



Remember the War in Vietnam? That's right, Vietnam! Well, the election is over and the war is still on. And so the anti-war movement has to begin again.

The Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee has scheduled a mass march in New York on Saturday, April 5. The march is part of a national mobilization against the war which includes similar marches across the country during the Easter weekend. The marches, which will be led by GI's have as their themes, exposing the "fraud" of the Paris peace negotiations and advocating free speech for GI's, specifically those opposed to the war.

The New York parade will begin at 1:30 PM in Bryant Park, 41st Street and Sixth Avenue, and culminate in a rally in the Central Park Bandshell at 4 PM.

Burns Guards and Students Battle; Three Hurt In Third Finley Clash

By RICHARD BLACK and ALAN MILNER

Joel Klein, a student at the College, was arrested on charges of assaulting a cafeteria worker and a Burns Guard late yesterday afternoon.

Klein was arrested at Knickerbocker Hospital, Convent Avenue and 129th St. where he was taken for emergency medical treatment of facial bruises and a cut lip resulting from a clash with Sergeant Bill Montague, who also suffered facial injuries and was taken to the hospital.

The incident started, according to cafeteria workers, when Klein asked for a large bowl of rice at South Campus Cafeteria food counter. After being told by the cafeteria worker behind the counter that rice was served only in small bowls, Klein reached over the counter and began to serve himself. Ralph Weeks, night manager of the cafeteria, stopped him, saying, "You can't serve yourself here!" After struggling for the spoon, Klein took the bowl of rice and threw it at Weeks. Klein then ran out of the cafeteria and upstairs to

Klein was charged late last night with assault in the third degree. The complaint filed by Weeks states that Klein "did throw a bowl of hot rice in [Week's] face" and that he "did strike [Sgt. Montague] with a plastic garbage can cover," in each case "causing physical injury which required treatment at Knickerbocker Hospital." Sgt. Montague did not file an independent complaint.

Klein was paroled without bail in his own recognizance and must appear in court again April 28, according to Emergency Civil Liberties Committee lawyer Diane Schulder.

the Snack Bar, as Weeks called the Burns Guard Office and informed them of the incident.

In the Snack Bar, Klein was confronted by Sergeant Bill Montague at the sandwich counter. Accounts vary. According to Bernard Weischel, Campus Affairs Vice President, Montague said to Klein, "Come with me." A shoving match followed, during which Montague allegedly "slugged Klein, flooring him." According to another student witness, Klein fell to the ground without being struck, and "came up fighting."

Students standing in the area were splattered with ketchup from a dispenser that was thrown during the incident. Klein reportedly threw a tray of apples at Montague, other observers said that he hit the guard with the top of a garbage can. Klein was subdued and brought to the Finley Center information office, Room 152.

Weischel said that Klein was "very riled up" and that he only "tried to push the guard away" when first confronted. One witness claimed that Klein said "I don't want these pigs to touch me," during the struggle. Other reports indicate that Klein was "hysterical and irrational" when brought to the information office. He allegedly kicked in a glass enclosed bookcase while he was being kept in the office.

Bleeding heavily from the mouth, Klein was led from the office by Edmond Sarfaty, Director of the Finley Student Center. As he was leaving the office, Klein said, "I'm bleeding! I'm dying! Take me to a doctor," according to Sarfaty. He was then taken to Knickerbocker Hospital, where he signed the register "Erroll Flynn" and subsequently refused to allow his wound to be stitched.

Students gathered outside the Finley Information Office as a minor confrontation occurred between another student at the College and Burns guards Captain Fulton White and Sgt. Montague. White, who was not in uniform, appeared enraged and responded angrily to the student's remarks. The student was yelling, "Why did you hit him? What happened?"

Another Burns Sgt. answered, "You're gonna pay for this, you, Steinberg, McGuire, and your friends," as he and other Burns guards restrained White from approaching the student and led him from the office.

Captain White lunged at the student however, while Montague restrained him saying, "We've

(Continued on Page 2)

One-Day Strike Befuddles Columbia

By KEN KESSLER

Hamilton Hall at Columbia University has a balcony. Under that balcony Tuesday, paraded the forces of good, on strike. On the balcony were the forces of . . . what?

Perhaps 60 or 70 per cent of the students at Columbia stayed away from classes that rainy morning, which means that perhaps 30 or 40 per cent attended. Later in the afternoon, the strike was about 80 per cent effective, which means that 20 per cent attended classes.

The students who stayed away knew, presumably, why they did. They were protesting military recruitment, the involvement of the university in war research, and the university's avowed policy to take over Morningside Heights and West Harlem from 116th Street to the Columbia Medical Center on 168th Street.

But the people who attended classes are interesting too. One girl stood on the balcony at 10 AM, overlooking the picket line. "You better come on," she shouted down to another girl who stood indecisive beyond. "He's giving the exam, and if you don't show up he'll give you an 'F'." The other girl stood a moment, then walked around the line and into the building. It was 10:02 AM. The girl looked very tired.

A young male student, leaving Hamilton Hall, was stopped by someone on the picket line. "Why do you go to class? . . ." "I know what this University is," answered the student. "But I only care about myself. Last spring, well . . . The only person I can help



—Photo by Sheila Zakowsky

is myself. I can't accomplish anything for anyone else, that's the way things are . . . Nothing matters to me, nothing at all . . . So I went to class because there's nothing I can do for anyone."

Meanwhile, the students neared the picket line, shouting: On Strike! — Shut it down! — Out-sight! — Shut it down!

Beyond the pickets were the reporters, waiting to set up their TV cameras, watching, talking. "Man, with what it costs to send a kid here, no kid of mine would strike if I had anything to say about it," said one as rain dripped off his hat and onto his coat.

"This time it's different. It isn't like last spring because we weren't ready; this time they have an informed opposition waiting for them," a young, spindly student told the reporter. He stood coatless and hatless, cherishing the thought that up to 40 per cent of

the student body is in class because they are an informed opposition to Students for a Democratic Society.

At Philosophy Hall, twenty young, well-dressed faculty members are walking a quiet picket line. It is the first faculty line ever at Columbia; SDS is gratified. Among them is William Starr, a chaplain whose employment will be terminated in the summer because of his radical sympathies.

Why do all these presumably rich, well-placed young people turn away from Columbia? "Yes," he says, "many of them do come from the ruling class. They have more of an identification with it than many youngsters, so there's more disaffection. What is expected of them is to be obedient and have good manners. But they find a meaningless society when they do."

Police Attend Commune Rally

Detective John Finnegan, head of the New York Police Department's "Red Squad," attended a Commune rally on South Campus lawn yesterday.

The rally was called by Commune members who charged that "five Burn Guards swinging billy clubs assaulted" Ron McGuire, Tuesday night, "knocking him senseless."

McGuire would be prosecuted in the courts, President Buell G. Gallagher announced the next day. Answering a question from a student reporter at his regular press conference, the president hesitantly said, "There will be . . . prosecution. It will be carried through." City police, he said, would be called to arrest suspended students found on campus, "if necessary."

"They have no business on campus, and we intend to keep

them off," he declared, adding later, "The long process of the disciplinary committee has gotten to the point where administration follow-up was necessary."

Finnegan, along with two other plainclothesmen stood next to Dr. Herbert DeBerry (Student Personnel Services) while 75 students listened to a number of speakers condemning a campaign of alleged "repression" by the College Administration against leftist students.

Professor Alfred Conrad (Chmn., Economics) decried Finnegan's presence by saying, "I don't feel it is proper for a fac-

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OP

Editors: Jonathan Penzner and Steve Simon.
Gil Friend and Howard Reis.

