



observation post

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CITY COLLEGE

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1969

Sociology Firings Spark Student, Faculty Upsurge



Seated at yesterday's press conference (from left to right) are: Jorge Maura of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community, Professor Alfred Conrad (Economics), Assistant Professor Jay Schulman (Sociology), and Les Jacobs, chairman of the Student Advisory Council.

Coalition Blasts BHE, Administration

A coalition of City University faculty and student groups has denounced as fraudulent, the Board of Higher Education's plans for open admissions, and charged that recent firings of sociology faculty were politically motivated.

In a press conference in Finley Center yesterday, the groups issued a statement saying "what is left is a little open admissions . . . is aborted open admission, still-born open admissions."

Speakers continually related the recent dismissals at the College to political activism for open admissions and education reform on the part of the professors.

The coalition includes numerous groups from the College — the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community, Black and Puerto Rican Faculty, Concerned Faculty, Faculty for Action, the student caucuses of the history and sociology departments and the education school, and the DuBois Club — as well as the university's Student Advisory Council, student body presidents of Hunter and Queens Colleges, Brooklyn College's New University Conference, the Queens College SEEK Coalition, and ten SEEK teachers who were fired from their positions at the Hotel Alamac this summer.

Harold Menefee, a SEEK lecturer, began the conference by reading a prepared statement on open admissions and the firings. He accused the Board of Higher Education of favoring the needs of middle-class children over those of the poor and minority groups and of perpetuating a two-track system that relegates the poor to a substandard education.

"The black and Puerto Rican communities, the black and white victims of this two-track educational system, want open admissions to the City University," Memefe said. "They want open enrollment and they want it in 1970. They will not stay in the back of the school bus in New York City; they will not accept another round of separate and unequal education in New York City . . .

"The buck is passing again, this time from City Hall to the Governor's Mansion. The Board reduced the Commission's plan, and the Mayor reduced the Board's plan — and now whether there will be anything depends on whether the Governor will bail the mayor out. Meanwhile the victims watch, with hope and then with disbelief, and then with cynicism and finally with contempt."

Professor Alfred Conrad (Economics), who served on the BHE's Commission on Open Admissions, described the plan now being implemented as "a two track system in which Community Colleges will become second class dumping groups of the ed-

ucational system, similar to the vocational high schools."

Jorge Maura of the BPRSC, which led the take-over of South Campus last term, endorsed the coalition's statement. "We are determined to carry on the struggle for open admissions we initiated last term," he said. "We will deal as necessary with acts of oppression at the College."

A CBS reporter who asked Maura to explain what he meant addressed him as "young boy." As the crowd hooted, Maura asked for an apology. The reporter excused himself and pressed the question as to whether a confrontation was possible. Assistant Professor Jay Schulman (Sociology)

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By JONNY NEUMANN

Student and faculty protest mounted this week, as the unclear dismissals of nine sociology teachers continue to be viewed as political firings.

The Student Senate, 8-0-1, adopted a resolution Wednesday which condemned the dismissals as "political repression and organizational purge reminiscent of the Joe McCarthy days."

The Faculty Senate passed a motion last night which charged ". . . the non-reappointment of Professor Jay Schulman may have been based on criteria other than scholarly or pedagogic competence." The resolution further requested "the Review Committee to rescind its decision pending the pressing of charges and a hearing in conformity with AAUP (American Association of University Professors) criteria of due process as applicable to cases involving academic freedom and tenure."

Schulman, the latest of the sociology teachers to be informed of his dismissal, is the only professor whose case was decided by the Review Committee. That group—which consists of Acting President Joseph Copeland, Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer, and

the academic deans—serves as a type of presidential cabinet, as well as the ultimate grievance committee at the College. Schulman, who was recommended for re-appointment by the Sociology Appointments Committee, was then refused a new contract by the Review Committee last week.

The other teachers were dismissed either by Appointments Committee or the Social Science Personal and Budget (P and B) Committee. Some of them plan to appeal their cases to the Review Committee.

Pressed by faculty charges at yesterday's meeting that Schulman had been denied due process, Copeland answered that "the mechanism for appeal is still open." Copeland said that he had sent Schulman "an invitation to dis-

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A mass rally with broad sponsorship will be held at noon this Tuesday in front of Cohen Library to protest the dismissals. Initiated by the DuBois Club, the rally has since been endorsed by the Sociology Student Caucus, the Black and Puerto Rican Faculty, Faculty for Action, Prisa, and Observation Post, a student newspaper with radical sympathies.

Among the scheduled speakers are Assistant Professors Jay Schulman (Sociology), a radical faculty member who was fired by the Review Committee last week, and Arnold Birenbaum (Sociology), who was recommended for tenure by his department but turned down by the Personnel and Budget Committee of the social sciences division.

Others will be Marc Beallor, field director of the New York DuBois Clubs, Professor Alfred Conrad (Economics), Steve Kagan, one of the ten SEEK faculty fired this summer from the Hotel Alamac, Student Senate Educational Affairs Vice President Neil Rand, Aleida Valentin, Secretary of Prisa, and Milton Washington, chairman of the Black and Puerto Rican Faculty.

