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CITY COLLEGE

ROTC To Be On November Ballot

The challenge to ROTC was examined this week by faculty and student representatives. Both groups were reacting to the Commune's weekly encounters with Leadership Laboratory drills of the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC) in Lewisohn Stadium.

At its Tuesday session, the General Faculty instructed President Buell G. Gallagher to create an ad-hoc committee to study and report to the Faculty body on the status of ROTC.

And the next day, Council asked for the dissolution of the Department of Military Science through the termination of the College's contract with the army, after a raucous two and one-half hours of debate.

But the student representatives receded from their position by authorizing a College-wide student referendum for November 6-8, concurrent with a referendum on the report of the Committee of 17.

President Gallagher has ruled that changes in ROTC's status must be recommended by the General Faculty to the BHE for action.

Meanwhile, fear that a Commune-sponsored demonstration this morning would disrupt ROTC classes in Townsend Harris Hall apparently prompted Dean of Students G. Nicholas

Paster to issue a statement. He declared that the College community cannot "afford to tolerate the disruption of learning, physical harassment, or destruction or defacement of property,

ROTC Contract

The Department of Military Science was created as "an integral academic and administrative department" of the College as a result of the contract signed by President Buell G. Gallagher with the US Army.

The provisions of the contract also state that "appropriate academic credit applicable toward graduation" be given the department's courses, and stipulate that the College provide facilities "to make it equally convenient for students to participate in Army Reserve Officers' Training Corps as in other courses at the same educational level."

The senior commissioned officer must be given "the rank of professor" and allowed to appoint a representative on all faculty committees whose recommendations would directly affect the Department of Military Science.

The department's faculty members are recommended by the Secretary of the Army, with President Gallagher given an opportunity to reject any individual.

The basic courses must include at least 100 students, and 25 cadets must graduate from the program each year. The enrollment is near the quota level this term.

Section 3, part b, states, "that this agreement may be terminated upon giving one academic year's notice of such intent by either party hereto."



—Photo by H. E. Weberman

An OP Analysis

Nine To Five Strike At NYU

By Jonny Neumann

Now in its eighth day, of effective but desultory demonstrations, the New York University student strike is clearly emerging as a bad joke. Constant fumbling and confusion in the strike's handling are creating an image of the NYU activists as unable to handle the power they want.

Since the strike began last Friday there have been meetings again and again: organizational, tactical, goal-finding, and miscellaneous.

There have been picket lines with lunch breaks, partial sit-ins with coffee breaks, rallies with dinner-breaks. There have been mill-ins ("parties") with African music and African dancing girls who are white (and American).

There have been a handful of students who are sure of what they want, but the majority is neither sure about its action or its purpose.

The strike began when John Hatchett, director of the Martin Luther King Afro-American Student Center, was fired last week because many of his public speeches allegedly "encouraged suspicion and distrust." He was accused of being racist and anti-semitic.

Immediately following Hatchett's dismissal, eight black student groups sent a letter to President James M. Hester demanding that Hatchett be appointed Dean of Black Students.

Before the letter was answered, Katara, a black student group, and a newly formed chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) occupied two buildings in the Bronx University Heights campus.

The scene inside the SDS occupied building was chaos, confusion, fear, and, most notably, inexperience. "What do we do when the cops get here?" was a common question that went unanswered. But, "Would everybody please stand up and look under your books — I lost my wallet," was the constant cry from one girl, who apparently didn't realize the seriousness of the situation.

The take-over ended as quickly and as confusedly as it started. The black students came to the white SDS students, their hands raised in a fist, proclaiming "We won! Victory!"

The blacks and whites joined together and marched through the campus shouting "Beep Beep, bang bang, Um-gowa, Black Power," and "SDS — SDS."

But, in fact, the students were misinformed — Hatchett had not been reinstated — and their joy eventually turned to anger.

Since last Friday, however, the Bronx campus has been relatively quiet.

The protest has focused on the Washington Square campus, where the strike has been growing and shrinking with each day of the week.

Monday the boycott was about 60% effective, according to the NYU administration. 400 pickets surrounded the block square Main Building Monday morning, but the spirit "was more like a party than a strike," lamented one leader.

Students who wanted to attend classes were not stopped. Any confrontation was avoided — with care. Noise was the immediate goal — not confrontation.

Pickets changed and banged street signs, garbage cans, empty Shell



—Photo by Gil Friend

Yesterday NYU students occupied a building from 3:30 PM to five ... then abandoned it to go to dinner.

oil cans, spoons and forks and cow bells.

Occasionally the 400 pickets would sit down on the sidewalk, but then mysteriously, suddenly everyone would stand up and continue marching. Why the on-again, off-again sit-ins? "I don't know," said a black student leader. "Maybe they need a rest ... maybe it's because of police ... I don't know."

Nobody knew. Nobody knew why the partial sit-ins and nobody knew what to do next. Black and white coordinators met constantly on street corners to decide the next move.

At a noon rally, Winston Duckett, president of the Black Allied Student Association (BASA) told a frustrated crowd, "We're going to show power. The man wants us to take a building over. The man wants us to get busted. But we don't want to take a building. You getting your head busted in will not get Hatchett back."

The crowd cheered, but many students still felt directionless. Harlem leader Jesse Grey then spoke more militantly. "If you think you're going to win this struggle without confrontation you're crazy." About twenty-five students shouted "that's right, brother, that's right."

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that are pressed by some few students in the name of reform."

If ROTC's opponents choose to demonstrate this morning, it will mark the fourth successive Friday on which they have done so.

Council voted overwhelmingly, 18-1-2, to recommend that the faculty councils of the College's five schools withdraw credit status from all ROTC Courses, and by a thinner margin (12-8-1) to suggest that the College terminate its contract with the US Army, which stipulates that the administration agree to provide class room, storage, office, and drill space for the training program, as well as establish Military Science as an academic department.

A motion was also approved by two-to-one margin which declared that Council will not oppose ROTC's replacement with a military science club. "There would be no impediment to taking the ROTC course if it is provided in a club form," Bermanzohn told the councilmen.

Steve Sichel, a councilman who upholds ROTC's status, proposed the referendum, and SG Executive Vice President Syd Brown demanded that it be amended to include the words, "SG will refuse to hold this referendum unless the appropriate faculty and administrative bodies accept it as binding." The amendment was defeated by two votes.

The main motion was easily passed, but SG Secretary Adam Kreiswirth voted yes, with in-

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(Up)Tight Security Marks ROTC

By YVES BARBERO

Friday is mini-confrontation day. Members of the College's Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) use that morning to practice drill formations, and recently the College's Yippee contingent have been using it to hold their anti-drill formations.

It is a day of contrasting life-styles: ROTC in uniform, Yippies in anti-uniform, ROTC staunch and stiff, Yippies raunchy and loose.

Most Fridays have followed the pattern of the first. The Yippies are in fine form but ROTC seems dead and without spirit.

ROTC's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur R. Lucia, was out there in Lewisohn Stadium that first Friday morning, smiling, being polite and uncommitted. He is a pleasant enough chap; soft spoken and correct to a fault.

But Col. Lucia doesn't present an overly imposing picture of a great military leader. Rather, he presents the stereotype of a competent staff officer. No doubt he is.

The Colonel was approached and asked to allow a reporter to attend three sessions of ROTC classes in an attempt to gather information on its status and composition.

But the reporter was sent on a wild goose chase, apparently to give the Colonel time to check things out, and then refused. The grounds were that school officials didn't allow auditing of ROTC — it was against regulations.

So the Colonel was asked if he would allow the reporter to interview his staff. The answer was no, but the Colonel did volunteer to answer submitted questions in writing, assuring the reporter that copies would be made and submitted to appropriate persons to insure against dishonesty. Apparently Observation Post's reputation is doubtful.

Since the Colonel had refused to give the name of the official in question, the reporter visited several. But none knew of any such regulation. Former Registrar Robert L. Taylor, who is an assistant to the president, was the most explicit. He stated that he could not think of an instance where the Administration would order a teacher not to allow some-

one to sit in on a class. Nor could he remember this having been done in his 38 years at the College.

There is, according to Dr. Taylor, an unwritten laissez-faire approach which leaves these questions to the chairman of the department or to the teacher concerned. Conclusion: the colonel, ever true to the Army, had been passing the buck.

Left with no other alternative, the reporter submitted his questions, while some information was gathered from other sources. Unfortunately, the answers were vague and insubstantial, but coupled with the other sources, they provide a framework.

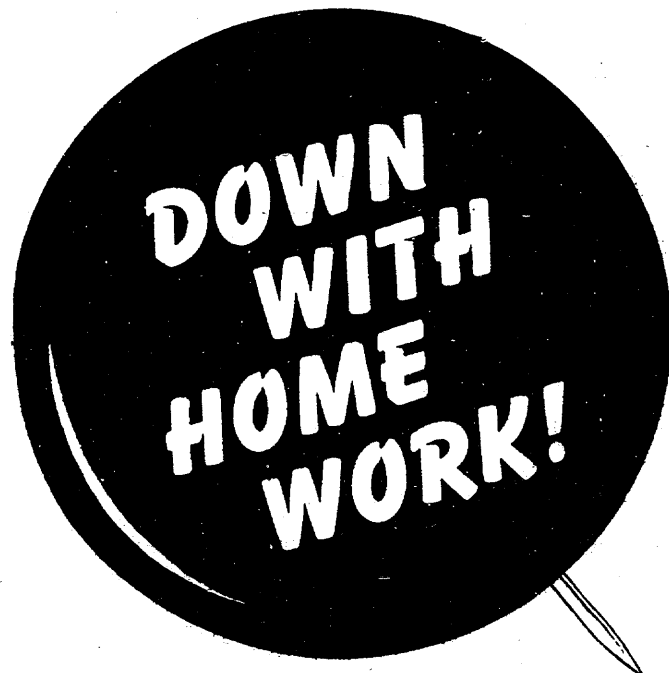
ROTC belongs to no school of the College and reports, at least in theory, directly to the president via the Dean of Administration. In practice it is a nearly auton-

mous department. It is, for the Army, the least expensive way of training an officer since the Army does not house the students (nor does it pay them for the first two years) and because it is an official department, it pays no rent for its enviable suite of offices in a whole wing of Harris or its classrooms or the space it uses for its drills.

ROTC supplies the Army with about 45% of its officer corps and 29% of its general officers. (And one, Major General Charles P. Stone, a graduate of the College, recently made Vietnam headlines by sending recalcitrant non-saluters to the front.)

One question was why ROTC should be on campus when military bases are within commuting distance. The Colonel replied that these didn't exist in New York. "The nearest, Ft. Dix, New Jersey, would involve three hours of travel time alone." But apparently the colonel was forgetting that there are four major bases and over twelve armories (one of which is used for ROTC drills) in the metropolitan area. The statement that "for the ROTC program to be effective it must be part of the campus en-

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College Not A Drug Sanctuary, But...