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Quotations of the Week—"If you can run the meeting open, fine. If you feel you can't run the meeting, then run it closed. But run the meeting. — Associate Dean Benjamin Karr, discussing Tuesday's Senate meeting with President Albert Vazquez.

Police Power

No matter which of the varying accounts of Joel Klein's encounter with the Burns Guards one chooses to accept, one fact is apparent: the amount of force used was certainly out of all proportion to any provocation by the student.

This incident must be considered in the context of a week which has seen two other attempts by Burns Guards to physically accost students at the College. Twice, night sticks and handcuffs have been employed against students, resulting in injuries.

The first two incidents involved abortive attempts to remove Jeff Steinberg from campus on Monday, and Ron McGuire Tuesday. Both are members of the Commune currently under suspension for participating in demonstrations against ROTC and defense contractors last term.

Klein is not a member of the Commune but has been a member of SDS in the past and has participated at several Commune sponsored demonstrations.

This takes on ugly significance when taken in context with the statement made by a Burns Guard last night while restraining Captain White from attacking a Commune member: "Steinberg and McGuire and your [the commune member's] friends are going to pay for this."

It seems clear that the actions of the last few days grow out of an attempt by the administration to make things very hot for certain radical students by employing Burns Guards to act as a political police force. The perpetrators of this policy are not the Burns Guards but the administrators they answer to.

Albert Dandridge, the new security director at the College, explained on Tuesday that Ron McGuire was "a threat to the security of the College" and was handcuffed because "he has been known to assault people." Ron McGuire's disruptive antics notwithstanding, he has not been known to "assault people."

At the time he made this statement, Dandridge had been out of the Police Department for only two days.

It is ironic to note that while the entire Burns force of the College was in Finley, subduing McGuire and his supporters, a female student had her purse snatched on campus.

The Burns Guards are not disciplinary tools, they are watchmen. If the administration needs protection from the students, they should either resign or call in the National Guard.

THE SILENT MAJORITY



Rally...

(Continued from Page 1)

ulty member to have to address a rally of students in the presence of plainclothesmen. If the administration is unaware of their presence, I am now publicly calling their attention to it."

While Conrad was speaking, a squad car from the 26th Precinct drove onto the campus toward the rally. It stopped and left the campus when Conrad finished speaking.

Also present were McGuire and Jeff Steinberg, suspended members of the Commune. Referring to the Tuesday incident, McGuire charged that it was provoked by "uptight administrators trying to defend an uptight system, dying administrators trying to defend a dying system." He also condemned the College's disciplinary process "as a tool of political repression."

While the rally was underway Sargeant Edward Sullivan of the 26th Precinct waited inside the administration building with several administrators and about a dozen Burns guards. At one point, they locked the doors to the building, apparently in anticipation of a student march by the students from South Campus.

The rally was ended without a march by Mel Friedman, another member of the Commune, because "we felt that with the number of people we had we couldn't adequately protect Ron and Jeff if there was an attempt made to arrest them."

McGuire, who has been arrested five times at the College on criminal trespass charges, is scheduled for sentencing on April 17 for one of them — sitting in at Steinman Hall against recruitment by the Dow Chemical Company last term. The charge carries a maximum sentence of \$250 fine and 15 days in jail.

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Battle...

(Continued from Page 1)

got an arrest now." White turned to the surrounding crowd of Burns Guards and students, yelling, "The man better be locked up. We aren't gonna be abused any more. Something better be done here. Now!"

At the hospital, students were not allowed to see Klein, nor were they told anything concerning his condition.

According to one student who was in the waiting room, Klein's hands were handcuffed behind his back when he was escorted from the hospital by three policemen from the 26th Precinct. "Joel got into the back seat, with the Burns Guard who was pressing charges against him," she said.

Klein was held at the 26th Precinct, where he was again prevented from speaking with fellow students. Charged with assault on two counts, against the cafeteria worker and Sergeant Montague, Klein was taken at approximately 9:00 yesterday evening to night court at 100 Centre Street, where he is to be arraigned.

G. Nicholas Paster, Dean of Students at the College, commented, when reached by telephone last night, "I'll do nothing tonight, but tomorrow morning I'll round up people and find out what happened. I intend to do something about it only on the condition that the Burns Guard is at fault."

Sensitivity...

People interested in people and themselves are wanted for a three day sensitivity weekend, April 4, 5 and 6 (next weekend). Donations are \$30 per person and money will go to Encounter House/Centers for Change. Call 691-7369.

Personal Recognition, Not Mass Rejection

By JERILYN TUBER

No, we're not dykes, not castrating bitches determined to annihilate the entire male population of the United States. BUT, we are determined to help men recognize women as social equals rather than as plastic objects definable only in their relation to men. Yes, we are gentle, soft, beautiful and biologically fit to bear children; but the cliché about a woman's place being in the home is infuriating. And while most young men claim that they're not susceptible to this establishment-oriented conditioning, their domineering and superficially-protective attitudes persist.

On Wednesday, a heterogeneous group of women — differing both in their life-styles and political convictions — met in Finley Center. Ideas, frustrations, and righteous indignation flowed freely as the women wrestled with the nature of their position in a male-oriented society. And as the meeting progressed, it was clear that the women involved in this movement are united in their compassion for the young male's plight in society, but at the same time uncompromising in their opposition to the men who run this society and abuse the already insecure position of the female.

Aside from discussing the sexual and psychological degradation that women endure, even from so-called liberated men, the economic aspect of the problem was emphasized. While advertising goddesses project an image of a voluptuous, painted, husky-voiced goddess as the only type of female who can get her man, make-up companies peddle false eyelashes, creams to keep one eternal and flawless, and other sources of instant health in a jar. They use the subjected feminine majority as a commodity to be exploited precisely because neither men or women are at all sure of the role the female should assume.

Passive, soft-voiced women can be tolerated because they don't

threaten the male's virile and omnipotent conception of himself. Therefore aggressive and self-assertive women feel threatened by rejection due to lack of femininity. The female problem is unique because of its inherent conflict: a woman wants to be desirable but also demands acceptance of the fact that SHE can desire a man and that she has no scruples about "bringing home the bread," if that's where it's at in the situation. Her duty is to demonstrate that she's willing to confront him on a personal level, rather than as an object for balling when there is nothing else to amuse him. The female, like all oppressed peoples, must liberate herself from the psyche of the subjected — when she stops coming off helpless and whining, she won't receive this superficially sheltered treatment. Societies that have been working on liberation for all their people have reached the point where women are fighting alongside men. The NLF sent a female delegate to Paris because she was a competent representative of their position and not because her shapely legs would soften the hearts of the imperialist participants.

The problem is that a woman must remain a woman, and at the same time, becoming an independent and self-sufficient human being; participating in what turns her on; and widening her awareness in the same way that all concerned people must. Yes, we're kind, considerate and tender, but so are men, so is everyone who cares. All I can say to conclude is that this is what's happening in WOMEN'S LIBERATION — it's not a rebellion against all the men we love, but an attempt to free ourselves from the hackneyed roles we're being subject to, to do our own things, and to facilitate male cooperation when we free ourselves to the point where we can respond with others on a personal level.

Saigon Rehabilitation Center - More Like Hell

By HUGO HILL
Liberation News Service

QUI NHON, South Vietnam — It's officially forbidden to visit the prisons in occupied Vietnam, but if you have a white face and are sneaky, you can pull it off. I recently made my way into two typical province prisons in the central part of South Vietnam and heard reports confirming what I had often been told outside the walls.