Landy Claims Bias in Construction on Campus

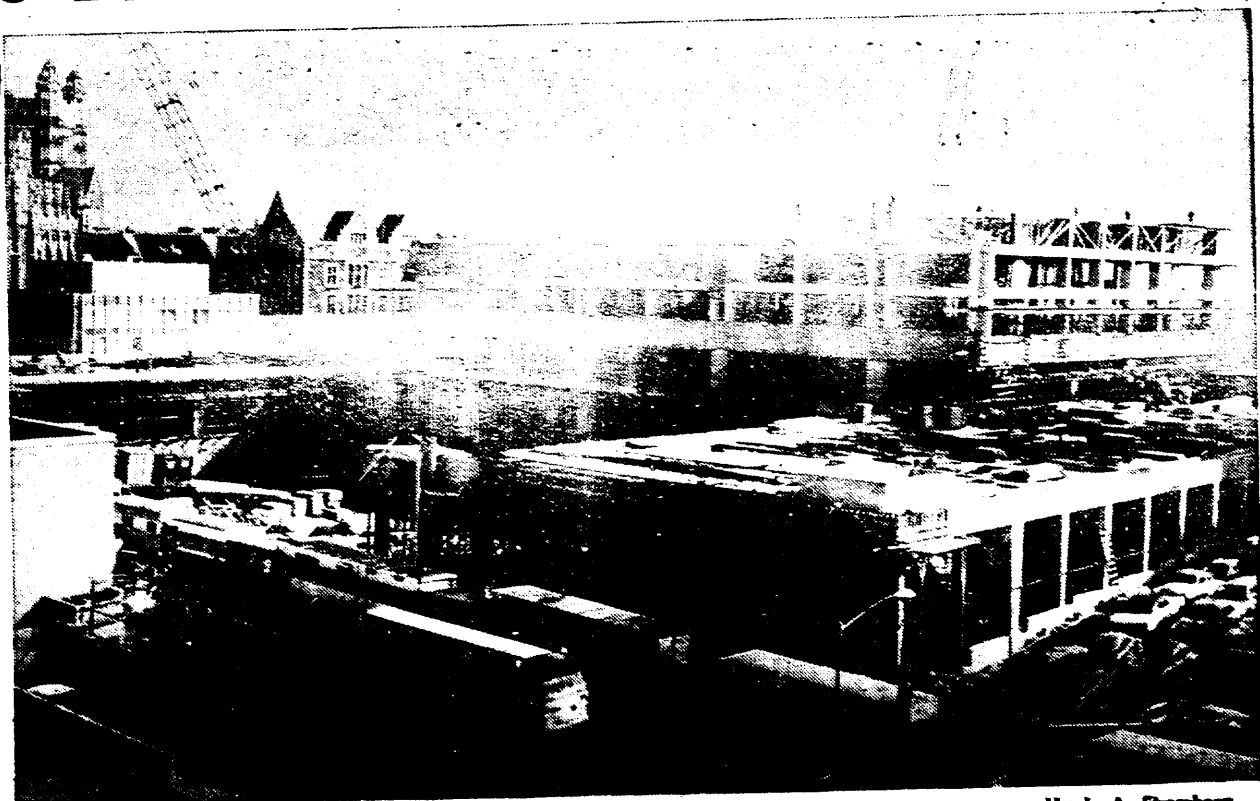
By STEVE MARCUS

Student Government President James Landy has charged several contractors involved in the construction of the new Science and Physical Education Building with using "blatantly discriminatory hiring practices."

Landy voiced his charges after examining figures on the number of black and Puerto Rican workers employed by contractors on the construction site.

The latest available figures show that on November 18, Rebar Company employed no Black or Puerto Ricans among its 12 workers, Norman Company had one minority worker among 10 employees and that of the 16 masons, bricklayers and traders there was one minority group member.

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Howie A. Stromberg

Numbers Game

By FRED MILLER

Call me 340.

That's my new name. I guess I'm lucky.

The College calls me 087-38-3416.

The Draft Board calls me '340'.

It's a strange name. It means I may not be the replacement for the men of Song My. It means I may not have to push a prisoner out of a helicopter. It might save my life.

It might mean nothing. That's because none of the draft boards are clear about what the new classification system means, and they will not yet give the definitive answer about what they are going to do.

And it does not mean that the men of Song My will not be replaced.

It doesn't mean that America's young men are still not being forced into involuntary servitude or that the war is any closer to being ended.

But Nixon doesn't even want to end the war; he wants to "Vietnamize" it. It will be sufficient, he feels, to withdraw the 275,000 ground combat troops from Vietnam. Then Americans will no longer be killed, and the American people will tell pollsters they support the President. Of course, the "Vietnamized" war will go on. But it will be all right then because it will only be Vietnamese getting killed. As Nixon said in New Hampshire last year, "Asians don't have the high regard for human life that Americans have."

But I am withdrawn from it now. They tell me I'm safe. I'm not like my friend who is number 26. Together we went to our first anti-war demonstration in 1965. I was fifteen, he was fourteen, and even if I don't go now, I am not apart from him, and I am not apart from a national disease, and I am not exempt from a guilt which will pervade this generation. I didn't directly participate, but another was sent in my place.

For there can be no way of justly taking men for an army that is committing unjust acts in an unjust war. And the lottery, by making me safe, and my brother susceptible, only serves to split us apart. I can't in good conscience say the lottery was right. I can't in good sense come out against it. And by arguing over the draft, my generation is divided from the issues of the war.

Of course, this split doesn't affect all of America. For too many people, the war has become simply a question of numbers, of nicknames that stand for human individuals, of forms, not of reality or blood, just acceptable kill ratios. Apparently, it's easy to slaughter them: they've all got the same name, Charlie Gook, they all look the same, and they don't have to be dealt with as people.

Start a lottery and call it draft reform, add a lot of publicity, and people will think it's a new system, too. Nixon cancelled this year's November and December draft calls as a sign of reform, but how many noticed that he drafted more men in the first ten months of 1969 than were drafted in all of 1968?

To make it even better, announce that "youth representatives" are going to draw the lots, and that the representatives are the same youths who've advised the president of the opinions of the draft's true constituents. But the first hand to draw a shell out of the bowl was speckled with liver spots, and the hands that opened it were gnarled with age. Nevertheless, it was a great social event. The Daily News called it the "Draft Bowl."

