

# OBSERVATION *OP* POST

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CITY COLLEGE

## Six Face Suspension in ROTC Encounters

One non-student, four students, and one yet to be identified, have been threatened with suspensions resulting from the Commune's encounters with the Reserve Officers Training Corps (ROTC).

Three students — Ron McGuire, Mel Freedman, and James Landy, the acting Student Government Community Affairs Vice President — and Josh Chaikin, a former student, were summoned to appear before Associate Dean James S. Peace (Student Personnel Services) yesterday.

According to one of three "Statements of Complaint" issued by Dean of Students G. Nicholas Paster, they defaced the East wall of the Lewisohn Stadium on October 11th by painting peace symbols and epithets. McGuire and Chaikin, who operates the Free Store in South Campus cafeteria, also allegedly failed to "obey the direction of a College official."

In three other incidents last week, two more charges were brought against Chaikin, who against Jeff Steinberg, and one more against McGuire.

Two guest lectures given by Dr. Frank E. Armbruster, a member of Herman Kahn's

Hudson Institute, on the "nature of war"—one Tuesday in Aronow audition, the other, Friday in Harris Auditorium — were said to have been disrupted by the three.

In still another complaint, Steinberg and Chaikin have been charged with "unauthorized removal and misuse of Student Center property, namely two rugs" and "failure to obey the direction of a College official."

Referring to the October 11th action in Lewisohn Stadium the complain issued by the office of the Dean of Students, stated that "students were addressed by Dean of Students Nicholas Paster . . . (who) . . . indicated that interference with the (ROTC) activities would constitute a violation of the College regulations."

The students who gave their names to Paster that morning claim they were not aware the Dean had given any such speech. One student admits painting the wall when Paster approached him. "I gave him my name, but I wasn't aware of what was hap-

pening," he said. "Then he walked away. I like Paster."

Chaikin said he was not approached by Dean Paster, but by I. E. Levine the College's public relations director. "Fuzzy [Mr. Levine] said to me, 'Josh, you know you're defacing College property.' And I replied, Mr. Levine, you know that Lewisohn has been scheduled for destruction for a long time . . . I'm just helping it along."

Last Friday, three students attempted to enter Harris Auditorium, where Mr. Armbruster was lecturing to a group of ROTC cadets. The students were Ron McGuire, Jeff Steinberg and a third student known only as "Theolonius" but whom administrators are apparently unable to identify.

McGuire was trying to climb into the third floor room through a window. Jeff Steinberg and the

unidentified student were banging on a door and during one point in the activity, Steinberg was dangling from the fifth floor of Harris Hall from the end of a broom held by McGuire.

"That's one of the charges against me . . . holding a broom," McGuire said. "Dr. Harry Meisel (Student Personnel Services) told me that holding a broomstick was against College regulations, but I couldn't let it go because of the guy on the other end who would have fallen to his death, or at least his discomfort."

Steinberg claimed that he heard a fire alarm, and that he was banging on the doors, "trying to warn the guys in ROTC in case they didn't hear it." He also said that he went up to the balcony and tried to climb down a pipe into the room for the same purpose.

He was also told by Dr. Meisel that holding onto the pipe was violating a College regulation. According to Steinberg, Meisel said, "You can't hold on to that."

## Faculty Names Discipline Head

The General Faculty named Professor Herbert Nechin (Psychology) as chairman of its Student-Faculty Discipline Committee for a one-year term at its meeting last week. He succeeds Professor Edward C. Mack (English), who stepped down earlier this month after heading the controversial committee for a decade.

The Faculty renamed Professor Paul Karmel (Engineering) for another year as a member of the committee, and appointed Professors Morton Davis (Mathematics) and James McDermott (Education) for the first time.

Nechin, questioned a few days ago, said he would not comment on possible procedural changes for the committee. "It would be too premature to comment because the committee was just appointed and needs an opportunity to meet," he continued.

The student members appointed by Student Government—Michael Muskal, Erica Rapport and Larry Schmidt—indicated that at the committee's first meeting, they will protest the temporary suspensions handed down by Dean of Students Nicholas Paster last Friday.