A Vietnamese resister doesn't get 30 days for disorderly conduct. After arrest he is taken to an "interrogation center" where he is at least beaten and, at worst, systematically tortured. The purpose of the torture, depending on the case, may be to extract information or simply to soften up the victim and teach him a lesson. Only after that initiation is the captive dumped into the boring oppression of long-term confinement.

In one prison, a man about 30 years old pulled up his shirt and showed me his bruised back. He asked if I had any medicine that would reduce the pain. I didn't but I asked how he had gotten so bruised.

"I've been here only four days," he said in a tone which indicated that only an ignoramus wouldn't understand. I pressed him to explain, and he said that before entering the prison he had been kept in the interrogation center. For five days he had been kicked, punched and beaten with a heavy stick.

I turned to the other men who had gathered around and asked if any of them had been similarly treated. They all laughed at my innocence and then set about instructing me in the ways of torture.

One young man, probably not more than 20, demonstrated how the top of his ear had been pinched together and tied with bare wires. He assured me that when electric current was sent through the wires the result was very painful.

Another agreed but insisted that when the wires are attached to the testicles, it is even more painful. He had been given the shock treatment repeatedly over the course of a week. He also insisted that he had witnessed women getting similar abuse. A woman would be strapped to a table, and bare wires would be inserted in the vagina. When the generator was cranked up, the screams made you cover your ears.

Most of the prisoners I talked to were from the countryside — rugged farmers who had been caught in military operations and rounded up as "suspects." (If they are captured as armed fighters they are sent to POW camps, which are impossible to visit.)

But one middle-aged man was from a province capital. His lighter complexion and smoother hands identified him as urban middle-class. The police had apparently taken his class as evidence of a high position in the National Liberation Front and were determined to break him, although he insisted to me that he had no political affiliation. Instead of the standard few days, he had been kept in the interrogation center for three months.

"At first they just beat me," he said. "They kicked and punched me and worked over my whole body with a stick. But I refused to say I was a Communist."

"Then they tried other methods. They pinned me to the floor and covered my face with a thick cloth. They poured soapy water over the cloth so that I couldn't breathe. When I was about to pass out, they would take the cloth off, let me catch a breath, and then put it back on. It was very difficult, but I didn't confess."

"After that they forced tubes into my nose and pumped water through so that my stomach became bloated like a balloon." He held his hands in front of him, exaggerating the size of his stomach.

"When I thought I was going to burst, one of the cops would punch me hard in the stomach. It was very painful and, of course, it made me vomit violently. But as soon as I finished vomiting they would pump me up again, and we'd go through the whole process over again."



"To make it even worse, they'd force me to lie on the floor, and when I was bloated with water, one of them would drop onto my stomach with his knees."

"What went on for three months — beating, electricity, water treatment, bloating. But I didn't confess. Finally, I think they got tired and sent me here to the prison."

The prison may have been a relief for him, but to me, as an observer, it was grisly. Over 1,200 inmates were packed into quarters that would be crowded with half that number. A typical cell measured about 15 feet by 40 feet, and held as many as 150 inmates. (That figures out to four square feet of floor space — an area two feet by two feet — per person.) It would be standing-room-only if it weren't for the two levels of wooden platforms abutted to the wall. This bunk bed effect permits twice as many people to occupy an area like this. To increase the oppression, the prisoners are locked into those toilet-less cells for 12 hours a day, from 6:30 PM until 6:30 AM.

Women have separate cells in the prison compound that are even more crowded. Sometimes as many as 80 have to fit into one cell. Unlike the men, who were willing

and even eager to talk to me, the women would have nothing to do with me. When I walked through the men's section I was quickly surrounded by a curious crowd who wanted to know who I was and what I was doing there. But in the women's section I found myself in the center of a large empty circle. They left to my imagination what had already been endured.

A label on the shirt of each prisoner identifies his name and "crime." I saw hundreds of men and women in the two prisons I visited, and they were all marked "Chinh Tri Pham" — political prisoner. That usually means that the person in question had simply stayed in his village when an American operation swept through.

One standard question that I put to the prisoners was, "How long is your sentence?" Some didn't even understand the question, so that I had to explain the idea of a sentence — of a judge decreeing how long you must stay in prison. Not a single prisoner had been tried, much less sentenced.

They had been rounded up on military sweeps, sent to the interrogation center

for torture and then thrown into prison, to be released when they are "rehabilitated" or the next time the NLF blows the gates.

As I listened to the stories told by the prisoners and saw the conditions under which they were forced to exist, I wondered at how any human being could endure such punishment.

When I asked that of a Western doctor who has frequently visited South Vietnam's prisons, I was told that one common "release" device is hysteria, especially among women. As a response to the violent oppression, female prisoners often have hysterical fits. A fit might last only an hour and then subside, but the victim is the better for having screamed and cried for that time.

Another common response is trembling. The same doctor said that one night he found a cell full of shivering prisoners and assumed that malaria had broken out. He returned with chloroquine tablets, but the prisoners refused to take them. He then discovered that they weren't feverish. Finally he learned that they start trembling every night as soon as the lights come on. It was just a Pavlovian reaction based on the experience of electric torture.

Before leaving one of the prisons, I talked with the assistant director, an officer of the National Police. He gave me a public relations line about rehabilitation and assured me that the prisoners all learn a trade so that upon release they may become "useful members of society."

I had heard the pitch before, in Saigon offices, where the public relations men can get away with it, but I was amazed to hear the same story while standing inside the prison, where the truth is so shockingly out of joint with the advertisement. I had expected some excuse-making.

I asked him specifically what he meant by "rehabilitation." Could he show me someone being rehabilitated?

Sure. We went around the back of the prison to a dilapidated room that held half a dozen sewing machines (made in Taiwan, donated by the USA). One young man was sewing a shirt, another was watching him. That was it.

—Hugo Hill is an American citizen living in Saigon.



Woodcuts by John Spina/LNS

Compromise Solution Worked Out at SF State

(LNS) — The movement has grown so used to taking its knocks with a stiff upper lip that it seldom recognizes a victory when it gains one.

The agreement reached at San Francisco State College last week, sets down in writing the principles for which the striking students have been fighting for the last four-and-a-half months. Its terms establish the outlines of what could be the first college in the country with an ethnic studies program run by and for the people of the surrounding minority community which it serves.

Signed at 3 PM, Tuesday, March 20, the Third World Liberation Front and the administration's special Select Committee, the agreement proves for:

- a School of Ethnic Studies which will include a Black Studies department, and will be governed by a Community Control Board appointed by third world students and college administration,

- the admission of one thousand third world students for the fall semester, and

- amnesty for the great majority of striking students.

Needless to say, however, the victory is far from unconditional. The Community Control Board has no binding legal power over the Ethnic Studies Department, but only the power of recom-

mendation. The college president has the power of vetoing or disregarding its wishes. On the issue of amnesty, the administration has reserved the right to suspend for the rest of this semester any students convicted of violent disruption of the university, and for the next two semesters those convicted of violence against persons or university property.

So the agreement is just a treaty, and a treaty is only considered good when it is in the self-interest of each side to keep it. (The U.S. government, after all, signed a good many treaties with America's original third world residents which never brought the Indians a hell of a lot.) But at least the principles have been established in writing, and should the administration suddenly decide that the world is not yet ready for an autonomous Black Studies department, it will be perfectly clear who is backing out on the bargain.

The most unstable factor on the campus now is, as it has been for months, S. I. Hayakawa, who did not himself sign the agreement. At his inevitable press conference, called immediately after the

agreement was reached, Hayakawa made it clear that he was not yet committing himself to abide by all the provisions of his committee's agreement.

