

OBSERVATION *DP* POST

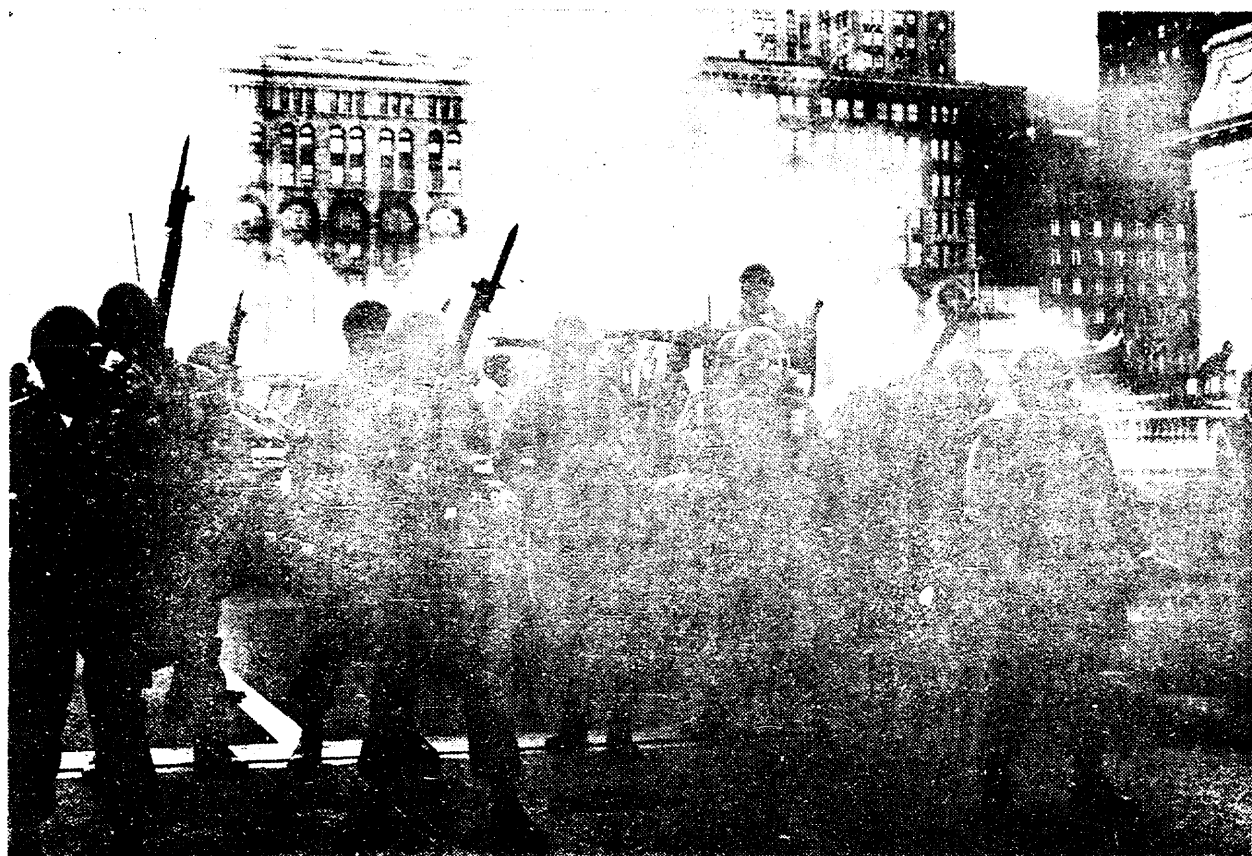
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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1968

CITY COLLEGE



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Chicago Confrontation: Self-Sacrifice

By TOM FRIEDMAN

"Looks like you lost, fellas," the cop said, leaning out of his patrol car as three demonstrators walked past. Behind the car, a line of policemen leaned against the wall of a hotel and watched the three long-haired young men, laughing as the trio increased their speed, heads bent to the ground. "Pigs," one muttered, and a grinning mouth beneath a powder-blue helmet drawled, "Speak up, kid. Louder."

A block away, in front of the Chicago Hilton, the scene was relatively quiet. Hours before, night sticks turned red-wet and tear gas mushroomed, demonstrators bled and retched before the hotel on Michigan Avenue, but now the injured were gone, the paddy wagons had left, and the National Guard stood silently in front of the remaining crowd. The frenzied night was fading anticlimatically into a grayish dawn.