The committee's powers were greatly enhanced by the General Faculty, which approved a motion to make decisions of the heretofore advisory group final and subject only to appeals to the President. He may reduce sentences without appeals.

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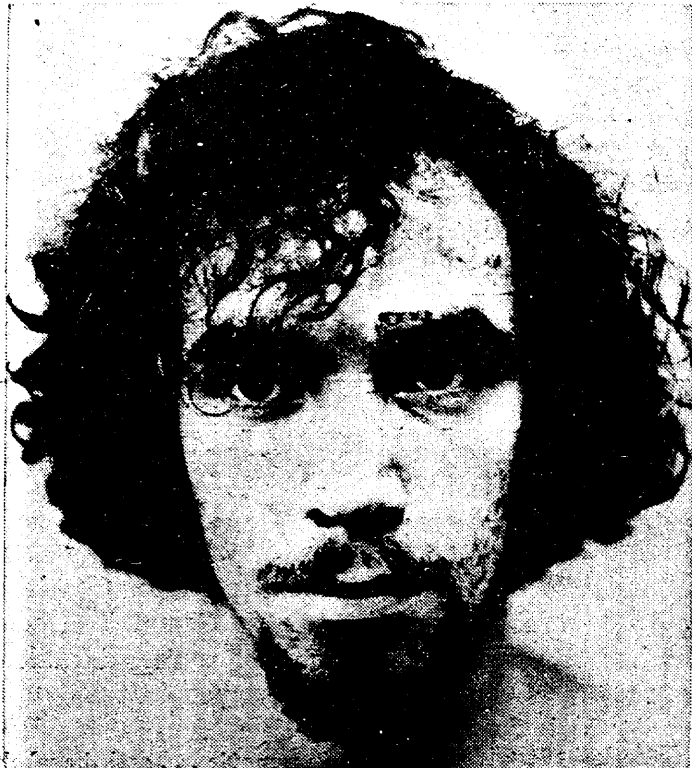


Photo by Gil Friend

Josh Chaikin has been charged with painting a wall, disrupting an ROTC class, and moving a rug illegally.

## Art Joins Politics in Guerrilla Theater

By JOEL BRODSKY

What it is, is, you get some crazy people together and you make a play. Or they make a play. Or, presto, there's a play. (It's more complicated than I thought, this explaining of things. How do fishes breath?) Look, why shouldn't people be able to make a birthday party for Bacchus, just like that? What the theater is, it's a kind of a ritual, a celebration, and it oozes out from the spaces between people, and the people make it happen. If they want to.

So Ira said to me, "Listen, why don't we put on a little skit at registration?" And I said "That's a good idea." But it wasn't. It wasn't an idea at all. It was an impulse, an urge. It was good, in the sense that when a hundred people are hungry, somebody says "Let's eat." You do it, just like that.

Guerrilla Theater is different from conventional theater. Let's begin by saying that it is unafraid of the contradictions inherent in violating the rules. There are reasons for the rules of conventional theater. Never mind that conventional theater is strangled, impotent, made voiceless by its own well-reasoned restraints. The rules are well-reasoned, albeit from our point of view, immoral and anti-art.

I really don't want to start pasting labels on things, but if a play says nothing to its audience, if a theatrical experience is irrelevant or soporific, it denigrates the name of theater. And when that happens, people who care for the theater start to wonder why it happens. They look out beyond the ornate borders of the well-made play, beyond the proscenium arch, if you like, and they glimpse out there, something very tantalizing, very exciting. They see the potentialities of the theater, they see a host of theater-forms excluded by the rules. For every well-made play, they see a thousand better made. And face it, when "well-enough" is shit, you just can't come off leaving well-enough alone.

An implicit convention of the theater — so deeply imbedded in our established form that until experimental theater came along to violate it, it would have been difficult to state it — was a complacent assumption that theater can only occur in a "theater," that is, a large interior used specifically for the purpose of performing plays. This "theater" consists of a stage, where the play is performed, and a seating area for the audience. A,B,A,B. The audience pays its money and goes to see the play.

The only theater that can occur in such a situation, is a theater of the market place. The play, like any piece of goods, is packaged, advertised, and delivered to the "store," where people who want it come and pick it up like so many six-packs.