On the issue of amnesty, Hayakawa was particularly truculent: "I cannot agree," he said, "prior to any hearing, what the limits of the penalty for a given offense will be." Presumably, he wants to see the strike leaders out of school for a lot more than two semesters. But he did state at the press conference that he would withhold any judgment on disciplinary matters until April 11, and that he would "temper justice with mercy" in his actions after that date. After the press conference, Hayakawa boarded a plane to San Diego where he was to meet with President Nixon.

So far neither justice nor mercy is much in evidence on the San Francisco State campus. The repression which Hayakawa has brought down upon the campus over the last two months is still in force. The Daily Gator, State's student newspaper, is operating without college funds or administration sanction. The cops maintain a thorough presence in all classroom buildings. All rallies or demonstrations are still forbidden by the administration.

Third World leaders, for their part, maintain that they will abide by the terms of their agreement. But they will also insist that the administration hold to its bargain to make San Francisco State a genuinely community-oriented institution.

Berkeley Strike Fizzling Out

By LEE DAVIDSON

(LNS) — "Dead Week" at the University of California — the last week of classes in the quarter — could also be death week for the Berkeley strike.

While negotiations with the administration continued for the creation of a Third World College, picket lines were small and often were manned for only two or three hours a day. And, although Third World leaders say they will continue the strike when classes resume next Thursday, it appears doubtful there will be much support.

It appears that the strike at Berkeley is failing, but it has had some positive aspects. Most obviously, it has been the longest strike in the history of the campus, and second to the Free Speech Movement, it is the longest struggle on the campus.


More importantly, the strike was centered around broader and more radical issues than the previous campus struggles. Earlier struggles have been focused on civil liberties issues: free speech (FSM, 1964-1965), rights of off-campus groups to have on-campus

tables (strike, December, 1966), and academic freedom (Cleaver issue, Fall, 1968).

But leaders in the current battle decided to give the struggle a broader perspective; the main issues this time were racism within the university and the society and self-determination for Third World people.

The strike marked the first time Third World people led a struggle at Berkeley, and also the first time workers have come to the university to join in a campus struggle.

Even though it is doubtful that many of the Third World demands will be met and even though few people were politicized, the strike may be the start of a new era of protests at Berkeley — leaving behind isolated civil liberties demands and emphasizing the nature of the society and its relationship to the university system.



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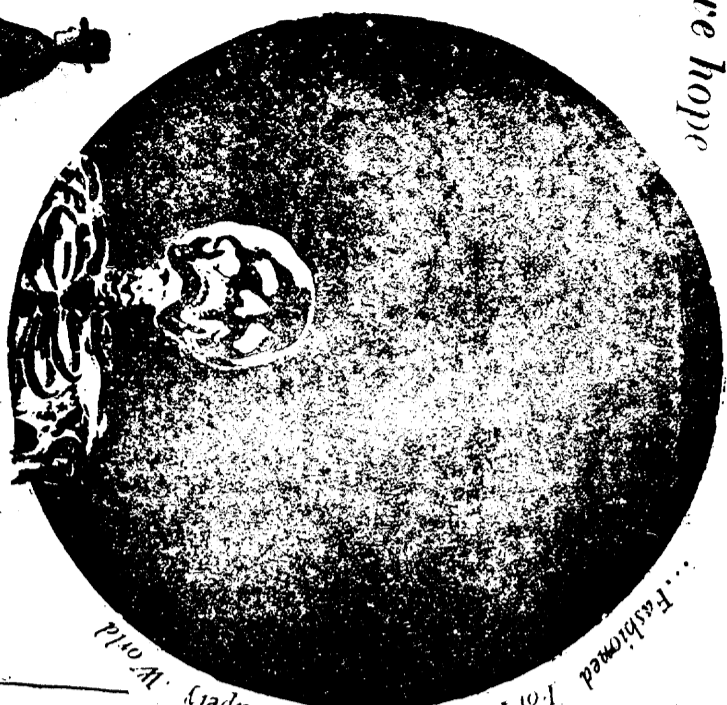
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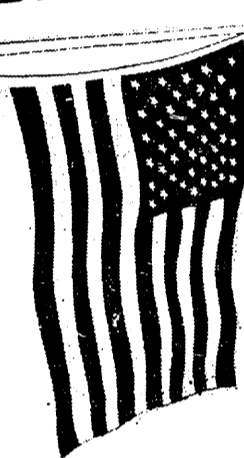
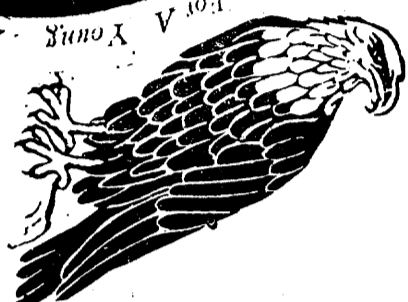
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I can't take it any more

and Plan

STRIKE POWER TO THE STUDENTS

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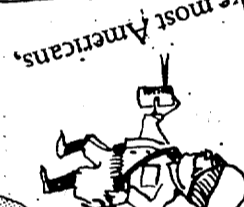
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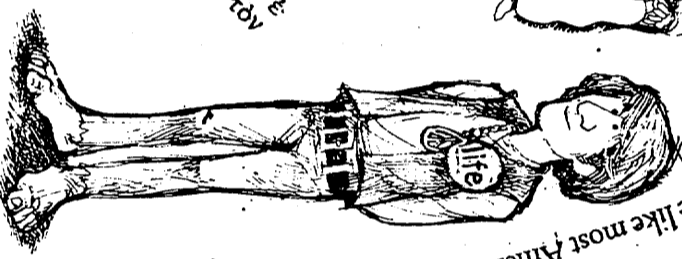
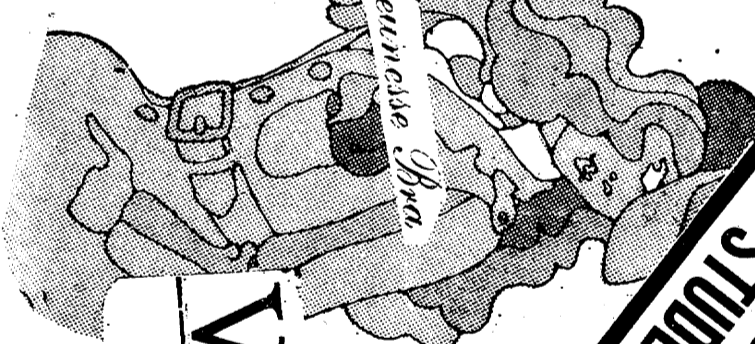
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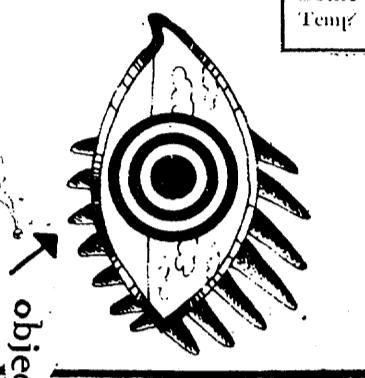


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Law and Order



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LATE CITY EDITION

U. S. Weather Bureau Report (Page 46) forecasts: Fair and milder today and tonight. Some clouds and mild tomorrow. Temp yesterday: 43.6-25.