Grant Park was littered with a thousand placards and pamphlets, the grass beaten down, a handkerchief floating in the fountain pool. A girl was sitting in the middle of a small group, explaining tearfully how her brother was pushed through a plate glass window by three policemen, and then repeatedly clubbed as he tried to crawl away. I winced, and moved on toward the line of Guardsmen.

"Where do you come from?" I asked politely. The brown-clad soldier, his eyes fixed upon a spot on his bayonet, his hands clenching his M-1 rifle, did not answer, but nervously shifted his weight. "Do you live here? It must be pretty tough to be called up for something like this, I guess." The captain walked towards me, and I smiled at the soldier, younger than I, and started to head back to the demonstrators. A hundred yards down the line a man screamed at the soldiers and police, "You motherfuckers, you're killing this country," and stepped forward, as if to catch the eye of a Guardsman. Suddenly the soldier panicked and the smell of teargas again pervaded the Loop. Running in terror, the demonstrators tried to escape the blinding, nausea-inducing gas, the sound of hundreds coughing, their lungs bursting.

I had witnessed this scene so many times before, the horror of the early evening weighed me down, I felt alone, paranoia sweeping me into its grasp, until every corner and every face in Chicago bore through my skull scratching my nerves. The gas floated away, and the people walked

back to where they had been, and the sign on the lamppost above me said, "Mayor Richard Daley Welcomes You to Chicago." But those who came to Chicago to witness the convention and report it, or to demonstrate in the streets, were already surfeited with ironies, and I dropped my eyes to the ground.

As they entered the neat storefront of the Peace and Freedom Party, an intense young man took them aside and explained that a wildcat bus strike by black union members against their white leadership over a pension issue was more important than the convention. "Forget the goddamn show and help us organize," he said impatiently, frustrated by the visitors' reluctance to launch into something they knew little about. "Yes, we understand, but, you know, we came a thousand miles from New York to demonstrate and . . ." The disgust in the young man's face, "Sure, I know," the sarcasm so oppressive, and the others left, depressed, the PFP man busying himself with notes. He did not look up again.

More and more people were drifting away. Only a few hundred remained in the park; behind them, the brown line of Guardsmen. Words like "polarization," "revolution," and "confrontation" had vanished now; the tired survivors of the night had either gone home or fallen asleep in the park. Everything seemed so inclusive, frenzied action

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The Continuing Revolution!

By Richard Roth

The six dollar increase in this term's consolidated fee entitles students to some dubious benefits, one of which is a grey-covered copy of President Gallagher's June, 1968, commencement address.

It would appear from the President's remarks in the liberal manifesto which he misnames 'The Continuing Revolution' that there are two revolutions presently besieging the American Way of Life here at the College: the revolution of curricular revision (the first revisionist stirrings since 1913), and the somewhat more militant revolution led by members of the New Left (whose activities remind Dr. Gallagher of the famous period of "student and faculty revolts" during the thirties).

Curricular revision, long awaited and most welcome, is hardly as revolutionary as the President would have us believe. It is clear that Dr. Gallagher is mistaken in his notion of the nature of revolution.

Of the New Left he has this to say:

"Alienated from society, disdaining both the methods and the goals of democracy, rejecting the values of decency and cleanliness and self-respect as bourgeois remnants of a dying culture, they feed upon their own self-pity. Disillusioned by the failures of older generations and rejecting the successes of their elders, they set about to destroy what they cannot accept. They make common cause with the Old Left. (It is not by accident that the black flag of Anarchy and the red flag of Communism have recently been carried together in the streets of Paris.)"

Assuming the classic liberal stance, he persists in discrediting real revolutionaries by throwing them in with the Birchites and writing the lot off as extremists. He labels ordinary social evolution "continuing revolution." He tells us that revolution is reason not hate, conference not confrontation, the death of ideas not people. But Richard Daley's cops know more about revolution than Buell Gallagher ever will. The events recently in Chicago portend revolution, the Committee of Seventeen Report does not.

The First Children's Crusade to the Battle of the Pentagon last year set people on both sides of the Ideological Wall madly hammering wedges into the Generation Gap, and this year in spite of Gene McCarthy's rickety but hopeful bridges, the Gap has become a chasm so that not even the pandering liberal press seems able to get

(Continued on Page 5)

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He is "utterly, completely and finally opposed to the war in Vietnam," which he sees as "stupid and self-defeating." He opposes the draft. And he feels that democracy in this country "is on the brink of being dead."