And free to every winner, his own M16 rifle.

There were no mothers there. There were no representatives of the war dead. They were no citizens of My Lai either.

But it was just a game, dates and numbers, no names were broadcast, the questions of the war were lost. You could hear it on the radio like a sports event, and maybe place bets on the lucky dates. All a game, because when it's only a game, no one gets hurt.

But people are getting hurt. They are going to get killed. They are going to have to compete among themselves to see who goes and who doesn't. College juniors are going to spend a year and half plotting how to avoid the draft. Some can sit back and gloat. Others can sit back and cry.

Or scream, because as some die, other are turned into numbers, dehumanized, accepting a system without questioning it, hanging their lives on flips of dice, or drawings of Bingo numbers.

With never a thought about what they are really forced to do.



Hew

observation post

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Last Laugh

A funny thing happened at the Faculty Senate meeting yesterday: Michael Silverstein was kicked out of his position of "junior senator." Because he has achieved what is known in the Board of Higher Education By-laws as "faculty rank." That means, as an Assistant Professor, Silverstein is over qualified to be a junior senator. He has too much experience as a teacher. So they kicked him out.

The funny thing is that the same Michael Silverstein, has been kicked out of his department and kicked out of the College. Because he doesn't qualify. He isn't a good enough teacher to be granted tenure by the BHE. So they kicked him out.

Another funny thing is that Silverstein didn't know he was kicked off of the Senate because he walked into the meeting two and a half hours late: he was teaching his classes between 2 PM and 4:15. But Silverstein, they say, does not do good work in the classroom. All we get from him is haziness and uncertainty, the committees say. It's funny because his students say all they get from the rest of the College is uncertainty . . . and uncertainty. Though, of course, the College isn't hazy. It's clear. Damn clear.

It is also noteworthy to mention that, although no reason has yet been given for the firing of Jay Schulman (Sociology), there has not been a trace of Schulman's dog — Black boy — on the campus since the announcement of his firing. Is he up to something? Well, Schulman and Silverstein are friends, and maybe they and the other score of fired faculty, can take a trip somewhere together — maybe they could even start a school somewhere — or something funny like that.

Oh; one other funny thing we forgot to mention. Remember last year's Five Demands? In just three more years they will be eligible for tenure.

To Stay or Make a Move

By HOWARD SUNDWALL

The philosophy professor droned on about the importance of Dewey's theory of art as experience and how it was related to political philosophy and why it was so necessary to know all about it. He held my attention for about three sentences before he got bogged down in his own syntax. His power of rhetoric failed him, and my power of concentration failed him too.

It was 3:10 on a Friday afternoon and in a few hours I would be home. I wished I was home, sitting cross-legged next to my stereo, listening to Blood, Sweat and Tears, reading D. H. Lawrence, or writing poetry. It's funny how I only think of these things when I'm in class and how I rarely do them anymore when I get home. I'm too tired or bored or disinterested or something. Because it's all unimportant; it doesn't matter.

Nothing matters.

Once upon a time I was a liberal. I was a liberal not because it was fashionable or the thing to do in those days but because that was what I was and what I believed. And I was a liberal before it became a joke or an insult to be a white liberal. And life was good to me and vice versa. And progress was being made, slowly, but in the right direction. Although I hadn't yet realized that it was reality and not belief that mattered, I did sincerely believe that life was good and progress possible.

Later on I became a 'radical.' And I was proud of it. Not in the sense of wearing the label like a Red (not the communist variety) Badge of Courage, but it was what I was and what I believed. So I was proud and still I was happy.

But I'm not a radical any more. Maybe I've swung so far that I've fallen off the edge of the spectrum. But to hell with the spectrum. It's not important. Nothing's important.

For all our blood, sweat and tears, we accomplished absolutely nothing. That's a big word, absolutely. But can anyone tell me one good thing that has come out of it all?

And men on both sides die in Vietnam, while Nixon tells us "I don't intend to be the first president in history to lose a war," and "I have a plan. Trust me, my fellow Americans. . ."

It's not that I don't care about how bad things are. I've just passed the point where I thought it was humanly possible to get inside another person's head and change something. I simply don't give a damn any more. What's the use of getting your brains knocked out for less than nothing? Maybe I'm becoming part of the "great silent majority." God help me.

Read Camus: "To stay or to make a move, it came to much the same." And, "We are making progress and yet nothing is changing." Or Lennon and McCartney: "I've got nothing to say but it's O.K., Good morning, good morning. . ."

"We're all doing what we can," they said. But Paul is dead and so is Jesus. I feel dead. Am I? "A living organism is dead when it no longer functions." I no longer function. I sit in Philosophy and make the prof think that I'm paying attention or taking notes when I'm really falling asleep or writing great and wise aphorisms on the top of my desk. It's a nice game that I play with the prof; I make him think that I'm interested in what he's saying, and he makes me think that it's important.

What I've written on top of the desk looks, as usual, for want of a better word, creative. Maybe I'll write a short story or poem when I get home. But I don't because I'd be too tired to bother. I haven't written anything good in . . . what? A long time, too long for someone who wants to make a career of it. I came to college to learn how to write better, but found only a reiteration of the evils of run-on sentences, spelling errors and subject-verb disagreement.

And found out also why Dewey considers an appreciation of art and beauty so important to philosophy, whatever that is. My professor was still at the same point where I'd left him half an hour ago, so I looked at my watch for the 46,301st time that day. Ten minutes to go. The girl sitting on my right showed me what she had just written in the margin of her philosophy notebook:

"Kill the clock before the clock kills you!"

I smiled. It was a nice saying.

To which, like Camus' Stranger, I had nothing to say, so I said nothing.

