept small and it's limited to one class of 35-35 students. Those applying will be asked to submit a personal interview, so that the College can be guaranteed the very interested in being unique and what they qualify to take the New York State Licensing Examination. The College's only interest is in the student's success; but the Council dealt with effectively and with co-Morale (plus a supply of Kid gloves). The other more trivial and less glamorous events were: The business office slow ski trip to Pine Grove. The highlight of the year was the Five Finger Discount party (better known as stealing) at a one-dollar-all-in disco feast at a winery owned by the ABC television network. The other more trivial and less glamorous events were: The business office slow ski trip to Pine Grove. The highlight of the year was the Five Finger Discount party (better known as stealing) at a one-dollar-all-in disco feast at a winery owned by the ABC television network.

As the Council Turns...

In the '77 fall issue of the Flute an article appeared introducing the newly elected members of the Student Council and wishing them a successful term of office. A brief mention of the Internally divided power of 75 was also made. That governing body that had been chased to a state of open hostility on the board also the additional artillery exchange between themselves and the ever present Flute. There was life, and business went on as usual, or did it? What did happen to the class of 77? In the beginning they maintained their allegiance to the already present leadership of Albert Gonzales, President, Robert Conley, Vice President (and Golden boy), and the Student Activities Coordinator (and Golden boy). However, with the NTNRG amendment that was squeezed out for the benefit of keeping the twenty-dollar fee (the only money being made). Following that came the threats of disunion among the Extended Gay students wanting to leave the union (because they're more natural).

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The rumored (then there were a lot of rumors) ski trip to Pine Grove was probably the first time the students were afloat together. That year there was a lot of turmoil on campus, including the added paperwork. The usual, or did it? What did happen to the class of 77? In the beginning they maintained their allegiance to the already present leadership of Albert Gonzales, President, Robert Conley, Vice President (and Golden boy), and the Student Activities Coordinator (and Golden boy). However, with the NTNRG amendment that was squeezed out for the benefit of keeping the twenty-dollar fee (the only money being made). Following that came the threats of disunion among the Extended Gay students wanting to leave the union (because they're more natural).


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Jeff Klienberg: Movin’ on Up

By Laurie Brookway

Dean Jeffrey Klienberg spent last summer preparing for his new position and on August 7th, he became Assistant Dean of Student Services. He explains long-time Dean of Students, Bill Hamilton, who resigned from the post in June of 1978. "This represents something I’ve wanted to do for 19 years," says Klienberg of his new appointment.

Indeed the last 12 years have been interesting and fruitful for Jeff. They represent a long trek toward his Doctorate degree, and many professional experiences which have led him to becoming a full-fledged student—goal set for himself a long time ago. And, his academic background only goes to prove, once again, the benefits of becoming involved as a student.

While attending Brooklyn College in the early sixties, Jeff was "very active in student activities." Says Klienberg, "I became involved with student personnel through that route." A year after he graduated, which was in 1968, he returned to Brooklyn College to serve as a fellow in the Dean of Student Office—which is something like an internship. "At that point my career path was pretty much established," he says, "I liked what I was doing as a student and as a fellow and I became more involved in the profession." Jeff was "always doing two things at once." While working as a fellow, he was also busy pursuing his Masters degree from Teachers College at Columbia. Upon graduation with his Masters in Guidance and Student Personnel, he began "a long road" to getting his Doctorate in Counseling Psychology (also from Teachers College, this took him about 7 years of part time study).

After a satisfying academic and professional endeavor at Brooklyn College, Jeff went on to begin working for a number of positions on the way up. He started out as a counselor and went on to become First Director of Counseling. In the Spring of 1972 he became an Assistant Dean of Student Services and was promoted to Associate Dean in the summer of 1973.

As Assistant Dean, Jeff was also the Director of Counseling. It was his job to select and supervise counselors, as well as to develop new programs. He was also involved in running academic advisement, freshman orientation and producing the Student Handbook. He was also "dealing, on an individual basis, with the more troubled students.

The real dramatic change in his responsibilities, says Jeff, "took place a year ago when I became Associate Dean of Students—previously I had been in charge of Health services and counseling and suddenly I was involved in all areas." Just to name a couple, the Office of Financial Aid and Admissions, which were then unfamiliar to him.

At full Dean of Student Services, Klienberg is now responsible for overseeing all student-related areas of the College (Student Activities, Peoples Health Center, Financial Aid, Admissions, etc.). He is also now on the College Board and a number of other college-wide committees (Student, Faculty Association, which he chairs, Deans Committee, etc.) and he is a member of the University of Students at the B.H.E., which recommends new policies to the Chancellor and College President.

"I’m in more of a policy roll now. I guess that’s how my job has changed," says Jeff of his new position. "I’m still responsible for operational issues and programs, but now I’m also involved in policy development on a higher level than I was before.

Jeff, who has always been a pretty visible administrator, enjoys working with students and getting to know them and their views. But headmasters are also the ones who get the most out of the students. They are the ones who get the most out of the system and for whom the College is the warmest and most friendly.

Jeff Klienberg, who is noted for his friendly smile and warm handshake, is very excited about being LaGuardia’s new Dean of Students. "I certainly had hopes of getting the job, but I never had any commitment," says Jeff, who had been at LaGuardia since 1966, before the College was even being run in conjunction with the College for Community Service. "I’m very excited about being LaGuardia’s first assistant dean. They are the ones who get the strongest commitment from the students and are the ones who get the most out of the system and for whom the College is the warmest and most friendly.

Jeff Klienberg, who has been at LaGuardia since the very beginning when there were only 50 students and six counselors on staff, has one of those counselors. In fact, he along with Flora Macnicho, now Associate Dean of Faculty, taught the College’s first courses for Education Associates. That was in the summer of 1971, before the College had officially opened. "But that," says Jeff, "was only a part time job."

Back in those days, he explains, "we spent a long time planning the program that would eventually serve thousands of students. Almost everybody on the College staff at that time was involved with planning the College, as well as teaching and counseling students."

Interestingly enough, Jeff himself was an intern when he came to LaGuardia. "While I was going through the Doctorate Program, I needed to do an internship and Teachers College approved me doing it as a counselor at LaGuardia," explains Jeff. "I had known Marty Moed when I worked through my work at 80th Street, so I asked him to supervise me." Moed (who, in addition to being the Dean of Faculty, is a licensed psychologist) supervised the internship for 9 months. "So that," says Jeff, "is how I got my foot into the door.

Seven years ago it was just "a foot in the door" and now Jeff Klienberg is sitting on top. However, Klienberg held the key to becoming involved as a student.

CUNY’s central office at 80th Street. There he was involved with program development, Man Power training, planning for new colleges and proposal writing. In 1968 he became Assistant Director of the Career Project that was run by the City. That program later became the Man Power Program (which includes of Faculty) taught the College, which were then unfamiliar to him.

Top.

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Top.
Women’s Week at LaGuardia

By P. J. Sanders

On May 9th, 10th, and 11th a series of campus seminars and lectures discussing the new role of the woman in and out of the work field was held at LaGuardia Community College. The event was service of the Student Council.

The list of guest speakers and activities for the May 9th seminar were Michelle Murdock, an independent film maker and director—one time personal assistant on the Mike Douglas show. A native New Yorker, she has devoted herself in educational films for children and has done some work for禅修者 among the many features that there are. When she did finally go back to finish undergraduate work and decided to take on law school, Ms. Altman feels that she was more mature and prepared (not enough, unfortunately). No one is totally prepared for law school—she felt that the discipline that would be necessary to do well. Like all other experts on "the paper chase," this first year is a monster (the hardest). Her advice to those attempting to take a stab at it: concentrate on Liberal Arts and "For it gives you a much broader range, particularly in the behavioral sciences." Also writing is extremely important.

On the following day, May 10th, again in SB M, the seminar to be presented on that evening was a former Ford model and independent fashion designer Yonita Warner. Her line of names is particularly designed for the black woman. Ms. Warner and her young female assistants set up shop, so to speak, and the curious invited themselves in and volunteered to sample and apply the masks on themselves under the direction of Ms. Warner and assistant. Among those to volunteer, a few flute flowers could be seen (such as Sandy Schubert and the mystery L.B. the Brook, and Marita ). After the demonstration, these young ladies who wished to purchase some of the masks were fitted with the necessary forms and ended Women’s Week, which despite the way it has been described, was not an overwhelming success. Due to lack of student participation and not enough publicity, I am hoping that next time there is a little more cooperation between the student administrators and those themselves first and then with the students cooperating with them. This event would not have been possible without the following people for contacts, moral support and just being there when one at a time was: Catherine Farell, copy advisor, Laurie Brodkway, Sandy Shubert, Marina and Gail.

Clubs at LaGuardia

The following is a listing of 14 charted clubs, which are sponsored by The Student Activities Department. All students are invited and encouraged to join the club or clubs of their choice. Interested students should drop by the indicated room numbers or the S.A.C. office in room 120 for more information. Club memberships are free (this is what a portion of your 20 dollar Student Activity Fee goes to). If you are interested in starting your own club, whether it be "Watchers Of Virgin Aborigine Purple Swans" or "The Gay LaGuardians," here’s what you do: Tent on down to the S.A.C. offices in room 120 and ask for an official blanket charter. Gather 15 other students (or at least 15 other signatures), find a faculty advisor, and write up a constitution—examples will be furnished by S.A.C. on request. The club then be reviewed by S.A.C. at their Monday meeting (which is attended by the officers of all the other clubs). Then you can elect officers and ask S.A.C. for money for parties and stuff (save part of your 20 dollar Student Activity Fee, so don’t be shy). Thomas before you know it, you’ll have a club. See wasn’t that easy. But here, maybe you’re interested in one of those clubs, anyway.

Most of these clubs gather around club hours on Wednesdays.

The English Club
Wednesday at 1:30
Room MB 17

The Greek Club
Wednesdays, 12-2:30
Room MB 55

Occupational Therapy
Wednesday’s in Room S 114
For info: Room 122

The Photography Club
Wednesday
Room SB 18
(The Darkroom)

The Prestigious Blacks
Wednesday at 1:30
Meet in Room SB 49
Club Space: M 135 H

Salsoul
Wednesday, 3:00-5:30
To Boogie in Room SB 55
Club Space: M 135 B

Seekers Club
Wednesday at 1:30
Meet in Room M 101
Club Space: M 135 G

Social Essence
Wednesday at 1:30
Meet in Room MB 87
Club Space: M 135 A

Bilingual Club
Bilingual Office, SB 23

Caribbean Club
Wednesday at 1:30
Meet in Room MB 34

Consumer Assistance Bureau
Wednesday at 1:30
Club Space: M 135 H
Teacher, What Does Political Awareness Mean?

By P. J. Sanders

In May during the Spring quarter a class of 125 students, and 126 political science students decided to take action against the overwhelming presence of political apathy — which not only existed on their campus, but nation wide. (Crazy little devils, aren't they?) With some mild persuasion they decided to launch their study of the subject (on a small and just nicely scale) so they confined their activities to the campus in question. Today LaGuardia, tomorrow the world — I think how the Communists got started?

You see, it wasn't enough for them to digest the treatment of political apathy in the usual textbooks (according to Saint James before Camp David) and other prolific authors. The band of students united by a common cause (to pass the class), and headed by a diligent leader, Mrs. (Manuela) Joanne Fontana devised a plan to evoke some student participation by means of a public opinion survey. Yet like so many minority and other social activist groups, division sets in, and leaves one to worry about the authenticity of its ideas and motives.

A student attack of the I-don't-agree-with-you blues was remedied by allowing the bipartisan group an opportunity to address the survey from two different viewpoints. And so, the Idealist and the Idealist were born and the war on apathy became a contest of political persuasion (better known as bribery) and up front honest to goodness (cross my heart) B.S.

And the Race was on.

The survey was unceremoniously drawn up by the class and its fearless leader, who managed to attract some outside interest and funders from some popular being of the Social Science department. In the treats department, Post editor Laurie Brockway, who also class participant, talked the Chinese Factory into donating a case of "Fresh-Up" gum for the cause, while some of the ladies baked cookies for bribe solicitation. The survey contained the following six questions:

1. Do you think all, most, or some politicians are corrupt? Yes, No.
2. Are you a registered party member? Democrat, Republican, Conservative, Liberal or other.
3. Do you think your vote actually counts? Yes, No.
5. Do you vote. NO. Signed, Mao Tse Tung.

One other survey response less combative than the preceding one. Attempted to define in his terms the word "corrupt" and its real meaning in an immoral society. As he put it: "Politicians are 'overpaid,' by the standards of what people in a Bourgeois capitalist society, do.

His response to our fourth question was even more overwhelming. And his answer to does you vote actually count, was that it is a question of flesh, I put it: "I have a great deal of nonsense with your votes. Nor do I think that you are voting for the right thing."

The concluding theories and opinions about the results were: Some felt that the students as they were, are good that they took the course because it helped break up the fog a little. Others felt that the lack of voter participation was due to public apathy and local politics is the root to all evil. And that it will probably take more than a survey to wake them up. My thoughts are a little bit of both views, I tru e that we are our own worst enemy when it comes to a lack of interest and concern self defeating citizens who don't feel that their vote counts and are all too willing to pass the buck or blame. But do you think?

Give us your Public opinion.

NEWS BRIEFS

Wiener plugs new book on the tube

Dr. Harvey Wiener, a member of LaGuardia Community College's English Department, recently appeared on the nationally broadcast "Today Show" with his critically acclaimed book "Any Child Can Write.

Dr. Wiener, whose book was published by McGraw-Hill, was interviewed by Tom Brokaw, co-host of the NBC-TV morning show. The appearance on the "Today" show was one of a "Letter" on television and newspaper interviews Dr. Wiener has given concerning his book.

The full title of the book is "Any Child Can Write How To Improve Your Child's Writing Skills From Preschool Through High School."

According to a press release from McGraw-Hill, the book contains a program for parents to utilize in providing writing instruction their children.

"It shows the parents how to transform a child's ordinary experiences into written work, how to use games and riddles as warm-up builders, how to see a small child's crayon drawing as an inspiration, and how to use the love of animals to encourage factual expression — or journeys into fantasy."

McGraw-Hill notes.

One reviewer wrote of Dr. Wiener's book: "Foundations of Writing! Anyone appalled by the way English is taught (or not taught) in our schools must cere the work of educators such as Dr. Wiener. His book hulles with sensible advice and ingenious aids."

LaGuardia Record Breakers

In what is probably a record at LaGuardia, four members of the same family have now received diplomas from the College. The Gelchion family — mother, two daughters and a son — arc now all members of the College's alumni.

In September, Mrs. Marian Gelchion and her daughter Susan received their associate degrees. In September 1977, Mrs. Gelchion's son William received his degree from the College. In 1974, Maureen Gelchion became the first member of her family to graduate from LaGuardia.

Maureen received her bachelor's degree from Queens College and is currently finishing her Masters Degree at New York University. William is completing his bachelor's degree at State University at Old Westbury. The most recent graduate, Mrs. Gelchion and daughter Susan are continuing their studies. Susan is enrolled in the Fashion Institute of Technology and is working toward a B.A. Mrs. Gelchion is continuing her studies in an independent basis through Empire-State College. She is working on a Bachelor's degree in business administration.

The Gelchion family has seen another record of sorts — during the course of their careers at LaGuardia all four Gelchions have either interned or worked part time in the College's Admissions Office.

d. mayor, e. opera singer.

6. Do you vote? Yes, No, Sometimes.

This survey ran from Monday, May 15th, the day at the scene for the Idealist, the 17th, the day the Realists put up their candy man display, where they provided a free treat for filling out the survey sheet.

The results of the survey were discussed and tallied during the Friday session of the class and here are a few of the more memorable public opinions: Ano. to question 1: all politicians are corrupt — which is a viable answer on some terms (face values, of course). Ano. to question 2: considering a political science course here at LaG, was interviewed by Tom LaGuardia was. Personally, I think vote counts. NO. Ano. to question 3: Who was Fiorello — a garbage man which the author so pleasantly added to our list of choices? Ano. to question 4. Do you vote? NO. Signed, Mao Tse Tung.

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Give us your Public opinion.

Mrs. Gelchion has one advantage over her children. She doesn't have to leave her alma mater, LaGuardia, we are an integral part of her career in the College's Mathematics Department.

An A in every course

Receiving a college diploma is quite an achievement, but for 12 students at the College's Commencement ceremony, it was an extraordinary achievement. All 12 graduates had received the same grade throughout their two years at LaGuardia — an "A" in every course.

The students had a perfect 4.0 average: Were Atta Bubbe, (Liberal Arts); Louis Chiarello, (Liberal Arts); Roberta Bezos, (Accounting); Eleanor Jettmar, (Accounting); Joan Ceroni, (Human Services); Theresa Liao, (Liberal Arts); Mildred Weinstein, (Secretarial Science); Sophie Gallagher, (Secretarial Science); Dorce Amsara, (Secretarial Science); Dorothy Duggins, (Liberal Arts); Cathy Kushner, (Liberal Arts).
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Recreation at LaGuardia

By Stephanie Deligianis

During my first week of classes this semester, having just returned from a long leave of absence, I couldn't help noticing the swinging doors which led to the gymnasium beyond the main floor corridor. LaGuardia's changing dimensions were a surprise to me. With my curiosity nagging, I strolled down on to the Office of Recreation and had a chat with Ms. Eileen Mentone, Assistant Director of the Recreation Department. There, Ms. Mentone kindly explained LaGuardia's recreation program. Surely, a lot of stuff had changed while I was gone.

LaGuardia's recreation program offers a variety of workshops and activities. Their program includes: fencing, disco, beginning and advanced tennis, karate, weight control training, basketball, jogging, etc. Workshops are like classes, which meet once or twice each week. SOMETIMES THREE—depending upon the activity being taught. At this time, however, the workshops are non-credit. A student is free to come and go as he/she wishes. Students enrolled in a workshop practice on their own time.

Heading toward the continuous rows of locker rooms and shower stalls, I was reminded of an Olympic village. Everything an athlete could possibly need is within reach. One flight up is the Recreation room, which is divided by a curtain to accommodate the weight lifting room. People can drop by to tone up muscles, trim off fat or just improve their temperaments by lifting weights that are heavier than themselves.

I was really amazed at the facilities and programs that LaGuardia's recreation department now has to offer. When the College first opened its doors back in 1971, the recreation program was virtually non-existent. In the past seven years LaGuardia has gone from two ping-pong tables and a billiard room (located in what was once called "The Great Hall"), to an ultra-modern gymnasium and recreational program.

There was a time when free periods were spent idling in the cafeteria. Now, however, LaGuardia students can't find enough time to pursue their sports interests. The gym is always being used and the waiting lines are getting longer.

Observations

After the tour, I trucked on over to the recreation room to observe a disco dances class. The instructor, D.J., seemed to really be able to make everyone feel at ease. The class was divided into two groups. The discourse and those who had hardly an experience with boogying. The instructor showed the class various step combinations, picking students at random to illustrate his point. Those chosen to dance didn't seem to feel intimidated by their sudden fame.