By STEVEN MARCUS

The drug scene at the College is big, and growing bigger with every passing day. Rather than being a mythical product, it is a concrete result of the coming of age of youth across the nation. Students in the market for drugs have a wide variety available to them, and acquiring them involves little or no effort.

Last spring, the General Faculty approved the recommendation of a student-faculty committee appointed by President Buell G. Gallagher to suggest guidelines for the College's approach to drug usage.

The policy prescribes disciplinary action "up to and including expulsion or dismissal" for those who sell, purchase, possess or use illegal drugs at the College.

"The school will not be a sanctuary for the exchange, barter, or sale of drugs," Dean James S.

PARANOIA

Because of an alleged heavy flood of letters to the City Administration from irate parents of students at the College, frightened of the College's drug-palace reputation, a narcotics bust is expected at the College within a week, according to a reliable source in the City Administration.

Uniformed patrolmen were sighted on the South Campus lawn Tuesday afternoon, and it is expected that their observations will be used to obtain a search and seizure warrant for the bust.

According to the source, the bust will take the same form as last year's Stoney Brook University raid, with no forewarning of or permission from the Administration.

this category, "may or may not be" prosecuted.

The laws must be observed, he asserted, claiming that the students have sufficient channels open to change the laws. The college is obligated by the law to report violators, and would be "negligent in its duty if it did not do so," he said.

Looking trim and vigorous after a short illness, Dean Peace reflects the official college position, but he does not reflect the views of many other college administrators, who have been influential in determining how the college actually deals with suspected individuals.

The administration has no established pattern and no strictly-defined procedures to be followed once a student is discovered using drugs. One administrator draws a line between students experimenting "to see what it's like" and those who use the drugs out of a compulsive "psychological if not physical" need, he said. The high-ranking Administration official contended that the first instance does not require serious attention, but that the second does, because he believes the students are using

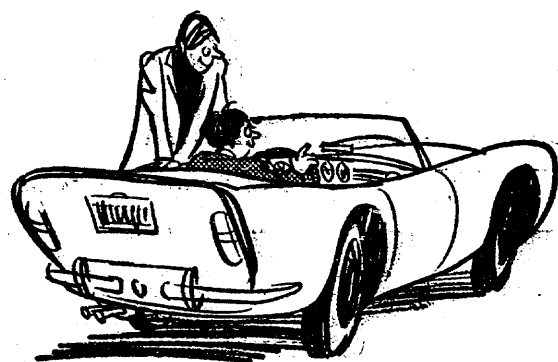
the drugs to relieve personal problems.

These are the ones who benefit most from being sent to the Counseling Service, he added, since they are dealt with as "psychological and medical problems—not disciplinary ones." The college maintains a psychiatric consultation affiliation with Mt. Sinai Hospital.

Many of the students who do not qualify as psychological or medical problems, such as those to whom drugs have become a way of life and who do not view themselves as victims of a crippling disease, are dealt with in relation to their effect on the community. For example, if a student is high, walks into class, and becomes disruptive, then "he could conceivably be subject to disciplinary action," the official reports. No such drug case has ever been brought before the student-faculty discipline committee.

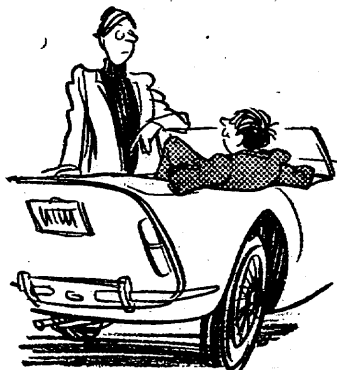
"This College is not going on a witch hunt; we are not going to seek out students using drugs," the administrator stated. This remark has ramifications inconsistent with a time when the use of narcotic undercover agents is so

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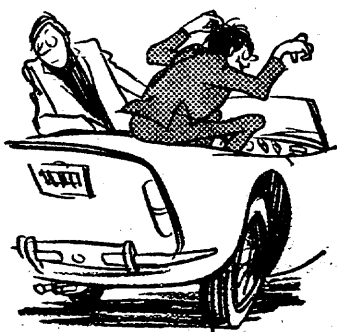
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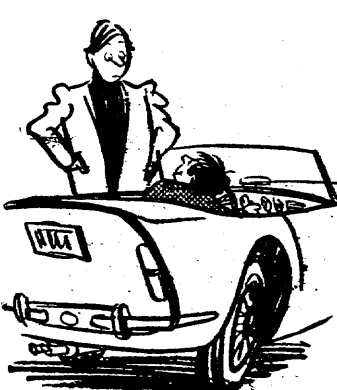
2. What happened to your Viper Mark IV?

I just couldn't identify with that car.



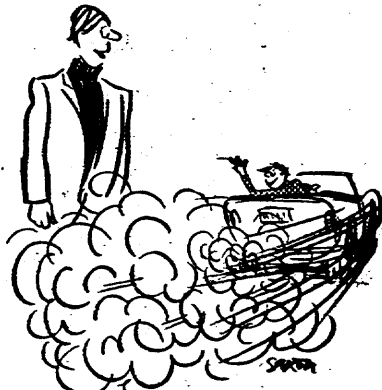
3. That's what you said about the Sidewinder Eight.

But a Python is something else. Four-on-the-floor, six-barrel carb, console tach... and what a steal!



4. Don't you think you ought to hold onto a car more than a month, Chet?

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5. That's what I did yesterday—signed up for Living Insurance from Equitable. At my age the cost is low, and I get solid protection now that will continue to cover my family later when I get married. Plus a nice nest egg when I retire.

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Peace (Student and Personnel Services) said this week. "If a student is involved in an out-and-out case where there is little or no doubt of drug abuse—that is, in possession of drugs, involving others in the use of drugs, and possessing a police record of arrests for the use of drugs, then he will be turned over to a narcotics agent." Students who are caught, but who do not fit into

Education Students Try Some Student Power, But Lose Their Goal to Committees, Insecurity

By SJ GREEN

The School of Education is at funny places. Its administration and faculty have been trying to involve their students in decision-making in its various faculty committees. But the students appear unwilling to become involved.

In order to get the students involved, a multitude of committees have been formed, notably, the Undergraduate Student Advisory Board (to the faculty committees of the School of Education) (USAB).

It has been in existence for two years, with an advisory position on each of the faculty committees, and little student interest. Max Rosen, Alvin Arlitz and A. George Koverly are three of the students involved in raising student interest. They are, respectively, last year's chairman of the USAB and this year's chairman and vice-chairman.

Rosen put out a leaflet this week full of polemics about student involvement, and together with Arlitz and Koverly, organized a rally and an "organizational meeting" of students interested in the USAB at Klapper Hall yesterday.

Virtually nobody showed up. The organizational meeting was attended by so few people that standing at the podium was a farce. You could reach out and touch whomever you wanted to rap to. Gradually it swelled to 25 people.

The reason for the apathy was easy to spot. Arlitz gave a nice demonstration of it. At 4 PM he

stood at the railing of Klapper Hall balcony, across the street from Music and Art High School exhorting some uninterested students to "get involved." Finally one kid asked him "in what?"

He began to explain about the USAB, about its limitations, in essence, saying that it didn't really exist yet, and it had no defined powers and wasn't sure what it would do. Halfway through his explanation the kid walked away.

Finally Arlitz and about 25 curious students walked into the building to have their meeting.

When they got inside, the problem became more obvious. No one knew what the whole thing was about. No one seemed to know why they were there.

The talk moved from the isolation of Industrial Arts students to the lack of meeting room space to "what's the difference between the Educational Society and USAB?"

One girl came to the meeting only because she wanted to know what all those people were doing in Klapper at 4 PM. Then she found out that she had, in fact, been selected by her class to be on USAB a few

weeks before. So she stayed; sceptically.

The situation is one of power. The School of Education is a progressive school; probably the most progressive department—except for the English Department. It was the only School at the College two years ago which voted correctly on the draft issue: not to release grades.

The School has six faculty committees covering all aspects of education: curriculum, student affairs, etc. Now the deans, a number of faculty members and, notably, the three students (Arlitz, Rosen and Koverly) want to get students more involved.

Their motives appear beneficent: communication with the students.

But most students don't seem to give a damn. And those who do, are insecure.

When the question of student power came up at the meeting, students felt they shouldn't be granted a vote on the faculty committees until, according to Arlitz, "we are ready." By "ready" he meant that each student serving on a faculty committee should have five or six students to do research for him, and then help him decide how to vote.

The students recognize that the faculty members on the committees have the same problem: lack of time to assimilate information and formulate responsible positions. But they maintain constantly that they will not seek voting power until they can make it "meaningful" for themselves.

Ergo: the organizational meeting of the USAB. At the end of the meeting they split up into groups under the titles of the faculty committee. But, Arlitz

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Sit-ins with Coffee Breaks at NYU

(Continued from Page 1)

"You're going to have to close down this University," Grey continued. "The quicker you get your heads split, the quicker the issue is open."

But a large majority of the students don't want any confrontation. They don't want to occupy a building.

"People here are too frightened to take a building," explained Steve Halliwell of the Radical Coalition (the white strike committee).

"I'm not going to be a martyr," says Bob Kirkman, an SDS member, also on the committee.

"I'm not going to get beaten just to show off to my girl friend," says Bob Wolf, another Coalition leader.

The blacks are also afraid of confrontation.

"I don't want to be beaten by the cops," says Tom Jackson of BASA. "I think we can win peacefully. We have to continue the pressure."

"I don't want my head busted," adds Bob Romero of BASA. "I think Hester will give in if we keep pressing."

But students have been striking now for eight days and President Hester has not responded the way students had hoped. And it is likely that he will not give in. There is no pressure on the President. The student stand is not firm; the strike has great support, but the leaders are weak.

Tuesday afternoon, after students quit the picket line for a lunch break, they staged a mill-in inside the Main Building. Four hundred people walked in circles, looking for something to do.

"Come on people. Don't stand around," shouted Bob Kirkman, the leader of the activity. "This is a mill-in. Be creative . . . the Boston Tea Party, remember? You're the Indians . . . There're elevators, stairs, students, teachers. Do something, be creative, please?" Kirkman pleaded.

So some students jammed in an elevator, shouting, "No Hatchett, no school!" And they went up and down the 11 floor building two or three times until an administrator decided to stop the elevator, allowing the students to win their small victory. And when the students left the elevator, it would start running again.

But most students stayed in the lobby and danced to the African drums and flutes and bells played by blacks and whites.

By 5 PM people were hungry, so the mill-in ended.

Wednesday, there was another mill-in, but this time it was called a "dance" and this time no one bothered to even stop the elevators.

Later Wednesday a strategy meeting was open to everyone, and, after six days of strike, the only thing most people agreed upon was that there was no strategy for either blacks or whites.

"I'm in favor of disruptive tactics," said one student at the meeting, "but I'm not in favor of anything that breaks the law. We can work within the law."

"I think we should make a lot of noise and tell the students how screwed up the system is, and how screwed up capitalism is," another student argued.

"No. Don't tell them it's screwed up. You have to be more subtle," a girl wearing a McCarthy button countered.