Kill it. Before it kills YOU.

Good morning, good morning. . .

Caucus, Commune Invite Copeland to Showdown

By ADRIAN PRICE

Members of the Commune and the Sociology Students Caucus heatedly debated yesterday how to support the approximately 15 faculty members who have been fired in recent weeks.

At one point, an agitated student walked out, calling for "all dedicated soc. majors" to follow him. Only one student did, out of the nearly 100 attending the meeting in Wagner Hall.

The radical Commune members argued for an immediate march to Acting President Joseph Copeland's office, while the moderate caucus members preferred to postpone action until he had been given time to answer the petitions.

The students concluded their tactical argument by agreeing on a revised version of a petition circulated by the caucus in sociology classes and signed by 500 students.

Both petitions demand that the president respond by next Thursday. The revised statement, approved at the close of the meeting by a nearly unanimous vote, ties a

demand for open admissions in with the call for reinstatement of all dismissed faculty.

The original petition was limited to student power and academic freedom issues. "This injustice to these experienced and well qualified faculty members is indicative of a process which does not allow for student opinion to be seriously considered in the selection of faculty," it states.

The students will submit the petition to the president at 1 PM today and demand that he appear at the caucus's meeting next Thursday at 12:15 PM in Room 104 Wagner "to detail progress in the resolution" of the crisis.

The petition formulated yesterday charges "that the firings were political and premeditated."

"We recognize that these teachers have been fired because their political positions on open admissions actively challenge the present role and function of the University," it continues. "We further recognize that open admissions and the end of the tracking system represents a valid step in the struggle for socio-economic, class and racial equality. Therefore we register our dis-

agreement with these firings and demand their (the teachers) reinstatement and a truly OPEN admissions policy."

The new petition also demands that Copeland respond by next Thursday.

Along with the nine sociology teachers, five physics faculty have been fired. Firings have also occurred in the art, political science, economics and psychology departments, and the SEEK program.

Bert Ramsay, president of the Onyx Society, said the dismissals are part of an overall political scheme to get rid of these faculty members "because they supported student actions."

"These teachers were fired because they supported open admissions," stated Joe Center, an SDS member.

Another student added, "This is a complex issue — it's not eight teachers, it's not 100 teachers — it's the world."

Dismissals of popular faculty members led to student upheavals at several City University campuses last term.

Sociology Firings Spark Students and Faculty

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cuss with me any grievance action he may decide to take . . . there has been considerable pre-judgment of whether he has had due process."

Copeland has been invited by the Sociology Student Caucus to attend an open meeting in Wagner Hall next Thursday during the club break to discuss the dismissals.

A two hour debate on the issue was often clouded at yesterday's meeting, as faculty argued that the dismissed teachers be represented by the AAUP — a national professional group that often enters academic freedom controversies; and Copeland insisted that the faculty should be defended by the Legislative Conference—the bargaining agent for senior faculty members.

Professor Samuel Hendel (Political Science), the faculty ombudsman finally declared that Schulman's dismissal "is a clear violation of academic freedom and due process."

Copeland answered that it is too early to make such a judgment and that he has not yet decided on the Shulman case.

Mark Mirsky, an English lecturer, offered an emotional plea, "Since two Junior Senators who spoke in support of the student demands last spring have now been fired, I feel my freedom of speech has been intimidated. There is an atmosphere of terrible, irrational fear on this campus."

President Copeland answered that "I will do all in my power to clear the air of any such an 'atmosphere of intimidation.'"

A decision on the possible promotion of Dean Robert Young, director of the SEEK program, was delayed Wednesday night by the City College committee of the Board of Higher Education.

David Ashe, its chairman, said he expected the committee to reach its decision "shortly" but would not say when or whether the board will consider it.

Young, currently a lecturer, although he is a dean, is seeking to be named an assistant professor. The promotion would require a waiver of the BHE's by-laws, a frequent practice in such cases, since he does not have a Ph.D. degree.

Young could not be reached for comment.

Coalition Blasts Board's Plan

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logy) who was refused a new contract by the College's Review Committee this week, finally responded, "We can't answer that now."

Uniformly, the recently sociology firings were called political in nature. Shulman said, "I have been given no reason. The Faculty Senate Executive Committee will report today that this is a case of political reprisal. I think it is." He said of its effect, "It will denude a department of people whom the students and fellow faculty rated highly, and deprive the College of a body of opinion about open admissions and educational reform."

Betty Rawls, a SEEK teacher, added, "By taking away strong

faculty members they lower the quality of education they claim to be fighting for."

Assistant Professor Arnold Birenbaum (Sociology), denied tenure by the Social Science Personnel and Budget Committee despite a recommendation of his department, announced his intention to appeal to the Presidential Review Committee.

Music . . .

Arthel "Doc" Watson will perform his music on Monday at 2 PM in Battenweiser Lounge. The country folk guitarist plays the traditional music of the American southeast.

The episode of the dismissals began on November 14, when the P and B Committee of the Social Sciences refused to grant tenure to Assistant Professors Michael Silverstein and Arnold Birenbaum. The two were recommended by the sociology department, but, by a 4-3 vote, the P and B Committee refused to allow them to become permanent members of the College's instructional staff.

According to the by-laws (Article XI, Attachment A, Section 6.2 c) of the BHE, "a person employed and serving on a full-time annual salary basis . . . during the period from June 17, 1968, through September 30, 1968 . . . (who has served) . . . for three full years continuously and who shall have been reappointed for a fourth full year, shall have tenure. . . ."

Both Silverstein and Birenbaum fill BHE qualifications, except the P and B Committee denied them a contract for their fourth year, so that they cannot receive tenure, nor can they teach at the College upon the expiration of their present contract next June.