Over on the other side of the room, with the help of another instructor, the beginning group was quickly catching on to the basic steps. With the exception of a few pasarelys, who literally stopped at the door to gawk at the practicing students, the class went smoothly and most students seemed to be enjoying themselves.

At the end of the class, students had this to say about it: Vernon Hill, a third year Business Administration major, said, "I think you're being taught something you can benefit from. He's a good teacher, and teaches you step by step. You learn all the basic movements. If you have a leader, it's so problem dancing—from a girls' point of view."

First year Secretarial Science major, Migdalia Alvarez, said: "He has a nice method and a relaxed mood. I wasn't really going to learn, but I'm enjoying it."

And that's just a sample of the programs that the recreation Department has to offer students. Each quarter, as the department grows, they offer wide variety of activities. Just imagine, you can take a tennis workshop and then go practice your serve in the gym, with an automatic serving machine that again, out tennis balls as fast as you can swat them. If you like, you can even arrange to have yourself video taped, and afterward, watch yourself in action and catch your weak points.

The College has poured a good deal of money into this operation, a lot of it being your money. Why not take advantage? If you wish, you can get more information about the facilities and programs in room MB 28.

Dig this

DIG THIS! Power Volleyball is being offered by the Office of Recreation for the first time and it promises to be a smashing workshop. We have a competent instructor who's anxious to teach or improve upon skills for the REAL game—Power Volleyball. Join us every Wednesday from 4:45 on no matter what your skill level is at present and learn how to bump, spike, dig and serve like the Japanese Olympians do it.

MODERN DANCE—A workshop designed for those interested in getting into shape through movement! In order to learn to move freely and rhythmically through space, emphasis will be on relaxation, body awareness, and gaining strength through correct placement. Each class will proceed from floor exercises, to standing work, to dancing combinations.

The Office of Recreation is featuring another brand new workshop this year—ROLLER SKATING. It has finally come to LaGuardia. It's happening for everyone, whether you're a beginner or a pro on Thursday from 3-4:30. It's a terrific way to get rid of stored up energy and rental of skates is free at the equipment room. So sign-up at the time of registration at the recreation desk or anytime at the equipment for LaGuardia's first and only Open Roller Skating Session.

Swimming Anyone?

The Spring quarter was a busy one for the office of Recreation. Many new and exciting programs were attempted and were successful. Since the college's new gymnasium facility was built without a swimming pool (some might argue the points when it rains), so you'll campus swimming program including lessons and an open swim was conducted at the Joseph Bulova School for Watchmaking. Many students (including disabled students), staff and day care children transplanted to and from the pool by chartered bus. Once at the pool, they had the opportunity to participate in the open swimming hour, or take some swimming lessons or just relax to the poolside sounds. Needless to say the experience was enjoyable to all who participated.

The Office of Recreation is exploring the possibility of continuing the program on a year round basis. So...don't put away your suits yet!!
Hershenson Resigns NYPiRG

It's difficult to think of NYPIRG without immediately thinking of Jay Hershenson, NYPIRG's New York City Regional Director and long-time friend of the Flute. However, this month, Jay will be resigning his post. While his departure is actually leaving NYPIRG, it's more like he is, as his friend Ralph Nader puts it, "just taking on an extra job."

Come December 1st, Jay will become the Executive Director of the Committee of Higher Education for CUNY. The Committee is a coalition of about 70 community, civic, educational and religious groups which have all historically advocated higher education.

Accepting this new position was a real difficult decision for Jay, who's turned down offers from CUNY in the past. But, says Jay, "I feel that I owe a deal to the University and if there's a role that I can play to make its future bright, I think I have a responsibility to do that."

Jay began working with NYPIRG in March 1977. He had made a year-long commitment to the organization, but became so involved with and dedicated to the group, that he remained. For the past two years he's been so very active, fighting for students, trying to organize students so that they might soon learn how to organize themselves.

Before he could even think of leaving, says Jay, "I wanted to do everything to make sure that NYPIRG was strong." And sure enough, NYPIRG is at its strongest now, much of the credit belonging to Jay, and an incredibly dedicated staff.

Jay, who will soon receive his M.A. in Urban Studies from Queens College, has indeed had a very active career in student politics and organization. From 1974-76 he served as the Chairperson of CUNY's Student Senate. He was appointed by the Governor to the Advisory Commission on Post Secondary Education and was appointed by President Carter to the Advisory Task Force on Education. He has also been working with Donald Ross, now of NYPIRG, and Consumer Activist Ralph Nader for years.

Though he's always been working for a cause and dealing with politics, Jay says: "I'll never run for public office. I really don't think that politicians stand a chance against special interest groups—this is where the action is."

Jay Hershenson doesn't need to be an elected official to get things done. He's always been an effective leader and we're sure that he will continue to be in his new position.

But never Fear, because Jay isn't about to abandon NYPIRG. In fact, he'll be working very closely with them, particularly on their upcoming conference on the Future of the Part Time Student. This conference, scheduled for February 15th, 1979 is designed to help increase financial aid for part time students. And of course, Jay will be there.

—Laurie Brockway
Ralph Nader: Still Alive and Well

By Ronald Brownstein

"Congress is a merchandising, a political marketplace up for sale. The groups who want goodies from Congress in terms of tax breaks and subsidies are willing to buy the Senators and Representatives." That's Ralph Nader on the United States Congress.

"He just shuffles cards with the Chamber of Commerce and pressure groups. He doesn't try to do it in a hundred ways—to expand the awareness and power of citizens around the country."

That's Ralph Nader on President Jimmy Carter.

"If you can drive New York City into the ground you can do almost anything. I mean, it's not very difficult to drive Calcutta into the ground, but if you can drive the richest city in the world into the ground, these forces must be pretty systemic. You don't do that accidentally or by a stroke of the toe."

That's Ralph Nader on the decline of New York City.

Despite the obituary notices that appeared after the defeat of his presidential campaign, critical Congressmen, organized interest groups, and the Carter administration continued to support Nader's Office of Consumer Affairs.

But more than a decade after his initial congressional victory over General Motors, Nader is still fighting the consumer battle on Capital Hill, still preaching the gospel of citizen participation and student action, still battling those "systemic forces" in the corporate world. He says he has resisted the temptation to become an institution himself.

"I keep my eye on the ball," he says, "which is the injustice of the situation, not the solutions, not the diversions, or anything. There's so much malnutrition that goes on under the cover of reform."

The words that have described Nader since his emergence as a public figure in 1965 still fit him today as age 44. Agile. Rapid-fire: He's the sparrow lifestyle and long work days were famous before anyone even heard that Jerry Brown had studied to be a Jesuit. One close aide said he has worked every single day since joining Nader earlier this year:

"If you want to beat them, you got to work harder than they do."

This spring "they" won a major victory when Nader's Office of Consumer Representation went down to defeat on the House floor. The Office would have argued consumers' interests before other federal agencies: in effect, it would have been the people's lawyer. The bill's defeat was widely perceived as a repudiation of Nader himself. Many observers said he had killed his dream with his own hands. He was "too arrogant, too abrasive," out of touch with the times.

"We have to develop new modes of government proceedings, allowing citizens to challenge government illegities in court, and expanding federal consumer class action rights."

"The criticism hasn't changed his style. Or softened his stands."

"Most of the big battles going on in Washington now are on trivia," he said in a recent interview. "Things that aren't going to work... We're dickering over microtrivia: Things that sound good, but don't make a difference."
To the Editor

Dear Editor,

I was thrilled over the recent letter written in from a students mother in regards to the February "Moosuer". I would like your readers to know that I have a fantastic 76 year old Grandmother, who is not ashamed to read the Flute, and in fact said she had the greatest laugh in her life hear her own Moosuer. To sum it up best in "Gra- ny" words: "There is much to much suffering in this world and a little humor here and there never hurt anyone. I agree totally with dear

old Granny, and congratulate you totally on the fantastic issue of the Flute. One thing that I did learn from this controversial issue of the Flute, that it is now high time to hide my future copies. It seems that dear old Granny ripped off my copy, I say thanks to the staff on the Flute for charging up Granny, and I enjoy reading the Flute. Keep up the great work. And above all keep on with the Moosuer. Ha, Ha, Ha.

Kathia A. Neunme Extended Day Student

Someone who cares

When I came to this school last fall, I was not able to write correctly. My errors were tense and analyzing every sentence I wrote. There was a tutor who helped me very much in making me correct my errors. This person had a tremendous amount of patience to bear with me, and I used to tell her that she wasn't helping me and I should stop coming to the writing center. Every week I would come back to the office and tell my tutor that my writing was improving. She would tell me not to worry about my passing the exit exam. My goal in Fundamental Writing was to pass the exit exam and not go back to the writing center.

Near the end of the term I had taken the exit exam and made only three errors on the paper. This made me feel very good about myself and this made my tutor feel proud of me. She helped me in my personality. She told me not to worry about something which I had no control over. She made me think about how I should make myself happy and how to be more patient with people. She find me to strong when I speak to them in conversation.

Next quarter in the winter she was my tutor for Basic Composition. In this quarter I made more improvement in my writing and my personality had changed since the previous quarter. Whenever I would come to the Writing Center she would jokingly try to make me say "Here come a new student." As the term went on my compositions were being marked more on content than on gram- mar errors. In the end of the quarter I received a B for Basic Composition. This made me realize that if I push myself I can succeed. My tutor was glad that I did well in the course. And she told me that I had changed since I first came to the center. She has made me work on my writing and if I don't see her ever again I will remember everything she has taught me.

People who work in the Writing Center are very courteous and helpful to the students who come there. They all deserve recognition for doing a great job and should keep up the good work.

Donald Smith

The Constant Flow

I see these people I contact as a stream of faces which constantly flows. Each face carries a different message, a different statement. I try to analyze each one and I try to find out what message they are trying to convey. But yet, beneath it there are things I ponder. "Did I read that message clearly? Did I understand that statement as thoroughly as I thought?" "Did I relate deeply enough to that need?" "Did I offer the proper alternatives?" There are satisfactions of all kinds yet there are also doubts and hopes. So I end the day with this silent prayer:

"Make me more sensitive to feelings, more aware of unstated needs and more helpful to other, not only because it is the right thing to do but, because it is what that particular individual needs. Thank you for the opportunity to serve by giving of myself for as we give we receive."

Raul Sopulveda Counselor

Coop Experience

By LISA LUV

On January 3, 1978, I woke up at 5:15 a.m. It was to be the first day of my Co-op internship. I had been placed at IIT-International telephone and Tele- graph. I felt honored to become a part of their huge corporation, especially their World Headquarters.

Well off, I was to work, dressed appropriately for the day ahead. Of course, the ride on the chaotic F train didn't help my nervousness.

I arrived at my destination - the Personnel Department. There were two other LaGuardia interns starting with me. After our Identification photos were taken, we had to split up and go to our assigned areas. I stayed in the Employment Office. There, I would type Inter- office memos, administer employment applications, as well as test the applicants in agriculture, typing, and even French.

At the start of the next week, I was sent to work at the Benefits Depart- ment. There, I would answer phone calls, send out checks to employees, and the worst part, filing, detail filing! That week went by extremely slowly. I thought it would never end.

Weeks went by of rotating between the Employment and Benefits Depart- ments. I met quite a few interesting people.

Then, on a Tuesday morning, I was notified by my supervisor that I would be working in the Security Department until my internship was completed.

Working in the Security Department, was the most exciting part of my internship. Besides having the best typewriter on the floor, I worked with the sweetest people you would ever want to meet.

We had to keep up-to-date files on crimes happening all over the world. So, I learned about terrorism, bomb threats, kidnappings, and even killings all over the world.

The last day of my internship was on St. Patrick's Day. Half of the people on my floor were Irish, so I bought green flowers and handed them out as I left the office.

I felt that this internship was most enlightening and enjoyable. I really learned what it is like to work with so many different people and to get so much done in such a short time.

I was happy to learn that I received an "A" on my Internship. Now that I am going out again in the fall, I hope that my second internship will be as pleasant as the first.

Monologue

Funny, I don't remember growing old. The days seem endless. They passed so slowly. Then, I thought I had more time, so many years to ex- plore. Now, there's nothing left. Who would I love at all Time. It seems like just yesterday when I could laugh so freely, laugh out loud. Now, the laughter comes so rarely. I always thought I was so happy, so content. When did the laughter cease?

Ha, I remember case, when I was young... Forget it, it's gone. Too bad. the memory was once so clear, I wish... always wishing. God, it's cold. Maybe tea will help to warm me. I must get some milk. With prices these days, I can barely afford my tea. God, I'm so cold.

When did it end? The laughter. I don't remember it ending. I wish... There I go again. Never did any good, all that wishing. For what? Oh well. Strange, how life goes by you and you don't even notice. You think you have all the time in the world. Now it's over.

Funny, I don't remember growing old.

— Sandy Schoebert

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JOE SHENKER: The Man Inside the Suit

BY LAURIE BROCKWAY

Joseph Shenker is not your average American college president. In fact, he's a rather extraordinary man. At 39, he's already been a college president for ten years and he's still one of the youngest in the nation. He was even voted one of the top 100 educators in the country by Change magazine.

At first glance, you'd never suspect Shenker is a college president. Maybe it's because you'd expect a stuffy old gent in a 1950's suit, or someone more of the Dean Wormer variety. Perhaps it's his casual manner and boyish good looks that throw you off. There's something very unassuming about him.

But Shenker is a powerhouse. He's smart. He's energetic. He knows what he's doing — the man is always in control. Yet there's an appealing quality about him that makes you feel comfortable around him. It's a mixture of self-assurance and innocence that hits you at once.

Unlike many college administrators, presidents in particular, Shenker is very accessible. He meets with members of the college community regularly — student leaders included — and he's always up for a chat, when he's not locked into his schedule. He listens carefully. He's also a fabulous mingler, and gets around to everyone at parties and receptions. It's curious to know how one person can stay so nice all the time.

Shenker blushes at compliments, as a little boy grin crosses his face:

"You're a very personable college president. It's amazing how you can be so on the ball all the time."

"Well, why are you so amazed?"

"Don't you ever feel like telling people to get lost?"

"Oh sure. But it's two things. It's part of the job, and, I like talking to people. I don't feel pressure or tension talking to people. I enjoy it. It's fun."

Shenker never seems to get angry and even when he's annoyed, he's in control.

How do you deal with your anger, suppress it? Are you not allowed to blow up because you're the Prez?

"Yes, that's right. I guess you get used to it. I don't believe I have the privilege of exploding and getting angry, but I think I will tell people if I'm annoyed; tell them I want it corrected if there's a mistake; ask them to come to my office and we'll talk about it."

Does he have a friend he can talk with about the heavy stuff that can get a college president down? "Oh sure," he says, "a number of them."

People Make the Place

Shenker has been with LaGuardia from the start. It's through his clever engineering, his careful choice of staff and his unending dedication that LaGuardia Community College is what it is today — a unique institution that has gained not only citywide, but nationwide recognition as being a very good school.

Shenker is proud of the college that opened in 1971 with a class of 500 students and now has an enrollment of 7,000. "LaGuardia is a very special institution," he says, but Shenker won't claim all the credit for its success. "I've said it so many times, I guess it's redundant," explains Shenker, "But I believe it's the people who make the institution — all the people. I think the vast majority of the people take a great deal of pride in being associated with the institution, the cleaning staff, the faculty, secretaries, administrators and the students."

Shenker is pleased with LaGuardia. There are program expansions happening left and right, enrollment figures prove that the college is providing a service that appeals to a diverse number of students, and the reconstruction..."
Shenker says that within the next year or so he will try to purchase the Sony building. At the moment, LaGuardia just rents the first and basement levels, and owns the parking lot on the roof.

**Young Joe Shenker**

Shenker grew up in Manhattan—166th Street and West End Avenue to be exact. As a kid, he says that he wasn’t much of a leader, and he had no particular goals to be a college president—or a cop or a cowboy. Shenker was a jock, he had worked playing basketball for Queens College and then for Hunter.

“One night, Shenker ended up playing basketball for Queens College and then for Hunter. One of his basketball cronies, Albert Hemmey, wound up becoming Assemblyman for Forrest Hills.”

What else did Shenker do as a kid? Did he like girls, or just sports?

“Oh sure, I liked girls,” he says, with an I-wasn’t-that-into-sports grin.

Shenker spent most of his summers as a camper and then, working in summer camps. He was a waiter for a few years in camps in the Catskills and then he became the director of a small camp in Vermont. That was around 1952, and then came college. For Shenker, it was fun running a summer camp, but, “It was hard work.” Not as difficult, though, as running a college.

**One Thing Led to Another**

Shenker never decided that he wanted to be a college president. There was no bolt of lightning accompanied by a voice that said, “Joe, go to it, be a prez.” Says Shenker, “I never decided it just happened.”

As Shenker explains, it was a case of one thing led to another. Shenker attended Hofstra University for a year, until financial difficulties propelled him to Hunter, in the Bronx. After getting his masters degree from Hunter, he began working on his doctorate in Economics at Columbia, and was “really having a difficult time financially.”

“By chance, I was the first student to get an economics degree at Hunter,” says Shenker. “Since I was the first student to go through the program, I got to know the Dean of Faculty there very well.” Through that connection, he got a job as a research assistant in, what was then, the very beginnings of the Universities Doctorate Program.

Shenker’s financial difficulties were helped by the job, but the job became conflicting with classes.

“At that time, Columbia graduate faculty scheduled all their courses in the middle of the day, which made it pretty impossible to have a job,” Shenker says. “For a while, the people I worked with were pretty nice and flexible about it. But it became clear that if they were paying me a salary, they couldn’t be flexible forever. So, I switched over to Teachers College, which offered courses in the evening and I sort of had a bacherlorized degree in the Economics of higher education.”

In 1965 Shenker began working for Chancellor Bowker, who was CUNY’s chancellor prior to Kibbee and, according to Shenker, one of the greater influences in his professional life.

He began with CUNY as a research assistant and then did a number of different jobs, for a while he was Assistant to the Chancellor for Community Colleges, and later became the Dean for Community Colleges. He worked very closely with Bowker, who is now the Chancellor of Berkeley in California.

“It was a different era than what we’re living in now,” says Shenker of his beginning years in professional life. Shenker later became Chancellor.
education. "It was an era of expansion and growth and the possibility of open admissions. The University was getting lots of money and higher education was looked upon with great favor by the public and the private sector."

A New College and A New Pres. While Shenker was Assistant to the Chancellor for Community Colleges, a resolution authorizing four new community colleges to be added to the existing six was passed. Those colleges turned out to be Medgar Ever's, Hostos and LaGuardia. "We never got to number 10," says Shenker with a chuckle, "but somewhere in the archives of City University is a resolution authorizing number 10."

At least they got around to number 9.