The first, the basic freedom of Guerrilla Theater is freedom from the marketplace. The Guerrilla Theater chooses its situation, chooses its audience, it presents to a particular group of people what it feels would move, please, or offend them in a particular situation. It need waste no effort in "appealing" to a certain market, to an "average" theatergoer, to acquiring that "universality" of message and medium that justifies every cultural cop-out, every artistic retreat from the immediate.

It recognizes what should be obvious: that "la condition humaine" is generally the last thing people have on their minds, and that if you want to say something about it to them, you'd better make it relevant to what



Phil Schwartz, Ira Liebowitz and Brodsky perform at registration.

(Continued on Page 3)

# Giving New Face to Eating Place

The South Campus cafeteria will be "completely re-decorated" sometime before December, the student-faculty cafeteria committee decided last Friday.

The tentative plans include a paint job, the frosting of windows, the addition of chip-proof, burn-proof table tops, plants in window boxes, a live potted tree, ashtrays, a bulletin board for notices, and wall murals, to be drawn by students. Music may be introduced through a speaker system, other than WCCR.

The committee's suggestions will be implemented as soon as the committee's chairman, Dr. Harry Meisel (Student Personnel Services), and students buy materials, choose plants, and decide on the position of the bulletin board.

Students will be asked to submit ideas for the mural to the Commune's Free Store. The murals will be designed at a painting in the courtyard outside the cafeteria shortly.

Cornelius Ahearn, the College's Business Manager, and Dean Eugene Avallone (Campus Planning and Development) are now searching for ways to finance the painting of the walls, which will cost about \$3,000. "Funds are available," Ahearn said, "but we'll have to jockey here and there to raise the money."

The other projects, costing



about \$600, will be financed by the profits of the cafeteria.

Experiments will be made with a paint product on a few table tops to determine its durability before a complete repainting of the 100 tables in the cafeteria.

Ahearn also said that he hoped prices will not go up this term and that increased costs — higher wages for the cafeteria workers — can be absorbed in the fall budget.

Larry Bee, the cafeteria manager, also affirmed that there is no price increase planned for the "near future," but he asserted that it was "impossible to tell from one minute to the next."

The Commune is opposed to any price hike and will conduct a boycott and organize a "communal kitchen" if prices are increased, said Jeff Steinberg.

The committee's proposals were originally presented in the Zanger Report on cafeteria improvements, submitted by Robert Zanger of the Commune last spring.

The report was accepted by the committee and President Buell G. Gallagher last May, but it couldn't be implemented over the summer as a result of budgetary problems caused by the split of the former Baruch School of Business from the College.

—Alscher

## OBSERVATION POST

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This is another "appropriate contribution from a newspaper which in the past has attacked me for my position of being against killing and violence."—Buell Gordon Gallagher.

## Charlene Mitchell Speaks Here, Decrying Opponents, Capitalism

The Communist Party's presidential candidate, Charlene Mitchell, told 100 students in the Finley Grand Ballroom Friday, that her three main challengers "represent different wrong answers to the problems of the people."

Miss Mitchell, who is the first Communist to seek the Presidency since 1940, said it is "typical cal liberal foolishness to think a vote for Humphrey is a vote against Wallace."

She likened Richard Nixon to "Henry Fonda running for Presi-

dent in a movie... and the whole world is his stage."

"People like Gene McCarthy are significant and valuable, but grossly inadequate to the needs of the country," she also commented.

The country's basic problem is the disparity between those with large business holdings and those without property, Miss Mitchell asserted. "People must realize the immense gulf between the way Americans live and the way they could live if this country were socialized so that production went to common good."

As President, Miss Mitchell said she would levy greater taxes on the rich to aid the poor. Such taxation would end racism, she claimed, because low and middle class whites would not think they are supporting blacks.

"Black people will never control their own communities — schools, police, business — as long as capitalism exists," she continued. Currently, she added, the black has the choice "of being lynched in Alabama or shot in Chicago."

"Racism and repression, jingoism and anti-intellectualism is no answer," the Communist declared. "We must crystallize an alternative from the right and the center, with organization as clear and concrete as the right."

Her vice presidential running-mate is Michael Zagarell, the husband of a student at the College.