"How come I'm the only guy at the picket lines at 8:30 in the

morning everyday," one boy complained. "Now, if you want to strike, you've got to get up earlier."

The meeting broke up when a girl said, "Listen: we've got to decide on something quick because it's getting near dinner time." So the group decided on something. They would meet again at 8 PM.

President Hester and the Board of Trustees were asked to come to the 8 o'clock meeting ("It was not an invitation, it was a demand that they come") a day in advance.

300 students showed up at the meeting. Absent were President Hester and the Board of Trustees.

But students kept faith, and at the mill-in yesterday were singers Dave Van Ronk, Tom Paxton and Patrick Sky. Again support was great, but protest action was minor.

"I feel like striking from the strike committee," said Gail Beyer yesterday evening. "I can't take it any more."

On the elevator down from the strike office to the cafeteria last night, Tom Wolf of the white steering committee brooded with Bob Johnson, a black student.

"Just do your thing," Wolf said. "But just remember we (the whites) are still here — and in as much trouble as you."

Johnson almost laughed.

The problem is that the basic plan of the white steering committee is to follow the lead of BASA, but BASA, so far, hasn't given any leads.

Every day there is talk in the morning that "this is the day of the confrontation," but by five o'clock it becomes apparent that "tomorrow is the day."

Whites are not merely afraid to take action; they don't want to. Most of the steering committee is comprised of Student Council members, former Eugene McCarthy supporters, and individual liberal students. SDS and the Peace and Freedom Party has its representation, but it is clearly not in the majority, nor is it militant.

In addition, whites are more afraid of taking an action which would "sell out on the blacks," than they are of being arrested.

When the Radical Coalition voted by 60% to oppose a BASA decision Tuesday night, the vote was quickly forgotten because no one was willing to tell BASA about the decision.

Many BASA members are afraid to take action because they risk losing their Martin Luther King scholarships, which would force them to leave the school.

Ira King, a black student, feels that many blacks are "so busy being bourgeois" that they "talk blackness but don't practice it." "You didn't care or see what the power structure was doing," King told blacks in a column in the NYU newspaper, the Ticker. "Don't talk, get off your ass and let's do something."

But nobody does anything.

Yet, despite the lack of action, the strike has considerable support from students, faculty and employees. A Ticker survey shows that 60% of the faculty feel "Mr. Hatchett should not be dismissed from the University."

Ruth Riffkin, a graduate student and a secretary says, "the secretaries — most of whom are black and students — are willing

to strike and be fired, if the committee supports our reinstatement."

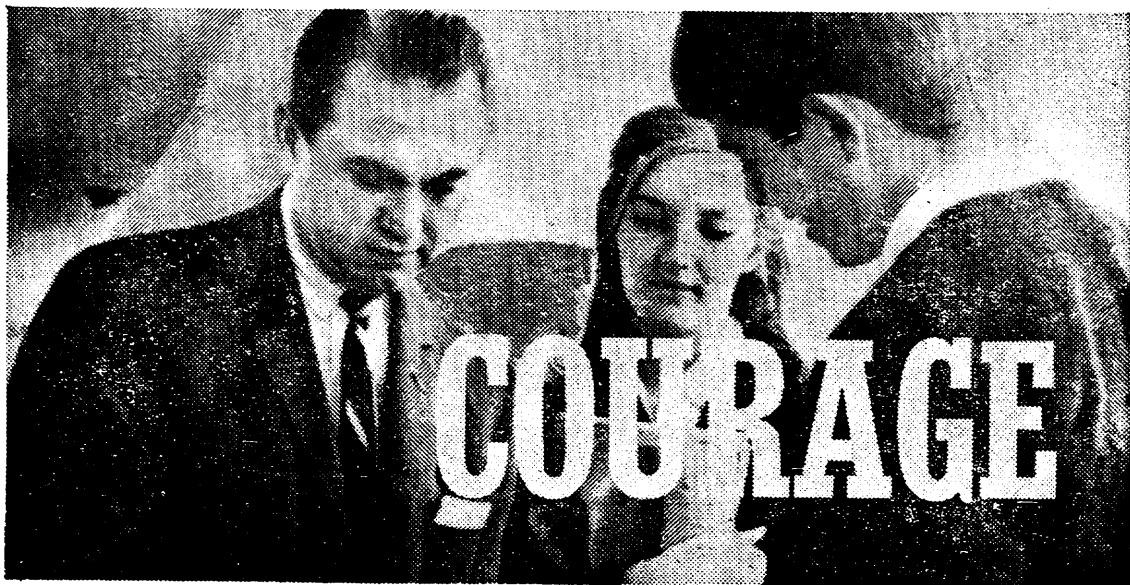
Numbers and non-violence. If the strike succeeds in nothing else, it will, at least, serve as a test for peaceful protest.

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We are forming a new student-faculty based college called Encounter House. It will be financed and directed in its entirety by the two academic groups. We are looking for people dedicated to this concept to act as Encounter House representatives at establishment colleges. If you wish to work towards creating Encounter House, please call Dave after 7:00 PM at WA 7-9725, or the Encounter House office at 548-0653.

That Cafe Finley exists is heartening; that it is only two weeks old dramatizes the vacuum which we wearily accepted. In a small, but nonetheless gratifying way, the College is gaining a much needed sense of community.

The refreshing shift away from group activities with somewhat limited appeal to those of more or less universal interest was received enthusiastically by patrons of the first two concerts at Cafe Finley. A transformation of the Snack Bar, Cafe Finley offers a modified coffee-house atmosphere, complete with candlelight, unlimited coffee and donuts, photo exhibits, and, of course, entertainment.

Artie and Happy Traum, major talents in the folk and folk-rock sphere, launched the Friday night experiment with masterful guitar work, steady vocals, and a completely engaging stage presence. That the premiere sold out led to speculation on whether or not the success was based on mere novelty. But last Friday's enthusiastic crowd seemed to indicate that Cafe Finley has achieved permanence.

Last week's entertainment characteristically began with the mistress of ceremonies, Sue Segal, casually and confidently introducing the performers as if all was as it should be. The audience was loose. The Smith Brothers — Jack Smith, Stan Jay and Linda Gerhold — took their places upon

the small stage placed in the angle of the L-shaped room and began with a brisk, pleasantly done song called "Mystify Your Mind." But when they paused to introduce themselves it became painfully clear that they lacked confidence in their stage presence. Nervous gestures, banter which dropped to an inaudible level when the response of the audience was less than enthusiastic (but by no means hostile) were all projections of their self-consciousness. As they continued with a group of songs including "Twelve Kingfishers" by Donovan, and "Michael From Mountains" by Joni Mitchell, one felt that their repertoire was totally unsuitable to their musical abilities. Lacking the vocal intensity and emotional depth to pull off, for example, the Mitchell song, they merely watered it down to a lackluster melody, without its usually explicit musical and verbal impact.

Yet their light and simple original works demonstrated that their talent lies in smooth and pleasant harmony, well-executed counterpoint. The group seemed visibly more at ease while doing

their own material. Linda Gerhold has a sweet voice, though basically untrained, which is most effective in a casual song. But when the Smith Brothers (all of whom do vocal work) attempted a blues song the result was disastrous. Unfortunately, even the guitar work was shaky; the rendition of "Angie," a stunning instrumental, was embarrassing, especially when compared to Artie and Happy Traum's brilliant interpretation the week before.

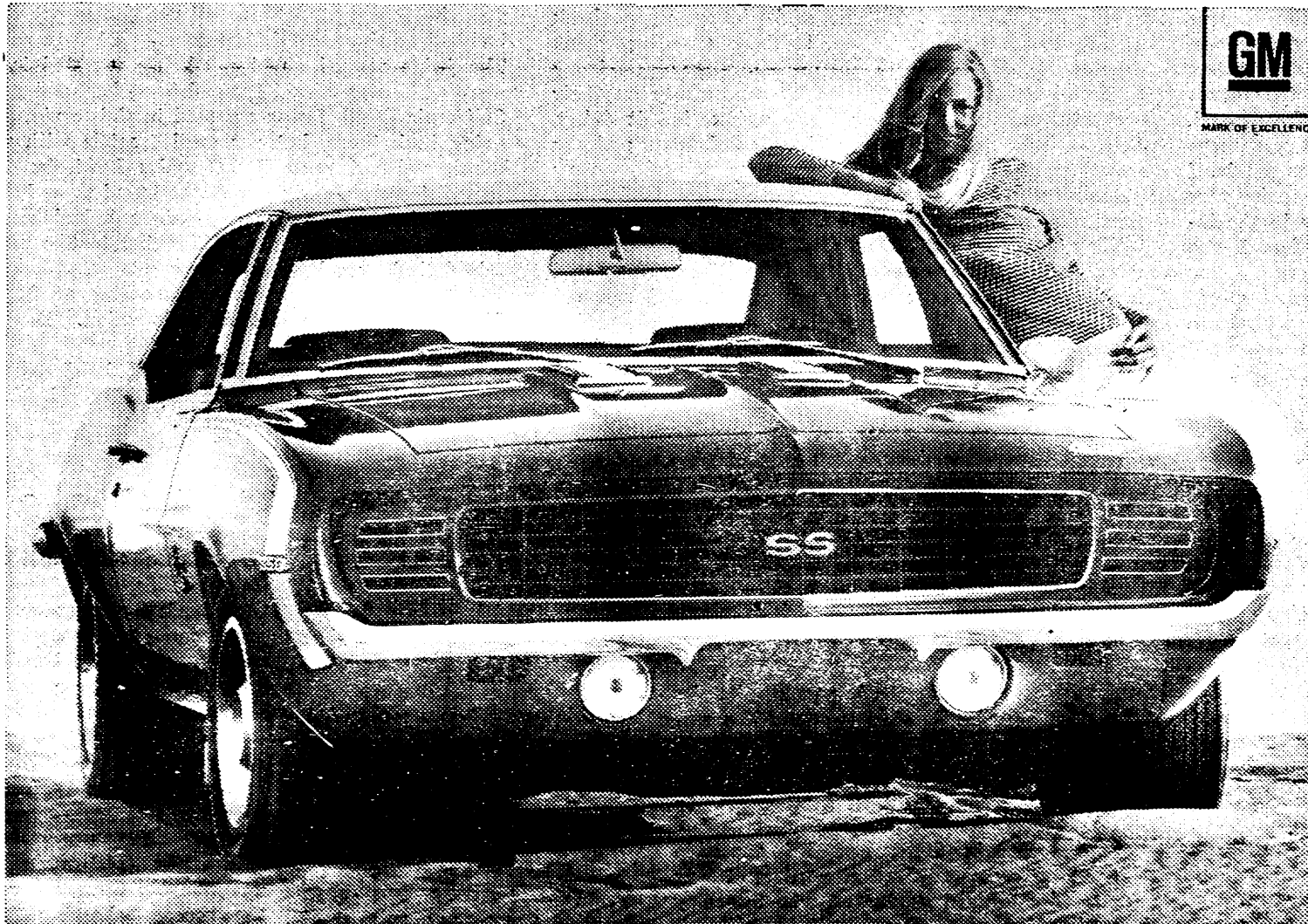
If the Smith Brothers resolved their apparent difficulties in creating a consistent, tight performance, tailored to what they know and play best, the group could possibly crystallize.