Shenker would have been more involved with the actual planning of LaGuardia, but at that time he was taking a trial run at being a college president. When the President of Kingsboro Community College resigned on short notice, Bowker asked Shenker to step in as acting president for "a month or 2." "That month or 2 ran into close to 6 months," says Shenker, "then they asked me to be president of LaGuardia."

"Would he have stayed at Kingsboro if he hadn't been appointed president of LaGuardia? I don't think so," says Shenker, who probably would have ended up at LaGuardia anyway. "The excitement of starting a new institution was a tremendous draw, as opposed to being at Kingsboro—which is a fine institution, but when you start something from scratch, it's very exciting. As you said before, you get nervous about it and tense, but still, it's very exciting."

I Never Plan My Life

He saw the question coming: Can you see yourself here for..."The rest of my life," he interjects. "No" explains the Pres; "I never plan my life that way. Maybe you can, maybe some people do, but I never have. I never planned to be the president of the college. I entered a move in that direction and opportunities developed and you make decisions based upon what's available. I don't have a goal—that I want to be something or other within two years."

But everybody's got a dream or two, stashed away in their hats. Isn't there something that he'd like to try, something that excites him? Politics, maybe?

With a long pause, Shenker admits that "It's a possibility." "I'm not trying to avoid your question, but, I don't really know," he explains. "I really don't think I've been in a position where I don't say to myself that I want to do that in four or five years. I think that, as life goes on, things will and things do happen. Offers are made and you judge them upon their merit, based upon what's important to you in life and you accept them and turn them down."

But there's got to be something: a movie star, a sports commentator? "Nope, don't want to be a movie star," says Shenker. "I also don't want to be a sports commentator. Well," he recovers, "that would be fun—on a part-time basis."

Aspiring Arbitrator

But the truth comes out, because there's one particular professional area that seems to turn him on. That's the area of arbitration and mediation.

"I'm a certified arbitrator for the American Arbitration Association," announces Shenker, rather proudly. "I haven't done any—but I'm trying to get myself in positions where I can start doing that. It goes back to one of the goals I had years ago, as a doctorate student."

Shenker seems to be intrigued by the field of arbitration and mediation, leaning towards the arbitration side. (The mediator is more of a go-between who has to try and get two parties to agree, the arbitrator has the final decision.)

"When I negotiated a contract with the University a year and a half ago, I enjoyed that," he says. "It was fascinating. It was a brand new experience that I'd never done before."

"So if you're talking about goals and things, I'm trying to get myself into slowly," concludes Shenker. "It's the field of arbitration and mediation." However, his position prevents him from getting into any heavy arbitrating right now.

A Celebrity

Shenker is always up for some fun and he really got a kick out of being a color

JOE SHENKER: The Man Inside the Jeans

On campus, the Prez is a suit man—but there's reason to suspect him of having a closet full of jeans for weekend wear. He confirms it: "Sure, on the weekend, I wear jeans."

But unlike Jimmy Carter, who likes to emphasize his down home image by wearing jeans on the White House lawn, Shenker doesn't wear them on campus. He explains:

"One of the first years we were open, I came to the College on a weekend wearing jeans and a turtleneck something or other. I hadn't shaved and I pretty much wanted to come to the office to do paperwork. It was a Saturday and I wanted to catch up a little.

"I met some students—especially some of the older ones—in the hall and I said good morning and so forth. Then, the next week, I got feedback that those students were insulted; that they felt their president shouldn't look like that. They felt there was a dignity to the office that I should maintain and they just felt it was inappropriate. So I've never done it since."

"From the point of view of coming (in jeans) on a Saturday morning, I still think it's okay to not shave and to sneak in to do paperwork. But that was the sense I got from the students. From their perspective it's important that their president be dressed in a certain way to symbolize something important to them. I didn't expect it and I was surprised."?

One gets the feeling that the students who spotted Shenker in his jeans and flipped are of the nasty-letters-to-the-editor variety. But Shenker respected their feelings and, besides, he says that suits and ties aren't all that bad.
The problem is, where do you find people who will put up with my lousy playing?" He's thinking of polishing his serve with a course through Continuing Ed or Recreation.

Shenker's not much of a movie buff, and he's not particularly keen on television, but he does like to read a lot.

"A lot of the reading I do is escape reading—spy stories—love stories," he says. He usually polishes off a book a week, but really hits the all-the-things-I've-wanted-to-read-but-haven't-yet-list during vacation periods.

Does he think he might sit down and peck out a book of his own someday? Mulling it over, he says, "I might. I used to write a lot—not novels—but my job has taken me in different directions. I've thought about it. Maybe someday I'd like to." He doesn't get to the movies much, but Crease was one of his recent favorites. "I thought it was very well done," he comments. "There were a lot of little things in it which I remember and could pick up. The kids saw it on one level, but I saw other things in it that were very funny. The dancing was terrific."

But does the Prez like to dance? "Do I like to dance?" he says with a knowing grin, "I can't dance. Oh, I like to shuffle around to some slow music and pretend, but I've never danced."

He's definitely not a disco animal and he's not trying to get into Studio 34. Disco music is tolerable if "it's not too loud."

"I've been to some discos and I guess, some of the dances here. The music is so loud, it's overpowering. It's the whole feeling. It's fun, but it's too much noise, somehow."

"I'm not particularly fond of rock 'n roll, not rock 'n roll a la the Rolling Stones, anyway. "I remember the rock 'n roll from when I grew up—Fats Domino, Chuck Berry—I like that, it's fun music."

At home, he favors the mellower to the classical or maybe a few show tunes—Peter, Paul and Mary, Simon and Garfunkel. The Wiz, Jesus Christ Superstar. "I wouldn't go out and buy the record Create the Says—which does not matter because his daughters convinced their grandmother to buy it for them.

Who is Joe Shenker?

Who are you? Shenker is uncomfortable with the directness of the question. He paused, takes a deep drag on his cigarette and leisurely exhales.

"Who am I? I think I'm lots of people."

Like who?

"I'm trying to respond to your question, but there are so many things that are me, that I enjoy. I enjoy the excitement and creativity of my profession and what I'm doing. At the same time, I very much enjoy going out to the ocean for the day out on Long Island and sitting and watching seagulls catch fish."

Shenker's a pretty easy going guy, but this question isn't one of his favorites. However, he manages to avoid it with a story that seems to say more about him than a direct answer could.

"I found a new seagull. I always thought that seagulls skid the water—at least the ones I've seen—and sort of looked for fish and plucked them out. I was sitting by the bay and this seagull dove into the water. I was amazed. I thought the bird had been shot, first off. So I was sitting there, just looking at the water, really enjoying it and the poor bird comes right down and I just stared at it. A moment later, it popped up again and I sat there for an hour just watching these birds fish.

"So I'm lots of different people."

Tell me of them."

"I'm not sure I know all of them."

Are you sensitive?

"It think so. I think I'm reasonably perceptive."

I think I guessed very carefully.

"It's much easier if you ask other people."

Author's Note

Admittedly, I am a Joe Shenker fan. As editor of the Flute, I got to know the guy, to work with him. I respect and admire him a lot. He's always been very supportive of the Flute. Even though he's probably flipped out over some of the stuff that has ended up in the paper, he never wrote nasty letters to the editor. He's got a sense of humor.

His door has always been open and he's always been tolerant of students—especially of those who are kinda weird or sorta personal (like where he got the neat silver bracelet that he wears on his right wrist and what his first name really is—which I'll never divulge).

"Of course, a college president is gonna want to stay on the good side with the college press—and student leaders in general. But Shenker is different. He really likes guys.

I hope that through this article you've gotten to know Joe Shenker. You can see how it's a little difficult for him to get out there and make friends with 7,000 students. "The major part of the student body doesn't know me," says the Prez. "And there's no way to correct that that I can think of—except by saying over and over again to the many groups I meet with."

"If you want to stop by for a chat—I'm here."

Daddy's Little Girls

Asked about his daughters, a daddy-like gleam comes to his eye. Of Debra, 11, and Karen, 8, he says this: "They're terrific. They're smart and they're just very enjoyable to be with. They're both very much interested in dance and music. Both reasonably good athletes—they like gymnastics. I think they are both sensitive and have a good sense of themselves. They're a lot of fun to be with."

"They fight like sisters often do from time to time, but basically they're very good companions for one another."

And of course, they're both mad about Shaun Cassidy and John Travolta, as well as their dad.

And Shenker has a witty explanation for his 11 year old's sudden growth and appearance of being older. "She could be following the same growth pattern that I had when I was a kid," he says, "I reached my size when I was twelve or thirteen and then I stopped growing."

"Who am I? I think I'm lots of people."
By LAURIE BROCKWAY

Mary Pat Kelly is the type of name that makes you think of freedom, braids and Sunday mass. It's got that unmistakable Irish ring to it and you can say it three times fast, you wind up saying "Maity, Maity, Maity." Kat Pelly, it's an interesting name, one that a woman could easily forget. And Mary Pat is a lady you just can't forget.

Mary Pat Kelly is one of LaGuardia's newest and most influential resident faculty members. She has a limitless amount of energy, always-on-the-moving person, and anyone who's been in one of her film courses can testify to that. You've probably seen the 54-year-old Scorpio zipping around the college, chattering away with one project or another. She's an instructor in LaGuardia's Communications Department for 10 years, though she's only been a full-time faculty member since 1977.

Mary Pat has been a New Yorker for about 10 years and for seven of those years she's been living in a spacious five room apartment on the Upper West Side. The decor is Modigliani and Indian. The walls are full of photos, art and hanging things. But the most interesting part of her apartment is probably the glass-covered table that documents her life with photos pressed beneath the glass.

A Nun?

Seventeen years ago, Mary Pat Kelly thought she wanted to be a nun. "Yes," she says, "but that was a long time ago." At the age of 17, Mary, vulnerable and influenced by the changing times, decided that she "didn't have anything to get married." She thought that the church would be a rewarding alternative. It wasn't a decision sparked by a high school heartbreak, nor was it a sudden impulse. This was what she wanted to do, she thought. "At seventeen," she explains, "I'd lived what I considered to be a real full life."

She spent five years studying at Saint's of the Woods and then another year at Sister of Providence in Chicago. While at Providence she began teaching Sunday school to the kids in the parish area. Amidst the nursing rebellion of the '60s, growing more aware of the problems of the poor, and the blacks, the changing times, she became active in the Civil Rights Movement. Her earliest resistance, she says, was to "be cool and peace, even though we got up passed at the Chicago Convention."

This was a turning point. "The Civil Rights movement weren't very pleased with her anti-establishment activities and Mary realized that the church was not for her. They were saying they were doing and what they were actually doing were two different things."

At the age of 22, she left the convent. "I was tired of being a nun and so I went into the business. After six years with the convent, she joined the Chicago War and Poverty Program."

As she moved on to the Urban Life Advisor, there she incorporated all of her film-making experiences, involving the people in the ghetto community with filmmaking and the theatre.

Through the Poverty Program was a very positive experience for Mary Pat, she knew it was a positive and curious. Looking to explore and be free, she left the program and spent two years in Europe. "It wasn't a total giveaway," she says, "no positive direction, but also, no real restrictions — I was free if I'd just experience what I could not attend." He told me that she was just the person who could "I have this feeling that she could really understand it."

Getting Into the Business

After NYU, Mary Pat began doing freelance work in television. In the early '70s she was working as an assistant to the associate producer of the Dick Cavett Show — booking talent, writing, etc. (What was Dick like? — That's off the record.) She did work on the National Children's Film Festival, Channel 13's American Dream Machine, the UFA Telethon and has been involved with a number of different shows.

She also worked on "The National Lampoon Radio Hour" a few years ago where she teamed up with her old pals John Belushi, Gilda Radner and others. She went on to become the "The Not Ready For Prime Time Players" on "Saturday Night Live." People were amazed that Mary was real, and not just a put-on, says Mary of that experience. "Around this time, two years ago, Mary was still working as a Teacher for the "Good Morning America" show, a job that eventually got "too crazy." She was the show's talent scout, which meant: getting the talent could not attend, he said: "She is the one person who could present my work because she really understands it."

What's Next?

Mary Pat is looking forward to expanding the Communications Arts Program at LaGuardia, developing new courses in film and media. Right now she's working on her dissertation on the theme of images in Irish literature. She is also writing a book on her experiences in the convent and is hoping to publish it through the CUNY Graduate Center. In the works, she is working on a documentary of "Going To Look For America." Mary Pat is a bit of a career, but perhaps, it's about time to settle down. Her family is very well off right now and the potential for the future. Of course her work will always be an important part of her life, but it's now able and huggable private investigator named Dennis that she's just mad about.
The following is a list of students who received honors from the College by being placed on the Dean’s List during the summer quarter of 1978. There are, aside from these 237 students, hundreds of others who ranked the Dean’s List during the 1978 calendar. However, due to special limitations, we could only publish the most recent list.

The list comes from the office of Dean Martin Moed, LaGuardia’s Dean of Faculy, and to be chosen from the list the student must have a 3.5 grade point average or over at the end of that specific quarter.

Excuse us for not alphabetizing the names. The order in which they appear is the order in which they were submitted to us by the dean’s office.

John P. Alloiggiamento
Bernice Aptacy
Michael Balaga
Maud Batte
Joyce Beamon
Ursula Bogart
Kathy Branson
Mary Calabro
Joan Canalin
Phillip Cardamone
Judith Browne
Edwin Carpenter
Elaine Chichelle
Pearl Charles
France Cheverusie
Peggy Comperiati
Eugenia Abramopoulos
Ruth Bennett
Betty Carcer
Camelia Bowden
Yolanda Artieda
Frances Corso
Ronald Cicalese
Monica Clarke
Oasly Correa
Linda Deland
Ernesto Delamarced
Marla Delso
Robert Dillingham
Famsa Garcia
Lorraine Goldiszowski
Yvonne Hackett
Gina Bellolo
Carman Barrios
Kenneth Bilt.
Richard Barboza
Charles Abene
Cathleen Bilone
Helen Bnd
Robert Brown
Lynnette Brown
Daniel Carson
Stephanie Buaui
Joyce Callhoun
Laura Condon
Diane Cardona
Richard Devioccara
Joyce Esquerra

Garfield Krider
Carmen Laguerra
George LaMarca
Gisela Marcano
Carmelina Martini
Maria Martin
Susan Mayer
Solerma Maysonet
Judith Mazzarella
Linda Medina
Ofelia Megia
Elizabeth McCarthy
Dara McCormich
Dora Mendoza
Dibbly Mayer
Sonia Moore
Constance Morris
Judith Motto
Catherine Nelson
Hector Nieves
Theresa Nuzzu
Bret Cates
Marlene Padilla
Elizabeth Oleary
Jeanne Orozco
Marilkz Pena
Camilie Piccero
Michele Pitts
Jane Plakken
Rodney Prince
Miguel Prieto
Wally Khan
Norleen Long
Marcia Longmore
Patricia Manzi
Heddy Morales
Lucy Medici
Sandra Marlo
Norma Marconi
Alfonso Moline
Horst Nareyek
Paulina Szandrowski
Luz Vazquez
Poseyama Walkunky
Wilbur Wiggins
Alexandra Yepez
Yvonne Zacharewicz
Laura Vendrella
Petricia Ward
Lester Austin
Barbara Baumb
Milady Balista
Indrid Bayas
Carmen Rivers
Irene Rodriguez
Aida Rosado
Rose Rudolph
Kenneth Reynolds
Carla Rodriguez
Sandra Raffael
Pafalala Remou
Rose Robinson
Donna Remson
Maureen Shea
Desirae Skabardonis
Steven Smith
Gracia Spohn
Elaine Spencer
Rose Stines
Gustavo Suarez

Arthur Stein
Andrew Scarpulla
Robert Schuler
Wildred Smith
Pamela Schechter
Francine Shelnia
Douglas Solomolo
Enis Marie Swerm
Mary Veirano
John Wilson
Celestine Wiley
Na Yu Man
Joseph Zingale
Yin-Hung Chan
Israel Mejias
Franz Monzon Jr.
Cheung Ng yot
Richard Ragello
Michele Shoemaker
Mary Sampson
Irene Sullivan
Sweatie Calvert
Annamaria Satuga
Kenneth Herbert
Oscar Salazar
Dorothy Sander
Elaine Gehnich
Kineung Chan
Thomas Papagopoulos
Ida Schraibe
Glady's Ayala
Lydie Arce
Ann Finkel
Vivien Hill
Mary Mahling
Hedwig Matuszewski
Laurence
Patricia Gray
Ima Garcia
Mary Franklin
Jacqueline Freeman
Andreas Rudzwick
Esther DePoole
Christopher Vavilis
Eva Carroll
Bernadine Gray
Kwan Kwong
Margaret Mahoney
Nancy Ocasio
Marsha Schnee
Iris Steler
Lucy Vega
Michael Westbrook
Marjorie Peabees
Johnny Ng
Shu Fan Lai Bing
Theresa Gallo
Jean Faltz-Gomes
Sarah Gerogian
Kathie Heyman
Joy Oppidifano
Antonette Papa
James Quaranta
Patricia Reyes
Carola Rivera
Cheri Semeyer
Loula Santore
Theodore Solomon
Mary Slayek
Fiorello's Flute

Entertainment Section

Student Samurai, John Belushi in "National Lampoon's Animal House" — definitely worth your $3.50.
LaG's Talent Comes Out of Closet

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY LAURIE BROCKWAY

THE COMEDY OF EDMOND AND CURLEY

On June 3rd, LaGuardia's locals (and loons) came out of the closet and on to the stage to participate in S.A.C.'s Second Annual Talent Showcase. We were treated to an assortment of entertaining acts, whereupon we realized the vast talent that had layed for too long beneath the withering wastelands of typically unextraordinary activities and whereupon we also realized the not so vast, but present, non-talent as well.

We were also treated to the likes of Edmonds and Curley, whose uncanny comedy saved the show. For, were they not there to M.C., organize and entertain, we fear the show would have flopped or, would have never even got off the ground. Typically, the event was an unorganized affair and, for a fee of 1000 bucks, Edmonds and Curley worked miracles. (That's 1000 bucks for 3 hours of being everything from comedians to punchies.) However, S.A.C. is to be congratulated for their choice in professional entertainment and for giving the Talent Show a go in general.

Anyway, where S.A.C. lacks in coordination, they make up for in talent. They make up for in talent entertainment was a bit too sophisticated for the crowd, because he happened to be rather funny, in his own strange way.

Anyway, where S.A.C. lacks in coordination, they make up for in talent. Sending their very talented talents out on stage in the form of the S.A.D S.A.C. (their name representing the Student Activities Department and the Student Activities Committee) they really knocked us out. The sounds of their after-work, in the S.A.C. office rehearsals had been echoing through the corridors for weeks prior to the show and even then they were great. But when they hit the stage, they really knew their stuff.

So, again, another successful event. 2 points for S.A.C. It really was a good time.