At a meeting of the W.E.B. DuBois Club the day before, Freedom and Peace Party candidate Beulah Sanders and Jose Ristuccci, said that people must attack "the system" by any means in order to create change.

Miss Sanders, a State Senatorial candidate on Manhattan's West Side, claimed that government officials have been catering exclusively to the demands of middle class residents.

Ristorucci, a write-in candidate for the State Assembly from the Lower East Side, commented that "elections have disintegrated a form of protest against this society rather than a means of change. Still, we must take the for what they are and exercise our voting power."

—Gen

## 'R&J': Zeffirelli Loses, But Shakespeare Wins

By SJ GREEN

Only Shakespeare could have written it, but anyone could have produced it. Franco Zeffirelli's production of "Romeo and Juliet" (Paris Theater, 58th Street and 5th Avenue) has received universally good reviews. Aimed at a young audience, with the lead roles filled by a 17 year old male and a 15 year old female, it was slated to be Zeffirelli's interpretation of Shakespeare for the masses, reminding us once again that high art can be fun.

The advertisements reminded us that "Romeo and Juliet" was (despite its highbrow reputation) good clean fun: "more than the ordinary love story," full of fights and blood and guts and action. Zeffirelli stated repeatedly in the mass culture journals: Life, Look, The Post, etc; that he had become interested in the play because of its contemporary message. He never said what message.

Now we know. Interpreting Shakespeare is a very open field. There are few stage directions in his plays, and although there are traditional ways of presenting many of the scenes, almost anything can be done and still called a faithful representation of Shakespeare.

At the Joseph Papp Shakespeare Festival in Central Park this summer, the balcony scene was done by extending a ramp over the audience and using the upper part of the ramp as Juliet's balcony. More and more modern productions of Shakespeare's plays have been dropping 18th century effects, like the ordained balcony, once considered a must.

So, if Zeffirelli is to be faulted for his interpretation it cannot be on the grounds that he was untrue.

Other grounds are easily found.

The dubbing (French to English) is painfully poor. During the first half, while one is beginning to get involved, the basic unintelligibility of the dialogue (poor sound reproduction) almost kills the movie.

Further, Zeffirelli does more than interpret; he corrupts. The initial Montague-Capulet encounter, written by Shakespeare as a rather small skirmish, is expanded by Zeffirelli into a sprawling marketplace brawl, reminiscent of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the famous Alexander Nefsky battle scenes, with the entire town split into armed camps.

There's blood and guts and gore, a cast of hundreds, people dying everywhere, and at least one gross shot of a Montague getting his face split in two at swordpoint.

At this critical juncture, Romeo appears, stepping softly down the flowered castle walk, eyes blazing with unrequited love, carrying a flock of daisies close against his breast. He is Innocence itself as he gazes on the bloodied market-place. If this is Zeffirelli's contemporary message, his equation between flower child and stupidity is sympathy in its most dangerous form.

The famous balcony scene is hilarious. Zeffirelli has Romeo climb

a tree to reach Juliet. Panting and out of breath he delivers his lines with something much less than passion and torment. It's damned funny. Admittedly, here are two young people having their first near-sexual encounter, and we expect the natural emotions and groping, but Juliet comes on like a 12 year old bitch in heat. She calls Romeo back to the balcony twice after he has left: down the tree, up the tree, down the tree... Pure Keystone cops.

And the scene in which Zeffirelli's Romeo, full of love, runs through the forest, was done infinitely better by Chris Jones on an acid-trip in "Wild in the Streets."

Not to be completely unfair, Zeffirelli's handling of Mercutio works, as does his portrayal of the Nurse. But even there, he oversteps. It's as if he wants to take the play and wipe out any trace of villainy. Everyone is innocent. The Mercutio-Tybalt fight is a well-choreographed Marx Brothers routine. When Mercutio is finally stabbed under Romeo's armpit, it's not a tragic accident, it's a farcical waste, which obscenely detracts from the death-wish nature of Mercutio's character.

Romeo is so frightened in his fight with Tybalt, so unsure, that his previous anger at Mercutio's death becomes forced in retrospect. Another brawling fight scene; each thrust by one of the combatants sends the other tumbling half a mile.