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But the radicals are "a mixture of at least two types," the Dean believes. "First are the students who fight for and recognize a need for change. Second are those who feel that this revolution is a way to help the world revolution. I am rather pessimistic about their assumption."

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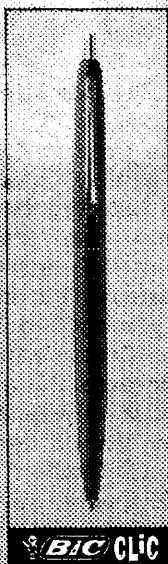
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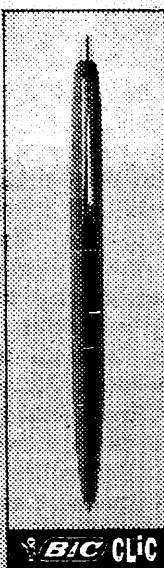
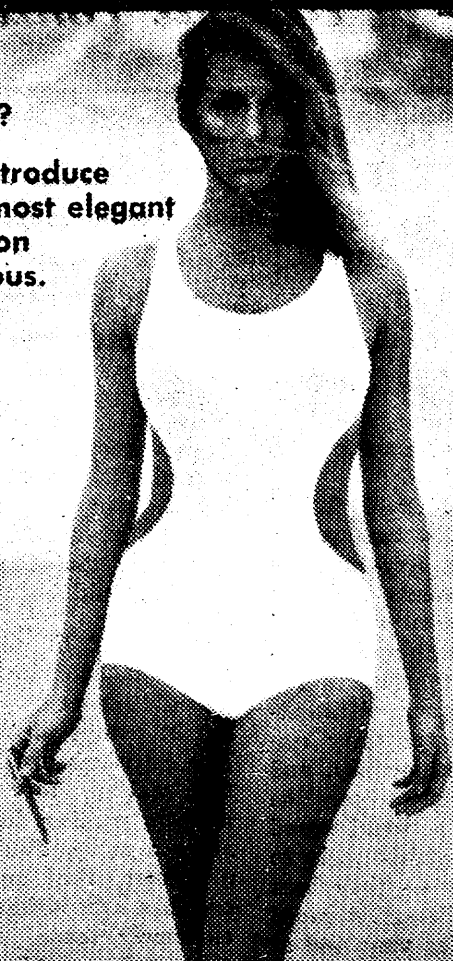
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*les flics et le sang dans les rues:
ce n'est qu'un debut - le combat continue*

By JONATHAN PENZNER

PARIS, August-September. — August is a dead month in Paris; all the Parisiens are on vacation in the South, most of the students are travelling around Europe, the factories are closed down and the tourists are as thick as butter in the streets.

Most of the posters from the May-June "Revolution" are gone; the barricades, burned out cars, blood stains, and molotov cocktail have disappeared. An occasional broken window, and signs scrawled on the wall are all that remains.

Except for the few students in the Latin Quarter selling Action and L'Enrage, two movement publications, there is almost no outward sign that anything really happened here. For the few tourists that dared to come to Paris, there are still plenty of attractions — strip tease, the cafes, the theater, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame.

Within two weeks, I began making contact with the students and with Americans who knew the situation, who had actually seen what had happened. I heard about the street fighting, the cops, the people who were responsible for the "riots" and I heard and saw signs that October is the month. In October, something is going to happen. No one knows exactly what form the movement is going to take;

but, they are sure, something is imminent.

The papers in New York had told us that perhaps three people were killed in the May-June actions — two students and one unidentified man who was knifed (apparently his death was not directly connected to the revolt).

But the students say differently. Between thirty and forty students were killed they say, and about ten or twenty cops. The CRS (DeGaulle's personal squad of riot police, answerable only to him) were vicious — they beat women and journalists first, raped women in the police vans and at the prison. When they discovered a dead body in the streets, they carried it outside of Paris. The deaths were listed as resulting from auto. accidents. Political

leaders captured by police were whisked off the streets and not heard from for months. From the attitude of the students, it was clear that the blood in the streets would be avenged.

August 22, the night after Prague is invaded by the Russians. The CRS is in the streets, walking in groups of three and four. The Parisiens are in the streets too, waiting for something to happen, waiting for the cops to make a move. You can't wait at a corner, the cops move you on. The atmosphere is stifling, extremely tense. A kid on St. Michel uses a flash to photograph the cops. He runs into a side street — everyone freezes as the cops grab their rifles; no one moves until the guns are put down again.