L.B.

STRANGER THAN TRUE:

PRINCE

BILLY

KELLY

Donned in red satin, yellow satin and the latest in net, Prince Billy Kelly looked rather strange — and, in fact, was rather strange. Nevertheless, though he nearly got booted off the stage, he was indeed the most interesting and original of the acts presented. A singer, dancer, actor, comedian and model, the Prince displayed his talents with a passion. However, had the audience had a few ripe tomatoes in their rude little hands, the Prince would have been licking tomato off his face (instead of licking his shoulder, which he does for no apparent reason). Disheartened by the audience's discouraging response, Prince Kelly was later seen sobbing in the wings.

Perhaps the audience was hot for a fix of disco and perhaps Prince Billy Kelly's entertainment was a bit too sophisticated for the crowd, because he happened to be rather funny, in his own strange way.

Anyway, Prince Kelly's specialties include portraying the lives of shopping bag ladies and other unfortunates. He is showcased extensively in New York and he can be seen appearing outside of Studio 54 on any given night.

One of LaGuardia's resident Lovers, dashing Michael Payne bears all — well, just about — as he models the latest in skimpy swimwear.

Apparently not just LaGuardia's answer to Ashford and Simpson, but the new Stan and Ollie, the duo of Judith Odum and Kevin Starkes got the audience all deja-ved and riled up singing: "Too Much, Too Little, Too Late" (Mathis and Willy) and "Sardony, I Got To You" (Flecks and Hathaway). The audience went wild.
Denise Ansam, of the duo of Ansam and Payne, sang and strummed her way through a couple of solos and was later joined by Mr. M.P. himself.

Hyiju Alexander makes a graceful sweep of the stage to the tune of Barbara Mason's "Everything I Own."

John Hefko, comic, was not very funny at all—but he tried. One of the last acts—and following Prince Billy Kelly and Edmonds & Curley—it was rough.

Mayra Martín treated us to Debbie Boone's biggie, "You Light Up My Life," for the third time (which was fortunately the last). Mayra was great, but we've had enough of that song.

Lisa Marco really had it rough. As the final act, she played to a restless and rather obnoxious audience. Thus, her Barbra Streisand take-off didn't take off too well—people started to leave, someone screwed up her slide presentation and some joker jumped onto the stage to dance, right in the middle of her act. She tried real hard, though.

Raquel Paz and Chris Caparones danced to Chuck Mangione's "The Hand of Make Believe"—until Raquel cracked up and the duo ran off the stage.

Zulma Calcedo, with her splendid—though untrained—voice, belted out a pleasant version of "The Way of Love."

Elizabeth Medina overcomes her backstage nervousness and sings "When Will I Be Loved."

Ross Singletary, a regular participant in LEO's extra-curricular activities, knocked 'em dead with his vocal & performing talents.
SCENES FROM PYGMALION:
A WILD AND CRAZY TIME

Photos & Text by Laurie Brockway

On June 1st the LaGuardia Repertory Players, a.k.a. Mary Pat Kelly’s Drama class, presented us with two smashing performances of George Bernard Shaw’s (with a twist) Pygmalion. As is typical with activities at LaGuardia, the theater was nowhere near filled to its capacity, but the show went on splendidly just the same.

Particularly impressive were Roman Iwasiwka, portraying a dashing Henry Higgins and Pedro J. Guerrero in the role of Colonel Pickering, Higgins partner in crime, as he so speaks. Mari K. Kelly gave a smashing portrayal of Eliza Doolittle, the sham flower girl that Higgins and Pickering take on as their challenging project and ultimately make into a “lady,” indeed. Together the trio provided a laugh a minute, especially with a few nifty improvised tidbits. For instance: When Higgins and Pickering wonder aloud as to where they might get some lady like clothing for the rather unladylike Ms. Doolittle, Pickering brainstormed with “I know, at the other Korvettes”—a spoof on the over aired TV commercial. But undoubtedly the scene that stole the show was where Pickering badgered Higgins trying to talk him into going to Spain. Higgins kept insisting: “But why?” Then the two broke into a perfectly timed “Why? Because we are two wild and crazy guys,” making the setting for a funny, Martinique mood.

Terry Parker proved that he actually does have a sense of humor, and drama as well, in his portrayal of Alfred P. Doolittle, Eliza’s ale-drinking Daddy. He delivered his lines without a twinge of nervousness and really was rather enjoyable.

Karen Blackstock really hammed it up as Freddy Eyndford-Hill, a fellow of high society who had the hots for Eliza. Higgins and Pickering; a.k.a. “man and Pedro: We are two wild and crazy guys.”

With no disrespect to Shaw, the Repertory Players deftly presented us with a spicier version than his own. They did a bit of rearranging and modernizing. The play opened with a jazzy tune, as one young lady (Robin Short) gracefully covered the stage with a dancer, and tapped each character into motion—as they all stood motionless on the stage, waiting to be tapped into action. Well done, indeed.

Not having the stage facilities to recreate the race track scene where Eliza forgets herself and gets a bit rowdy with the snooty high society folks, the scene was cleverly changed into a garden party, with scenery provided by the almost incomparable Bruce Brooks. The party, thrown by Higgins’s snobby socialite mom (effectively portrayed by Harriet Mesulam), was attended by all the local snobs. It was there that Eliza, not doing too well discussing the weather, began telling some gory story about an aunt she thought was killed by her family. And she forgot that she was a “lady,” Higgins and Pickering started getting nervous, and tried to subtly remind her of an appointment that did not exist but that she ought to leave for anyway, hint hint. When Freddy asked if he could walk her home, she lashes out “Fuck no. I’ll take a cab.”

All in all, LaGuardia’s answer to Pygmalion was a hit, and an excellent opportunity to showcase student talent. One of the most amazing discoveries made while promoting the event was that most students had never heard of George Bernard Shaw and thought that Pygmalion had something to do with farm animals. My Fair Lady didn’t even ring a bell.

The LaGuardia Repertory Players present
GEORGE BERNARD SHAW’S “PYGMALION”
Directed by Mary Pat Kelly


Technical Staff: Victor Brock, Vidal Pabon.

Set Design: Bruce Brooks

Dance: Robin Short
When the Easter Seals Telethon went on the air to score a few million for the cause last Spring, students from Mary Pat Kelly's Media Production class were on hand, working as production assistants. Ms. Kelly, a consultant for the show, arranged for students to work on various aspects of the live production as part of her class. Of course, the Flute (in the form of L.B. and Sandy Schubert) was on hand and, amazingly, awake, to cover the 20 hour telethon. Though this all happened a few months ago, we still thought it merited a mention in the Flute.

All the students involved, their instructor, and many of the celebrities who came to plug for Easter Seals worked some long, hard hours. But it was fun and a very interesting learning experience, indeed. Live television is very exciting and being a part of it all is even more so.

THE CELEBRITIES

Shelly Winters
Stanley Siegel - our host
Storm Fields - ABC Eyewitness News
Barry Miller - Saturday Night Fever
Andrea Marcovich - The Front
Chuck Scarborough - Anchorman NBC News
Joan Lunden - ABC Eyewitness News

THE STARS

Instructor Mary Pat Kelly, brings to the stage Lanie Kazan
LaGuardia Students, Roman twasiwka waits for his cue.
Students Pedro Guerrero and Pete Sanchez go over production notes
Student Mark K. Kelly takes a break from escorting celebrities to and from the Plaza
Rick Sauseato - Elvis on Broadway
Danny Aiello - Gemini
Lanie Kazen - Singer
Carol Kane - Hester Street
Studio 54 is a real neat place to dance and there’s no reason why you can’t take off your clothes if you get too hot. You can wear anything and do anything. The atmosphere is loose, exciting, and wild.

If you’re not into non-stop dancing, you can hang-out upstairs and watch all the action from above.

There are a bunch of comfy mattresses stashed in the back. You can’t get near the bar—and can’t afford it. Men hang out in the ladies’ bathroom until they get kicked out by mucho macho bouncers with big American muscles. There are a lot of cute little boys—19 or 20—with no hairs on their chests, running around in skimpy gym shorts, cleaning up glasses and stuff. Things are constantly coming down from the ceiling—like the silver streamers you can wrap around yourself and a friend while you dance, like the velvet ropes that you can swing from and the flashing light pole that you can bang your head into if you’re too spaced out to notice.

There are celebs and all sorts of weirdos wandering around the place. And the only way to get in is if you’re a celeb, you’re dressed weird, or are noticeably gay—Stevie just loves the boys.

—L.B.
Billy Joel was no stranger in town, but he was on the wrong street.

"Mama told me not to come. She said it would be too deep," said Nick Nolte as he staggered toward the john. He wanted to bring mom, but she couldn't get it.

"Hey Stew, pass the Coke, will ya."

Such a bad boy in such a bad place. Rod Stewart admires the singer.

"They never told me about this in the convent," said this wild and crazy ex-nun. She was trying on a new life and the new hot pants.

Billy Joel was no stranger in town, but he was on the wrong street.

You're every woman in the world to me. Steve Mason seemed to be enjoying the company.
MUMMENSCHANZ

PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERFORMANCE PERF I

Would you like to attend a theater performance and afterward stand up and cheer and yell bravely?

See Mummenschanz and after you have, gather up all the superlatives you can imagine and you will still not be able to explain why it moved you so. Mummenschanz is a unique theater experience that simply goes beyond words.

Mummenschanz is a program in visual communication, a series of pantomime interpretations of the beginning of man from the single cell to the primatise, with emphasis on human communication.

The Mums, as they are referred to affectionately, are three Swiss-born performers (Andre Bossard, Floriana Frasateto and Berni Scuhrer) who use their set in Swiss folk tradition which involves the use of masks. They have overstepped the boundaries of conventional pantomime to create a new form of theatrical expression, unlike any you've seen before.

The three become faceless entities, remaining motionless at all times, successfully communicating their humor and their meaning through movement. They perform in black body stockings and other flexible wrappings. They also design and construct all their own masks, costumes and props.

In using these various body garments and masks, they become animals, insects and monsters. Legs become arms, heads become bottoms and backs become bellies, until the various parts of the body are no longer identified and you can't tell which end is up. Their movements are so graceful and well-timed, they put us out-of-shape-Americans to shame. It's fascinating.

Mummenschanz keeps its audience involved with their performance all the time. During intermission, a time when most performers prepare for the next act, the Mums are busy amusing and entertaining their audience with their antics, inviting them to join along in the fun. While Andre and Berni invite the audience into the lobby (and later disappear without a trace), Floriana remains inside the theater, offering a roll of masking tape to anyone interested in creating an expression on her faceless mask.

Mummenschanz, deriving its name from the German "Mummen," meaning game or play and "schnerz," meaning laughter, characteristic expression, like any you've seen before.

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Mummenschanz is easily enjoyed, yet it's difficult to explain just why. See Mummenschanz, and yes, stand up and cheer and yell bravely.

-C.B.
The Rocky Horror Picture Show

by Sandy Schubert

When was the last time you went to the movies and the audience participated? Usually you sit back and munch popcorn. I have a movie for you where you can throw popcorn at the screen. Or, if you prefer wearing fishnet stockings and rhinestone platforms go ahead. Nobody at this movie will think you are strange or out of place. In fact you will fit right in.

I know you’re dying to know the name of this flick. It is The Rocky Horror Picture Show. But you knew that right?

In case you don’t, it is a film about Transvestites from the planet Transsexual in the galaxy of Transylvania. The Rocky Horror Picture Show audience like to get right into the swing of things. They dress like the characters and perform enstages along with the movie. If you’re a true follower, you know all the words to the movie and what actions to take during different scenes.

I’ll give you some examples: What do you throw when a bride and groom leave the church? Rice, of course. The opening of The Rocky Horror Picture Show is a wedding scene. Guess what the audience throws? Be prepared to dig rice out of your hair.

In the next scene, two characters, Brad Majors (Barry Bostwick) and Janet Weiss (Susan Sarandon) are walking in the rain holding newspapers over their heads, singing, "There’s Light Over At Frankenstein Place." Naturally the audience stands, newspapers over their heads, waving flashlights and singing right along with Brad and Janet. It goes on and on throughout the whole movie. No matter how you try you can’t help but join in the fun.

The Rocky Horror Picture Show is an assorted crazy mixture of stereotyped science fiction, movies, comics and rock’n’roll of every vintage.

The story follows the sexual confusion of two middle American kids caught in the complications of the decadent morality of the 70’s, represented by a mad doctor, Frank N. Furter, a transvestite from the planet Transsexual in the galaxy of Transylvania.

On their way to visit an old college professor, the two kids, Brad Majors and Janet Weiss, run into trouble and seek help at "the Frankenstein place."

Dr. Frank N. Furter (Tim Curry) is in the middle of one of his experiments. He’s created the perfect man, a gorgeous hunk of blond beefcake called Rocky Horror (Peter Hinwood), who he intends to use for his own kinky devices. His biker called Eddie (Meatloaf) rides through the lab wall, wailing onacid, wondering What ever happened to Saturday Night? Frank N. Furter puts a permanent end to his question.

Then the old professor Brad and Janet set out to visit. Dr. Scott (Jonathan Adams), turns up at the castle for his delinquent nephew, Eddie. He knows Frank is an alien from another galaxy and intends to turn him in. But he is a little late. Frank N. Furter has already made his move seducing Janet, then Brad with a new hot libido attacks Rocky Horror while Frank is with Brad. And you thought the soap operas were something.

Before Dr. Scott can bring order back to this transylvanian orgy, Frank N. Furter has turned his caprices to stone, in preparation for a new area of drag reve. The show is interrupted by Riff Raff and Magenta in space tugs. They have come to take control from Frank whose lifestyle has become too extreme. Frank mistakenly thinks he will travel back to Transylvania with his new commanders, but instead is sent back to Transylvania in time with his creators and is also blasted to outer space.

Brad, Janet and Dr. Scott are left incapable of randyjusting to normacly, after they have tasted decade in this Time Warp.

A Lou Adler/Michael White musical production for 20th Century Fox, The Rocky Horror Picture Show was produced by Michael White and directed by Jim Sharman from a screenplay by Jim Sharman and Richard O’Brien. Starring Tim Curry, the film is an adapted version of his musical with book, music and lyrics by Richard O’Brien.

Mr. Richard O’Brien, being a fan of "B" movies, bad science fiction films, Dr. Strange comics and rock’n’roll, drew on these elements when he decided to write a piece that would draw people like himself into the theatre. For The Rocky Horror Picture Show, where he makes his motion picture debut, O’Brien recreates the role of the ghoulsh hunchback Riff Raff, a part he wrote for himself to play in the original London and subsequent Broadway productions of The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Created by Richard O’Brien, this homage to the horror film opened in London at the Royal Court’s experimental theatre upstairs as a six week workshop project June 1973. The show received such acclaim at this 60-seat theatre that it was quickly moved to larger quarters. The show found a permanent home at the 500-seat King’s Road Theatre, where it is still playing to a packed house. 18 months later, it was a major motion picture.

Five years later the film has a cult following that could outdo James Dean, Elvis Presley. People that walk, talk and impersonate the Rocky Horror characters so closely, you wonder where reality ends and fantasy begins. Then what is the harm in a little science fiction fantasy? Okay guys, if you want to get lost in a little old fashioned fun check out The Rocky Horror Picture Show and give yourself over to absolute pleasure.
Shaun Cassidy: Not for teenyboppers only

By Laurie Brocaway

Shaun Cassidy is just about the hottest male recording artist around these days — perhaps a hard fact for us collegiate disco animals to swallow, but true nonetheless. Cassidy, just-turned-20, has to his credit 3 gold singles, 3 gold albums which have already surpassed triple platinum status and a hit television series, "The Hardy Boys." And though a weekly television series has been a boost in the general direction of his recording career, Cassidy's first passion is indeed music. The son of actress Shiner Jones and the late Jack Cassidy, and brother of one-time teen idol David Cassidy, it would be fair to say that Shaun is a star in his own right.

Shaun's following consists of just about every normal-blooded American teenager and their pre-pubertic sisters. His fan-base unctionaries exist on every teen magazine on the stands. His starchy image makes him the sort that any another would love, the perfect date for daddy's little girl and the all-American teen idol. And indeed he's got the makings. He's adorably cute, clean-cut, sweet as can be and offers a perfect set of dimples. Cassidy is no kid. But we'll get to that later.

David Cassidy when we think teen idols were hard-core teenyboppers. Being a teen idol can be a pretty risky business. Inevitably, teenagers grow up, though teen idols sometimes do not grow with them. Michael Lloyd, another of the music business' young wonders, has had a long and successful career as having produced one for David a few years ago. In comparing the two brothers, Lloyd says: "David just didn't have the opportunity to grow or do anything different. He had to do the same songs each week on "The Partridge Family." He had to put out certain albums at certain times — songs he really had no control over. Shaun can do anything. Shaun has a great situation. This is exactly the right type of environment for David."

Perhaps David got a bad break back then but, even if his recording career seems to be at a standstill, he was recently nominated for an Emmy for his role in an episode of "Police Story" and is resulting David Cassidy is no fluke. He's composed the scores for major motion pictures and a number of made-for-TV movies. He's put together Shaun Cassidy's stage show, performs with him at weekend concerts, sings on all of Cassidy's albums and has released his own single, "Hey Rock N' Roller." However, he insists on keeping his music and image - what was going on off stage. He did wicked things with the microphone, bringing it up between his legs and jerking back and forth from his crotch. (I heard one mother tell an inquisitive youngster that "he has an itch." I'm not expecting to see the mom and dad of another big-name teen idol going off some of the Garden and back to the elbow of the home and "the Hardy Boys" show at the same time.) Shaun Cassidy is no kid, but he's got the charisma and the validity. He really is as sexy as all hell, not to mention genuinely talented, smart, articulate, and professional (being a fledgling superstar at 20 is proof of this). This is Cassidy's "adult appeal."

Cassidy's singing albatross opened the show to the tune of "That's Rock N' Roll," as he stood, pelvis in motion, backed by a large, chintz sheathed hoop. And, as was his custom, he sang from our seats (one, with my camera on the edge of my nook, Cassidy burnt through the hoop with a firework of smoke exploding around him.

He began with explosives and got more volatile as he went on. Donned in a skin tight black leather suit that didn't look safe to bend over in, he swept across the stage and swept up the audience with him. If I must complain, it's to mention a lack of catchy songs. His rich and strong voice carried through the Garden as he sung the favorites, "Lonely Girl, Our Night, Do You Remember Right Here, Doorie, Taxi Dancer." which he dedicated to his family — and more.