Basically, then, Franco Zeffirelli, whose direction of the movie was supposed to make this picture the ultimate adaptation of Romeo and Juliet, fucks everything up. Not only is there nothing particularly unique or creative or even consistently good in his direction, but he also harms the play in many places by his faulty conception.

As a movie venture, it is alleviated only by some highspot acting (Mercutio and the Nurse) and some damned good photography.

And now it's time to cop out. When you come out of the theater, you've been through something great, draining and emotionally involving. The movie has filled you with emotions and involved you; taken you away from yourself and put you back feeling a little different than you did before: in brief, did almost everything a great movie does.

And the reason is really simple, if one can get through the bring-the-culture-to-the-masses gambit that continually obscures and apologizes for every great work of literature brought to the screen in Western Society.

Shakespeare is a genius, a master. "Romeo and Juliet" is an extraordinarily powerful play.

With the slightest amount of effort and a small grain of insight, any presentation of it will be good. The movie medium, particularly, provides its own power, keeping the viewer right up front in the action, and closer to the lovers and their words than one can usually get in live theater. It is a play well-suited to the screen.

As for Zeffirelli's production, Shakespeare saved it. Despite everything that an ass like Franco Zeffirelli could do to kill it, "Romeo and Juliet" survived. Thank you, Franco, it's a great tribute to the Bard — he prevailed over you — and that's no easy job.



# Seventeen

By Ken Kessler

Once there was a war. It was called the War in Vietnam. It took place in the great beyond, beyond the College, beyond Upper Broadway and the Bronx and Queens and even beyond New Jersey and the suburbs, where the professors live.

It was far away.

But the war was like a great liquid blob, and if you weren't careful it would seep through the dykes and get you. It seems to be a sort of venereal disease, in that it was particularly hard on young men. But women felt it too. Middle aged and older women felt it, for they felt particularly close to their sons, who somehow had turned out a good deal better than their husbands. (Similarly, their nephews turned out better than their brothers.)

And young girls, also interested in the improvement of the breed, they felt it too. They didn't want their lovers and friends to be struck down by war.

One day the young men and their molls noticed that the war was leaking through the dykes and into the College. They were greatly alarmed. The great bloody liquid was seeping in, threatening to infect the young men and take them.

So the young people told as many people as they could. The war is coming, they said. First it will take the frail, those whose grades are too low. Then it will take the rest.

But not everyone was alarmed. Some of the old men thought that you weren't grown up until you had caught war. Others thought the disease a sacrifice demanded by the gods. And they refused to plug the dykes.

The young men and the young women cried out: a majority want to plug the dykes. Only you stand in our way.

But the old man replied: we are the elders. We have the power. It was ever thus.

Then the old men continued: there are other men even above us. We never really told you of them, for it was our thought that you would never need to know. But know now that even if we sought to plug the dykes, they would overrule us. It would take years to plug the dykes.

In those dear dead days the young people were simple. They were nonviolent. They begged and pleaded. They remonstrated. All to no avail, and all the while the dykes were crumbling.

Then they read that in the outside, other young people had tried to solve their grievances through civil disobedience, and that in some cases the elders had given in. So the young people had decided to try it.

Instead of capitulating, the old men were incensed. They threatened police on the young men and women. They called them vicious names. And all this gave the College a bad name.

So intense was the quarrel that newspapers and television came to the College to investigate. And they learned that instead of banding together to resist the infection, the people of the College had fell to quarreling and disputations. Even as Rome.

So the elders, to preserve their power and the reputation of the College as a peaceful community, plugged the dykes where they were weakest, voting to cease the compilation of grades in order. That way the war would be unable to discover who were the frailest, whom to grab first.

The farsighted among the youth knew that one day, the infection would rise so high as to rush over the dykes, but there was little they could do. For they had not yet learned to secure the great beyond, and no effort of theirs has been successful to this day.

The elders were also farsighted. They knew that one day the quarrels and disputations could bring the community down. So they formed a committee to study the matter. They put some of the young people on the committee.

The committee worked and studied for a number of years. It worked and studied so long that the original students on it reached their majority and were sent out, as is the custom, into the great beyond to make their own way. It worked and studied so long that the young people became confused about what the purpose of the committee was.