NIXON WARNS F

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OBSEVATION



Revolt

If it's Not Here It's Not Happening

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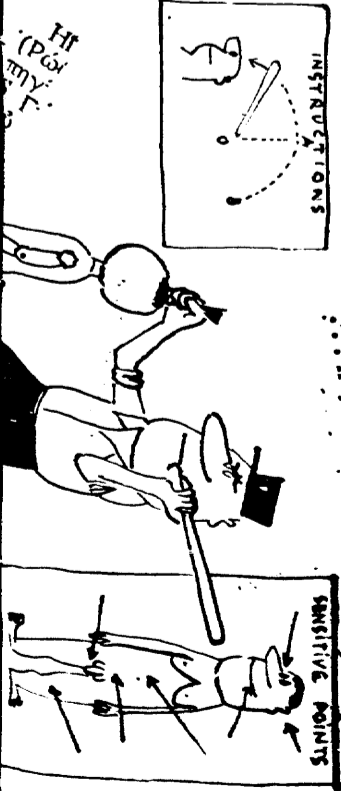
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... If you are worried & asleep

Sensitive points



beneath the glossy white walls of the city

students wait out the day with innumerable cups of coffee, and marijuana, evading their classes with determination. A distasteful memory of yesterday's sociology or literature class is often a topic of conversation, the discussant vowing that it will be weeks before he attends a class again. The educational experience of the College is dismissed as inadequate and irrelevant; a game to play until the Bachelor of Arts brass ring is awarded to the survivor. It is a growing minority of young students who appear old and tired, numbed with boredom, trapped by aimlessness, frustrated by their impotence.

There is an atmosphere of despair among these students. Though scornful of the educational processes offered them, they feel themselves unable to change or escape the College, and what they call its 'malevolent power.' There are those who eventually drop out. The others remain, envying their "freedom," but fearful of it as well, being unable themselves to break away from the life as student some have known for 16 years since the age of six. They despise City College, and grow bitter at the educational institutions which, as one student declared, "have short-changed me, twisted me, and stomped my intellectual curiosity into the ground."

In the cafeteria, on the lawn, in Finley, their sluggishness grows, broken only by a manic restlessness. The one-time readers of Proust and Mann turn to Marvel comics; the brilliant student of political science refuses to attend a class and will not write papers; and fails courses covering areas he had mastered in high school. The bright and eager freshmen have turned into cynical super-seniors, their intelligence and vitality rotting away.

"Classes? Why should I bother? A teacher, blinded by a caste system of education, will judge me with grades, threaten me with attendance, dehumanize me with lectures, straiten me with curriculum. I walk into a classroom and the people are set apart from each other with walls; they accept them so internally that both students and instructor perpetuate a system of learning which has no warmth, no fluidity. Classes?"

Larry, a student at the College for six years, has been dropped from school twice for absenteeism. He recently wrote the above in his notebook during a class, which he called an "exercise of slavery." He sat at a table in the corner of the cafeteria chain smoking, a copy of the *New York Times* shredded into confetti beside him.

"What really bothers me is that I've been drained of energy: it seems so hopeless. I once tried to radicalize a class. It didn't work, the kids told me if I didn't like the class I should drop it; the teacher was less hostile, but firm about the way HIS class should run. I didn't go back after that, but I realized that I wouldn't be able to try again in any other class."

Now he neither attends classes very often nor attempts to change them. Possessing a bright and imaginative mind he would never dream of using in daily course work, he has resigned himself to barely getting by with a myriad of varied but creative excuses and many borrowed papers.

Among Larry's friends, there is little respect for their instructors. It is not that they deny their professors *academic* competence, but rather condemn what they call their "absolute stupidity and blindness" in their failure to establish a meaningful and human relationship between themselves and students.

"My teacher grades me, puts a letter next to my name to rate my soul. I wonder if Plato gave marks. How in God's name can they stand there and be judges in a field like literature? Do they understand and feel Baudelaire better than I do? They can help me to learn, but I can just as easily help them to understand. They make a deeply personal and subjective study into something technical," Larry said.

Barbara is an attractive, intelligent senior who has also attended the college off and on for six years. Unresponsive to the small attentions and attentions of men, she has scraped by with the help of friends who have written all her papers and who have even told her teachers to "explain" her prolonged absences. Deadened and turned off by her classes, she is unable to satisfy course requirements by herself, not from any lack of intelligence, but because she is too demoralized, devoid of the energy needed to finish work which, under better conditions, she would effortlessly complete. She has sunk to a level of painful self-doubt, often referring to herself as a "dumb broad." After years of "failure" in classroom situations, it is little wonder that Barbara has developed sharp feelings of intellectual inadequacy.

She felt lost in a classroom. Unless she was in a relaxed, friendly atmosphere she was unable to speak out. She held inside her all the questions she would have liked to ask, but she was intimidated by a teacher she couldn't call by first name, students she couldn't relate to as human beings in the classroom, and rigid curriculum. Barbara is seldom on campus now.

Barbara was an inhabitant of Room 336 Finley in earlier days, and Larry has followed her. The *Observation Post* office, a bastion of cynicism, has always been a focal point for students who have resigned resentfully from the mainstream of City College life. Notorious class-cutters and term paper charlatans, the *OP* group has developed an attitude of sour hostility towards the College, its educational process, and its realpolitik.

Among the core of the office, the *OP* staff, rests the most comprehensive, and perhaps inciteful knowledge of inner workings and history of the College. Here reside veterans of every radical movement on campus in the last six years. They are exhausted by too many defeats, and any discussion of education is laced with a deep depression. Several members of the group have been involved in radical education, experiments in new learning techniques, yet without exception they have been unsatisfied.

3 PM. It is cold and overcast and the office is crowded. The windows are closed and the heat is oppressive; a half-dozen conversations sputter from the corners of the room. At the center table a bridge game is in progress, players and spectators shouting back and forth. Several people are eating, a deal is negotiated by the windows, the typewriters clatter with the week's copy. An editor attempts to scream over the din for silence; he is on the telephone with Liberation News Service.

Loud coughing. The radio.

They never seem to leave, from early morning until evening. There are students on probation, suspended students, students with A minus indexes; all sorts. They have in common an attitude of disgust towards the College. A Hatred of America. It has touched them deeply, for in their overwhelming sense of alienation, many have become non-functional. The paper comes out, but most people see themselves as basically unproductive. Perhaps self-pity, perhaps only a sensitivity to the shit around them, it has poisoned many of them.

These are students who are articulate, knowledgeable, impressive and frequently miserable. They can spend hours on political conversations, which expose a heavy sense of futility. It is an easy place to spend a day, for that sense of futility is in many. They are comrades in caustic wit and superficial arrogance; well-worn defenses for insecurity and feelings of purposelessness.

"I've always felt smothered in a classroom. From elementary school on, I remember being sent to the principal's office in fifth grade for reading a book while my teacher was intoning the story of the Declaration of Independence for the third time that year. And when I got to College, I still wasn't trusted to learn at my level by my means with whatever anti-traditional freedom it might necessitate. And now, even if my teacher is brilliant and progressive, I still feel smothered. My scalp itches when I walk into a classroom. I feel penned in. Look at everyone around you here, fucking around in this office."

The rubber ends; a loser leaves the table to go to a class in Wagner, his partner switches seats, and a fourth is found.

"They always cut classes and find the most devious and intricate ways of avoiding schoolwork, even those who are doing heavy parallel reading with their class requirements. Because after years of being smothered with idiotic restrictions and incompetent teachers and stifling, uncreative learning techniques, they can't function in any situation that resembles a school. Grades, attendance, papers . . . They can't discipline themselves to take what they can and split, swallow the cabbage and take the bits of knowledge and valuable learning with it. They spit out the crap and everything else. They can't sit still and listen to a brilliant man, let alone a stupid man, if he holds his class in an overcrowded classroom, standing up front, a wall between him and the students, a grade book in his attic case and a sheet listing the structured curriculum. It hurts too much to be a part of an inhuman class. So they sit up here, miserable that they aren't learning nearly as much as they should be, bewildered and then bitter that other people don't see that there must be a better way to learn than the one at City College. They become more and more confused about why they are here at all; but most know at the bottom that they wouldn't know where to go, if they didn't go here." Larry paused to greet a friend. The mood of



the city college cafeteria, hundreds of . . .



our conversation dissipated, and as his friend left, Larry sat silently, his fingers rubbing his temples, his eyes staring down the floor. Then impulsively he began again with a frightening intensity.