Five other sociology teachers—Marlis Kruger, Wayne Cotton, James Somers, Frieda Silvert, and Shelbouyrne Lyman—were

refused contracts for next year by the Sociology Appointments Committee.

The BHE by-laws stipulated no specific guidelines for dismissal or tenure denial. Article IX, Section 6.4 of the by-laws reads: "The service of any person appointed on an annual salary may be discontinued at the end of the first year, or if the person is reappointed, at the end of the second, third, fourth or fifth year. The notice of appointment shall state specifically that the appointment is of a temporary nature, shall give the terminal date of the appointment, and shall add that services beyond the period indicated in the notice of appointment are possible only if the Board takes affirmative action to that effect."

The only other qualification for granting of tenure or reappointment is, in effect, recommendation of the College's president.

In the weeks following the dismissals, no reasons have been offered, either by the Appointments Committee, the P and B Committee, the Review Committee or Copeland, who says his comments might prejudice the case.

Copeland told student reporters Wednesday that the P and B members are "not obliged to rub-

ber stamp the recommendations of the departmental committee." The dismissals, he said, "cast no aspersions on the individual" and "may not reflect on scholarship or competence."

He refused to rule out the possibility that he might offer a recommendation to the BHE concerning Shulman, contrary to the decision of his Review Committee. The committee's vote, he



revealed, was substantially against Shulman. He said he did not participate in the vote.

Professor Joseph Barmack (Chmn., Psychology), chairman of the P and B Committee, offered: "The committee was concerned about whether the teachers were going about their activities in the professional manner, about whether there was any promise of scholarly contribution. What we got from them was haziness and uncertainty, and a lack of production."

Silverstein said the P and B Committee questioned him about his teaching methods, grading and tests, "how did I maintain discipline and how do I make my students do work?"

Silverstein said he thought the committee members concluded he was an "irresponsible teacher" when he explained that he tries "to get a commitment from the kids" as a way of making them participate in the classes. "I killed myself by being too honest," he observed, mentioning the fact that the committee's marked the first time in five years it had reversed a departmental recommendation.

The committee includes these other chairmen: Professors Morris Silver (Economics), Howard Adelson (History), Thomas Karis (Political Science), Julius Elias (Philosophy), F. William Howton (Sociology), and Diane Sank (Anthropology).

Brakefield's Trial on Monday

Bill Brakefield will go on trial at Fort Dix Monday for his alleged role in a riot at the base stockade last June.

The Army private has spent almost a year in the prison following his sanctuary in the Grand Ballroom in November, 1968.

Monday's proceedings will begin at 9:30 a.m. with the selection of a panel to hear the court-martial and prosecution testimony in the afternoon. He is facing charges which could result in a 3-year sentence in military prisons.

In a recent letter to a friend, Brakefield wrote, "I still think of the people I can remember from the sanctuary." He has asked that as many friends as possible come Monday.

Bus transportation, costing four dollars round trip, is available at the Port Authority Terminal on Public Service and Lincoln buses. The Army courthouse is on the base on Delaware Street. Reservations are not required.



Natasha's Easy Ride Hitching In America

Natasha, who wrote the following article, and Lisa are fictitious names of former City College students. They dropped out after being arrested at the sanctuary for Bill Brakelield in November, 1968, and went to Berkeley to live. At the end of last summer, they started hitch-hiking from California to New York and ended up languishing in a jail south of the Mason-Dixon line. This is Natasha's story of their adventure.

The names are fictitious because their trial is still pending.

Berkeley is hippie suburbia. It comes complete with trees and flowers, dope, sunshine, outside agitators, music in the streets, pigs, old movies, students, one ultra-conservative and 31 flavors of ice cream.

Every few months the revolution happens in Berkeley. There are riots, Reagan makes some lame statements, the National Guard is called in, the riots stop, the Guard leaves, Reagan makes more lame statements and our side comes up the loser. For awhile some of the people talk about arming themselves and some of them talk of peace, love and flowers. (Flower power is alive and well in spite of the fact that James Rector isn't.) Complacency returns to Berkeley and all is quiet again. It was during one of these lulls that I decided I was bored and that it was time I left the womb of Berkeley and had an adventure.

Lisa and I packed our knapsacks, maps, two doses of mescaline, and sleeping bags, cashed our welfare checks and started hitching to New York. We had originally planned to hitch through the south, but "Easy Rider" and the pale faces of our friends when we mentioned it, convinced us that it could be a little too adventurous. On October 1, at about 3 PM, I kissed my old man goodbye, and feeling excited and a little nauseous, Lisa and I got our first ride out of Berkeley.

The first night I began to see what is really wrong with straight America — it's sexually frustrated. The sight of two chicks hitching alone was just too much for them to handle. They couldn't relate to us as human beings at all, only as possible lays. You know them hippies with their free love, "free" meaning you don't have to pay for it, although some of them were willing to do that too.

Two guys offered us a lift to a busier freeway entrance. Almost immediately one of them asked us, "Do you girls ball?" I laughed. The question seemed so absurd to me. "Yeah, when I really like someone." He offered us bread to "help finance our trip."

"No thanks."

"I haven't had a piece in a long time."

My heart bled for him. "No, absolutely not."

"You sure you won't want to pull over for just a little while, I can pay for it."

"I'm sure I don't want to, no!" No, no, no, no, don't they ever give up?

We got two other rides that night that were very similar. We went through the same mind games both times. Both rides were two guys driving around looking for chicks; one was just back from Vietnam and the other was on his way. There was lots of grass in the car, which we smoked while they told us about what drug fiends they were, trying to impress us with their hip-

ness (that being measured by the quantity of drugs one has consumed.) Basically, they wanted to ball, but they didn't know how to be straightforward so they handed us lines like, "Let's pull off the road and smoke some more," "Would you like to go for a walk in the sand?" and "I'm going back to Nam in a few days..."