August 23. Socialisme Liberaire, an extreme left-wing anarchist group, starts a small march going up St. Germain. They shout — "Liberate Prague". The CRS appears from nowhere and forms a wing across the Boulevard. They march down to the demonstrators. People on the sidewalks, in cafes, and in the street start to scatter. All of a sudden, the cops charge with their clubs. The participants panic. But nothing happens — the cops stop and no one is clubbed.

Everything is finished, it seems that the CRS is taking an opportunity to show the residents of the Latin Quarter what they will face if they dare to move in October. The helmeted cops have automatic carbines, rifles, revolvers on their belts, and van-loads of tear gas grenades. They are as eager for a fight as the students. "Wait till October, just wait," a small dark-haired student mutters.

But why hadn't the cops fired, why no tear gas, why wasn't everybody on the streets clubbed?

"Too many tourists," someone says. "The cops don't want to knock up the tourists — wait until October, then you'll see some action."

The tourists went back to their hotels, most of the people cleared the streets, and the cops, too, eventually went back into their holes, leaving the Latin Quarter to itself. Of course, the four police vans across from the cafe Cluny remained — they were there every night I was in Paris.

What is going to happen in France when the students go back to the Universities, when the country gets back to normal, and the unemployment rate begins to climb? No one is really sure — no one can definitely say anything one way or another. "Wait until October," they told me.

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The College Thing:

Rigid Walls Inside A Rapidly Shrinking Campus

By Tom Friedman

Have you ever seen fifty-three orange crates piled in the back of a truck? And the truck driver can't drive. The College is here, but it's not for you; how's your auto insurance?

Your transporter is a beat-up university, and your wooden boards, nailed together with 12 years of generally poor educational experiences, are being thrown roughly against the rigid walls of a school. All kinds of walls: bureaucracy, facilities inadequate for reading, eating, breathing, learning, interacting with people. Before you is the red-tape wall, upon which rest the faceless people, the clerks who deal in forms. The administration building is more akin to the Motor Vehicles Bureau than a center of a university, if feeds on impersonalization, and dehumanization is its life style. That clerk at that desk does not want to know you, does not care about you, does not want to help you. Explain your problem to that man in the Registrar's office and watch his mind reach for that form — in triplicate.

There are walls in the classrooms too. It is almost impossible for students to communicate with their teachers outside of the classroom; the lack of faculty availability, the lack of facilities, and the lack of encouragement leave the classroom as the whole learning experience, inadequate and insufficient as it is. This isolation causes destructive role-playing; the faculty become lecturers, unable to productively interact with their students due to the structured and stultifying nature of present classes, and do not treat their students as equal

members of the educational community. The students are content to learn by rote, returning to the teacher all received cognitive material at the teacher's direct or indirect request; i.e., exams and class questions. 12 years in the New York public school system have well prepared the student for this mechanical, now unconscious process. The over-crowded classroom compounds the problem; it is far easier to draw within yourself in the depersonalized atmosphere of a very large class than express yourself freely. The teacher, equally handicapped by over-crowded conditions, eventually begins to drift away from his students, losing his involvement with his individual students until he becomes the man in the front, and no more. He ceases to attempt communication, wearily accepting the lecture method. And everyone suffers.

Though no course need be irrelevant, for a good teacher can make any course relevant to a student's world, faculty members are usually reluctant to erase detailed schedules of course work, accepting the stifling guidelines imposed by tradition and expedience. Destroying any fluidity of the educational process, and worse, by blindness to the educational needs and creativity of their students, they can obliterate their students' commitment to learn, or fail to instill it in them.

Inducing apathy by one-sided approaches ('I'll talk, you listen; I'll teach you, but you can never teach me) the teacher reduces a class to meaninglessness. The teacher who fails to give his students responsibility in molding their course is working at half-speed; it is an easy way out, but an unfruitful one. To truly participate is to learn, to work as a group yields valued learning; but such a state of affairs is a rarity. Isolation is the rule and boredom and apathy are prevalent.

Shortchanged by his teachers and himself in the classroom, the student moves on to Finley Center where claustrophobia haunts the cubicles in which clubs are so neatly placed. Once again, by the pitiful facilities for personal interaction, students receive a limited education. To talk, to exchange ideas and, importantly, to exchange feelings, emotional as well

as intellectual, in comfortable, unrestrictive, and informal settings are basic student-faculty needs. They are ignored all too often. The south campus cafeteria is embarrassingly ugly; it has not been renovated despite its critical importance as a place to gather, although the offices of several members of the Department of Student Personnel Services reside in sumptuously furnished of-

fices, the cost of which would go far in alleviating the depressing physical appearance of the much more important cafeteria. The college greenery has shrunk to an absurdly small area. The construction of temporary facilities destroyed an important part of student life, while illuminating the incompetency of the Administration in dealing with the desperate lack of facilities. Crowded on the lawn, crowded in the snack bar, repelled by the glass-monstrosity of the Administration claims the privilege of roomy comfort in their offices. Take a look at your professor's office one day, the space the man who teaches you is allotted, and then drop by in President Gallagher's office. Compare them, and then ponder: who does more for you?