When he took off his jacket, he caused a massive teen-gas explosion; when he took it off his shirt (he had a light, white T-shirt underneath), I spotted a few potential fainters. "Bye-Bye Birdie" style - in the audience. When he took off his pants, they couldn't get off at the ankles. But, the audience held on just the same. Look, a guy who publicly dedicates a song to his family and makes you feel so proud you're not only not going to be totally X-rated. Underneath the skin tight black leather and the even skin tighter pair of white pants, however, his attempt to get the black ones off was foiled at the ankles. He looked up at the bandstand, spotted a few potential fans, and tried to pull them off via an emergency somersault. And then, in the middle of the last song, he announced, "I'm doing my first concert tour ever. I'm doing my first concert tour ever. And I'm going to do it in 10 weeks." And then the audience pretty well occupied doing a little bit of this and a little bit of that.

But what about all those all-night parties the music business is notorious for? "You got tired," he says, "there's only so much you can take. There are parties, but not wild ones. We don't stay up till four, hanging out with the girls."

What professional venture would this very successful, young record producer like to take on if he could? "I'd want to do the Beatles reunion album," he says with a grin, "I'd want to do that's probably not possible, but it would be fun."

Any other aspirations? says Michael, "I think that I would aspire to be totally respected and totally healthy & that would probably be enough at this point."

Continued on page 36

Michael Lloyd: Renaissance Man

Michael was "just playing in bands, writing songs, singing and doing little parts" when he found his way into the music business. At about 15, he was already working professionally. At 19, he was vice president in charge of artists and repertoire at MGM Records. He hooked up with Mike Curb of Warner-Chappell Records over a decade ago and has been working with him ever since. "We just always got along," says Michael of his association. "He was like my big brother, sort of."

Michael lives in Beverly Hills and spends a good deal of his time working in his recording studio next to the home. "All you have to do," he says, "is roll out of bed and into the studio. If you feel like it, you can do anything. We have all sorts of equipment and instruments and all the kind of stuff." Though most of Michael's time and energy is devoted to producing records, he enjoys performing with Shaun in his spare time. It's sort of like a relaxing extra curricular activity. "It's not really performance," says Michael, "I only do that if I want to. That's what I did. That's where I started, playing in bands, a long time ago."

In performing, he explains, "you get a different perspective. It's real good to do occasionally because you get a good feel for what's happening with the audience." Michael keeps his "spare time pretty well occupied doing a little bit of this and a little bit of that."
By Laurie Brokewy

in the endless clutter of bor-
ing D.J.s and the repetition of nervous
wracking top ten selections. WABC AM
plays in some popular disco tunes. On
FM, WJOX, WPLI and especially
WPLJ offer a distinctively novel venue
for play. However, WKTU has cornered
a gold mine of a market which surprisingly
by the end of last August it was
ready to go up till now — pure disco. The "new"
WKTU offers a non-stop disco inferno with
little chatter and lots of music, to
sooth your Saturday night fever at any
time or day.

New York's disco animals get up
dancing at six o'clock in the morning and
are busily boogying by nine. Perhaps only we
hard-core "Mellow Music" freaks recall
but up until last August, WKTU was New York's
"Mellow Music" station — so far
cry from its current disco status.
The switch came as a surprise. There was
little notice, except for a few announcements
for three days prior, stating that: "On Monday, at 6 PM,
there will be a change." Overnight, "Mellow 92" became "Dance 92." Varnish-
ished were the relaxing, easy-going, to
smoke-pot and sip wine, LO tunes and
stuff: heavy Billy Joel, Fleetwood Mac
the Eagles, etc. Though your basic
James Taylor, Fleet Mitchell, Neil Young
were sold, and especially
WYSP disco and the change had been
brewing for some time.

WKTU officially went on the air in
June of 1979. But, for 2 or 3 months
prior to that, they were operating rather
precariously as station WHOM. They
began airing a midnight program which
was a half simulcast with a Latin station
and the rest of the time they were
programming in 6 or 4 different
languages. Soon they started programming
contemporary music between 6 and 10 in the morning. Nobody knew
sure just what WKTU was then, includ-
ing the station. They were experiment-
ing with hard rock, soft rock, mellow rock
slipping in a little Frank Sinatra or
Quincy Jones here and there, while
trying to pick music.

"At the worst, this happened," says
WKTU's Assistant General Manager
John Mackin Ade, "most of us averaged
an age of 28-30, old Woodstock
generation. We knew musical tastes in our
heads, having nothing to do with pro-
gramming."

Since New York's radio programming
is so dissected, it was difficult to corner
an untouched market, something fresh. Larry MJOZ, then Program Director for
WKTU brought up the idea of station
WKNX FM in Los Angeles, which was
programming mellow music. So be it.
Mellow rock was decided upon.

WKTU wanted to do something
"classy." "They decided to program it
formally," says Ade, "with limited
programmers, a little bit of talk, no hype." So, they came up with a station
that did not play top 40's, that was
softer than WPLJ but nowhere near
disco. "Mellow 92" was born. They
the down-to-earth, blue jeans-type that
WNEW only disbled. And it was an
immediate success. "I never saw
anything catch on as quickly in New
York," says Ade. "Mellow 92" was
brought to air.

Within the first few months of opera-
tion, the station had captured 2.4 share
of the ratings in New York and was
already building a loyal audience
of listeners. But, since it was the only radio
station of it's kind, it was difficult to re-
search just what the mellow market was.
— there was nothing to compare it to.

In the beginning of 1976, station
WNYN began broadcasting choir answe-
r to "Mellow 92" — "Easy Moving
Music." Though Formatically they were
quite different, the music they were
programming was of the same genre.
"Mellow 92" had competition — but
WKTU was now able to determine what
the New York share for mellow music was.

At that point, WKTU experienced a
small dip in ratings — which was to be
expected — but they were still doing
rather well. They generally maintained
an audience double that of WNYN and it
was pretty well estimated that the soft
rock are had gone from a 2.8 to a 3.5
share in New York.

In January-February of 1978 it be-
came obvious that the market for mellow
rock was slipping. Research showed that
WKTU had a 1.9 share, while WNYN
had a 1.4. And nobody was winning.

It wasn't that WNYN was beating
WKTU, but with both of them on the
air, coupled with the fact that there are
other mellow stations (to all hardcore
"Mellow 92" listeners who had quired and complained about the
change. Of course, WKTU has lost a
good deal of their mellow listeners, but
there are many who've been fans for so
long that their radio dial remains on 92 FM. The disc jockeys are basically the
same, and people have certain favorites
that they stick with. And now, of course,
WKTU has captured a vaster audience.

Program director Matthew Cleincti,
who had reprogrammed the "Mellow 92"
concept, was "aware that the audience
was growing bigger than ever from here and that it's amazing that it took
someone in New York so long to do it."

Meanwhile, "Dance 92" can be heard
blasting in practically every boutique in
New York, as people boogie their way
through the driving rocks. "Dance 92" has
people dancing in the streets, on the trains, and through LaGuardia's corri-

dors too. It's a free disco party, and you
could be anyone you want to be to get in. Disco 92, as once was "mellow 92"
in its day, is a success!"

The question now that it's adjusted, will
WKTU remain a disco station forever?
"Nothing is forever," answers John
Mackin Ade, "but one thing we'll always
be distinctive. One thing you'll always
remember about WKTU is that we always
know what it is!!"
New York, New York

Text by Gabriel David
Photos by Laurie Brockway


Isn't this what New York City is all about? "They" say we have the highest crime rate in the world — you know the old joke, "take a walk in Central Park and get mugged." And yet, once you leave New York City, you leave a country, a renaissance of peoples and their cultures, a muting pot of the poor and rich living and working together.

How many Indian restaurants can you find in ... Kansas City, or where else can you stop for pizza 24 hours in the morning? Where do you have a wide variety of schools to choose from, or where else can you spend 365 and travel from borough to borough? It's all right here, in the City.

While some smart, quiet Little Town in Connecticut literally shuts down at 11:00 pm (except for the local bowling alley/room which closes at 11:30 pm); at the same time you can get all dressed up and "boogie the latest gatulations" until 4:00 in the morning at Studio 54, nobodying with New York's social elite. Perhaps you might want to catch a Broadway play and dine at an "American-Chinese-Hindu-Italian" restaurant. Or maybe you would just rather quaff a late movie and then explore 42nd Street and take in some city air while munching on Gyro's pizza.

Of course, Manhattan is just one of many places to hit the city scene. In Brooklyn there are over a dozen theatre, dance, and cultural happenings to attend. In Queens there are some small, isolated, but together night club pix, as each borough of the city is like a facet, part of a diamond which makes up New York.


Perhaps New Yorkers don't have solutions to everything — not to the poverty, discrimination and injustice that are still being experienced by people living in the city. It is our fault that these problems still exist. Then again — maybe these same elements are necessary to make a city what it is today. Close your eyes and imagine Broadway with no pimps, no beggars, no prostitutes, no con artists — then imagine El Barrio. It wouldn't be exciting because the "dancer" would be missing. Isn't this what New York City is all about? "They" say we have the highest crime rate in the world. Yet, once you leave New York City, you leave a country, a renaissance of peoples and their cultures, a muting pot of the poor and rich living and working together.
by Neil Trager

In his book *Creative Photography*, Helmut Gernsheim writes, “Photography is the only language understood in all parts of the world and bridging all nations and cultures, it links the family of man.” Beaumont Newhall, another historian, has described the camera as a mirror with a memory, and has called photography the “faithful witness.” Invented simultaneously in France and England (1839) even in its early years its practice spanned the globe. Significant work was produced in France, Germany, England, Egypt, Brazil, Switzerland and America since the 1850’s. Today its practice knows no bounds.

The camera has proven its unparalleled ability to record “reality.” The range of camera vision far exceeds that of the human eye. The camera captures events in a fraction of a second and preserves them indefinitely. It records sequences and arrests action with equal facility. It lends itself to expressive application through its versatility, and deals with the elements of art on terms equal to those of any other medium.

What sets photography apart from the other visual arts is its “authenticity.” When we look at a photograph we are confronted with the fact that the object, event or person pictured at one time existed. Through this unique characteristic, coupled with the absolute accuracy with which the subject can be rendered, photography provides us with some of our most important educational, psychological, historical and sociological documents. It’s most casual practitioners have provided us with an endless supply of “folk art” in the form of the snapshot. It’s most skilful have been able to integrate its aesthetic and informational characteristics in the creation of fine art.

At LaGuardia the photography program is a vital and growing force. Both credit and non-credit courses provide students and staff with the opportunity to learn about the materials and techniques of this medium. The photography club provides a valuable service to the school by maintaining and operating the photo lab after classes when all members may make use of the facilities. An ongoing series of workshops sponsored by the club provides a valuable resource for all those who would seek to know more about photography as a profession, a means of expression, or as a hobby. The photographs in this supplement were done by students in the school. It is with great pride that they are presented.
My personal past and present experiences in photography has expanded my life, thinking and creativity. I learned the basis of photography in the year 1974. During this time, I was doing an Army tour in Korea. I did not, however, think that photography was considered to be a form of "Art," but with the guidance and support of Professor Neil Trager I was able to redirect my direction in photography. I feel that photography is an unique form of communicating with other people. Through an array of techniques I can create and convey a message to anybody regardless of his cultural background. Most important of all I am allowed to share my feelings and experiences with others.

Ralph Ferreira

I was really interested in photography as a hobby, then I took a photography course with Mr. Neil Trager, who, to me is a very good photographer. The course was great because I learned a lot of photo techniques from him - both in picture-taking and developing and enlarging. Photography is really a very good hobby.

Yakusu Ibrahim

This photography course is the joint. Any student that ever thought about taking pictures should definitely take Beginning Photography. The course was a fantastic experience for me. Mr. Neil Trager and Mr. David Scheinbaum are very good instructors and they relate to the students very well.

Conrad Stridiron

I enjoyed my photography class very much, especially enlarging and painting photos. I think that the class worked out very well by having Neil Trager and David Scheinbaum co-teach the course. This way, the students get 2 opinions on their work. I'm really glad that I took the course and wish that I could take the advanced course in the fall but I'm graduating.

Cheryl Seemayo

I always enjoyed taking pictures - that was one of the reasons I took photography. The real experience was developing and printing the pictures myself.

Debra Lovely

To me, photography is more than learning to operate a camera effectively, developing film and making prints. Photography is a creative art that can be used to express how you feel and see your ever-changing world. Photography is a tool used to capture precious moments of time which otherwise may have been lost forever.

George Wiley

The photography course for me was really fabulous. I learned many things and discovered photography as an art. Now, I won't just take pictures because I want to, but I'm going to try to make my photos say something to demonstrate something to the rest of the world.

Sonia

Photography taught me to see things in a different way, not just to look at them, but to find something else beyond the pure object. It's a good feeling and you just want to take a picture of it.

Joel Caro
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WRITTEN, PHOTOGRAPHED AND DESIGNED

By LAURIE BROCKWAY
Most students don't particularly like to fail courses. But many don't particularly like to attend classes or work hard in those classes, either. Instructors are generally aware of this, but will flunk certain students just the same. Some students get especially ticked-off when they flunk for petty reasons like: cutting, missing work, or not doing hard work. Some students ask for incompletes, wait till the last minute of the next quarter to hand in a boring term paper, which they've cooked verbatim from a book that they did not include in the bibliography. Some students appeal the grade and just curse a lot. But some students will just kick ass on their instructors. This is far more effective and even kind of a sport which serves more than one purpose: A) it helps the angry student to eliminate pent-up anger, via creaming a teacher. B) it helps persuade instructors to change F grades by pretending to the Registrar that there's been a mistake. C) It makes other instructors think twice before they fall in with students, because they know that their colleagues have black eyes or are in instruction. D) It is good exercise.

You see, lame-out students aren't always totally lame. At least they are smart enough to know that since they can't use their heads, feet and arms just about as effectively, it might even look good on a resume, if a student wants to become a boxer.

Spring Quarter, Johnny Brown attended his Basic Comp a grade of three times and blessed his math teacher with a live appearance twice. Johnny, by the way, is the best student because of the Coop program and the girls, he felt that he was learning much more through hanging out in the gym. Though he still doesn't know the difference between a comma splice and an apostrophe, he can now shoot a mean blank and has built up his muscles, which he added in meeting many interesting women. This, in his, is education.

Since LaGuardia's philosophy is that learning can take place in many settings Johnny assumed that his unofficial independent study would be accepted. His Basic Comp teacher, Mr. Holmes, even wrote a T.A.R. manual, read a page and quoted him/her to the room. Take notes and participate in class discussion. 00 homework.

If you can't bare the thought of an ongoing relationship: Seduce your instructor in the little theater when there is no one there and have a friend take pictures from the wings. Do not tell the instructor that there is a photographer about until afterward. Supposedly, or, have a girl-friend or boyfriend seduce your instructor. Then you will have something shifty to dredge up from his/her past.

Make Friends

Establish a friendship with the instructor from the start of the class and make an appearance every two weeks or so to keep up the relationship. If you fail, the instructor has written a T.A.R. manual, read a page and quote him/her on it and say it was the best text book you've ever read. So good, in fact, that you've passed it on to your friend (which you actually haven't done, but which is your secret). If the teacher is especially nice, take advantage. Pretend that you never come to class because you stay up all night with your invalid mother, sick baby or suicidal spouse.

Threatening

Since there is always the danger of getting busted for taking a swing at a teacher, try to scare a good grade out of him/her first. If you are planning to or already have failed a course, pull the instructor aside and calmly tell him/her that you will rearrange his/her face if you do not pass the course.

If that does not seem to work, start calling the instructor's home at odd hours. Say that you will blow up his/her house. If you have a male instructor, talking dirty to his wife will work wonders, too.

Remember, you will not actually carry out your threats. We would not want to be responsible for putting deviate ideas in your heads.

ASS KICKING FOR AN A

By ROCKY ROSA

Go to classes. Smile when the teacher cracks a joke. Sit in the front of the room. Take notes and participate in class discussion. Do homework and hand term papers in time. Study for tests. Read the test book. Make the teacher think that you're smart.

Seduce

Have an affair with your instructor. Be very affectionate, even if it leaves a bad taste in your mouth. Have an affair with a teacher who is your instructor's friend or with your instructor's spouse (someone who can put in a good word for you). Go out with your instructor's son or daughter. If you do it right, it's almost guaranteed that you'll be excused from class by the second week of the course. Though you will have to continue with the private lessons.

Blackmail

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Making Friends

Establish a friendship with the instructor from the start of the class and make an appearance every two weeks or so to keep up the relationship. If the teacher is an artist, look at his/her artwork and pretend you love it. If the instructor has written a T.A.R. manual, read a page and quote him/her on it and say it was the best text book you've ever read. So good, in fact, that you've passed it on to your friend (which you actually haven't done, but which is your secret). If the teacher is especially nice, take advantage. Pretend that you never come to class because you stay up all night with your invalid mother, sick baby or suicidal spouse.

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BE COOL

Tell the instructor you work for this newspaper.
O.T. STUDENT CHARGED WITH FROG THEFT

By Hans F. Isker

A fierce rubber band war erupted in the cafeteria at 11:15, injuring 2, irritating 9 and causing 15 Middle College students to have a hell of a good time.

The incident was said to be provoked by a gang of wild Middle College students who entered the cafeteria with three large boxes of repeatedly stolen rubber bands and the intention to kill one another in celebration of their up-coming summer vacation.

Annoyed college students who were studying for final exams got caught up in the cross-fire and two were rushed to the nurses' office, where they were reported to be suffering from severe skin irritation due to rubber band snapping.

None of the Middle College students were harmed and there were no other injuries reported. However, one Middle College lad almost suffered a knee-to-the-groin injury after his reckless rubber band snapped Fulton Editor Lavern, in the behind. She was restrained from the action by a nearby staff and a security officer arrived shortly thereafter.

Most of the teenagers mongrelled upon hitting the man-in-blue. However, four remained to challenge the guard and were subsequently caught and taken to the office of the Security Director.

The leader of the gang, a tall blond male with a face like a monkey and a manner to match, was reported to have stolen the rubber bands from the Middle College office while the secretary was not looking.

The four students who were captured were reprimanded for rubber band sniping and their parents were notified. They have been charged with rubber band theft, with their case pending with the Middle College review Board until trial.

RUBBERBAND WAR ERUPTS IN SONY CAFE

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V.D. SPREADS ON CAMPUS

By Amanda Clep

Though the College expected the V.D. problem on campus to blow over by the summer's end, it seems that the problem is getting worse, as a survey taken by an independent student research team last week, it was concluded that one out of every ten students is affected by V.D. diagnosis.

"The situation is really getting out of hand," stated the I.D. coordinator who is new to the job and has been working at the college for only six months. "Students tend to yell at each other and throw tampons and sometimes throw boxes of tampons at other heavy objects when they cannot get their cards validated," added the I.D. coordinator's assistant.

Although the I.D. people are keeping students on their toes, many students have been coming to LaGuardia for years, they still claim that no one ever told them they need a green tampon receipt in order to get their I.D. cards validated.

"I don't know where I heard about that," said one Middle College student.

The frantic search for missing SFA student Narcy Collazo continues without a clue to his whereabouts.

Ms. Frid claimed to know nothing at all about the drug being there and refused to be interviewed.