One of them did stand out because he was very eager to talk about the war. He took great relish in describing various mass murder weapons he had used to wipe out the "gooks." There was one exploding contraption that could wipe out a whole bunch of them at once. He had become so completely dehumanized that he saw killing Vietnamese as being as natural as getting up in the morning.

We caught a few hours sleep at a rest area. Our first ride of the new day was beautiful and unhassled. Four freaks on their way to Los Angeles took us a few hundred miles. For once I felt I could relax; I knew that no one would be asking me for anything in return for giving me a ride. We smoked joint after joint and I was righteously stoned. We got out at Mojave into an incredible wind storm. I had to hold onto a pole to keep from being blown off my feet. We stood in that spot for well over an hour as a lot of cars passed us by.

I came to expect cars to keep going and was a little surprised when one would actually stop. Freaks will almost always pick you up even if they don't really have room. Otherwise, lonely straight people who want someone to talk to, particularly salesmen, are the most common kind of ride. If you're a chick, you usually won't have to wait very long before you're picked up by some guys looking to make it with you. Most people, especially families, will never stop, because they've read all the stories in the papers about hitchhikers robbing and murdering people. They don't give a damn anyway and resent giving someone a free ride when they've had to pay for their cars and gas.

Finally a car stopped. There was a fat middle-aged man driving. We talked about the weather for a while. Then the old man began to fidget noticeably and I had an idea what was coming next. "How did you get the money for this trip?"

"We saved it."

"Do you have enough?"

"We've got all we need."

"You girls work?"

"How come you're traveling without any men, don't you have boy friends?" His pudgy hands shifted nervously at the wheel "uh... Have you girls ever been frenched in your lovemaking?"

I tensed up in anticipation of the mind games that would follow. He continued, explaining what Frenching was and asking us whether we had ever come, etc. He seemed to get his jollies just talking about it.

"I don't want to talk about it," I said, acting very embarrassed.

He started bargaining with us. "I might drive you all the way to Barstow if there'd be a little something in it for me."

"There wouldn't be," I assured him.

He persisted and we kept refusing. "What's the matter, don't you like sex?"

"Yeah, but with the right person."

He drove us as far as he had originally planned to was relieved to be out on the highway again and was actually hoping the next ride wouldn't come too soon so we could calm down a little.

I was pretty disgusted by now. I wasn't sure I could put up with people any more. The prospect of making it to New York was dimming, at least I didn't think it would make it there sane. It seems that if a chick does something independent, if she acts like she is a complete person without having to have a man to make her human, she's suspect.

A couple of rides with truckers got us to Needles, California by about six that night. We stopped in a restaurant to get something to eat for the first time since we left Berkeley. We were stared at, which I expected and ignored. While we were eating, the manager came over and we thought he was going to throw us out, was very wrong. He offered us free hamburgers, French fries and cokes because he thought we looked very hungry and didn't seem to have much money. Lisa and I were amazed. I felt really warm after that.

We got back on the road and within a few minutes we were picked up by a middle-aged black man in a rental truck who was moving his furniture to Louisiana. He was able to take us all the way to Albuquerque, New Mexico. Now we wouldn't have to hitch in Arizona, which we had heard was a sure bust for hitch-hikers.

He immediately began assuring us that he had no ulterior motives for picking us up and that he didn't want anything from us. He was very paranoid that we wouldn't trust him, and he kept repeating that he was just trying to be nice. He pulled out a bottle of Scotch and started drinking. He insisted on buying us something to eat so we stopped near a small cafe. None of us wanted to bother with our shoes so we all walked in barefooted. We were hardly in the door when a hard-faced woman yelled, "You can't come in here without no shoes!" We ran out laughing and went back to the truck, put on our shoes and went into a diner a little further down the road where we ate without incident.

He kept getting drunker and started to nod at the wheel. Finally we convinced him to pull over and get some sleep. Lisa and I took our sleeping bags and slept in a patch of grass next to the truck. We were parked in a small roadside town and were only about two hundred yards away from the post office. I prayed that we would get up before dawn so we wouldn't be found sleeping there. I did and we started out for New Mexico again. We made it to Albuquerque by noon.

We got to Taos late that night and were taken to the Hot Springs — where most of the communes were located — by two men who tried to convince us that it was going to snow and that it would be warmer in their motel room. They let us off in an area where a lot of other people were camped. We crawled into a circle of trees that shielded us from the wind.

When we woke up we found that we had been camping in the garbage dump and that we were right on the outskirts of one of the farms.

We went over to the house to rap to the people who were living on the farm. They were very unresponsive and seemed suspicious of us. At first I couldn't understand this, but after hanging around for awhile I could see why. They were hassled by outsiders who camped around their land very often and weren't always considerate. Many of them had been damn unthinking, like cutting down live trees and leaving garbage around. The people from the farm were very quiet, serious people. They had suffered through a bad winter and were hardened by it. They were very spiritual. One thing that bothered me was that they seemed humorless, they were too solemn.

I realized that I was definitely not ready for that life. I'm not dedicated enough. I've still got a lot of running around to do. I think a communal farm would be an ideal place to raise children. They would be in direct contact with the land that gave them their means of survival. They would also grow up with adult influences other than just their mother and father, which I feel is a little too restrictive. Being locked up in a house with only two people almost forces you to take on their sickness.

Lisa and I left to bathe in the Hot Springs. There were three pools of very warm water, where everyone in the area bathed together. There were no hang-ups. To be ashamed of your body just seemed ridiculous. It was such a contrast to the world of separate bathrooms for men and women padded bras and sacred virginity.