Mario Sprouse and the Lords crowded onto the stage with their multiple bodies (ten) and instruments, amplifiers and microphones for the second part of the show. Essentially a jazz and soul group, the Lords rely heavily on a brass sound. With baritone sax, tenor sax, trumpet, congas, drums and bass, all well-played, the emphasis is on a hard-driving solid beat. Stanley Linquist and Joe Kramer, on baritone and tenor sax, respectively, dominated such great songs as James Brown's "Sweat" and "Funky Broadway," combined together by the Lords in one exciting unit. But unfortunately Mario Sprouse's professional piano work was often swallowed by the sheer power of the other instruments, which needed a contrasting sound to create balance. The piano could not break through, and too large a part of Sprouse's virtuosity was unheard. One got the distinct feeling that the group needs a lead guitar to strengthen the balance of instrument, and add fluidity to the band.

All in all, Mario Sprouse and the Lords are a good, tight group with a promising future. The vocals were a little weak, but that can be worked out. What the Lords do, they do quite well.

—Tonight: Lou Killem; Major Wiley.

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'10½ Hours in Pig-land' Mars Park Be-In

Re-discover America — good theme for a Columbus Day Be-In in Central Park. Anyway, I thought it was good; so did Larry. Howie and I emerged from the subway at about noon, and the sun came out a few minutes later: good omen. Larry turned up a few minutes later, and some people from the Commune. I didn't see too many cops, and pretty soon, I was making up for all the frisbee I hadn't played in the past two weeks. A Marlboro. Then sat down for some muffins I had brought along. Through a mouthful, Larry pointed behind me: "There's a fire up on the rocks . . . Hope those fools don't burn any flags. So many chicks here — it would be crazy to get busted today. I didn't turn around, just nodded. Thirty seconds passed. Maybe a minute. Then some chicks screamed, a young kid without a shirt ran past — he looked about sixteen. Fifty feet behind was an ugly young pig. He was a slow runner, so I figured the kid was safe. I laughed at the clumsiness of the pig. Howie jumped up: "There's a fucken pig on a cycle." It was true; a cop on one of those ridiculous Vespas was gaining on the kid, and a mounted cop was cutting him off from the woods. The three of us took off after the kid and the cops. The mounted cop and the one on the Vespa caught the kid at the North end of Sheep's Meadow, and were holding onto him as the foot-cop and about two hundred of US approached. The foot-cop must have been pretty well pissed off that he had run a quarter of a mile, and wasn't even going to get a bust out of it, so he started shoving people. I was about 10 feet behind him, and he was only about 50 feet from the arrested kid. He shoved somebody from behind; I got angry. He shoved a really small chick, and I yelled out, "Don't push." He stopped and turned. He was ugly. He was ugliness. I saw the fear in his eyes and his lips, and my initial fear left. "Are you talking to me?" Loud and hoarse: "Yeah." "I can push anybody I want when I'm making an arrest." "That chick didn't break any laws, and you can't push her. Anyway, the kid is already under arrest." "Shut up." "Stop pushing people and I'll shut up." "You're under arrest, mother-fucker."

There was a pretty good crowd around us by then, which may be why I talked back so tough. But there were also five pigs by then, and I went down pretty fast. All I saw as I was thrown down was a lot of cameras being held over heads, and a lot of fore-fingers pushing buttons. Or maybe that's what I wanted to see, I don't know anymore. My shoulders snapped, my wrists burned, and the handcuffs were on. I spat the leaves out of my mouth as they picked me up off the ground.

The jeep came up pretty quickly, or else it was there all along, and they spun me around to throw me in. I gritted my teeth and snarled. Maybe it was to impress all the sympathetic teeny-boppers that I saw in the instant that I was standing — the instant before I was thrown into the jeep.

Maybe it was for the cameras. Maybe it was because my wrists were hurting like nothing had ever hurt me before. Or maybe it was because I hated the god-damned pigs who were handling me like you handle a soaking-wet towel before you throw it in the laundry. I went in first, and I wound up on my back, with all of my own

weight on my burning wrists. My feet were touching the roof of the jeep, and I couldn't move them. One pig sat on my legs, and the one that had arrested me put his heel on my chest, which made my tar and nicotine lungs feel worse than ever.

I asked if I could sit up, so that the blood would get a chance to circulate in my wrists. (To describe the pain in my wrists would be impossible. All I can say is that the following sequence of events was a great relief):

The arresting pig (already sealed in my chaotic memory bank as #19723) said, "Shut up, motherfucker." Then I saw a blur of blue cuff, ugly fist, and a 2001 burst of color. I heard the sound of my head cracking against the sheet-metal floor, and braced for the second



punch. I don't know if it was the second or the third that knocked me out (and again, that was a miraculous relief, baby, a dream come true, as it were), but when I came to, my eye sockets were filled with blood.

There was a pillow stuffed over my face, so that pig #19723 wouldn't have to see the blood. I listened to little bits of dialogue:

"I guess we should get the sticks before we go back to the Meadow, Huh?" "Yea, if those scumbags want trouble, they'll get it." "I got my stick already; I knew it would be like this." I tried to concentrate on their conversation, so as to forget my wrists, but it didn't help — their rap was so stupid, so sub-human, and my wrists were so bad, so overwhelmingly painful — very quickly, my entire body, my nerves, my brain, my thoughts, were all frozen into a congealed mass of flame.

They threw me out of the jeep, threw me through the door, and picked me up off the floor. Pig #19723 and another blue oinker grabbed my elbows, and ran me full-speed against the information desk.

I tried to grin when he asked me my name. I couldn't grin. I caught a little bit of my breath and croaked out my name. I don't know, the rest is just details you've heard before. They didn't loosen the handcuffs for three

and a half hours, at which point I was finally in jail, a little safer than I had been in the Central Park Precinct House.

I refused to sign my name in the jail register (or the fingerprint register, I don't remember) until the handcuffs were removed. (Pig #19723 was kind enough to handcuff my hands in front of me, instead of behind me, for the ride to jail.)

Flash: In the paddy wagon, on the way from Central Park Precinct to Center Street jail, weak, bleeding, exhausted, mind-raped, completely helpless — unable to smoke a cigarette even though the handcuffs were in front of me — I noticed through the pig-screen window, a brand-new red GTO following the paddy wagon; after he followed us for about five minutes, I put my nose up to the screen for a better look — it was, sure enough, still another porker. He followed the paddy wagon all the way to the jail, so I guess I'm not flattering myself if I assume he was assigned to make sure I didn't break out of the paddy wagon.

As we approached the jail, after a ball-breaking ride down the F.D.R., Take Another Little Piece of My Heart by Big Brother came over the air out of the GTO, into the paddy wagon. I made believe I was snapping my fingers, I grinned, I felt better. The boy in blue, however, remained as stolid and joyless, behind his expandable-retractable steering wheel, as he probably has all his life, as he undoubtedly will all his life.

Maybe he was jealous of #19723 for making an arrest and for knocking me cold. Maybe he was trying to figure out if he had enough bread to score a hooker off Forty-Second Street. Maybe he wasn't thinking at all.

Jail was a drag. You know, a real solid bore. And since I had left my shoes in the park, and the cops had ripped half my shirt off, I was pretty god-damned cold by the time the sun was down. The junkies in my cell were even colder, but they had coats and shoes, at least. What else. I was not allowed a phone call during the ten and a half hours I was in Pig-Land, and I was not given the aspirin I politely requested.

Seems strange that with mace, tear gas, and all the other chemicals the cops have, that there wasn't one aspirin in the whole Central Park Station-house. I guess the heaviest down of the day (after my wrists, anyway) was the thousand dollars bail the judge put on me. It had to be a thousand dollars cash — a bond was no good. The judge rapped about my being arrested in California, and he was afraid I would jump bail and go back to California. Well, I was arrested in California, and I am going back there, but not until I settle with my draft board, and not until ROTC splits Lewisohn. Anyway, some friends showed up with the bread three hours after the arraignment, and by midnight I had washed the blood off my face, and was listening to Spoonful.

Bad flash: My lawyer told me this afternoon that I'm facing a year on each count: Harassing an Officer, and Obstructing Government Administration. "Don't push": two words, two years.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEOPLE IS STRONGER THAN THE TECHNOLOGY OF THE MAN. — The author must remain anonymous.

Saturday At The Fillmore: A Varied Exhibition

By SJ GREEN

At the Fillmore East Saturday night the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble, Credence Clearwater Revival and The Turtles put together one of the most varied exhibitions of the rock form ever seen in New York. They covered just about everything.

The audience was varied as well. It consisted of people who came to see the Turtles as a goof, more than the usual number of "straights" who remember the Turtles from their hit-record AM radio days, and a good number of fans of NYR & RE and Clearwater fans, who were planning to leave before the Turtles came on. The usual Saturday night Fillmore audience, the East Village freak people, were there as well.

... Telephone rings in a small 4½ room apartment in the Puerto Rican ghetto near Columbia. John is coming over to buy some

LSD. Today was Saturday and Richie, returning from work with his weekly pay, \$85, went to Mark's house somewhere on 114th St. to buy the week's drugs: 10 mescaline white powder capsules, enough to sell and still have some, 15 strawberry speckled LSD tablets.

There are 13 people in the apartment. On the bridge table in the living room, two sets of works: eye dropper with needles attached. A glass of water sits between two soup spoons. A wad of cotton. A wide black leather belt. Some blood floats at the top of the glass. Two of the guys have just done cocaine. Inside one of the bedrooms, two couples ball. "Hey, whatever happened to making love? Someone asks. Someone else: "The hippie chicks killed it."

... It's the Bronx. Telephone rings in a 4 room apartment on the Concourse. "Susan, it's for you." Martin wants to know if she will go with him tonight to the Fillmore East concert. Martin: "They're having The Turtles,

I used to really like them, never heard them live. Let's go it'll be fun." Susan: "Yes."

Martin asks his father for the car keys, takes it out of the garage and drives down Pelham Parkway to Susan's house. Gets out goes upstairs, knocks. She's ready, they leave.

The NYR and RE ensemble comes on first. It consists of four Julliard graduates, who interplay classical form with hard rock sound and come up with the loosest, easiest and most fun to listen to group this side of Country Joe and the Fish. They're pure professional and the audience rapport is so good that they can get away with doing two complete original classical form pieces with just two Oboes and a Cello, and receive loud applause from a Fillmore crowd.

... A knock at the door. It's Hank with two tickets for the Fillmore gotten for free at the College newspaper. "It's the Turtles, man, remember them, let's go, what a goof." Someone: "But we have to go stoned, baby.

It'll be great." Richie: "That's no problem. He shows the pillbox. Enough acid and mesc for everyone. He and Hank will go.