"I've never even seen one before," she said as she returned to her refrigerator, last night.

Frid is a leader of a drug smuggling ring and is suspected to be the instigator of the drug deals on this campus.

"I've been working at this college for nine months and actually give birth to this child," continued Ms. Frid.

A search for Collazo continues.

By GRETA LaMOMA

The Coop Department and the Science Department are now working on a proposal submitted by the Woman's Committee which involves childbirth.

"Instead of having one woman spending nine months on one pregnancy," stated Aline Borre, Chairman of the Woman's Committee, "we propose that nine women work collectively on having a child.

If the proposal is accepted, a special committee will be designated to select nine female students for this special project. Each woman will receive a traditional three-cornered credit and will serve a one-month term of pregnancy on the basis of having a 13 weeks internship. However, the student who is designated to actually give birth to the co-op baby will receive an additional one credit for labor.

Though all departments involved are rather optimistic about the Coop baby endeavor, there are a few minor complications involved. Says Chairperson Borre, "It will be very difficult to choose which one will be assigned to work during a 13 weeks internship. However, the student who is designated to actually give birth to the co-op baby will receive an additional one credit for labor.

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As a side note, the Coop baby should be an interesting and educational experience for all. However, nobody is quite sure what they will do with the child, once it is born.

PROJECT COOP BABY

"The Birth of an Internship"

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Student Gets Pregnant From Kiss

"But I only did it once," whimpered Mary Ann Malarky as she discussed her kiss-induced pregnancy at a press conference which was held in the little theater today.

Ms. Malarky, a second-year student at LaGuardia, is the first woman in recorded medical history to ever become pregnant through the mere act of kissing.

With her parents, Margaret and John Malarky, the family priest and her older brother by her side, Ms. Malarky spoke before an audience of reporters and noted scientists, while cameras flashed and curious students and faculty pushed in to see what the commotion was all about.

Ms. Malarky, though not overjoyed with her condition, was enjoying all the attention and said: "If I knew it would have happened, I would have used protection. It was very innocent, you know. I met Paul in my health class and he asked me out on a date. But my father doesn't allow me to date yet, so I told him we couldn't be friends in school. I don't know, it all happened so fast. We started spending time during breaks together. One thing led to another and, before I realized it, we were sharing a locker.

At this point, Mrs. Malarky began to weep and was comforted by the family priest.

"Then," continued Ms. Malarky, "one day while I was getting a book out of the locker, Paul came by. The locker was open and we both went for it. That's all."

Ms. Malarky was becoming obviously distressed as she spoke. Her father suggested she'd said enough, but she insisted on continuing her tale.

"Yes, he kissed me and it caused a tingling sensation to shoot through my body. Having been warned of this sensation when I was in high school at Sister of Virtue Preparatory, I recognized it as sexual excitement and demanded that he rent his own locker."

Ms. Malarky, tears welling in her eyes, reiterated the fact that she'd only done it once and began getting a book out of the locker, Paul came by. The locker was open and we both went for it. That's all."

Contrary to that, the scientific community is inclined to believe that the pregnancy was caused by the kiss, leaning more toward the theory that some physical contact had to be involved.

In an interview with world-renowned scientist, Harold J. Fuld, Dr. Fuld explained: "It's simply amazing, and only comparable to the mating habits of "Kissing Guami." Kissing Guami, Dr. Fuld explained, are a tropical fish which are blue with little white dots on them. In his book, "THE KISS IN "711 GUAM," Dr. Fuld explains that the fish, which matures to about five inches long, mate by joining in a kiss-like position, whereupon the male gives his mate seed into the female, who recovers by sucking. Very interesting, indeed.

Close sources to Ms. Malarky have revealed that she will appear on the Johnny Carson show and make a guest appearance on America Tonight to discuss her kiss-induced condition.

Laguardia:

May 19th—An earthquake, causing the deaths of thousands of rats and mice located in the basement of the cafeteria in the Main building, and completely devastating the new wing, was reported by reliable sources to have left rats and mice running on the floors of the building.

The administration's educated comment on the quake was: "It was quite a jolt."

Yesterdays FOLLIES: JANUARY 1779

40 - FIORELLO'S FOLLIES

OOPS! WE FORGOT THE PICTURE

- Photo by NERD NO NON-DUO

- Have you ever found yourself asking friends, or even casual acquaintances: "Hey, can I borrow your face? I have a date tonight and mine's just a mess." How often do you look in the mirror and notice how ugly you are and think, or even say to yourself: Gee, I wish I didn't have this face." Do you spend hordes of money on simple creams, moisturizers and make up to try to make the face on your head look different, or at least a little better than it is? Do you ever dream about not having the face that you do have, or have nightmares about the one that's presently residing?

- If you answered yes to any of these questions, it's time to face up to facts—your ugly and your face has got to go.

- Now you're probably thinking: "Am I doomed to a life of the ugry? Will I ever be asked for a date, or even propositioned on the subway? What can I do about my face?"

- Well, the answer is simple. REMOVE IT!

- For $19.98, you can order LADY PRESTO'S FACE REMOVER and it will eliminate every trace of your face. Plus—and it's great. No more face, no more uglies. That's right, just $19.98.

- And, for a limited time only, we'll send you a new face for a mere $10,000 extra. That's right, just $10,000 extra.

ORDER YOURS NOW, WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

And, why not stock up? LADY PRESTO'S FACE REMOVER and optional new face make the perfect Christmas gifts.

- My Name is ____________________________

- I Live At ____________________________

- Enclosed is my $ for _____ of LADY PRESTO'S FACE REMOVER

- Enclosed is my _____ for my new face(s)

- I Look in the Mirror _____ times per waking moment. (Optional)

- SUBSCRIBE TODAY!

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- The administration's educated comment on the quake was: "It was quite a jolt."

- Students relaxing in the Main lounge and cutting classes in the Main cafeteria were among those most seriously affected by the tremors. Student number 80-67-95 complained of severe vertigo resulting from inner ear damage due to students screaming: "Classes canceled!"
Idol in the Raw Gets S.F.A. Pissed

The Follies’ Idol in the Raw, Pablo “Macho” Cruz, pulled a real zinger the other day at a Student-Faculty Association meeting. The board was heavy into fruitless debate when Pablo casually strolled in an hour late, wearing nothing but his sneakers and an old beach hat. Gee, were the board members pissed... they hate when people come in late to meetings.

Pablo: Took his sneakers off, but covered up — in case his mom sees this issue.

Campus Pranks: What A Gas

What would college be without all those wacky old pranks we see in all those dippy old movies about college life that run on the late show. Well, on August 16th, a few of the gang got together and organized a fun-filled day of merry old pranks and had themselves a wacko time. Wow!

They started out by dressing up in women’s clothing and having a wild pea fight in the cafeteria and with a wild pea fight in the cafeteria and more on to how many people they could cram into a phone booth. Then they stuck into the Social Science office and made breathers to all the deans. From there, they trucked on down to the girls’ locker room and staged a nifty panty raid and then breezed through the corridors with panties on their heads. After that, they stopped for a rest, parked themselves at the foot of a stairway and checked out the scenery — under the skirts of women descending the stairs.

Boy, did they have a piss! And if that wasn’t enough, they dug a hole in front of the Main building — just for kicks — to see how many people would fall in. When College officials made a stink about it, they refilled the hole — with freshman Danny McDoodle and cement. Boy, did they have a piss!

As The Stiffs Come Marching In

Well, actually it’s a bit difficult to get a corpse to march. It’s more likely that they’ll be rolled in, once the College’s new Mortuary Science Program gets off the ground — or should we say, goes underground. And just think, we’ll all get to go to school with the future funeral directors of the world — a connection that might just come in handy some day.

Aspiring mortician, Marina Bina and a friend. This one was too far gone for an educational autopsy, though.

Groovin’ Bunko Band Rocks LaG.

On August 23rd, the mavin tunes of the Groovin’ Bunko Band rocked the red carpet area and echoed through the main corridor, disturbing many students who were taking crucial final exams which would determine whether or not they would graduate on September tenth with the rest of us who had finished final exams on August 22nd.

Mixing bubble gum rock with solid blues, the Groovin’ Bunko Band was a real blast and a half, and we predict that they’re destined to make the bottom 40’s chart of an unknown station, someday. They were absolutely mediocre!

If you were in the middle of finals while the Bunko’s were doing their thing, you’ll probably get to see em again in the fall when they return for a repeat performance — so don’t sweat.
Flute Editor Goes Bye-Bye

By LAVERK

Services for Lauris Brockway, a 31-year-old LaGuardia student from Queens, were held all over New York today at sunrise. Rather unconventionally, the ceremony took place on the street in front of her hallowed muddy skies. Ms. Brockway's ashes were spread around the city.

A native New Yorker, Ms. Brockway, was told, died for the thought of being "laid to rest." She decided, prior to her death, that she'd rather be laid down for no apparent reason.

We were told, didn't go for the thought of being "laid to rest." She decided, prior to her death, that she'd rather be laid down for no apparent reason.

"I guess it's just as well," said the friend, "it's the way she wanted it arranged.

The friend then went on to explain that Ms. Brockway's views on death and dying were very private. She was not into sharing it with an audience of mourners, who were of absolutely no use to be a dead person. She felt that, since dying did not always occur according to personal taste and timing, the dead person should at least be able to choose the service they would want when they were absolutely ready for it.

In an interview with Ms. Brockway's close friend, who was responsible for executing the departed's final plans, we inquired as to her reasons for carrying them out as such. Said the friend, "Because Brock said she'd come back and make me listen to 80's music."

The friend, who chose to remain nameless, was told.

"It was her wish," said Ms. Locks, "to be swept off her feet." Ms. Locks contacted Little Red Riding Hood for a complete mystery as to the whereabouts of Ms. Brockway.

Our source also reported that Ms. Brockway's friends may have also suggested that perhaps per perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps perhaps possibly be because she had a few bucks saved in her piggy bank. Asked what he would do when the babies came, he said, "Well, we've been lucky so far..."

Day Care Kiddies Find True Love

By NORRIS NASH

Later that day, their parents began to worry when they could not locate the children and notified police. The pair was eventually picked up at LaGuardia Airport, where they were about to depart for a honeymoon in Hawaii, via the baggage department of an island-bound 747.

When the Parentenders and the Henders tried to separate the two, the children threw wild temper tantrums and threatened to.O.I., themselves on aprons if they could not remain together. Touching by their deep devotion to one another, the elders relaxed and figured they couldn't bear love.

As if she thought the age difference would eventually affect their relationship, Nellie May commented that "I've always liked older boys..."

When Bobby Joe, was quizzed as to how he would support his wife, he said that he had a few bucks saved in his piggy bank. Asked what he would do when the babies came, he said, "Well, we've been lucky so far..."

In her "Alive With Pleasure" T-Shirt -- The Irony of It All agenda of subsequent events. And, since the dead person is generally not around to allow Ms. Locke to compensate for previous damages and the profit, they could not locate the piggy bank. Asked what he would do when the babies came, he said, "Well, we've been lucky so far..."

THE HAPPY COUPLE

Fairy Tales for Big Folks

NATIONAL NEWS

By NOAH ARK

NEWS FLASH -- Today, in the outskirts of the Enchanted Forest, in a giant Goldilocks was spotted in the company of the immortal Abby Hoffman.

Ms. Locks, who was later apprehended by an undercover lout, confessed that she'd been hiding in an unfamiliar folk tale since her failed encounter with the Three Bears. She furthermore admitted to having Black relations with Mr. Hoffman, who had assumed the identity of Prince Charming and had said, Ms. Locks, "Swiped me off my feet."

Mr. Hoffman was not believed by authorities and they have claimed that she is "simply disappeared." Later reports revealed that she had changed into a cat and just hopped off. The Forest Patrol has posted undercover investigators in the cat's litzy pads in hopes of capturing the fugitive.

As for Goldilocks: The Three Bears, who now own and operate a sleeky diner in Long Island City, contend that they will drop the age old charges against Ma. Locke if she reimburses them for previous damages and the profit.

Though it was reported that the Bears agreed to allow Ms. Locke to compensate for previous damages and the profit, they could not locate the piggy bank. Asked what he would do when the babies came, he said, "Well, we've been lucky so far..."

The tale of the Enchanted Forest, aaging Goldilocks was optioned for TV and she is now working on a pilot to be worked for a honeymoon in Hawaii, via the baggage department of an island-bound 747.

Crisco reports have a that Cinderella is recovering nicely and will be up and around shortly. It's been quite some time since she'd had a ball, having taken that nasty fall off her platform glass slippers two months ago. It's been reported that the Prince is planning to give her a big one as soon as she recovers fully...

The story of The Little Old Lady Who Lived In a Shoe have been altered as such since she discovered the pill. As you might recall, the PTA made a big stink a few years back, accusing her of being an "unfit mother" and a "bad influence on children" in general, since there had never been any evidence of a father in her tale. At any rate, recent reports have it that she's now going through menopause and the story might be dropped altogether...

Snow White's fun, Princes is trying for divorce on the grounds of adultery. He claims the full-term, seven inch child she gave birth to last month couldn't possibly be his. At a press conference earlier this month, Prince is quoted as saying: "I knew she was still missing around with those darts dudes, but this is just totally unacceptable..."

Snow White doesn't seem to be too perturbed by the divorce and is planning to continue her national crusade against singer Randy Newman. We hear her organization, "Save The Shoelaces" is quite successful these days...

The tale of Rapunzel has been cancelled. It seems she grew tired of washing her long locks and was getting headaches and unusual spilt ends. She has decided to step up to style and get a fashionable short hair cut. However, her story has been optioned for TV and she is now working on a pilot to be aired this fall...

The Happy Couple

More to Come
British rocker, Mick Jagger, will be joining LaGuardia's instructional staff this fall to teach music and rock-related courses. Mr. Jagger, lead singer of a relatively famous rock band called the Rolling Stones, has been hired as an adjunct instructor in the Music Department, with permission to teach a full-time, year-round, professor in the spring quarter, maybe.

Mr. Jagger is already busy settling into his new official preparation for his winter courses. Though he is in the habit of being attacked and having his clothing ripped off by star-stuck fanatics whenever he is spotted in public, no one at LaGuardia has seemed to recognize him. Few people seem to be at all excited about Mr. Jagger's new appointment are Mr. Jagger himself and the student staff of this fall's Main Building last week and handed to the office to grab a tape recorder and put on some make-up. She later tracked him down in the men's room and got him to submit to an interview. Commented Mr. Jagger: "Caught me with my knickers down, didn't ya... now, how can I refuse that?"

As she walked with Mr. Jagger in his new office, Pistachio said she overheard a student comment excitedly: "Wow, there goes that reporter, Pistachio Rose. And isn't that what's name?"

Pistachio said that Mr. Jagger was very approachable, bright and friendly and that he will probably take us to Studio 54.

By Pistachio Rose

Follies: So, what brings you to LaGuardia?
Mr. Jagger: Basically, the cash. But I've always wanted to teach, you know, and I never college would hire me.
Follies: Oh, why is that?
Mr. Jagger: Well, you know, I've done drugs and stuff and I can't shake the stereotype. And I got arrested for planting a wall once, that sort of thing. Most people think that rock singers are wild and erratic. They don't want their kids to come to a school where a rock singer is teaching, so the school don't want any part of you. They think you're bad news. A matter of fact, they think you're sort thing... in front of the kids and all, you know. My agent said maybe I ought to put on a new image, you know, that I'm a rock singer.
Follies: Well, you're a pretty famous performer. They'd probably find you out even if you were a nun.
Mr. Jagger: Yeah, might be. It's amazing, some old slag they'll hire, but once they know you're a rock singer, they get all uptight, you know. They're more into the disco type in New York universities, you know... or the intellectual type. But there's lot of kids out there who want to learn how to be rock stars... it just doesn't make sense to them to go to these expensive private one teaching them, right?
Follies: You do have a point there. Why do you think LaGuardia hired you?
Mr. Jagger: Well, there are two reasons. Basically because I can get into Studio 54. I really can't tell you the second reason.
Follies: Oh, come on. Let me in on it.
Mr. Jagger: Sorry luv, just can't.
Follies: Why can't you tell the second reason?
Mr. Jagger: Well, it's probably I'll probably get me fired, is why.
Follies: Can you tell us the offer the reason?
Mr. Jagger: Well, since you're such a cute little bird...[passage]...pennonassament.
Follies: You're kidding!
Mr. Jagger: Nope. Follies: You mean... Mr. Jagger: Yeah. Ahn't that something?
Follies: Gosh. I never heard anything like that.
Mr. Jagger: Yeah man, it's a freaking blast, is it.
Follies: Yeah. I'm glad you told me.
Mr. Jagger: Yeah, but just cool out about it. Keep it in your knickers, you know.
Follies: Wow! Well anyway, what do you think of LaGuardia this far?
Mr. Jagger: Well, except for that, it's pretty good. I was taught in a university before, ya know. Well, yeah, you do, cos I just told you. The place looks good. I don't know about those planes they got in the hallway, but it's cool. They don't have a car in the lunch bar, but me old lady can pack some up for me if I want. Yeah. I like it. Yeah, it's cool, I guess.

MICK JAGGER

Follies: What sort courses will you be teaching?
Mr. Jagger: Well, come winter, I'll be teaching a course in rock and roll. They say I should start off small. They've even called the bloody thing "Basic Rock and Roll", or something as boring as that. But, it'll be good and real, you know, I'll sing most of it, I will, but there'll be some lecture and a bit of bullshit too. College kids like that. I hear, I've gonna go into stuff like, you know, why disco sucks and what punk rock is too. We'll have guests too. Blakes like Keith Richards and Johnny Rotten and the like. I think of something good by then.

Follies: What other ideas do you have?
Mr. Jagger: Plastic. luv... "specially if you tried like you straight stuff before me very eyes.
Follies; Well, I'm sure, but I mean courses ideas.
Mr. Jagger: Yeah, well, I put in one of them proposals for a course called "Rapid Pelvic Movement." That's real important, 'specially if you wanna do concert and all. When you're in the recording studio, it doesn't matter much, but it's an essential stage technique. All aspiring rock singers should know it. I hear that the... a, what's it called, a... oh yeah... the Curricular Committee, yeah, I hear they're all in a huff about it. Goes back to what I want to get in there and unruffle 'em on these one of these days. I think I'll invite 'em to one of my concerts.

Follies: Well, it all sounds pretty good. What will you expect of your students and how will you grade them?
Mr. Jagger: Of course. I'll expect them all to have some famous like nemo someday but, of course, not anywhere near as talented. That's impossible. I'll probably give all the birds A's. If they're not too fat or ugly or have pimples or anything. I won't be too hard on the kids, as long as they don't act like puffs about it. I won't stand for anybody whanking off in the back of the classroom, anything like that, if that's what you mean.