We went back to our campsite where we met two bikers. They stopped and talked to us and gave us a lift into town. Later we went to the Hog Farm party with them. I was also disappointed in people there. Everyone was on his own little trip and didn't want to be bothered with anyone else. We left shortly after we got there. Lisa and I told the bikers that we were on our way to New York, and they decided that since they hadn't been there in a long time, they would take us there. No more hassling and paranoia!

These bikers didn't fit the image I had had. They



Susan Goldrick/Liberation News Service



Hew

motherfucker." But I could tell you he was glad he didn't have to kill anyone, though later in the trip he often mentioned how he was going to go back to get the motel manager.

In Louisiana, we went into a cafeteria to eat lunch. Everyone was staring at us so Nomad decided to give them something to stare at. He piled food into his mouth with his hands and stirred his coffee with his fingers. "One time me and Bandit were in a fancy restaurant and we threw all the plates and silverware on the floor and grabbed the steaks in our hands." He grabbed a roll and bit into it savagely as if it were the steak.

Bikers love to be outrageous. They go out of their way to gross straight people out. Nomad told us more stories which delighted me and Lisa no end. "Little John once walked into a bar in New Orleans and ordered a beer. Then he poured the beer out on the floor and ate the glass. Man, you should've seen the looks of the motherfuckers' faces!" Bandit speared a piece of meat with his bayonet. "The best thing I've ever seen was that time when Hippie threw his chick up on the table and ate her pussy out right there. No one in the place believed they were really seeing it." I was giggling hysterically by now. I decided to try and be more gross in the future when a straight person hassled me. On the way out, Lisa grabbed a French fry off some guy's plate and left him sitting there open-mouthed.

By the time we got to Mississippi and Alabama, we must've robbed almost 30 gas stations. I was living as an outlaw for the first time in my life, although I had sort of thought of myself as one before. (I had been arrested twice at school.)

Nomad had always been one. His father was once a Hell's Angel, and he was busted for the first time when he was eleven. He never had to work. He got money through burglary, and it was as natural to him as jobs are to most people. He was used to guns, they had always been part of his life. He was used to killing, too. Two years in Vietnam had done that for him and now he was somewhat callous about the value of human life.

We met a woman whose son was a biker and a friend of Bandit's. She had spent four years in a state pen herself and so much of her life was scarred by her loved ones being in jail. She took Lisa and I aside and begged us to leave the boys. She felt that they could only get into trouble and she wanted to save us from the pain she had suffered.

At that time I couldn't see ever going back to the boredom of Berkeley. I was enjoying the challenge and continuous motion of my new way of life. I was outsmarting the pig, and living outside his rules.

After two weeks of robbing gas stations, we finally pulled into New York. At first, I was excited by the pace of New York and seeing old friends, who are most-

ly hippie drug freaks, students and Yippie-oriented revolutionaries.

My friends and the bikers got along pretty well on the superficial level, exchanging stories, but there was definitely an unbreachable gulf between them. The bayonet that Bandit almost always wore was hard for them to relate to. It was harder for them to relate to the fact that he had used it and would use it again if the occasion arose. Nomad and Bandit even sleep with knives under their pillows, and some of my friends feared they'd be ripped off.

We split New York after four days, and headed South again. We had very little money and that got eaten up by tolls and gas within two days. We were back to gas stations as a source of income.

We were in Tennessee when we got caught. After we left one station, we noticed that someone was following us. We turned off our lights and made a hairpin turn onto the other side of the highway. We managed to lose him. After we thought we were safe we turned around again and headed for the next state. We never made it. While we stopped once to buy gas, a pig car spotted us and pulled us over. I knew it was all over then. I was trembling and cold. It was no longer a goof, there was a minimum of three years in jail facing me now.

The local jail was in a small town, it was a nightmare from beginning to end, like living out all the clichés about small towns. The sheriff was a fat, cretaceous half-wit who chomped on a cigar continually. From the moment he saw us, he badgered us with questions. "I know you all did it and we're gonna get you for it," he drawled smugly. He was very pleased with his catch and called people over to look at us. "Look it what I got in the back of my car," he'd say, dragging people over so they could peer in at us.

Finally at the jail, he rattled off our constitutional rights and then continued to question and accuse us. Then they took us upstairs and locked us up. Lisa and I were kept together and put in a small cell with three bunks. After the first day, we had the cell to ourselves, a small dirty cell with no windows, raunchy mattresses and blankets and no hot water. The food was basically starch; baloney and cheese sandwiches were inevitably served for lunch. We managed all right, especially after we were allowed to get some reading material, clean clothes and soap from our truck.

The other prisoners liked us and bought us cokes. They kidded us about how they were going to break out and take us with them. Nomad even made one of them into a biker. He started growing a beard, pierced his ear and planned to ride with Nomad when they got out.

The people inside the jails are the best people in the south. When their families came to visit, they would stop to talk to us and treated us as human beings. They offered us help and wished us luck. The people in jail are the only people who have dared to deviate from the plodding death-like existence most Americans accept. They dare to live and they pay for it by having a lot of that life contained by cell walls.

Court was another unreal scene. The judge was a senile old man. We had no lawyer and the evidence was dramatically presented by the sheriff. The evidence consisted of loaves of bread, cakes, bottles of soda and a radio, and it all seemed ludicrous the gas station owner was able to identify the loaves of bread as his loaves of bread. We were allowed to ask questions, and we challenged the sheriff about our phone calls and he was cowed by it and promised to let us make them when we got back to the jail.

We got our calls and I was able to contact my friends in New York and Berkeley. We had a lawyer about 15 minutes later. My old man jumped into his car and headed for Tennessee. Rumors of a hippie invasion started going through the town. When he showed up, there were reports of car loads of freaks coming in. They tried to bust him almost immediately, but wonder of wonders, they couldn't dig up a law he was violating. People would step into the gutter to avoid him and women would whisper, "that boy could be dangerous," as he passed.