Richie gets off to some acid. A girl ties up his arm, he picks up the dropper, filled with the powdered acid and some water, finds the vein, points the needle and hits. Blood backs up into the dropper, constant pressure on the tip, the acid goes in, the needle comes out. "Perfect hit." Hank swallows a capsule of THC and two dexedrine capsules. They head for the train.

... Martin knows the Village pretty well, been there a number of Friday nights with friends, asks Susan, since they're early, if she wants to get some coffee at a cafe first. Yes she says. They go to the Figaro on MacDougal and Bleeker, where they will sit with cappuccinos for an hour, then walk east along 8th Street to St. Mark's place, then south a few blocks to the Fillmore in time for the 11:30 show.

The audience doesn't let the Ensemble leave the stage, calls

them back for an encore. Finally, after doing a fantastic Hendrix version of "Wait Until Tomorrow," some more clowning with the audience and a final five minute interplay of classical oboe with beautiful lead guitar and organ, they go off, constant cheering. The Joshua Light Show performs the usual inbetween acts tricks (pictures of Presley and Winston Churchill flashed on the screen, cheering from the audience) and people sit back to wait for Clearwater.

... Once Richie began tripping leaving the small apartment was a must. He and Hank get to the Village about an hour early, look around for friends outside the Fillmore. With forty minutes still to waste, Hank remembers a friend in The Resistance with an apartment on St. Mark's Place, a few blocks away and they will go there. Richie, tripping, is getting hassled by the number of ugly people he sees on the St. Mark's strip and rushes Hank

(Continued on Page 11)

English Majors To Help Department Revision

By MIKE MUSKAL and
JONATHAN PENZNER

Sitting in your seat, composed, flicking ashes on the floor, raising an eyebrow now and then, while some smoke escapes from your lips, trying to appear involved, but not really listening, or only listening half the time, you gaze at your professor, perhaps from the first row, maybe the twenty-first, as he unravels the intricacies of a line from Chaucer, or else explains the reasoning behind someone or other's actions.

*What am I doing here?
I'm passing.*

"Everyone on this campus has complained at one time or another that students aren't being listened to. But now the English Department is telling us that they are willing to listen. We've got to take advantage of it."

Students interested in participating in the English Majors' Caucus (EMC), or in learning more about any of its programs, should contact Gil Friend, Mike Muskal, or Jonathan Penzner at FO 8-7438. Queries and suggestions may be left in the EMC mailbox in the English Department office in Temporary Structure M-4.

At the organizational meeting of the English Majors Caucus, Ellen Lask, one of its leaders, explained that not only does the faculty want to listen, they need the students on committees to actually determine curricula. Approximately 50 students became involved with this project, which in three weeks of frantic meetings has established four curricular



Robert Ghiradella . . . Edmond Volpe . . . Ellen Lask

committees and several organizational seminars.

Due to the Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences' abolishing all required courses, and a desire to make courses more attractive, the English Department, faculty and students, has found that all the lines have to be redefined, that all of the old ideas must be reevaluated.

The primary level of operation is the curricular committee. Over the summer, Professor

program; the electives committee, which handles the literature electives and experimental courses; and the honors committee, which deals with a study of the current honors program.

"Once we began talking about one aspect of the curriculum, we found that a lot of things about the department could be corrected. For example, the writing electives leave a lot of room for improvement. We could establish a type of mentor system where teachers would work more closely with individual students to improve their style."

As the replies were returned, the department began consulting the English majors caucus, which had been formed last year.

"Last year," said Miss Lask, "We were a very informal group of students who occasionally met with the faculty. This year, we are more official and more organized."

In addition to working on the student-faculty committees, the group has also organized itself into seminar groups of about ten people each. Once a week these seminars meet to discuss what has happened in the committees. From these seminars come the ideas and direction which the committee members use as arguments with the faculty.

The seminars also serve as the organizing agent for the whole caucus.

"Most people ignore throw-aways," said one member of the ad hoc committees, "so we decided we would use personal contact to help organize. The people who are now in seminars will be going out into classes and talking to the students and attempting to set up more seminar groups of about five or six people."

Reaches Most Majors

"These small groups would discuss the changes they feel are necessary and the suggestions would be relayed to the faculty."

"The small seminars serve two purposes: they help us to reach the majority of the English majors so the views we present to the faculty are as diversified as possible and it helps the English majors to get to know one another."

Eventually the committee feels it will be able to expand from just offering suggestions to the faculty to actually helping to run the department. Being planned for the future are guidance programs to help prospective majors, a separate English bulletin, lectures and a mentor program.

"The curricular changes are only the beginning. What we're aiming towards is an integrated department where students and faculty are working together all of the time to learn together."

"After all, that's the goal of education."

Ghiradella: It Isn't Glamorous

"The English Major's Committee isn't revolutionary enough. They're riding a rotten boat. Why try to plug it up? Sink it!"

Professor Robert Ghiradella (English), administrative assistant to Chairman Edmond Volpe, and recently appointed ombudsman for the department, said in an interview Wednesday that working within the department structure is not enough.

"It's got to be directed at the total City structure," he said. "Many English majors are trying to experiment within the department. Sometimes I can't create new sections simply because there isn't a classroom available."

Professor Ghiradella called the lack of space and the lack of money "a practical stranglehold on innovation."

As administrative assistant to Professor Volpe, Ghiradella works out the programming for the entire English Department. "It's a clerical function," he said. "An IBM machine could do it faster."

The position of ombudsman was created out of a "desire on the part of the whole department, especially the chairman, to establish a closer working relationship between the department and the students."

In conjunction with this, Chairman Volpe has invited English majors to sit on committees with the faculty to revise the curricula of the composition, core requirement, elective and honor courses.

Students have voting power on all these committees.

"One channel through which Volpe hopes this sort of relationship can be built up is the ombudsman, so that any and all student grievances will have an immediate ear, and where they can and will be acted on."

"These suggestions are earnestly solicited," he said. "They are not filed away. They are discussed and acted on where possible."

But Professor Ghiradella has not been receiving many suggestions. "Business has been slow," he said. The English Majors Committee has been asking for opinions and suggestions, "but they haven't received but a handful, at least not in writing," he said. "Maybe the students aren't doing it because they don't think it will do any good."

Of the few requests that Ghiradella has received, "several students have asked for additional courses in writing," he said. "Professor Irwin Stark is now thinking of ways to increase the sections of English 61 and to change English 63, the novel course, which has not had as great an attraction. In addition, the Composition Committee is now aware of the desire for basic writing electives."

Another suggestion was for a course in the modern lyric — poems and lyrics of Donovan, Dylan and Cohen. Ghiradella arranged for the student who asked for the course to see Volpe the next day. "Volpe is now thinking, tentatively, of establishing the course under the aegis of advanced English electives," Ghiradella said.

Professor Ghiradella, like many faculty in the English Department, is concerned that if students do not participate in the curricula decisions, "We'll have another faculty decision determining what the students want."

The job, as Ghiradella sees it, is "hard and boring . . . the questions are difficult. There's going to be a lot of debate . . . Are students tired of the historical approach to literature? Will the students ultimately benefit from no historical approach? What is the liberal education?"

"Would the students put up with an elective lecture if they could gain a seminar or two? We don't know. You can't leave the students out," he continued. "But it's the little details which take a lot of time. It's not very glamorous."

Ghiradella explained that in curricular reforms, perhaps the best situation, is the seminar group. "That is probably education in the best sense. But we are involved in a system that seems to have increasingly little money." In this system, he said, many courses are overloaded or not approved at all because "there isn't any money."

"Where is this money going to come from," he asked. "Whatever this City spends, it has to spend more money, a lot more on education."

"This is an issue as large as the City." The students, he said, should direct their effort, not only to the committees, but at the City. "The Faculty doesn't complain enough, I guess. I don't suppose the administration does either . . . We should apply political pressure at the weakest points."

"The concern now, is mostly to ameliorate certain conditions. We're trying to tidy up our corner," in the committees investigating curricula reforms," he said.

"Test everything. Try a lecture or two. If it doesn't work, junk it and try something else. What have we lost? I think people are trying to do something with what we have. The change, to begin with, is not going to be sweeping."

Professor Ghiradella spoke about the prospects of a student confrontation over matters of reform versus sweeping change.

"In a confrontation, who would win? After the revolution, what?? Let's say you wipe the slate clean. Who is going to sit down then and build up? Won't we have the same problems? Aren't people going to have to sit down? Do what we're doing now? I can't see it as so terribly different from what is happening now. Won't we have the same problems?"

"I don't know the answers. Volpe doesn't know the answers and students don't know the answers. We won't be harming ourselves if we experiment. You can then begin to assess."

Professor Ghiradella continued, saying that there "is no guarantee. Students want a guarantee that their work will be profitable. We can only say that we'll try. It can't be done over night. But this isn't just a waste of time."

"Actually, I'm happy that students are patching the boat. Maybe if it starts sinking, we'll abandon it."

Volpe: It Needs To Be Done

"The Curriculum has to be changed," said Professor Edmond Volpe (Chmn., English). "Ever since Faculty Council abolished most of the required courses last year, each department has been forced to reevaluate itself in terms of course content and teaching techniques."

"The English Department has been soliciting students to help reorganize department structure and change curricula of the first department to recognize that the student's role carries over from the class room into the committee rooms where decision are made."

"It's only natural," he continued, "that students help us to reevaluate our curriculum since they are the ones most affected by it. What's happening now is not new, we've always been responsive to what the students have been saying, but now, by placing students on committees as voting members we've formalized it and have insured a certain amount of continuous participation."

"I don't think that what we're doing is condescending, but rather fulfilling the students' responsibility. Hopefully in the future the students will branch out to include activities such as guidance programs. We (the faculty) help to guide English majors and help them to fill out their elective cards but we just don't have the manpower to deal with all 600 English majors the way we want to."

"The English Department has to grow. For example, we want to introduce a type of pre-registration where the student who puts certain courses down on the green election card would be guaranteed admission to those courses. Also this would aid us in establishing course sections since we would have a better idea of the number of people who are taking each course. To do this, though, we need the students help."

"There are other changes we want to make, such as enlarging our team teaching ideas and establishing inter-departmental majors."

"The student has always been able to take inter-relating electives but what we want is, for example, a course half on the history of imperialism and half on the literature of imperialism and then connecting the two. In format it could vary from the history and literature teacher taking turns teaching the class, to dividing the class between the two teachers and alternating the seminars the student would attend."

"But the key to all of these changes is the student. We want to make certain changes and the students have ideas about these changes. These changes go further than curriculum. Eventually students and faculty will be meeting together continuously to discuss everything related to the department."

"All of this leads to a specific atmosphere — an atmosphere which will make teaching more fruitful for the student and the instructor."

Innis at Forum, Scores 'Reforms'

Roy Innis, leader of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), told about 50 Young Democrats, yesterday, that "the biggest problem with you guys is that you don't realize that the number one public issue is black and white and not Vietnam."