Follies: Well, it sounds real good. I'm sure you're be a great teacher, and that you'll make a valuable contribution to the Colleges by being on its stuff. I don't exactly know why, but you probably will.
Mr. Jagger: Well thank you, luv. You are a sweet one, aren't you.
Follies: Just one more question. Mr. Jagger:
Mr. Jagger: You can call me Professor, professor.
Follies: Okay, Professor Jagger, can you get me and my editor into Studio 54?
Mr. Jagger: Well, sure. Yeah, maybe we can work something out when Blance and Jari aren't in town. Me and Blance are geitin divorced, you know, don't want to see her around. Sure. With you, I can turn off that recording machine, and we'll talk about it...

AS WE WERE GOING TO PRESS...

As we were going to press, we were notified that a semi-mass rally was being held in the Main Cafeteria to protest Mr. Jagger's recent appointment to the Music Department's instructional staff. In a "follow that car," we frantically scanned the "press release" and raced to the scene.

When we arrived, we found a hand a foot of angry students agitating, because Stevie Wonder had not been appointed to the position instead.

The students claimed that they had submitted a petition bearing 5,000 signatures in favor of giving Mr. Wonder the teaching post in the College to the Music Department last quarter.

The department claimed they never even saw such a petition. However, it was later discovered by a secretary in a [blurry hole of old petitions] which included petitions regarding teaching arts for the Beatles, the original Supremes and Jose Feliciano.

A spokesman for the department, who never did get a chance to tell us his name because the ambulance men took him from the scene so swiftly, attempted to calm the group down. He tried to explain that Mr. Jagger had been appointed to his position in an attempt to broaden the Music Department's instructional range of musical styles and trends. He also tried to explain that, since Mr. Wonder had won so many awards and honors for his work, that "his price was too damn high." He continued to say that, since they already have The Bee Gees, Donna Summer, Eddie Palmieri and Barry White on staff, "We need someone to teach rock and roll."

The spokesman's attempt to make peace was met by violence and the students began to harass him with two day old cafeteria putries and hamburgers. One of the hambUrger rolls hit him in the head and he was knocked unconscious. Not satisfied with the damage done, the students plastered him with the cafeteria's version of Chinese rice.

Soon after, six policemen and two ambulance arrived. The spokesman was immediately taken to Astoria General Hospital, along with a security guard who had slipped on some rice and fractured his ankle while attempting to come to the spokesman's aid. The spokesman is reported to be suffering from a bad concussion and food poisoning, which is a result of some of the frigid rice slipping into his system via his mouth.

The police arrested four students for assault with deadly food. We could not obtain their names at the time of this writing.

The cafeteria stated that they would not charge for the loss of goods, if ever, in turn, were not charged for the spokesman being food poisoned.

In a series of very quick interviews with innocent bystanders, we received the following comments: "Man, it was awful, there was food flying all over the place, They got some on my new pants... "It was real fun; haven't seen any good action around these parts in a long time; I'm a band member and you're, my girlfriend - she kisses really good, you know - yeah, I was in the cafeteria but I didn't see nothing." And "Who is Mick Jagger?"

Mick Jagger commented: "Jesus, all that happened one of me, did it? I'd better not see any of the suckers in any of my classes. Who's Stevie Wonder, anyway?"

Stevie Wonder commented: "What the hell do you want to say to me? And 'Who's Stevie Wonder, anyway?"

Bonna Summers' educated comment was: "Oh, love to love ya, baby.

There were many other comments, but some of them are worth printing.
She wants to experience pure lust - and she's climbing all over even him), and flings and freaks out when the Devil explicit. None of this simulated garbage. He figures he's been nice enough as a librarian-type, goes through her goodies all her life, she goes to the Devil a series of porn flicks to cover and then some. I mean, it's real of sympathetic and lets her get her last licks in. Sud­denly, she's in this room with some freaks who's sitting there trying to catch flies that aren't there and catching flies all day. There she ia, strung­around talking to himself and trying to catch flies that aren't there and spastic hell and can't get good tips. The plot is pretty simple. Ms. Jones, a librarian-type, goes through her whole life being Little Godzilla-Two-Shoes. Never does a damn thing to anyone and never lets anyone do a damn thing to her. Instead of just giving out and getting laid, she decides to do herself in — real dramatic like, you know. She gets into the bath tub and does a number on her wrists. Real gross, too.

Then, even though she's been a goody-goody all her life, she goes to the Devil for doing herself in. But, the guy is sort sym­pathetic and lets her get her last licks in. So what does she want to do? She wants to experience pure lust — and I mean pure lust.

Man, this film is a stinker. Ms. Jones covers just about everything there is to cover and then some. I mean, it's real explicit. None of this simulated garbage. So what happens? She gets hooked on it. I mean, she's strung out for the stuff. But she forgets that this is just a fast fling and freaks out when the Devil comes to get her. He takes her for a walk (she's climbing all over even him), and tells her that she's had her jollies and now she's got to go straight to hell. But she doesn't want to go. It's like she can't live without what she's been getting. But the Devil's not into giving seconds and he figures he's been nice enough as it is. Anyway, by letting her have a taste of, off . . . everything, he's seasoned her for the perfect hell.

So, Ms. Jones is shooting a pickel about going to hell and she goes back to Land to get her last licks in. Sud­denly, she's in this room with some freaks who's sitting there trying to catch flies that aren't there and numbing something about being invaded. And the guy, aside from being a yut job, is a total asshole who sits around talking to himself and trying to catch flies all day. There she is, strong­out for sex and trying to talk him into it. He doesn't even hear what she's saying. She goes nuts and realizes she stuck there for eternity and after. This is her hell. A real temper-jerk. Whadda way to go.

The Devil is Ms. Jones is a must-see! If you're a pervert at heart, come incognito, most of the administration will. I mean, every­body's there for the same reason as you are — to tingle their senses, or have their senses tingled as the case maybe. For those of you who are regulars, there will be a raincoat rental stand on hand to provide discreet transactions. This film is a stinker, guaranteed to give you hot pains. You won't see the Devil Ms. Jones, top of Ms. Jones and all over Ms. Jones. Seating and raincoats are limited. First come, first served.

Remember, please, this film contains super mature viewing matter. I mean, don't bring the Day Care kiddies. In all seriousness, if you are unable to keep control, don't come. We don't want to get you all overheated and revved up. Let us remind you, illicit sex acts are not permitted on campus.

American Gratuits$ by JOSE SCHWARTZ
Produced by the Association for Wall-Endowed Rus. Under Tipped-American Buranida and Waitresses, this film is the biggest bore to hit Screening Room 7 since Barry Lindhorn met me into my office three years ago.

Directed by half Moon of Singing in the Rain Route non-film, American Gratuits is supposed to be a scat film designed to frighten of cheap Americans into leaving better tips for waitresses and hormos. But shit, we work for a living too, ya know!

We're supposed to think that they're all a bunch of cuties little innocents, who have to resort to all sorts of weird things to make enough money to live on.

Busty Amanda Mura plays a cute little waitress named Bobbi Jo who has to support her invalid mother and fight off her lecherous stepfather. She meets up with a harelip named Penny Sue, another little chantful devil, played by Cheryl Tiggs, who's running away from an alcoholic husband who beats her at whum. The two hook up and try to conjure up ways to bring in the bucks, which will ultimately allow them to dump all their commitments, pay off their families and go to Hollywood to be­come movie stars. (However, judging from their performances, those people really give waitressing a whirl.)

The whole thing is, they're both as septic as hell and can't get any good tips. Director B. M., whose initials appropriate­ly describe the quality of this film, makes a sad attempt to give the film a semi-suspenseful edge by making you think that the chicks are gonna provide ya with some pop-pocking, soft-core action — at least. So, the first 15 min­utes gives your senses a little tingle of anticipation, waiting to see what kind of weird things they're gonna resort to.

After 15 minutes, you couldn't give a shit what happens and ya just want the damn flick to end. You don't even want to stay for free drinks and ya definitely can't handle the press conference.

I mean, the film ends with the biggest anti-climax in the world, stories no message and just sucks in general. The chicks wind up babysitting on Sunday nights and getting fat. And Moon says the motto is that "if you don't tip, you chance losing the beauty of America." I mean, come on.

Suggested Readings

Student Go Home, Anon Nauf?'s heart­warming tale about a young medical student who gets kicked out of medi­cal school for accidentally killing a patient while serving as an intern at a hospital.

If A Dog Berks, Shoo it, LaZell LaPafa's first novel is a thrilling, spine tingling mystery about a pack of wild and in­visible dogs that hang around a college campus and eat female students.

Dick And Jene Have Desires Too, An erotic classic written by the Follies staff. Detailed pictured and amazing revelations about the "wholesome threesome."
Herbert the Pervert was leaning against the doors of a Manhattan bound train "doing his thing" for the benefit of the young lady seated directly across from him. Herbert manipulated his tongue in the manner which perverts are notorious for and followed up with a succession of pelvic movements. The woman simply looked at him in disgust, which meant, of course, that she was interested. So, Herbert continued to practice his sensuous-circling-tongue-technique, while engaging in a dry hump with a (as of yet) non-existent humpee. This was Herbert's M.O.

Herbert's performance was indeed effective and, to the pervert's delight, the woman assured his interest with a "copious" tongue motion, adding a suggestive drool. This got Herbert hot. He knew he was giving her a real thrill and as a matter of fact, he had gotten all the train for nothing, at the upcoming stallon. This was indeed unfortunate for the pervert, who was still absorbed in his initial state of euphoria, that he hadn't been more observant of the lady he was about to become intimate with. Had he not been so involved with planning how he would enhance the lady's carnal knowledge, he might have noticed that she, in fact, was a he — in drag. It was even more to the pervert's misfortune that he did not discover this until, at a most desirous moment, he frantically ripped off the lady's panties.

This was quite an awkward moment for the pervert and, at that point, he was in no mood for Quint suprises. Herbert was quite dismayed by his findings and did not quite know how to deal with it. Life had never treated him to any more dramatic a dilemma than having to bar a knee that had intentions towards his gone. This business got Herbert rather shook up.

Herbert quietly and casually replaced the panties back over the organ, which was now saluting him, poetry excusing the awkward misunderstanding. However, Herbert, not pleased with the thought that he had gotten off the train for nothing, displayed his displeasure when he withdrew a knife from a small case that was attached to his garter. Herbert was quite distressed, defenseless and, adding assault to injury, disappointed. Herbert vainly attempted to explain an urgent appointment on the A train which he had suddenly remembered. He/she was in no mood for games.

Within moments, He/She wielded two weapons before the helpless Herbert, and assured him that the choice was his. Recovering slightly from his faint condition, Herbert firmly refused both, reciting an assortment of profanities and included a short lecture on abnormal behavior. He/She was not at all pleased with this tiresome delay; while Herbert was not exactly delighted with it all either. The pervert found both options rather distasteful, yet could not help notice He/She's knife, which was a fraction away from the nose, of which Herbert was rather fond.

The blade glimmered beneath the dull subway lighting, and Herbert's favorite nose, and seemed to sway Herbert's intention to remain a common subway pervert. Alas, finding not much choice in the matter, Herbert decided to submit to temporary deviation, rather than volunteer for almost certain pain. So, Herbert, as awkward as it was, was about to perform an illicit, and certainly unbecoming sex act when suddenly there was heard a shuffling of what seemed to Herbert to be scanty feet. A shopping bag lady appeared, schlepping her shopping bag, and having great intentions of using the facilities.

The woman was taken aback upon sighting a woman with a penis and a pervert about to engage in some kinky sex act. When the moment of surprise wore off, she began swinging her shopping bag at the two. She got the astounded Herbert in the head and, lucky for Herbert, she had previously been scouting around through some trash near which were rich with shopping bag lady-type treasures. Old shoes, cigar boxes and rotten apples. While He/She went down, Herbert tore-off. But the shopping bag lady came after him, her bag swinging wildly through the subway corridors. Then, the apple box always, being unable to defy (and), toppled out of her bag and she decided to chase after her foremost concern, rather than Herbert.

Herbert noticed this and saw that she no longer presented a threat. He stopped at a safe distance. Herbert the pervert waited for her to look up after she'd captured all her apples and, as a gesture of his appreciation, flashed the old girl a peek at his privates.
Dear Editor,

Page 80 of the latest issue of the *Follies* you printed an advertisement which listed various workshops and activities available to students.

Your handling of men engaged in different domestic activities accomplished the listing. You claimed that the workshops and activities were open to everyone. However, though you advertised workshops such as No Mess Cookies, No Smoke Needlepoint, Sewing Machine Techniques and Rapid House Cleaning, you offered no drawings of men engaged in these activities. The list of the women depicted then engaged in these activities, it could easily lead people into believing that these workshops are open to women only.

We have been assured that the workshops are open to both men and women, however, we feel that the ad will discourage men from joining said workshops and make them think they are only allowed to participate in sports-oriented workshops. Women already know that they are welcome. They already know that God made them to do domestic chores and take workshops to help them learn to do them better. Men need a little more encouragement, since they are conditioned to believe that they are supposed to do sports and be bread winners and act macho and stuff.

As the Editor of this column, you should encourage men to get out of the basketball court and into the kitchen. An liberated husbands and boyfriends, we feel it is our responsibility to make sure that the Follies around here don't get slighted. It is our job to make a stink every time something like this happens. You understand our point, don't you?

The Guys Committee

- Arnold Reddit
- Dietta Small
- Bette Braker
- Tommy Stotelgrass
- Paul Pika
- Juanita Vanlili III
- George Whitehead

Typical men - all talk, no action. All you guys do is send out these ridiculous memos. Well you can take your goddamn memo and stick it in your ear. I am sorry, you didn't even show up for "Men's Week." By the way guys, our dates for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday are off.

Fondly, The Editor

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Dear Editor,

I am 42 years old and have graduated from LaGuardia. I just want to be when I grow up is 43, but my parents and my counselors say I should do something else, like get a career.

The only thing I like to do besides going to school and day dream in weird pretense haikus. My counselor said I should stay in college for a job.

With Fondness, Thanks,

Herminia J. Smith

Stop by the Follies office Saturday after midnight - we're located in the west end of Venice, CA.

Dear Editor,

DEGENERATE SEeks HELP

No way, you degenerate

- Editor

MOONER MADNESS

Dear Editor,

Could it be true that those of you who call Florida’s Flite that they if even there another Mooner of the Month, they should get one that doesn’t have hemmoroids and that is a girl?

- Reader

ON WRITING HUMOR

To write humor, you have to be in the mood. When you’re not in the mood and you write it anyway it doesn’t come out very funny. When it doesn’t come out too funny, nobody laughs at it and therefore it is not humor. Get the point?

Someone who is set laughing

Why don’t you try to knock out 15 papers of humor and see how funny you feel.

Dear Editor,

I can’t understand why everybody keeps saying that there isn’t any good comic on campus. And what anybody want to take a corse for anyway, I think these people should concentrate more on the live ones, like we do.

Ms. Emily Lastile
Saturday Night Live

which will resume in the fall

Dear Editor,

May I suggest that when next quarter’s course offerings are listed, you include a course in basic toilet training? I am absolutely appalled by the conditions of the bathrooms in this college. Besides the fact that they are hardly cleanable by the people who allegedly clean them, the women who use the facilities are pigs.

Every time I enter a stall, I feel over tinkle on the seat. Is that LaGuardia’s answer to modern decor? It’s disgusting. There’s always a pool of piss on the floor, into which the moment often steps. One tends to feel one’s in a weashing pool. You just can’t go in peace around here. You never know what’s going to slide around your bottom, attach itself to your rear and jump out of the bowl for that matter. It’s really awful.

Something must be done in those bathrooms. Something other than standard procedure.

V. I. P.

The College

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TEACH THEM HOW TO DO IT AND DO IT WELL

In your lover pathetically non-sexual, unexcited and uninteresting?

Do you she the lack of self-susceptive, and downward level techniques it takes to make you tingle and twitch?

Does your lover fail to stimulate you and yet you live in a state of wild and uncontrollable passion?

Do you care for this lover enough to teach him or her how to do it and do it well?

Or, is this lover your only available outlet at this time, but still worth the energy?

Our staff of highly unqualified, yet well-known, sex specialists have put together a purely pornographic book, equipped with detailed explanations, explicit instruction, and realistic illustrations.

Order TEACH THEM HOW TO DO IT AND DO IT WELL while the supply lasts. Just send $25.69, that’s right, just $25.69 to TEACH THEM, c/o Floro’s Follies, 31-11 X Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101.

The book will be mailed to your home promptly and discreetly in a plain brown wrapper. Fill out the order form below, enclose $25.69 in cash and mail it today. Sorry, no checks. Money orders of charges accepted due to complicated business matters. All sales final. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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TEACH THEM HOW TO DO IT AND DO IT WELL

Please rush me a copy quick

Enclosed is my cash ($25.69)

Name

Address

City State Zip

Offer expires in one hour and fifteen minutes. Hurry! hurry!
WHAT TURNS YOU OFF MOST SEXUALLY?

You know how all those girls magazines are always printing stuff like: 
What turns you on most sexually? Well, we decided to do something like that — with a twist. We sent our sex specialist, Pistachio Rose, out to interview about 200 guys and girls on campus and she came back with a crock of interesting turn-offs. Here are the ones that were fit to print. By the way, if you're about 200 guys and girls on campus and she came back with a crock or interesting turn-offs. Here are the ones that were fit to print. By the way, if you're about 200 guys and girls on campus and she came back with a crock or turning out to be

WHAT THE GUYS SAY...

1. Untrimmed pubic hair.
2. Guys who come up to you and say: "Have I seen you somewhere before?"
3. Men who pretend to be cool and who pretend to know everything and who actually are uncool and know nothing.
5. Guys who tell everyone about it afterward.
6. Guys who start attacking you in public, and can't wait till you get somewhere private.
7. The type of guys that ask you out to dinner and take you to Burger King.
8. Men that don't shave their legs or armpits, or who actually are uncool and know nothing.
9. Guys who wear a lot of gold chains and rings.
10. Guys who go too fast, or who who actually are uncool and know nothing.
11. Guys who are either too short or too tall.
12. Men who pretend to be cool and who pretend to know everything and who actually are uncool and know nothing.
13. The type of guys that ask you out to dinner and take you to Burger King.
14. Guys who wear a lot of gold chains and rings.
15. Guys who don't shave their legs or armpits, or who actually are uncool and know nothing.

A COMPREHENSIVE STUDY

GEARED TOWARD FEMALES AGES 20-60

Your man has done you wrong. How will you make him repent? (Choose the method most suitable for you.)

You would...

A. Cut off all of his sexual privileges.
B. Cut off all of his sexual privileges at the worst possible moment.
C. Grin and tell him you've never had an orgasm.
D. Tell him you are pregnant and that you are taking up a collection from all possible candidates for father.
E. Drop a cigarette in his lap — after he gets out of the shower.
F. Spike his Chocolate Mousse with Haley's M.O. and then hide the Kepp acids and the toilet paper.