Disenchanted with his college, the student either drifts into the faceless crowd of mute souls, or

forces, first the Administration, then next in power, the faculty, the student must submit himself to endless, inane and insane committees which flourish to discourage that very same student in his quest for action. Again and again the Administration and even the Faculty Council have demonstrated their unwillingness to include the student body in the decision-making process. Ignored by those who hold the strings, students may look towards militant action. But frustrated by apathy among their peers, and dissension in their ranks, radical students become more and more embittered by the inequities of City College's real politik.

Our best faculty members, disgusted and discouraged by the inadequate facilities, overwhelming bureaucracy and the deaf and blind Administration, are ready to leave the College and never



The Continuing Revolution!

(Continued from Page 1)

the word across. Buell Gallagher sees revolution in curricular revision, he sees "restructuring" in the Committee of Seventeen Report, which anybody's quick perusal will reveal to be devoid of proposals for meaningful change. The rhetoric of Gallagher's Liberal Manifesto is so precise, so calculated, so plastic-packaged to please the liberal parents of middle-class college kids (to whom commencement drivels is always directed), that we must ask ourselves, "Doesn't he know better?"

"Some people in the United States of America refuse to admit that this nation is in the midst of revolution. They shut their eyes and ears and hope that it will go away."

Some others, however, do worse. They are very aware that revolutionary bricks are being hurled at the liberal facades behind which they have been so comfortably complacent all these years, but their response to the restlessness of the natives is invariably an impassioned plea for reason, packaged and delivered in the commencement address rhetoric of "business as usual at all costs," always with the tacit promise of police violence against dissidents if (as is now happening) soft-sell liberalism (a la Johnson-Humphrey) is seen as it really is: the last, desperate, dying hope of a floundering ideology. When those dissidents finally find militancy their only recourse, the liberal establishment, in direct contradiction to all the tenets of its creed finds police repression (a la Richard Daley) its Final Solution.

Dr. Gallagher too has employed this tactic of using police to handle a crisis (notably the mass arrest that ended the confrontation last year over the temporary huts, which he referred to in his address.) His speeches and pronouncements during that crisis were impassioned yet condescending, and his paternalistic approach was representative of the bankrupt liberalism current on college campuses across the country: vocal dissent allowable, even encouraged; actual power to effect change nonexistent. Freedom of speech is glorified and revered as long as it is just that — freedom of speech and nothing more.

It is curious and a bit frightening to realize that the opposite and contrary philosophies of liberalism and conservatism seem inevitably and ultimately to lead to the same sort of repression.

More interesting and more curious, though, is this statement made by Dr. Gallagher last February at a meeting of the Educational Alliance:

"The student who comes into such a system [American colleges], one which he cannot affect or change, and which does not address itself to his concerns . . . ought to rebel. That so few of them do, and that they do so with such relative ineffectualness, is my real concern."

as intellectual, in comfortable, unrestrictive, and informal settings are basic student-faculty needs. They are ignored all too often. The south campus cafeteria is embarrassingly ugly; it has not been renovated despite its critical importance as a place to gather, although the offices of several members of the Department of Student Personnel Services reside in sumptuously furnished of-

begins to delve into the methods of change, both legal and illegal. Within the Power structure of his college, the student is virtually impotent. Student Government, excluded from the essential decision-making process, as well as the rest of the "unofficial" student body, is totally ineffective in instituting policy changes in the running of the university. To attempt to influence the ruling

return. The situation is critical. It is time to take our college into our hands.