The committee was called the Committee of 17, although many of the young forgot who the 17 were. It worked and



studied so long that the young people were too confused to read the report that the committee issued. They knew only that the undemocratic aspects of the College were to be rectified. Maybe.

The report that was issued by the committee was a little booklet. The booklet had 38 pages. In the 38 pages were two plans for campus governance. The plans were complicated. An election was scheduled to choose between them. But none of the students knew anything about the two plans. And the election was only advisory to the elders. So many of the students thought the whole business was

funny.

And it was funny. The young people could read and understand Tintern Abbey, Leviathan, the Kinsey Report, Beowulf. Some could read Crime and Punishment in Russian, Don Quixote in Spanish, the Song of Roland in French. Some could build bridges or atom bombs. Some could teach little children how to read, or memorize charts of the anatomy or the elements. And all of this was much harder than the report.

But as the election approached, the report was still unread. And nobody knew if it was a con job or not.

## "Listen, Why Don't We Put On a Little Skit..."

(Continued from Page 1)

they're really thinking about. Only a fool proceeds as if the audience were a tabula rosa, but the worst kind of propagandist is he who wipes your mind free of what's in it and tries to replace it with a "new" experience — namely his. This process of replacement is what separates art from life, and so separated, they're both a little more meaningless for everyone.

It is, of course, easy for the theatrical establishment to deplore Guerrilla Theater. For stalking its audience and hurling theater in their faces. Or because of its uncivilized propensity to take to the streets and open places and gather a crowd for its own unannounced purposes. It is wrong, say the voices of moderation, to take people unaware. (As if life ever did anything else.) But how would you feel, really, if you opened your door one morning and found a cold six-pack awaiting you on your doorstep? Would you be outraged? Remember now, the brand may not be your own. It probably isn't even advertised. It could be a home-brew!

The real problem Guerrilla Theater faces is how to get you to drink it. This means, in effect, that unless it pays more atten-

tion to what people want and need to consume than does conventional theater, it will flop. But this does not mean that it must cater to what people think they want. On the contrary. You may be conditioned to getting golden aluminum six-packs with "Miller's" written across the top, but when that home brew looks up at you from your doorstep, you either take it or leave it. It doesn't say "Miller's" across the top, it says "Drink me." The ball's in your court, Charlie.

So we can violate this rule... I think. I think we can manage it, and I also know we can't. We've got ourselves a contradiction. To exaggerate the case, you might say we're going to try to liberate an audience's imagination by force-feeding. Why should they stand for it? Or again, with the six-pack, why drink it? It isn't enough to say, "because it's there." This isn't a good enough reason for many people. There's got to be a special quality of the brew that's missing in the store-bought plastic variety.

And now I get onto loose ground where I'm happiest and can stop writing like the Sunday Times. Let me turn you on to home brew. The way you go about doing a thing determines what kind of thing comes out.

If you do it yourself, it's your own thing. But this ability to do for oneself is universal. And if you do it in that light—in the existential manner of acting for all of mankind—then the "your-own-thing" that comes out of all the doing, is also universal. And that includes theater.

The plays that are put on in Guerrilla Theatre have been entirely the products of communal creativity, or lack of it, if you like. Five of us, or seven, or ten, will gather, sooner or later, in Ira's bedroom, or on the lawn some-

Guerrilla Theater can be contacted at MO 2-2956. Call evenings, and ask for Joel Brodsky.

where, with the tenaciously held faith that we are going to do something. A situation has been discovered that calls on the theatrical in us. A dull class perhaps, a meaningless forum, a hollow ceremony, is about to come off.

"We've got to do a thing" we agree and immediately start arguing politics. We waste time, in other words, but by the time we're through wasting time, we have a play. The thin line be-

tween politics and theater, or psychotherapy and theater, does not really exist for us. Our creativity works secretly, hidden from ourselves as we fiddle, until someone says "hey, let's...". and then again "hey, let's...". Somebody goes home, and somebody goes to sleep and somebody gives up. And then finally someone describes a whole piece of play, and after a lot of bickering we realize that it's what we've been talking about all along. As a last resort, we write the prices down. We sigh at its worthlessness and go home.