"Jesus, I feel like a vegetable. Something's been stolen from me, squeezed out of me from the moment I stumbled into public school. Fuck them all, those bastards . . . so much hate in me now . . ."

There was the smell of grass out in the hallway. Two students were smoking, barely attempting to conceal the joint from those who walked by: City College has become one of the most open drug campuses in the city. An effective way to forget the existence of classes is to be stoned, for drugs make the possibility of attending a restrictive, dull class unthinkable.

Even the guilt and up-tightness about cutting fades as the student's innate craving for freedom refuses to be subordinated by what promises to be an unpleasant class.

Stan was in the cafeteria very stoned cutting a class. A heavy user of drugs, Stan refers to himself as a "non-student student head." He is not really sure how he has managed to stay in school with such little work; his girlfriend maintains that the work he does manage to finish is good enough so that he can get by with a projection of eccentricity. "He convinces his teachers that he's an unbalanced but brilliant freak; so they let him get away with his absurd excuses."

When Stan catches himself discussing anything too seriously, especially politics, education, or himself, anything that he is deeply concerned with, he will break off the conversation with a comment, "Nothing is real; all is absurd, don't you know that?" His words are covered with heavy sarcasm, more directed at himself than anyone else. He has taken on a guise of anti-intellectuality to protect himself; he is very conscious that he cannot answer his own endless questions and self-doubt, so reacts with a dismissal of the importance of the questions. No one believes his new image. He does not believe it. He talks of drugs incessantly, as if to convince himself that drugs are all he needs to rest his mind. He is always restless.

"I always hated City College, so a few months ago I got involved in a radical educational community, Centers for Change. It was a good idea they had about unstructured education, and living, learning communes. I did work raising funds and talking to people about it, and believed in the concept. But I found something horrible was happening to me, I was getting more and more depressed. Abstractly their classes greatly appealed to me, but when it came down to going to them I couldn't handle it. It wasn't that they weren't good, it was just that I found I had lost the energy to learn with any sort of self-discipline. Intellectually I could say, what I want is a better way to learn, but emotionally I revolted at the idea of any system of education. It scared me; it was too late to try to wipe out the memory of establishment school, and be in a good one. Any one, I just wanted to stay away from any group-learning thing. So here I am again. But this is irrelevant."

Irrelevant. The College has become irrelevant to so many. Education, from the classrooms of Mott to the experiments at Centers for Change, has become irrelevant. Yet because they have spent most of their lives in school, students who have "given up" remain registered, unable to discern any other possibilities for themselves, short of fantasy, other than the purest of college.

There is bitterness here. These students feel cheated by their own academic upathy. They feel it is not of their own making, but imposed by a hopelessly inadequate and insensitive system of education. And with their rejection of that system, with their rejection of all that City College stands for, they have found themselves drained of energy, unable to try for something better to replace that which can no longer be really tolerated.

There is a vacuum; some have found it red, ready to crystallize into devastating action, the destruction of the university, to fill that vacuum. Others fall apart with frustration and aimlessness and . . .

Beneath the glossy white walls of the cafeteria, hundreds of students wait out the day . . .

By TOM FRIEDMAN

—Photo by H. Edward Webberman

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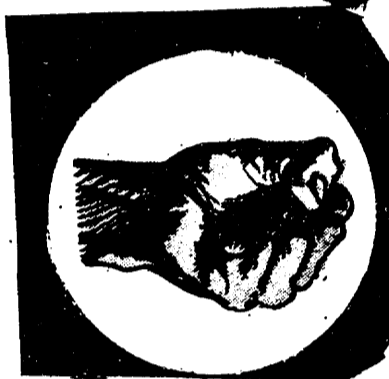
His wisdom comes from long experience.

San Francisco State College

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THE DECLINE OF ART
RAPES

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Affectant la réforme universi-
la premier ministre



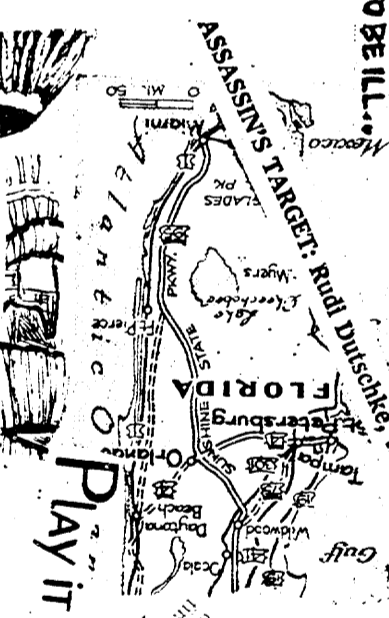
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8 P.M.



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conference
8 and 9.

WASHINGTON, March 4
President Nixon declared to-
night that the United States
"will not tolerate" continued
attacks on South Vietnamese
he warned that an "ap-
proach will be

Democracy

Mouvement
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et accès un million de la FNEP
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LA RECETTE EST ERRONEE
Il n'est pas possible de faire
une recette d'un tel genre
pour un tel genre de recette
à la fois simple et complexe
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Tout est dans l'organisation
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à la question des F.A.S.T.S.
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Organizing With a Sense of Upward Mobility

By RON TABOR

Ron Tabor is a member of the Revolutionary Socialist Caucus of the College's chapter of Students for a Democratic Society. His essay, as well as the accompanying illustration, first appeared in the March issue of *Leviathan*, 2700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10025, and is reprinted with the permission of the editor.

Recent events at City College have challenged some of SDS's assumptions about organizing, and have forced our chapter to confront questions we had never really met before. Because these are questions the movement on many other campuses is going to face, a description of the situation at City may be of some value.

City College, a branch of the City University of New York, is a commuter school situated on the outskirts of Harlem. Of its approximately 18,000 students, a large percentage (about 40% of the graduates) become teachers, while many of the others fill posts in government and corporate bureaucracies. The campus is split in two parts, a North Campus for Science, engineering, and architecture, and a South Campus for history, sociology, English, art, music, and so on. Separated by only a few blocks, these two campuses represent distinct social entities characterized by different life styles and ideas. The North Campus people are generally straight, patriotic, etc., while those who spend most of their time on the South Campus are more like the liberal to left hip groups found at campus schools.

Students live in various parts of the city, many with their parents, and consequently do not develop new ideas, values, and life styles as readily as students who live at school. The conditions which aid the radicalization of many New Left students are not experienced by most City College students: the abrupt change in milieu, the acquisition of new friends, and the exercise of new freedom won with increased distance from home and parents. However, the unavoidable mixing of life styles and attitudes that occurs on most campuses is reduced still further at City by the split between the campuses.

To many students, college is not much more than a continuation of high school. Exams and quizzes are frequent, class attendance is mandatory, and there is certainly little sense of community. There is the sense of upward mobility.

Students who go to CCNY did not simply assume when they were in high school that they would go to college. They had to earn their way in. For many, city schools represent their only access to higher education and to interesting, decent-paying jobs. The importance of this is suggested by the comment of a Chinese-American student on the North Campus. It was easy for SDS to be running around disrupting the college, he said, but for him, it was either study now or work in a Chinese laundry the rest of his life.