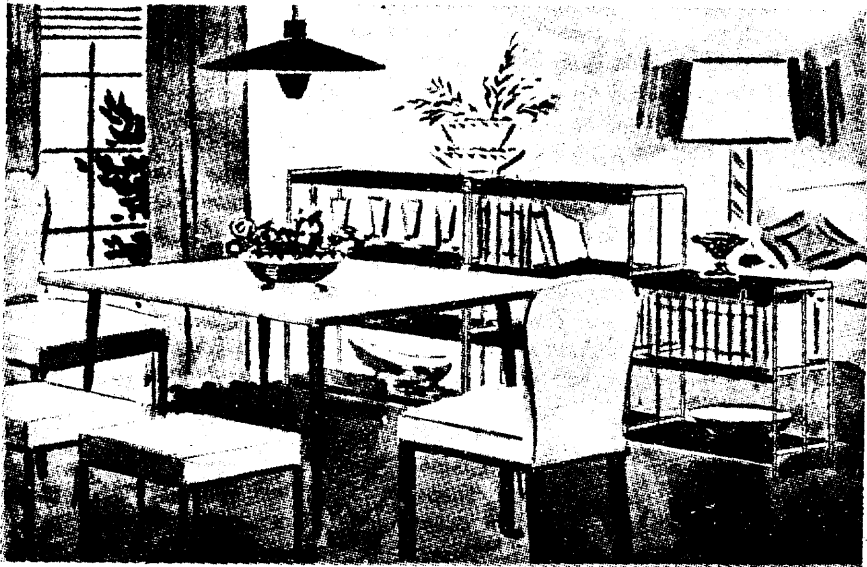
"And Alice sees that the bread is rising, and up on the Heights she says, 'The bread is rising, baby, and you ain't nothing but a pack of cards.' Then they all fly in the air and fall down and again."

Don't learn how to sing Lavender until it means something.

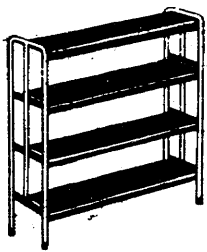
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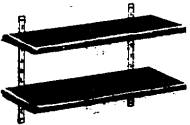
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Saturday, Sept. 14 .. 9:00 AM-3:00 PM

Money...

Foreign coin dealers have come under pressure from an unusual source, the Transit Authority. It seems that certain foreign coins, most notably German pennigs, Danish øre, and Mozambique 10 centavos pieces, can be substituted for tokens. Two bits will buy 100 coins.

An amazing number of 5 aurar coins from Iceland have appeared in vending machines that take quarters. You too can discover foreign coins that strike resemblances to U.S. coinage, and beat the system. Buy a bag of assorted foreign coins and do some measuring.

A new use has also been found for the Xerox machine. Some say that dollar bills can be duplicated and used in vending machines that give change of bills.

Incidentally, a number 14 brass washer with a small piece of scotch tape over one side of the hole causes pay telephones to operate.

Chicago Confrontation

(Continued from Page 1)

had been replaced by an eerie lull. One man was speaking in hushed, weary tones by the pool; his friends nodded mechanically with the flow of his words.

"It's funny, but we pick on the Democrats and leave the Republicans alone. Did we think there was still hope in changing the Democrats' minds about the war? I thought that we thought that the American political system was dead. An interesting paradox, huh? Well, all I can say is that tonight was the politics of self-sacrifice, the tactics of masochism. The hell with this; I'm not going to be a sacrificial lamb for the cops and reactionaries. We have to fight back, see? I wish I knew how..." He turned away and fingered a twig, his bandaged head lowered.

We turned the corner, and there were fifty children before us with five and dime store American flags in their hands. Their wrists turning frantically, the bright colors blurring against the gray frame houses, their blond hair cut very short and their screeching voices matching the squeal of our brakes. The usual epithets. "Why has the right-wing expropriated the American flag," I asked. "How could we let that happen?" But our driver was too busy shifting into third, towards the Chicago city line.

The Revolution on Telegraph Avenue: Berkeley Was A Quiet Place, Until...

By HOWARD REIS

The 2400 Block of Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley is where the action is. Cody and Moe's, two bookstores, are on the west side of the block. Two coffee houses, the Mediterranean and the Forum, Pepe's, an ice cream shop, and the Blue Cue, a pool hall, are on the east side. The radicals stay West. The drug dealers stay East.

The Berkeley campus and the Sproul Hall steps, site of the old Free Speech Movement, where the now departed voice of Mario Savio almost brought a University crashing down, is about half a dozen blocks away. The campus political clubs sit at their tables in the plaza in front of the steps, a quiet reminder of past student victories.

There are four neighborhoods around Berkeley: the South Campus area (Telegraph Avenue runs through its center) where the radicals, hippies and 'straight' students hang around; a black ghetto squashed in between the West Campus and the Bay; a mass of middle-class homes cutting through the ghetto and running north of the campus; and finally, the Berkeley hills, where, high above the campus and the ghetto dwell the rich.