Part I

A man approaches you on the street. He is wearing nothing but a raincoat and a big grin. He nonchalantly shows you the lining of his raincoat. You are a mature woman and you will handle the situation by...

A. Painting.
B. Screaming and running away.
C. Saying nothing, moving quickly from the area and reporting him to the police thereafter (which might be difficult since he may very well be a cop himself).
D. Standing there and staring.
E. Toe dancing on his lower extremities.
F. Remaining calm and simply saying, "Put that silly thing away."
G. Totally ignoring the man (you have had experience with flashers before).

Survey: Part III

Some evening, when you just happen to be sitting around doing nothing, you receive a phone call from some nut-job who says he wants a date. In between his heavy breathing and sexual descriptions, you find out that he found your number above the second urinal in the first floor bathroom and you're astounded to hear about the message that accompanies your name. The nut-job will not tell you who he is. You will...

A. Hang up immediately and plan to invade the first floor bathroom with a battle axe.
B. Stay on the phone long enough to tell him he is a pervert and that his information is incorrect.
C. Listen to him because you have nothing better to do and try to figure out what creep you know might write something like that in the men's room.
D. Feel flattered and make plans to meet him.
E. You will decline his offer, but spend the rest of your life trying to figure out who he is.

FUNNY, HA-HA

HARRY, WHAT DO THEY CALL A MAN WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN BIRTH CONTROL?

A DADDY!
Bitch, Yell, Or Burp

Bitch, Yell Or Burp is a student speak-out and is based on an idea that was stolen from "the Inquiring Photographer" in the Daily News. It is a special Follies feature where articulate students get to talk to an official Follies reporter and say intelligent things and get their pictures in the paper. Then you get to see your friends in the paper and then you can tell people that you personally are friends with someone who was in the paper and then you can make more friends, because people will think you are cool. And then maybe, someday, we'll put you in the paper, but probably not.

The above was written by Nerdo Nodullo

Students were approached by Nerdo Nodullo
Photos were taken by Nerdo Nodullo
Questions were asked by Nerdo Nodullo
Question was made up by Nerdo Nodullo
Brought to the Printer by Nerdo Nodullo

QUESTION: Why did you come to LaGuardia?

Nino Mendoza, Third year freshman, Mental Health major
Like, I came to this school cause, like, I wanted to meet some foxy chicks, you know, like the ones I was seeing on the subways and like, my friends, you know, he was, like, coming here and like, one day, I was hanging out here with him and like, he said, "Like, why don't you come here everyday and meet foxy chicks with me, man," and I said, "Yeah, well, yeah, okay man," and like, I did and then, like, you know, like, I figured I would register, you know. So like, you know, like, that's why I'm here.

Lizzie Lindzape, Probably new student, major unknown
No, please don't get away you creep!

DERVECK DICKKNIFE, SPACE MAJOR (WHO THINKS HE'S AT THE AIRPORT)
Well gosh. Oh wow. Gee, Gosh, are you really a reporter. Oh wow, I've never been interviewed before. Gee, is my picture really gonna be in the Follies. Oh gosh, my mother will be so excited. Wow, this is really super. Hi Mom. Hi Dad. Gee, is that okay, I mean, can I say hi to my folks. Gee, I don't know what to do with myself. Golly, I've never had anything like this happen to me before. Gee-whiz, this is such a thrill, really. Oh wow, what was the question again?

AND NOW—AMAZING SUMMER FEATS

"I got V.D. this summer and infected 14 unsuspecting females." - Ronko Glick

"I leaped tall mountains at one bound this summer, slipped on a dead raccoon and broke my ankle in three pieces." - Harold Spika

"I was a camp counselor this summer and performed a mercy killing on a camper with an advanced case of Poison Ivy and verbal diarrhoea." - Nancy Yoo

"I want to school this summer and pinch my math teacher's ass in the cafeteria one day." - Pablo Schwartz

"I went to Europe this summer and got pregnant in France." - Alice Ffast

"I stayed in school this summer, ate 24 cafeteria hot dogs and threw-up in front of the MONY building." - John Trump

"I organized a witch hunt on campus this summer." - Salem Long

"I captured 13 tongs and three frogs up in the country this summer and barbecued them for my relatives as a joke. They ate them." - Alfred E. Newman

IS THIS WHAT YOUR KISSES TASTE LIKE?

If you smoke cigarettes, you taste like one.
Your clothes and hair can smell stale and unpleasant, too.
You don't notice it, but people close to you do.
Especially if they don't smoke.
And non-smokers are the best people to love. They live longer.
Dear Lavern,

There are tulips in the garden,
There are tulips in the park,
But the tulips I like most of all
Are the two-tips in the dark.
... and you know whose I mean, baby.

Love, Admiration and Potential Sex.

Horse

Dear Lavern,

Saw you. - Kisses.

- Bored

Dear Lavern,

My son goes to LaGuardia and I'm very concerned. He is 16 and a very good looking young man. He looks just like his father, God rest his soul, and he was a beautiful baby. I couldn't get him on the toilet until he was 31/2, but that's beside the point.

Now, the reason I'm so concerned is because he scratches all the time. He's an A student and loves college, but seems to always be itchy. I just can't understand why he should scratch so much. And, I'm concerned to say, I noticed he sometimes scratches his private parts. Oh, so in public of course—we brought him up, Herbert and I, to know better than that. But, he scratches them just the same. Does this mean he's not well-adjusted? I'm very concerned.

A Concerned Mother of a LaGuardia Student

Dear Lavern,

My boyfriend's penis is as big as his foot (size 12)—or so he claims. I'm afraid that this will make intercourse, with a small woman like myself, virtually impossible. Whatever shall I do?

About to Climb a Wall

Dear Lavern,

A few weeks ago I fell into bed with some creep and now, oddly enough, the whole Goddamn school seems to know about it. What should I do?

Passed Off!

Dear Lavern,

I would be too, deerie. Ah, but for the sweet smell of revenge. First of all, don't try to deny it. However, make it a point to announce the fact that he's absolutely rotten in bed, thereby making him look like an asshole and ruining his chances with other unsuspecting females. Take out a full page ad in our next edition and really do a number on him. Use words like itsy-bitsy, sloppy and nerdish, if you know what I mean.

Kisses, Lavern

Dear Lavern,

I have never written to a distinguished news publication before and feel that, even after writing this letter, my record will still be intact.

Have you read any good graffiti lately? If so, I'm sure it was not at LaGuardia. One can tell the academic level of a community by the writing on their bathroom walls. Don't take my word for it. Check out the writing on their bathroom walls.

Dear Lavern,

If you have twins, is it possible for one to be black and one to be white? Like, I knew this chick I used to go out with was pregnant, with somebody else's kid. But now she's trying to pin one on me. What do ya think?

Dear Lavern,

It's true that you can die from excess sex?

Dying to Know

Dear Lavern,

Are the tulips in the dark.

- Bored

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DO YOU KNOW WHO THESE PEOPLE ARE?

Well, folks, it's time for another special Follies feature.

Can you guess the names of the individuals pictured below?

Well, if you can, you get absolutely nothing—but think of what fun it could be.

We'll even give you a hint... The various parts of the bodies pictured below belong to various members of the college community—students, staff, faculty and administration.

Good Luck!
ONE MORNING

The sun was shining brightly
and I could hardly wait
To ponder out my window
And gaze at my estate
The breeze was blowing briskly
It made the flowers sway
The garden was enchanting
To ponder out my window
The sun ... . hirlnng brightly
And smashed his luckln ' he.d
with. beautiful yellow bill
And gave him a crust 01 bread
And gaze
It made the flower. sway
I beckoned him to come and sit
My ey ·• feU on a little bird
upon my window sill
and I could hardly .alt
but he stili wanted bad to get laid
but he went ranting on about lust
but my ole lady looked klnda pleased
but man , he l ur. did take It bad
he reached lor a bag and they were gone
him and mom were carrying on
about the good time he jUl' missed
she sorta smiled at his disgust
and to have the condoms for which he paid
then mom said she w .. going to bed
they asked me what I needed 'em for
you ... . he got sOme condoms from the .tor.
and I told 'em 'cause I wanted to seore
2nd, it's not worth such a cost?
and surely , klssln you Is sublime
honey , a 'ella needs a little more
so much thai you 'll never know
there 's Just one thing th.ats Irllng me
All we do Is neck all the time
Honeybabes , I love ya so
Now , l've been patient for a year
but to wait any 10nger , I Just can't be.r
and let ' s get down to some r.al romance.

ON GRASS

Grass Is good, Grass Is cool,
Grass makes you act like a fool.
It makes you freak out,
It makes you bug out.
Of things you don't know about.
It makes you laugh and gets you excited
When your head spins
you know you had It.
Some call it roofer, Some call it smoke,
If the grass is good, It'll make you choke.
There's the green and there's the gold.
That's the one that's good I'm told.
Grass is good if It gets you high.
But there's the "Whack" that I won't buy.
I smoke It now and I smoked It in the past.
When you're stoned, time sure goes fast.
When you smoke grass,
you feel like a King,
But deep inside you ain't a thing.
Smoking grass doesn't make you big.
But what else can I say, Marluenna
Something I can dig.

RUBBER STASH

got my dad is really pleased
about the good time he just missed
you see, he got some condoms from the store
and I sorts borrowed them from his draw
him and mom were carrying on
he reached for a bag and they were gone
I didn't think he'd get so mad
but man, he sure did take it bad
he looked at me like I was diseased
but my ole lady looked kinda pleased
she sorts smiled at his disgust
but he went ranting on about lust
my ole lady said "without protection we ain 't making no connection"
but he still wanted bad to get laid
and to have the condoms for which he paid
they asked me what I needed 'em for
and I told 'em 'cause I wanted to score
mom was glad I was conscientious
dad said he ought to knock me out of my senses
mom finally calmed the old boy down
but I figured I ought to get out of town
then mom said she was going to bed
but I think dad made her blow him instead
in the morning he looked refreshed
and I started thinking about incest
but soon that Incident faded .way
and since then, I've turned gay
and now I don't need my old man's stash
cause I only screw around with fags
I still smoke my old man's hash
so if your people still get it on
on her god help you if your bags are gone
and the reason they use 'em when they screw
is cause they sure don't want another you

ON THE FIRST DATE

On the first date
Allow him one kiss
Make him wait
Ignore his hugs
You must steal
That lustful play
Don't give him all
On the very first day
For if you give him
All you've got
And cater to his whims
He'll love you not
Once you prove
Your love desire
It will try to soothe
And calm that fire
That is when
Respect gets lost
Is a moment then
Not worth such a cost?
It's the second date
That the clothes will fall
Don't have to wait
Go ahead and bail

GRUBBIE, MR. GOODBAR

THE BIRTH OF A CANDY BAR

One day, Mr. Goodbar wanted a Bit-O-Honey,
So he took Mrs. Hershey up to the Powerhouse on Fifth Avenue.
He started unwrapping her Reese's cups and feeling her Mounds.
This turned out to be pure Almond Joy.
As she Snickered, his Butterfingers went up her Milky Way.
She screamed "Oh-Henry" and grabbed his Nutty Buddy
The final result was a Baby Ruth.

FUNKY POETRY

BY LAVERN & THE GANG

B.O.E.G.

This I wished upon a star
I hope my check Is at Bursar.
No, it's not, the clerk told me,
You have to check at L&P.
Walked 6 blocks to L&P.
Oh how could those people do this to me.
Got to the building feeling line.
But had to wait with hundreds on line.
But, soon that money would be mine.
Got my check and I went fast.
To turn it in and get some cash.
Went to my favorite store.
And spent, spent, spent until my
check was no more.
I let money get the best of me.
But I'm not sad about my shopping spree.
Sometimes I feel like a sap.
But I have a new wardrobe, and I still get T.A.P.

POEM

This land is your land
This land is my land
So fuck off

Honeybabes

Honeybabes, I love ya so
so much that you'll never know
there's just one thing that's ironing me
that's why you won't you have sex with that
All we do Is neck all the time
and surely, klean you is sublime
but honey, a fella needs a little more honey
a fella needs to score
Now, I've been patient for a year
but to wait any longer, I just can't bear
so why don't you just drop your pants
and let's get down to some real romance.

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PERSONAL PERSONALS

For a Friend, Thanks for the Jacqubottz. I've always wanted to have an affair with a wine bottle. It tasted bitter-sweet and sorta funky. But even when the bottle was empty, I'll know it tasted good. - Boo Boo

Dear Flo, I'm keeping the couch warm, just waiting for your rod. They say absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it makes things grow colder. What do you think? - Boo Boo Super Selfie. Are you an unattractable as they say you are? - The Coward

Dear Ye-Ye, Did I leave my panties at your place? - Na-Na-Maybe Yan

Dear No-No-Maybe Yan, No, but you can. - Ye-Ye

Money Pi, You say bullshit anid I say cow lumber, but that's the whole thing on. - Respectively, Poor Bear

Host Child, You are driving me crazy. - The Bee

Dear Pumpkin, Please call, I still love you, even though you threw up in my new red Camaro, which cost my father $1,500. In case you don't know, I'm a Single Male, which cost my father $1,500. - Dear Pumkkin

Sneaky Okie, When are we gonna have some rookie woo-woo with your woes against yourselves? We're all hostile-trot for whistable gottle. Let do it soon-sis-neerokee. - Okum Sneeky

Fookie Pi, Life is one fucking bowl of cherry pits without you. Let's My again, Bippy Boy.

Dearest, Last night was wild and wonderful. I was filled with untold passions. Ah, I just couldn't stay away, my darling. It's a shamus you weren't there. - Kisses from Jane

BABY CAKES, Please come home, I'll let you be the dominant one. - MACO MAN

Yak Yak, What's wrong with being a virgin, anyway? - The one who

Dear Sugar Face, Forgive me that I'm outstanding on you. - The Rabbit

Hey Dad, I'm still sex what you do with your dentasts? - Your Son, Bobby

To you who Know Who, Put a little chicken in your underwear. - Pren Stew Marlin, almost personally

DESPERATES

De La Guardia student looking for affec- tion and companionship. Am bad male, have no teeth, two glasses eyes and one woman's got of looks. Well not too cute, but real fun to be with. Box #926.

Very foxy female virgin, 27, seeks very few male who's got into sex or any thing like it. Box #166.

Very funny, warm, wonderful, smart, classy, carefree, sexy broad looking for one (or more) of the same to carouse seriously and mildly serious with on carefree occasion. Or, one of the same, except of opposite sex; instead. Then we can stay at my place. Box #90.

Very handsome, actually, extremely handsome fellow, middle-aged, slim figure male who doesn't look like himself at all and have very poor self image seeks woman to make him feel about himself. Or at least someone to be miserable with. Box #98, 2.

Very desperate, male, seeks equal- ly desperate female student to join in the pleasures of "discovery" at Platoo's Retreat. Cannot steam. Please contact soon. Anyone will do. Box 66.

Brilliant female instructor, willing to tutor students in need in return for un- emotional and possibly, educational favors. Male preferred. Box #111. - Very attractive, extremely horny, a sexual student seeks one of the same, but of opposite sex, to get frustrated with Box #800. -

Adorably cute, hugable, kinds married, not-to-trot male student, who is very, very, sexy seeks very beautiful, ultra-horny blondes with split-end and other minor imperfections for afternoon fun. Meet me by the lockers in the Sony basement. First come, first served. Box #20 - in case.

GARAGE

Worshiper of Albino, very pigeons seeks others interested in popular new crazes. Need 15 signatures to get club charter and funds from S.A.A. Planning on safari sometime in future, to capture enough of the wonderful for club. If you join, you'll fill the first floor lounge in Main Building. Can turn them in shit at all. Contact soon. - Drugs for sale, Cheap - ole ole - ole - Guaranteed to do something.

Join S.A.M. Society for advancement of Mooners, Meetings on Wednesday's at 12 in the "Naked" Club Space. Planning field trip for July. Admit It! You're stupid, that's okay, join the Stupid Society. Meetings on Wed- nesdays, in the Stupid club space. We forgot what time.

Can you dance? Probably not. So don't even bother trying to join the LeRouch Dance Company. Don't even try to talk to us, we're too busy being gracial.

Kids for sale. Assorted shapes and sizes. In good condition. Very good prices. Contact Mr. Rabbin at 600-666.

For SOME high class humiliation, boogie on down to STUDIO STU

Guaranteed you WON'T GET IN!

Brought to you by the owners of Studio 54, Studio 55 is the most exclusive disco in town—NOT EVEN THE OWNERS CAN GET IN.

It's the hottest place in town to go to—get rejected from—so get funky and boogie on down.

Are you unorganized, sloppy and in- competent? Don't like to go to work? Then you become an administrator. No experience necessary. Bittered Ac- cepted. Want to work for a Successful Business and Such. Want to work in the East, West, and Such. Want to work. - Want to wear a suit.

Become a psychoanalyst. Emo in Dr. Freud's School Of Psychoanalytical Psychology. Read a diploma within four hours. BA Permanent Guaranteed. Write for information. Dr. Fraud, Patient # nightmares, Dr. of the few, Very, Very, Very, Very, Strange, The People of California that fell Into the Ocean or, c/o Albino.

Are you confused about your career. Do you even know what a career is? Would you like to make decisions for your life. Don't have a career. Try not being chosen by having to decide for yourself. Are you bugging yourself about your nonexistent engravers. If you enroll in our swift and easy Toolshop Engravers School for $500 we will give you two swift and easy thousands dollars, we'll guarantee you a job for two swift and easy thousands dollars, think about it, let us think for you. Write to Toolshop En- gravers School, 000 Pluckyourleeth Alliance, Oahplsh, 000. - I2s.1.c.

Positions still open. Be a Follette. We need people to wash the floors, rent our desks, pick up our mail, get us coffee. This is for you if you're looking for a job? Sure it does. Wonderful opportunity for advancement. Check it out. Drop off your resume in the box any Saturday, after midnight. Located in the west-end of Venid's, California. Looking forward to seeing you.


Are you tired of college? 800 classes accepted. Want to be a successful Engraver making you [hug]? Students life giving you [dill]? Looking for something exciting and stimulating? Ring us today...

Are you confused about what to do? - Become a trader. Get to touch money all day long and be hassled by supermarket shoppers. Negotiate behind a screen and enjoy playing on your level for free. Make an hour, or $3 — if you go on with the manager. An equal opportunity employer. 800 TRADE, Supermarket, China Town, U.S.A.

Are you confused about how to go to school? - Become a professional member. No experience necessary. Littered Ac- cepted. Want to work in the East, West, and Such. Want to work. - Want to wear a suit.

Are you confused about how to make a living? - Become a psychoanalyst. Emo in Dr. Freud's School Of Psychoanalytical Psychology. Read a diploma within four hours. BA Permanent Guaranteed. Write for information. Dr. Fraud, Patient # nightmares, Dr. of the few, Very, Very, Very, Very, Strange, The People of California that fell Into the Ocean or, c/o Albino.

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