Innis made his comments at the Young Democrats' Forum: The Future of American Politics. Also at the Forum were Congressman James Scheuer, from the Bronx, columnist Murray Kempton of the New York Post, and Don Weeden, congressional candidate in the west Manhattan 19th district.

Innis asked students to campaign for James Farmer, running for Congress in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district of Brooklyn. "It's not that he [Farmer] will reform the old programs. He will start new ones."

The country is suffering from "a severe bankruptcy of ideology and programs," Innis said. He pointed to the "little Mickey Mouse programs like Brownsville" as a typical example of American political, "so called liberal" reforms.

The CORE leader recommended the formation of autonomous school districts in Harlem and Brownsville. "We've got to make a radical departure from the — no offense — McCarthy-O'Dwyer type liberal politics. Once dynamics start flowing, that's it. Then, the basically good men, like O'Dwyer, will be more relevant to America."

Innis added that "separatism is one of the most basic and healthy ways to build a society." He said he had a "very critical interest in law and order, and that means equal representation — 10 per cent of the Senate should be black. That's law and order."

Halloween . . .

On Halloween night, Thursday, October 31st, there will be an all night war vigil in the Finley Grand Ballroom.

Its purpose, according to Ron McGuire, chairman of the Ad-Hoc Committee for a Student Vigil, is to protest "the current election campaign's irrelevance to the problems of Vietnam and racial injustice."

A program of workshops, guest speakers, and entertainment has been planned, with a professional guerrilla theater, the Sixth Street players, scheduled to appear.

GENE AND MARIE

"... Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.

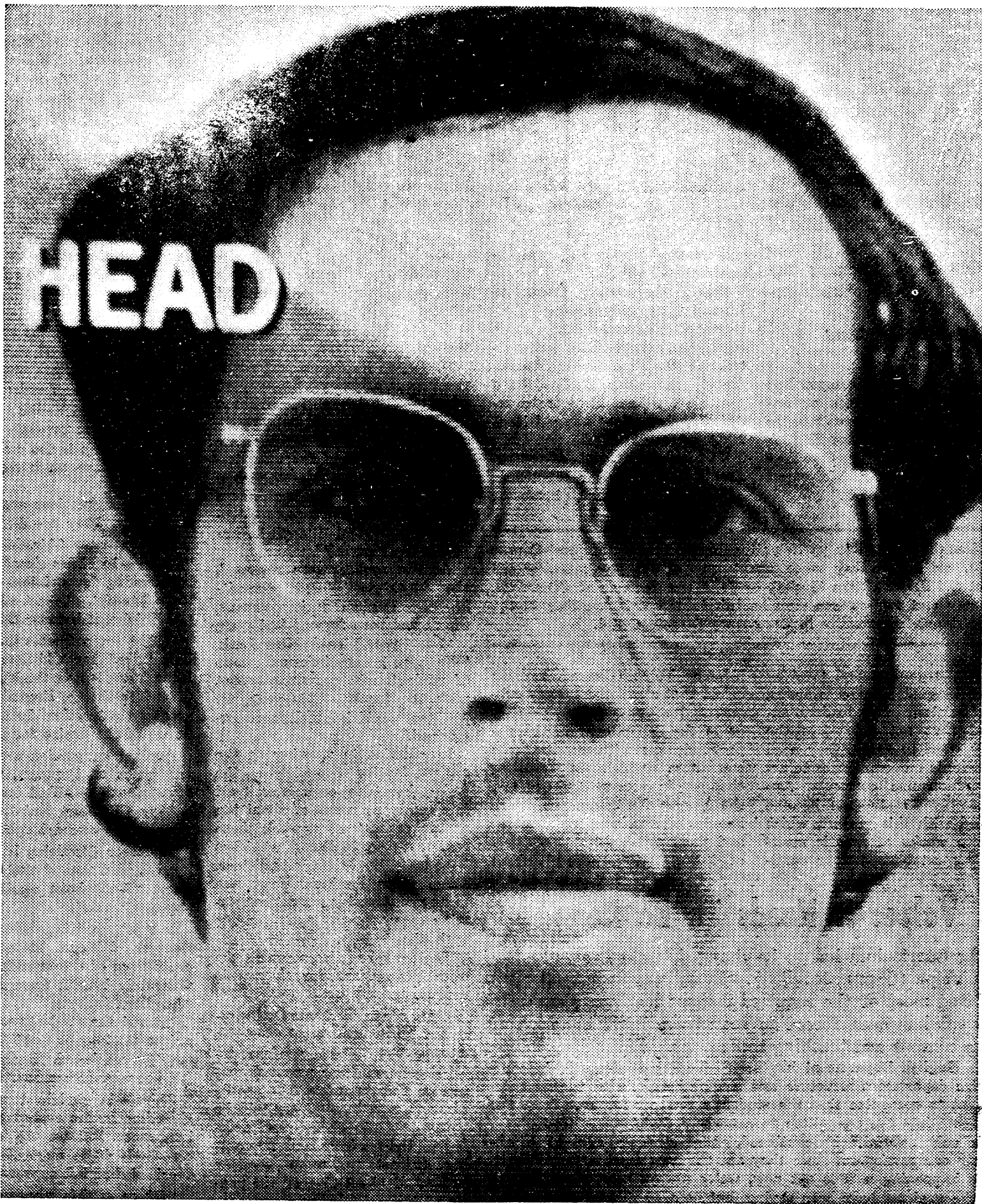
But let there be spaces in your togetherness,

And let the winds of the heavens dance between you . . ."

ON YOUR MARRIAGE

From All of Us.

—Kahlil Gibran



"I'D RUN DOWN DEMONSTRATORS."

—George Wallace

HELP O'DWYER ANSWER WALLACE

An Open Letter To The Students Of New York

20,000 New Yorkers will say YES to George Wallace on October 24th at Madison Square Garden. Won't you, who stood up so courageously to protest the war in Vietnam, join with me in saying NO to George Wallace and the hate of the extreme right by joining with me in a noon-day rally at 7th Avenue and 38th Street, October 24th.

I feel that it is absolutely essential that a crowd of 100,000 gather to say no to Wallace. This can happen only with your support. Please join me.

—PAUL O'DWYER

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ROTC Security Continues

(Continued from Page 2)

vironment" is more to the point. The military desires to be part of the campus.

Another question concerned the educational qualifications of officers employed as "Professors of Military Science." They all have degrees, we are told, and are graduates of Army Command and General Staff College or its equivalent.

Staff College is not a college (in anybody's definition except the Army's) but a training camp to teach the basic skills needed to advance in rank.

Three questions were asked concerning the legal status and expected conduct of an ROTC cadet. The Colonel answers to the effect that a student may participate in any activity or join any organization on campus, but that before the ROTC cadet starts

his second two years he must complete an Armed Forces Security Questionnaire. He is also required to take a loyalty oath to the Government of the United States.

It was pointed out that the Department of Military Science has no more authority over a cadet than any other department has over other students. Of course, when a cadet begins his second two years, he is in the U.S. Army Enlisted Reserve and presumably under the Uniform Code of Military Justice, at least during summer camp. The realistic cadet will watch what he does or says.

Loyalty Pledge

Interestingly enough, the Colonel felt constrained to point out that every student must sign a pledge on entering the College. In this pledge, students promise to destroy no property and to support the constitution of the United States and the State of New York.

Dr. Taylor confirmed this, stating that the pledge was initiated by the BHE in 1930 and is hidden in those masses of papers one signs but doesn't read on entering the College. He added that about 10% of the students would have to be thrown out if the rule were to be strictly enforced.

ROTC is no bed of roses but it's no bed of thorns either. Cadets receive salaries in their last two years and have the option of deferring their commissions to finish graduate school. They need not worry about the draft.

And other questions got the usual public relations pap for reply; all that stuff about "self-discipline," "integrity," "sense of responsibility," "best."

Weary, the reporter made his way to his office. He passed a mail truck; on the side was one of those advertisements about the Marine Corps' ability to build men. He wasn't tempted.

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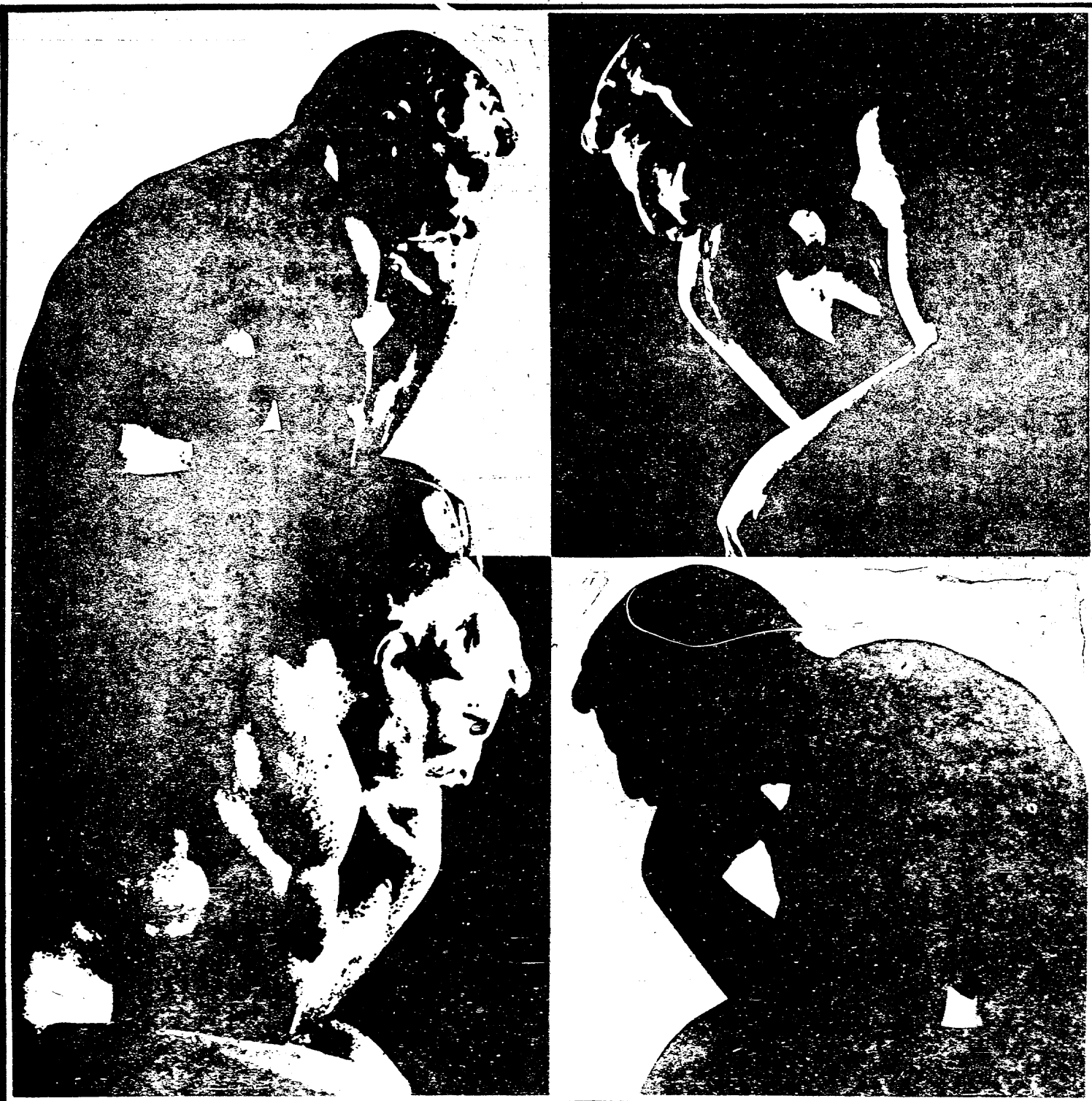
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College Not A Drug Sanctuary, But...