Berkeley is a quiet place. Neatly kept lawns in front of neatly kept houses. It might be Brooklyn or Queens, except that the houses are all different. The weather is good, low 80's, not humid. The people take it easy, walk slow and keep their troubles to themselves.

On June 28th Berkeley blew up.

The Streets Are For The People

A rally to support the striking French students was held in front of Cody's. Several of the 1,000 people attending the rally attempted to block traffic, shouting "The streets are for the people." The Young Socialist Alliance (YSA), sponsors of the rally, ordered their marshalls to try and clear the streets to avoid a confrontation with the cops.

When the marshalls went out into the streets to do as they were told, they quickly found out that the gathering was far from a YSA event. Most of the people blocking traffic wanted no part of YSA, some had never heard of it, but it wasn't too dif-

ficult for the 30 or so marshalls to clear the six or seven people off the street.

By the time the streets were cleared the cops arrived to end rally. YSA marshalls appealed to police to let the rally end by itself, only a half hour left to go. A half hour of waiting was too much for the cops, who started throwing tear gas canisters.

Two blocks down from Cody's, at the Telegraph Repertory Theatre, a packed house was watching early Bogart. Just about the time they got to the closing George Washington Bridge Scene where Bogie kicks off with a smile, the air conditioning was shut off. Theatregoers were told about the tear gas.

For about three hours the police moved around gassing any

crowd of more than 20 people. Groups of students standing at the campus entrance were gassed and then carried onto the campus, temporarily a refuge. Later the police came onto the campus to disperse a crowd that had started a bonfire.

The next night, the 29th, no one had to call a rally. By about 8 PM there were over 2,000 people on the block in front of Cody's. The people began to erect barricades.

For about 3½ hours the police did nothing, though there were several hundred police hiding in a garage a few blocks from the scene.

Shortly before midnight, police from five different areas — Berkeley, Alameda County (where

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The Usual Ritual, But Sometimes...

By MIKE MUSKAL

The College is a pregnant bore.

Most of the time the scene at the College is the same as you would find at any other college in the country: the memorization and regurgitation of facts, the attempts to cope with bureaucracy, the extracurricular rituals of house plans, fraternities and political clubs. Once or twice a semester the campus becomes exciting and/or violent as students protest for increased 'student power' or university commitments in one direction or another: against the war, against Dow Chemical recruiting, etc.

Last fall the vehicle for 'student power' protests was the construction of temporary huts on Site #6, the area of the South Campus lawn in front of Park Gym.

Favoring the construction of the hut now housing the English Department office was President Gallagher for the administration and Joe Korn for Student Government (SG). Fighting against the construction was a loosely organized group of hippies, leftists and 'straights' who formed the 'Save Our Lawn' Committee and later suffered over 50 arrests for criminal trespass and, in some cases, resisting arrest.

After the arrests the issues began to expand from one of a plot of grass to a major confrontation between students who felt the educational process at the College was inadequate to their needs and a resistant and vengeful administration. While the arrested students went before a civil court, the remaining activists on campus began setting up picket lines around buildings and a student strike of classes, eventually supported by less than 50% of the student body.

Probably the most important student demand was for the creation of a 'Dean of Deans' or Provost to act as an ombudsman for students to circumspect the mass of red tape separating students from their Administrators. They also demanded reforms in the disciplinary process such as denying the use of a police blotter as evidence, and allowing constitutional arguments to apply in all student discipline matters.



avoided having to make a decision of personal morality. And, despite a student-faculty picket line and an extremely mild and singularly verbal confrontation with the police (who were again allowed on campus), Dow did recruit.

On the grounds that recruiting for a company which makes a product used to burn women and children alive has little to do with the 'liberal tradition,' students and faculty launched a protest, attempting to gain entrance to Steinman Hall to picket and talk to the recruiter. Finally, when the Administration denied access to protesters but selectively

since it was never suggested who would do the selective picking).

When open recruiting won by a reasonably large margin, President Gallagher felt himself vindicated.