An hour or two before "going on," we gather as many of us as happen to be in sight and start to "rehearse". Our scribbled eight-line "script" implies the need for characters: a "V. C.", a professor, a general, a pig, a student, a corpse, or the general's wife.

A revolt against the director is always inevitable. "You're wrong" everyone choruses, and he snaps back "all right, do it your own way." He begins telling people what to do again, but rather hintingly, like the moderator in a debate. Three out of four people say "But this is shit" at least once, in referring to the whole thing, and everyone

agrees with them every time. At last there comes a run-through without major changes. The critics have gotten too involved in telling people how to move, or speak, or act, and have forgotten how bad everything is.

We are five minutes overdue. Someone says to forget it. The director demands one more run-through, and notes with approval the decline of major errors in timing, plot, dialogue. He perceives this or that as actually coming across. He begins the march to the scene of action. When we get there several people demand that we forget it "until we get something good." The director is adamant. Two people refuse to go on. We perform.

There is then a miraculous galvanization. I think the presence of the audience does this. They stare at us expectantly, and their blank eyes demand to be filled with what we can give them. We give them what we've got. They smile, they laugh at something we had forgotten was funny. Pretty soon they applaud, they snicker. There is a constant amazement for us in this. Something has happened. Something between people. Has happened.

## Late Classes Stay Despite Muggings

The Biology Department was rebuffed by The General Faculty last week when it asked that it be permitted to discontinue its evening and Saturday classes.

Prompted by several recent thefts and muggings, particularly that of Professor Paul Krupa (Biology), the department's representatives also asked that the College's security force be augmented, a sentiment with which the senior faculty concurred.

The General Faculty, which includes representatives from all the College's departments, approved the resolution's "general purpose," but the withdrawal of classes was refused, according to President Buell G. Gallagher, its chairman.

In a statement presented at the meeting, Prof. Krupa said he was assaulted October 9 at 4:15 PM on Convent Avenue, between 134th and 135th Streets, by three teenage boys who took his watch and wallet.

His statement continues, "When I recovered and got into my car, which was parked on South Campus, I stopped at the Gatehouse and reported to a Burns Guard who was wearing sergeant stripes that 'I was just mugged on Convent Avenue, just up the block.' All he said to me was that I should keep moving." The department adopted its resolution the next day.

"This action has been brewing for 20 years," commented Professor Leonard Sayles (Chmn., Biology).

The resolution, was also submitted to the Faculty Councils and the Board of Higher Education, included the demand that security at the College, which it says is "substantially below any decent level of operation," be increased in size and efficiency, and that the department not offer and staff future evening or Saturday classes "until the safety of students and staff has been adequately provided for."

Questioned about the availability of funds, Prof. Sayles said, "Money has always been found when it is urgently needed."

—Wolfson

## Humphrey Faces Floor Fight

Did the College's Young Democrats endorse Hubert Humphrey for President?

Gary David Chattman says they didn't.

Jim Devor says they did. And he has the fists to prove it.

Chattman, president of the group, received eight stitches last Thursday at Knickerbocker Hospital after Devor ejected him from the meeting in Room 212 Wagner.

Devor is a member of the College's chapter of the Young People's Socialist League (YPSL), which has endorsed Humphrey. Chattman charged later that Devor and other members of YPSL had "packed the meeting" to produce a Humphrey endorsement. "This isn't the first time they've tried to take us over," Chattman, who opposes the endorsement of Humphrey, added.

Chattman says that he found the meeting in progress twenty minutes after it was scheduled to begin in a different room, with Mike Stallman, another executive of the Young Democrats, in the chair. Although he claims the meeting lacked 34 members for a quorum, a vote on the Humphrey endorsement was in progress, and eventually the motion was approved.

Chattman tried to join the voting, but Devor stepped in. Chattman, 5'8", was no match for the heavier, taller Devor.

On Monday, Stallman, also a member of YPSL, was impeached on eight counts and will face a trial on November 7, according to the Young Democrats president.

Chattman and Eric Calyo, a former president of Young Democrats, disagree on political issues. But the two agreed afterwards, that the Young Democrat constitution had been overridden several times during the meeting and the endorsement was thus invalid.

But better not try telling that to Jim Devor.

—Burton and Kessler

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