(Continued from Page 3)
widespread across the nation.

Nevertheless, the activities of the Burns Guards, who would ordinarily be responsible for what goes on, confirms the official's statement, and is illustrative of a wide gap between what the College says, how it feels, and what it does.

Dean Peace says that the Burns guards are given instructions to bring to the attention of the college authorities anyone caught violating city, state, federal, or college laws. Another official, however, remarked that they were hired for the strictly defined purpose of protecting property and the individual—all else is out of bounds.

A sergeant in the Burns Guards emphasized that he would not know a stick of marijuana if he saw or smelled it, and was mockingly aghast at the very idea that any such usage occurred on the College Campus. Despite this attitude, the Burns Guards show a lack of consistency in their enforcement—at times the most blatant usage is overlooked, while one or two students smoking under a tree is not.

Most significant, however, is what appeared to be a strong aversion expressed by most officials to call outside authorities to deal with the College's internal matters.

The University's policy toward the use of undercover narcotics agents was clarified last week by Chancellor Albert Bowker at his press conference for student editors. "We won't support it, but we can't stop it. The police have a right to be on campus," he said. "I personally oppose any undercover agents."

One prominent dean tells of his experiences at another college, where "almost everyone at one time or another" smoked marijuana. The situation there was dealt with effectively and efficiently until word leaked out to law authorities. The resulting uproar was totally disproportionate to the fact of the situation, and the college was placed in the position of having to defend itself against the charge of being a "den of addiction."

Further evidence of the College's attitude can be seen in the Counseling Department, which

keeps "confidential and inviolable" records. As a result of their successful fight with the BHE, they received a written guarantee that any court subpoena to the college for such personal records would be legally fought to the maximum extent possible.

This is not to say the Administration has dealt with every facet of a problem it could not ignore; rather, its deficiencies in this regard overwhelm any progressive movement within its ranks. An illustration of this is the report on drug policy submitted by a committee appointed by the chancellor of the City University (CUNY). The committee consisted of three students, a general consul for the BHE, a psychiatrist, and five professors representing various departments of the CUNY. The major proposals were:

- To establish a campus committee at every CUNY college,

consisting of students, faculty, and administration, to provide advice and consultation in matters related to the illegal use of drugs.

- Production of an information booklet on drug-usage by the Council of Deans of Students.

- Means of keeping the academic community apprised of up-to-date information related to drugs.

The College has not considered, implemented, or in any other way instituted any of these recommendations. Although one was appointed by Dr. Gallagher last term, there is no such campus committee now. Its proposals were adopted last March 21st—two months before the university committee came forth with its report. The Committee merely set into writing—reaffirmed, as it were—those policies which were already followed to the College. It was then disbanded.

Education...

(Continued from Page 3)
said, they would not seek to vote until November at the earliest.

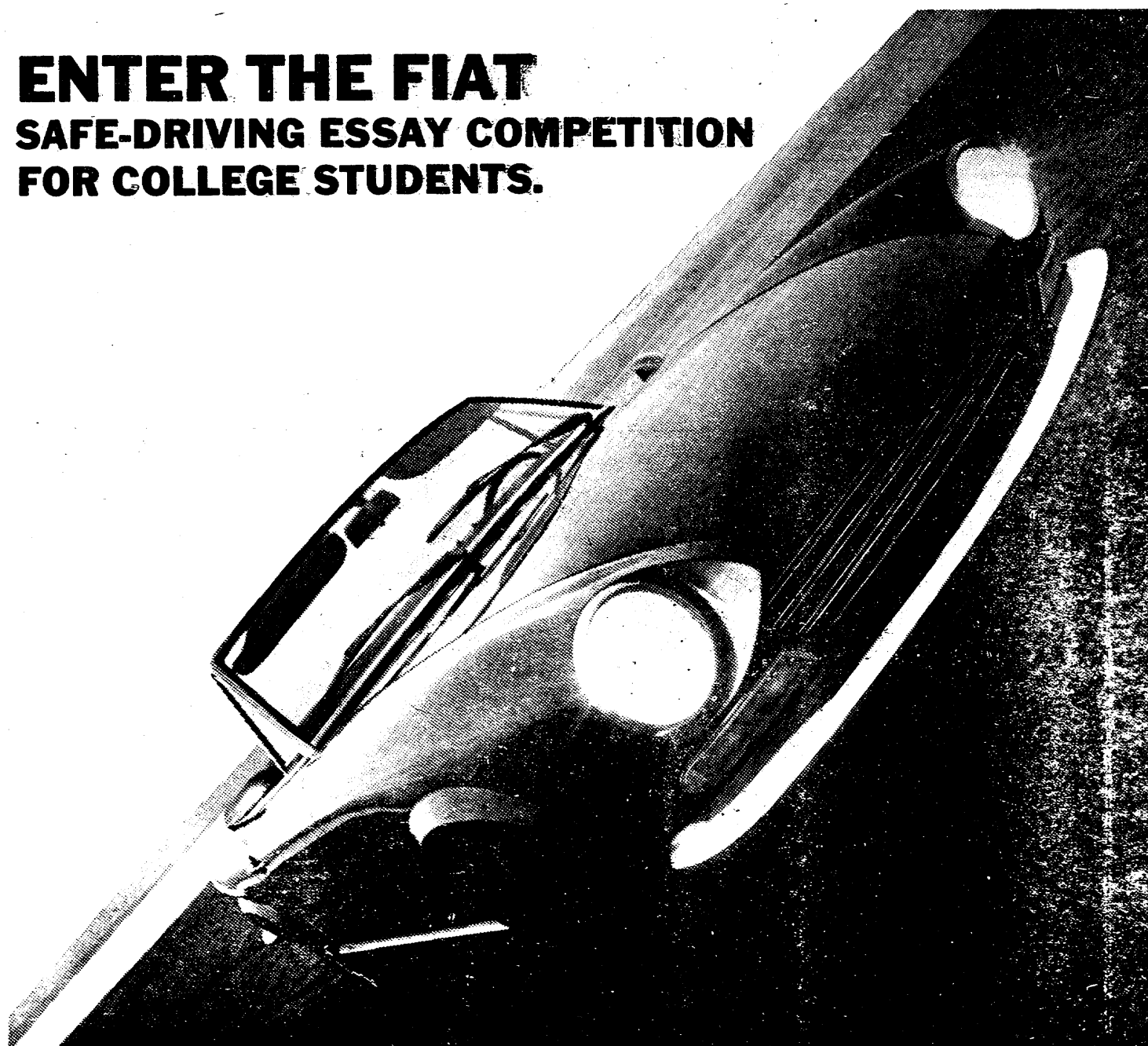
Dean Doyle Bortner (Education) has asserted several times that he is willing to give students voting power, but only if they take the initiative to seek it.

They're doing it, but cautiously. Kovery said he felt the lack of attendance was due to "inadequate publicity," but several students in Klapper who were not at the meeting asserted that they knew about it but did not go because they felt it was "a useless committee hassle."

SDS...

There will be a regional conference of Students for a Democratic Society to discuss an election day program, at NYU, 5 University Place in the Weinstein Sub-basement. Meetings start at 10 10 AM both Saturday and Sunday.

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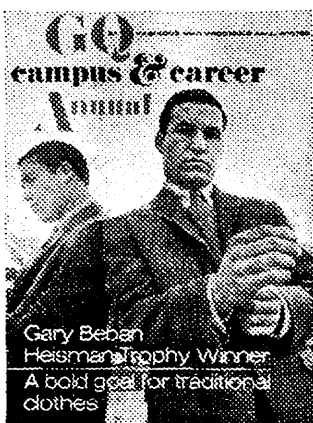
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Turtles Close the Show in Red, White & Blue

(Continued from Page 6)
to the apartment so he can get off the street.

The friend is home, remembers Hank and knows Richie's face from the cafeteria. The apartment is a Daily News caricature of a hippie pad: no floors, an unuseable fireplace, cigarette butts climbing halfway up the walls, coat hangers growing from the ceiling, bathtub in the kitchen with a pound of potatoes over the drainhole: the only food in the house, the refrigerator is dark and dirty. Old mattresses, no sheets, a bridge tablefull of Resistance literature in the one "good" room.

... Through the window of the Figaro, they watch the crowd on Bleeker, Martin commenting to Susan on his scene at the Col-

lege, on his friends and hers, on their parents, on the car. Martin: "Walking down St. Mark's should be fun, last Saturday night I walked there, looked like a circus side show. I wonder if all of them live in Queens." Susan: "Probably do. Think we'll fit in?" He laughs, looks down at his slacks and sport shirt, passes a hand over haircut head: "What do you think?" Laughter, feeling good. They pay the check and leave to head down 8th.

The lightshow flashes Credence Clearwater Revival. A very hard sound. The audience sits up. Their radio hit is "Suzy Q." Nothing like their natural sound. They're far from funky. Bayou blues. No gimmicks. Fast tight lead guitar, heavy drums, steady bass. The lead singer gets no Joplin subtleties, no Butterfield

tone changes, just straight yelled blues sounding great. Very much like Steppenwolf. The audience calls for encores again. The lead singer announces he's giving his guitar to a 12 year old Fillmore kid after the show. The friendliness between audience and performers is solid. People are forgetting about the goof. Someone: "This is great." Next: The Turtles. Everyone groans. But people are feeling too good to leave.

... Martin and Susan arrive, take their \$5.00 seats in the fourth row.

... Hank and Richie go in, sit in the press seats about 20 rows further back. They plan to move up later when Clearwater comes on. Hank keeps saying he wishes the NYR&RE would come on last

so they could go all night. Who needs The Turtles.

Everyone settles into the show, really enjoying the R&RE and Clearwater. When the R&RE do their classical pieces, Martin is surprised at the audience reaction: "I thought everyone'd be laughing by now. I'm really surprised they're sitting through it." Susan: "It's good stuff, they're fantastic. Why not? Music is music, when it's good, it's good." Hank and Richie equally surprised. Suspicious at first: "I hope the audience is good tonight. What a drag if they're not."

When the audience fails to boo the Ensemble's oboe pieces, and calls for encores on them and Credence, they relax. No hassles tonight.