Why the cry for student power? Essentially it stems from the realization of students that the College serves as a tool for a society whose need is not for educated or liberated human beings,

culum to make gym a pass/fail course and lower the number of required courses necessary for graduation, thereby allowing students to take electives earlier. Using quiet but insistent inside-the-system demands, SG people won advisory roles in matters such as the selection of new administrators and the evolution of the Master Plan blueprint for the physical development of the Col-

lege. Real power, however, still remains denied. In addition to the struggles for power, the University as a whole is still seeking to define the urban university. Where does the College stand in relation to the Harlem ghetto it sits in the midst of? A few of the College's facilities were utilized by the community this past summer, but, in general, the College stands an

capable of expressing feeling and agitating for knowledgeable change, but whose need is for technically proficient machines, capable only of quietly filling a niche in society and leaving the running of their lives to whom-ever happens to be in power. From kindergarten to high school the educational autocracy exists and is quietly accepted (although even this is changing, as high school after high school begins to seethe), but students arriving at the College often have the mistaken impression that here their opinions and feelings will be taken more into account by the powers-that-be. Who, he feels, is more qualified to determine whether a given course is necessary: the student or the administration? As answers to a student's demand for the power to affect his own education, the Administration offers the committee system and Student Government.

Traditionally student governments are elected by less than 20% of those eligible to vote, and find it difficult to say they have been granted a mandate for action. Limited by its lack of real power, SG finds its only concrete function the allocation of funds to clubs and other student groups. Sometimes it passes motions on relevant social problems, which accomplish little, since the Administration easily ignores them and SG lacks the ability to mobilize students behind its demands.

Last year, a conservative SG with a basic belief in the evolutionary rather than the immediate nature of change, supported the Administration more than the dissenting students on almost all issues, thereby further giving the impression of being an Administration pawn. Through the capable backroom efforts of SG President Joe Korn, SG slowly made inroads into previously all-faculty committees. A major break through occurred in the spring when the Faculty Council of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences amended the curri-

leged. Real power, however, still remains denied. In addition to the struggles for power, the University as a whole is still seeking to define the urban university. Where does the College stand in relation to the Harlem ghetto it sits in the midst of?

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Berkeley Revolution

(Continued from Page 7)

Huey Newton got shot for driving a car past a cop), Richmond, Albany and Oakland (where Eldridge Cleaver lives), along with State Troopers — attacked the demonstrators with tear gas and clubs and forced them down the Berkeley sidestreets.

One cop car pulled to where about thirty kids were standing, rapping rather quietly with four traffic cops. The cops jumped out of the car, grabbed one of the girls, beat her up and left, leaving the girl lying on the street, bleeding. One of the same cops later was hit on the legs with a molotov cocktail.

On Sunday, the 30th, cops imposed an 11-hour curfew on the

outsider. The College's only political action in any way helpful to Harlem all of last year was an organized protest in Albany which successfully appealed for increased funds for the Pre-Baccalaureate program — a program designed to help students who do not have the requirements to matriculate but have the potential for college (whatever that is). The money, from Albany, although more than they had intended to give, still falls far behind what is needed to adequately continue and develop the program. President Gallagher considers the Albany protest a master-stroke for students and a gigantic benefit for the community.

As the alienation constantly increases, and the gap between what is needed and what gets done increasingly widens, more and more students are looking to the Columbia demonstrations as a model for protest at the College this semester.

Telegraph area, starting at 7 PM. Sunday night. After hearing about the coming curfew, 1,000 people attended a rally at about four in the afternoon. At 7 PM they marched to a park outside the curfew area to continue the meeting.

But on the Sproul Hall steps kids were talking again much like they were talking back in the fall of '65 when Berkeley showed every other College in the country how to revolt. They were talking about June 28th like the French talk about Bastille Day, and a lot of kids started laughing when someone mentioned that apparently Berkeley hadn't forgotten how to revolt. The laughter was kind of quiet. Like Berkeley.



Basing their defense upon the grounds that students were denied a voice in the matter of whether or not the huts should be built and where, the demonstrators received suspensions ranging from two to five weeks.

Thirteen days later, on November 13, the Dow Chemical Company came to Steinman Hall to recruit.

Despite fairly widespread student protest, and unusually heavy faculty opposition, President Gallagher decided that not to permit the Dow Chemical Company to recruit on campus would be a violation of the liberal tradition of the university. Thus invoking the free speech principle he

allowed engineers to enter, a sit-in began. This resulted in a wave of disciplinary hearings and suspensions.

Dow Chemical being slated to again appear two months later, President Gallagher, hoping to avoid a second confrontation gave in to student demands for a referendum on the subject of recruiting. However, instead of centering the referendum specifically on Dow Chemical or pro-war companies, the referendum's questions were amazingly broad, the possibilities including completely open recruiting (everybody allowed), closed recruiting (everybody denied), or 'selective recruiting' (which few people understood