The above factors tend to make many students competitive and disapproving of those who disrupt the normal activity of the college. Busy with more than the usual amount of make-work, regimented by authoritarian teaching techniques, these students are generally reluctant to give up much free time to attend rallies and meetings, and tend to see leafleting and picketing as just another aspect of abuse and manipulation.

The Left, centered more or less around the South Campus cafeteria, has reacted badly to these same pressures. Our individual isolation tends to make our SDS chapter all-important to us as a social enclave. It is easy to put off leafleting, petition-gathering, and picketing to spend a few valuable free hours talking to friends (about politics, of course). To aggravate matters further, the Left is split in a billion pieces: Student Mobilization Committee, Young Socialist Alliance, W.E.B. DuBois, the Commune, and inside the SDS chapter there are other factions. As is typical in a factionalized movement, each group is fearful of losing its identity and fantasies. Meetings are often held simultaneously.

Early last fall, the Commune and SDS initiated independent campaigns against the presence of ROTC on the campus. After a few weeks, the Commune organized an election vigil in a ballroom of the student center. As the vigil got under way on October 31, the Commune leadership announced that an AWOL soldier was with us, and the vigil became a sanctuary. After an unsuccessful attempt to arrest the soldier, the police reappeared on Thursday, November 1 at 1 A.M. Students were told that they have five minutes to leave or be arrested for criminal trespass. A few of them tried to leave, were arrested



CHAS. B. SLACKMAN

anyway, and were booked with the others. About 170 people were arrested in all.

Later that day after a few people were released from jail, and it was learned that the publicity rights of the Commune and SDS had been revoked, a meeting involving about 300 people was held. Demands were approved relating to the presence of police on campus, our political rights, amnesty for those arrested, etc. Eventually, one calling for the removal of ROTC from the college was also adopted. The campus as a whole, however, remained relatively unconcerned.

A series of rallies and demonstrations were organized culminating in a mill-in at the President's office in the Administration building on November 14. About 100 students occupied the lobby outside the office. The President refused to see them, and after presenting their demands to a secretary they moved to the Registrar's office, which they disrupted for a while. After an hour and the usual expulsion threat from the Administration, the students left the offices and the building.

Frustration was intense. Nobody had any tactical ideas that seemed appropriate under the circumstances. If the arrest of 170 students did not move the others, the arrest of a few more under the circumstances would probably not disturb them either. The issues themselves did not help matters either; many felt that SDS and the Commune deserved publicity rights, saw this as a question of civil liberties, but were opposed to their campaign against ROTC on the same grounds. The Left saw little it could do, had little faith that large numbers of students could be won to its positions at that stage, and knew that without them it was paralyzed.

It appears that, at City College at least, a new stage in the movement has been reached. The war in Vietnam is no longer the burning issue of the

day, and cynicism has increased. This means that Dow Chemical recruiting, and the presence of ROTC on campuses do not raise moral questions in the minds of most students as they may have done. Without these moral questions, actions against Dow and ROTC are seen as attacks on the few rights remaining to students, particularly the "right to choose one's future employer." To students already sick of this society, these rights are not important personally and are certainly overridden by the rights of the people of the world to be free of imperialist domination. To those to whom this country still represents some freedom and opportunity, to whom the school represents a means to better oneself, and who have not focused on the USA as the source of their discomfort, the rights to a good job and to be interviewed by a future employer are crucial.

In addition, the events at Columbia have taught school administrations not to be afraid of making arrests if they are made early, without vacillation, and before the insurgents have mobilized much support by clarifying the issues and dramatizing their concerns. After arrests occur, and once it becomes clear that administrators will call police without hesitation, two things will happen: 1) the rest of the campus will not be outraged by the police presence; in fact, they will expect it, and 2) the movement will be without a weapon that even looks as if it has a small chance of working. The campus radicals have had few qualms about organizing people and confronting administrations around demands that they themselves felt would not be met. Now it is apparent to most people on campus that such demands will not be met, and manipulation — organizing people around false hopes — will not work anymore. Confrontations with little chance of winning or inflaming the campus demoralize people.

Up until now much of the movement's organizing has been moralistic and many have been attracted on this basis. Yet, today, there seems to be a contradiction between organizing people around the "issues that affect their lives" and organizing them around their consciences. And the movement has done very little thinking about how to reach especially those students from lower and lower middle class backgrounds whom we have usually overlooked.

At least at schools such as City College where most of the students come from these backgrounds, we need to add to our program issues that can be seen by larger numbers to be immediately relevant to their lives. This means that we have to become fighters for the rights of our constituencies and not destroyers of them. Good issues might be class size, authoritarian teachers and techniques, course content, and the channeling and regimenting of people's lives to prepare them for the "good" jobs and provide them with the "correct" attitude. We have to point out the nature of the jobs they are trying so hard to get, and demonstrate the relationship between these jobs and the way students are treated in school. Militant actions can be taken around these issues, and they must be related to a solid critique of our society. When implemented in conjunction with other more obviously anti-imperialist programs, such a program may be of some value in broadening our relevance and our base.

Since writing the essay last December, Tabor has concluded that the suggestions offered in the last paragraph are inadequate, and has expanded his analysis to include other concerns. Therefore, he has written an addendum which follows.

There is no doubt that the Movement must respond to the felt needs of students if it is to win support for its ideas. Yet, the Movement must be wary of subordinating its concern for increasing students' understanding of our society and pointing to the necessity of building a movement for basic social change to the problems of building immediate support. It is becoming increasingly important to urge people in general and students in particular to look beyond their local environments toward societal solutions to their problems. At the same time, we must begin to initiate joint struggles with other sectors of society around demands which speak to the needs of students and working people. In order to be effective in raising the political consciousness of those involved as well as increasing the probability of winning, these campaigns must be aimed at the ruling elite of this country; that is, those responsible for the deteriorating cities and schools, rising taxes, and imperialist wars that are imposed on us in the name of Civilization and the American Way.

The present program of the College's SDS chapter is an example of this kind of campaign. Raising

(Continued on Page 12)

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Three Afternoon Concerts — Friday: Giant Jam Session with Jimmy Smith and Friends. Saturday: Art Blakey, Gary Burton, Miles Davis, Mothers of Invention, Newport All-Stars, Red Norvo, Tal Farlow, Ruby Braff, and others.

Sunday: An Afternoon with James Brown.

Evening and Sunday Afternoon Tickets:

\$3.50, 4.50, 5.50, 6.50 — Box Seats \$10.00

Friday and Saturday Afternoon — General Admission \$4.00

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• All Programs Subject to Change

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Notes & Outlines

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Film . . .

The censored version of Ingmar Bergman's *The Silence*, a story of two sexually repressed sisters, will be shown today in the Finley Grand Ballroom at 3 and 8 PM. It is the concluding film of Bergman's trilogy on the nature of God.

Dear Sir:

Ken Kessler's article on James Peace was such an intemperate outburst of bitterness that it directed more attention to Kessler's spiritual state than to the subject of his diatribe. I share the widespread sense of shock and disgust in reaction to the lack of taste and decency with which he attacked another member of the community. Is this the model the missionaries-for-morality proffer for the treatment of one who has devoted a large part of his life to the College?

Sincerely,
G. Nicholas Foster
Dean of Students

To the Editor:

Ken Kessler is a pig.

In a cruel and tasteless attack on a man, who for years has had nothing but the welfare of students as his objective, Kessler has proved himself to possess far more repulsive characteristics than those he ascribes to Dean Peace.