The Turtles are a shock. They're damn good, put on a fantastic

show, don't alienate anybody and react easily to the audience's initial scepticism. They're loud, tight and exciting. By the middle of their act, the audience is with them. They're gross but not obnoxious, and when they get obscene, they remain funny.

They do a medley of early rock songs: 1958-59 Ronnettes, Frankie Lyman and the Teenagers. They're a vocal group, almost no lead guitar runs, but really good drumming. He does a solo set for about fifteen minutes of skilled drumming.

The two lead voices work great together, and there's amazingly little difference between their live sound and their hit radio 45's.

Maybe the only thing missing is the absence of anything political. Rock music has developed into an inherently radical form. Clearwater can do New Orleans blues, but the style speaks for their heads. Long hair is against the war and, for today's rock groups, its more than a superficial connection.

The Turtles, with their loud striped shirts and late '50s style, look like greasers, freaks without being freaky, weird but not anti-societal, their songs are early Beatle-lyriced. Love and girls, a few goof songs: one really ingenious number about food: Lyric says "Scrambled eggs, tomatoes and rice, shrimp cocktail," etc. Closing line: "Feed me some love baby," etc. Not exactly today's way.

Their last number. Another of their hits: "We'll meet again, don't know where don't know when," still good sound but little soul.

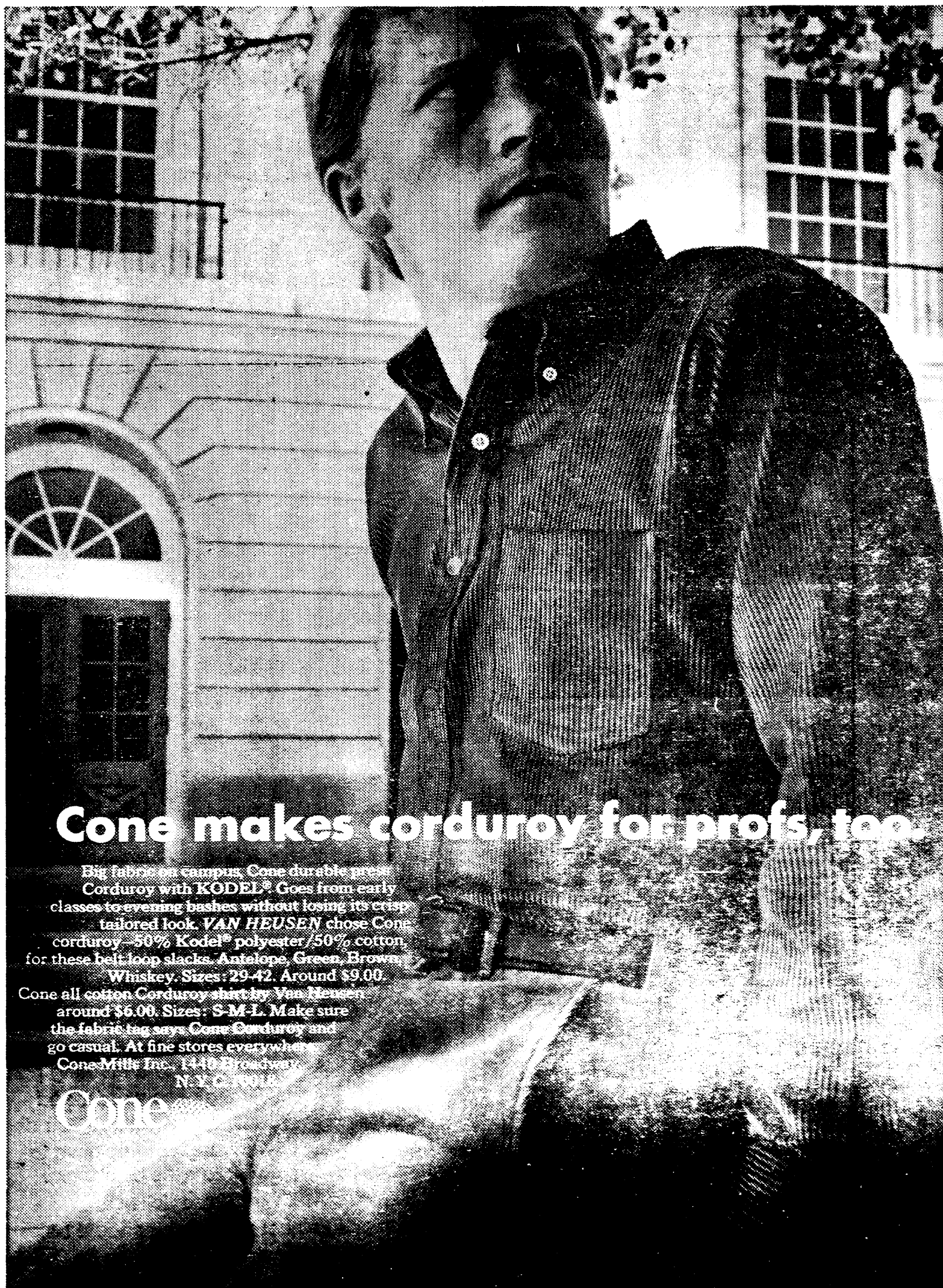
Then something happens: The sound gets louder and louder and louder, louder than its been all evening, the fat, shockwave hair lead Turtle starts highstepping. The Joshua Light Show fades for a minute then an image begins to form: an American flag, a flow of red and white and blue. A gigantic American eagle, arrow and wheat stalks in hand. The sound builds becomes more raunchy, becomes a march, becomes Sousa and America and motherhood applepie goodness rock.

Eighteen girls march out from the Fillmore wings in red and white and blue uniforms, striped Uncle Sam top hats. The fat Turtle grabs the hats, puts em on Turtle heads. The girls are high stepping, he's highstepping, the sound gets louder. A flashing white light psychedelizes the Americanized screen. The audience begins to flip out.

One crescendo of final sound, the Turtle begins ripping off his shirt, unbuttoning his pants, the screen begins to explode with rippled American eagle, fading American flag: "But baby, it's all over now." A last note, they fling the hats out into the audience, and the sound crashes out of hearing.

Everyone sits still a minute realizing they've just seen a Black Mass for America and slowly walk out of the theater filling solid: nobody's missing, man. We're all here, even the Turtles are together. Martin and Susan, Hank and Richie, the Fillmore East.

... Out into the street. Even the freaks are looking better: Martin and Susan walk back to the car, following Hank and Richie up 8th Street. Back to Pelham, back to the ghetto.



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ROTC...

(Continued from Page 1)

tent to reconsider, a parliamentary device which ensures reconsideration of the motion at next Wednesday's Council meeting.

Kreiswirth condemned the probable referendum explaining that it detracts from the "the whole intent" of the previous motions. "We're not doing issues of democracy; we're doing issues of morality and the function of the university," he explained.

However, it appears likely that the referendum will be authorized next week and will appear on the same ballot with a referendum on raising the \$43 bursar's fee by one dollar to increase SG funds.

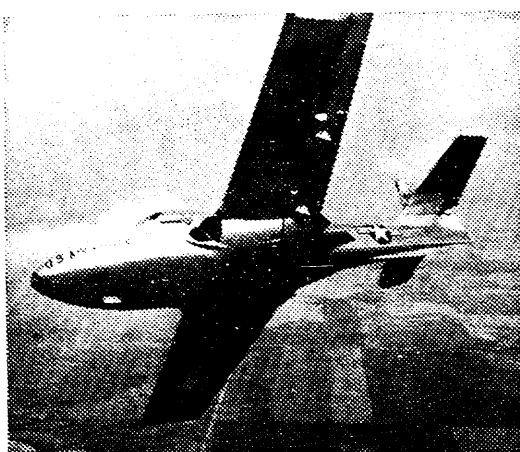
Speaking for his motions, Bermanzohn debated SG Treasurer Don Davis, a ROTC cadet. The SG President declared, "The objective of the institution is not to submit to the real world but to change it when it is in error." ROTC, he said, is "the antithesis to this ideal."



—Photo by H. E. Weberman

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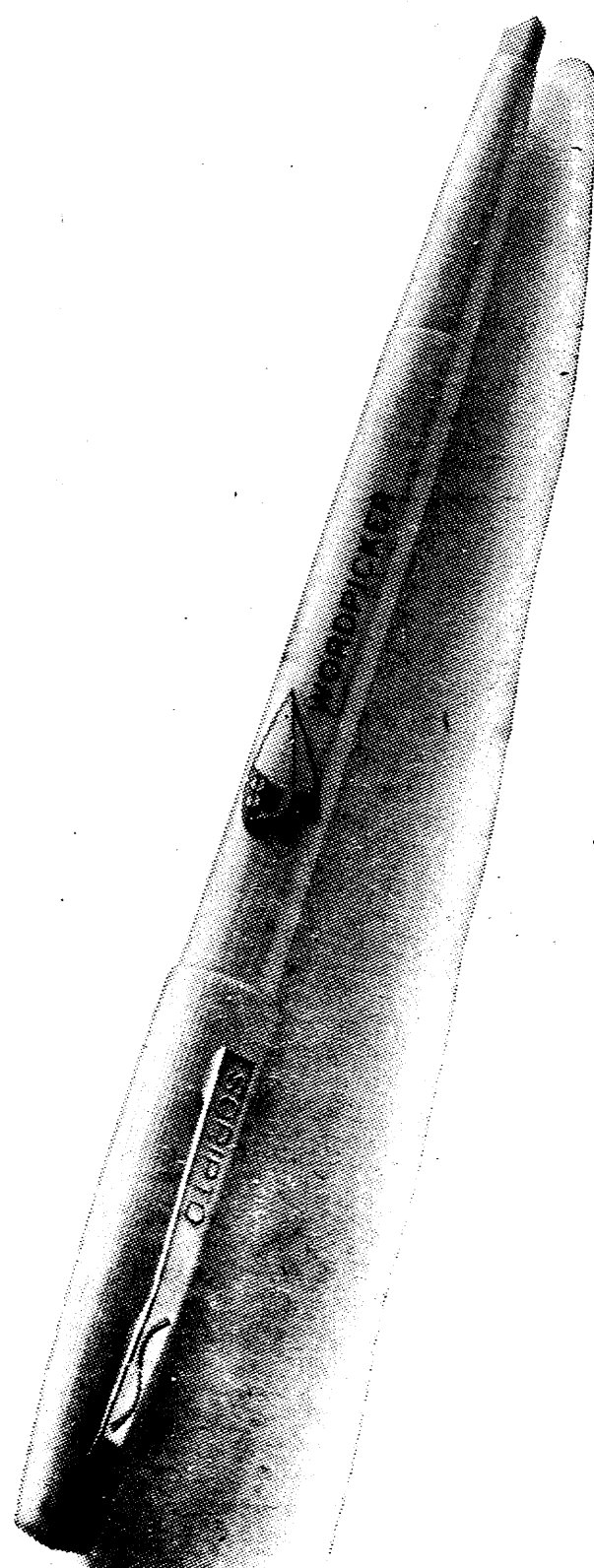
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