Although Kessler may disagree with the Dean's tactics, he cannot dispute his basic decency. Dean Peace has long served students; can Kessler say the same, with his gross misuse of student funds to print what is essentially a personal vendetta against the man?

Is it that decency and congeniality and an ability to stand up to those you disagree with are repulsive to a pig like Kessler?

Ken Kessler is a pig.

If students here weren't as pig-Kessler puts it, "such spineless toadies," they would cut off funds to OP so that Kessler and his penmates (no pun intended) could not foul printed pages with their hate.

Ken Kessler is a pig; we're damn tired of his shit. Up against the wall, motherfucker.

Eric Lask

To the Editor:

Despite the negative attitude of your reporter, we feel that the Albany demonstration was a success. When The New York Times of Thursday, March 20, comes out in support of CUNY in its lead editorial, and when The New York Post of the same day reports that legislative support for the Rockefeller budget is decreasing, then clearly the demonstration could not have been a waste, and was not merely "picnic politics."

It is important for all students to know that on the rare occasion that they unite, the powers-that-be must listen.

Sincerely yours,
Marc Harris
Robert Nelson

SPECIAL NOTICE

**The City College Bookstore
Finley Student Center**

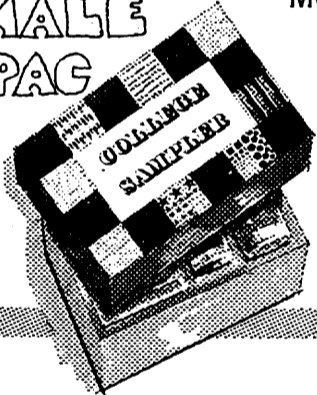
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Café Finley:**Fine Bluegrass by Greenbriar Boys**

By SHEILA ZUKOWSKY

The Greenbriar Boys, one of the few remaining city-based groups that rode in on the folk music wave of the early sixties, gave an ebullient showing of their country-music capabilities last Friday night at Café Finley. The Boys, playing mostly bluegrass and spiritual material, consist of Frank Wakefield, the only remaining member of the original group, on mandolin, Ward Verity on guitar, Joe Isaacs on banjo, and David Wilks on bass, with Isaacs and Wilks occasionally switching instruments.

The group's good humor, coupled with its considerable playing abilities as individuals and as a corporate endeavor, was instrumental in surmounting the dreary atmosphere of the Snack-Bar (yes, even with the lights turned off), along with a mostly distracted and distracting audience. Even in itself, that would have been a major accomplishment.

Their consistently excellent harmonies and vocals were especially reflected in their spiritual numbers, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" and a less familiar though well executed song called "While I Was Singing," the inspired lyrics of which were sung with the greatest aplomb: "While I was singing, somebody touched me, Must of been the hand

of the Lord."

Frank Wakefield though, was the unquestionable star of the evening. His maneuvering on stage was a performance in itself. Sticking thumbs in the ears of, pointing mock-jest fingers at, and jokingly trying to pull the pants off his fellow Greenbriar Brothers, he maintained an amazingly wide grin on his face throughout the hour and a half set. But besides stealing the show as a comedian, he also exhibited his considerable musical virtuosity on each number, particularly, a "classical" solo which he wrote.

Having a music boxish quality to it, "Symphony 97" was the occasion for the fingers of Wakefield's left hand to blend into a soft blur over the neck of his mandolin, only to be seen again at the opening of his next song. An autoharp tune, "Silver Threads and Golden Needles," another Wakefield solo, was perhaps the least successful of the evening, only by virtue of the instrument being grossly out of tune, and the soft lyrics being somewhat lost from the absence of the power that was conspicuous in every other vocal.

Initially inattentive, the audience was, by the end of the evening, swept along with the infectious good timey feeling, an ironic contrast to the last number, "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad."

With A Sense Of Upward Mobility...

(Continued from Page 9)

demands for a vast expansion of the school system, for an end to flunk-outs and grading generally, for an end to the high school tracking system which educates people according to the corporate structure's job requirements, rather than human needs, and for open admissions to the City University based on a vast expansion of its facilities, we hope to be able to involve people from various constituencies in joint activity around joint needs. The key demand, and the one that gives the program its radi-

calism, is the one that demands that the expenses for this program be paid for by the large banks and corporations which are the ones that are profiting from the deteriorating conditions of our society, rather than working people who have been financing the war in Vietnam and other imperialist activities through rising taxes and inflation. Those interested in working on this campaign, which is now in the petition stage, may contact the chapter by talking to the next SDS person they see or by leaving a message for us in Room 152 Finley.

JET FLIGHTS

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— EASTER —

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— SUMMER —

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| May 30 NY-Lisbon | Aug. 25 Lisbon-NY | \$239 |
| May 31 NY-Brussels/London | Aug. 28 Brussels/Madrid-NY | \$265 |
| June 1 NY-Lisbon | Aug. 28 Lisbon-NY | \$219 |
| June 8 NY-Lisbon | Sept. 3 Lisbon-NY | \$229 |
| June 10 NY-Brussels/London | Sept. 2 Brussels/Madrid-NY | \$265 |
| June 14 NY-Lisbon | Aug. 29 Lisbon-NY | \$239 |
| June 17 NY-Brussels/London | Sept. 1 Brussels/Madrid-NY | \$265 |
| July 1 NY-London | Aug. 30 Amsterdam-NY | \$239 |

AFTER SUMMER SCHOOL

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|-------------------------|------------------------------|---------|
| Aug. 11 NY-ROME | Sept. 2 London-NY | \$279 |
| Aug. 14 NY-Lisbon | Sept. 4 Lisbon-NY | \$229 |
| Aug. 15 NY-Lisbon | Aug. 29 Lisbon/Madrid-NY | \$238** |
| Aug. 15 NY-Copenhagen | Sept. 2 Bergen-NY | \$283 |
| Aug. 16 NY-London | Sept. 3 Amsterdam-NY | \$219 |
| Aug. 16 NY-London/Paris | Sept. 4 Paris/London-NY | \$259 |
| Aug. 17 NY-Lisbon | Sept. 4-5 Barcelona/Paris-NY | \$249 |
| Aug. 18 NY-Rome | Sept. 2 Milan-NY | \$269 |
| Aug. 21 NY-Brussels | Sept. 3 Brussels-NY | \$265 |
| Aug. 12 NY-London | Sept. 4 Amsterdam-NY | \$239 |

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Approximately \$800 is available for supplementary allocations. Therefore, only if financial assistance FOR AN ACTIVITY THIS TERM is an ABSOLUTE NECESSITY, follow this procedure:

- 1) Submit a written detailed description of your activity and budget for the activity and/or activities for which money is needed. List, in order of importance, which are immediate necessities and which are not. Include also the names and phone numbers of your president and treasurer, the number of members you have, the amount of dues charged per term, and the money available in your treasury to date. Place the above information in the Student Senate mailbox (Room 152 Finley) no later than Tuesday, April 1st at 3 PM.
- 2) The Student Senate Finance Committee will review the activities and establish general guidelines some time before the vacation, and interviews with the representatives (pres. and treas., only), of the organizations will take place before vacation and after, if necessary.

REMEMBER — The deadline for supplementals is Tuesday, April 1st at 3 PM.

If for any reason you cannot meet the deadline, do not hesitate to call me at TR 3-0587, on Saturday night (9 PM to 12:30 AM), Sunday (until 12:30 AM), or Monday (9 PM to 12:30 PM). Please DO NOT CALL from sundown Friday, until sundown, Saturday.

Sincerely yours,
BARRY HELPRIN
Treasurer, Student Senate