After countless hassles with Western Union, refusals to cash money orders, and bonding agencies, Lisa and I were bailed out. Our trial is in a few months.

I understand the biker trip a lot better now. They're like hippie outlaws. They're very contemptuous of the society and not only refuse to live by its rules but also break them blatantly. Recently they've gotten into drugs very heavily, and they aren't particular about what they take. Acid had changed them considerably. They can now better understand what they hate. Basically they want to be left alone to ride their bikes and live the way they want. They react violently to anyone who tries to interfere with them. They're not the super violent sadists that most people think they are but they wouldn't hesitate to do someone in if he hurts them or one of his brothers.

Bikers look down on hippies as being too weak, as flower children, not revolutionaries. Demonstrators talk too much and do too little. Flowers are no good in the face of guns. They had no concept of what a revolutionary was, to them all hippies are flower children. Lisa and I rapped to Nomad and Bandit a lot about politics and I think we succeeded in radicalizing them a little. They had some things to teach us, too.

Senate President Charges Discrimination at Site

(Continued from Page 1)

He also asserted that Dean Eugene Avallone (Campus Planning and Development) has regularly received copies of the breakdowns on workers but has kept the alleged bias secret.

Acting President Joseph Copeland, after a brief discussion with Landy, several weeks ago appointed a committee to investigate the alleged discrimination, consisting of Landy, Avallone, and Prof. William Brotherton (Civil Engineering). The panel is to report its findings to the Policy Council of the College.

In a letter to the three committee members, Copeland said, "As you know, many cities have had disorders and delays in construction where fair labor policies are or are believed to be violated."

In a related development, the Student Senate overwhelmingly passed a resolution Wednesday condemning the policies of the Rebar and Norman construction companies as racist. It called upon the State of New York Dormitory Authority, which controls the project, to cancel all contracts with the two companies. Landy vowed to bring the question before the Faculty Senate.

Meanwhile, spokesmen for the Joint Apprentices Program revealed that they are no longer sending Black and Puerto Rican workers to College contractors who request them "because we have been consistently rebuffed and rejected by the Kidde organization."

Joint Apprentices Program is a state funded program designed to provide minority group workers to contractors who require their services. The William Kidde Company is the general contractor of the project.

All contractors who work on city or state funded projects are required to provide "affirmative action" programs in the area of a equal opportunity. It is also illegal for a construction company to refuse to hire a worker on grounds of race. If these laws are violated the state must stop construction on the building, halt payments to the contractors and bring civil lawsuits against them.

Yesterday morning, a meeting was held between Landy, contractors and representatives of the Dormitory Authority.

The response of the contractors to the charge that they were hiring primarily white construction workers was reportedly one of restrained amazement.

Most of the contractors representatives blamed the union

for not sending minority group workers to be hired, and added that most of those who were sent over weren't really qualified. The contractors agreement with the Dormitory Authority states that only union workers can be hired.

Arthur Dorf, a supervising engineer that has worked on other projects with the Board of Higher Education (BHE) optimistically commented, "I think we're doing pretty good here. Otherwise we would have been hit between the eyes."

Dorf implied that this project was more successful in hiring minorities than any other project he had worked on.

He said the "diehards are on the way out-things are going right. You just can't rush them onnaturally it'll all happen on its own."

He also added that the BHE, as well as a number of other groups, had attempted to include a special equal opportunity clause in the contract with the Dormitory Authority but Dorf said he had rejected it because "it would have made it impossible for the job to go ahead."

Lon McAllister, a bookkeeper for the Rebar Company, when contacted later said "We don't go out and solicit people to come to work. In the construction industry people make themselves available to us from the union, and we hire those who are competent and will not cause problems. We constructing a building-it is a simple matter of arithmetic, not philosophy or politics."

"We do not," he emphatically concluded, "recognize the existence of any problem at all, and we don't see that there is anything wrong."

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To the Editor:

Prejudicial and One-Sided

I am writing in response to Mr. Syd Brown's highly one-sided and prejudicial column, "No More Teachers," (Nov. 26), in which he takes the liberty of publicly maligning the motives of the P & B Committee. Though I agree with him that it is always a moment of sorrow for the individuals concerned who do not receive tenure (and he is in his right to bemoan this fact with respect to those whom he championed), I strongly object to the accusatory tone of his article which questions the professional integrity of the Committee charged with the responsibility of the decision of tenure.

With only the reference to the volatile days of last April and May as his support, Mr. Brown reconstructs a flimsy case in order to feed his belief in the conspiracy thesis. Whatever his penchant for the devil theory, if he wishes to apply it to City College, he must summon much more evidence than the circumstantial data he marshals for an article, which, at best, is cheap sensationalism.

Were it not at the expense of several distinguished professors on this campus, it might have been best ignored. However, the tactics employed by Mr. Brown in casting suspicion on the honesty of these men is reminiscent of the evil world he feels he is inhabiting. Like many a sacrosanct crusader, he ranks himself on the side of the angels and indiscriminately hurls anathemas at the alleged devils.

Ironically, Mr. Brown commits the very sins he accuses others of practicing. He is intolerant, not analytical, he judges a priori, and worst of all, he is bigoted, believing in the absolute superiority of his own position.

In wish-washy manner, he preaches the virtues of a new educational approach which is in favor of "learning" while damning the present system which he sees symbolized by what he calls "the test." For purely corrective purposes, let me instruct Mr. Brown that if he seeks to set up a comparative system he must pit together equal concepts. Tests, a traditional method of measuring learning, are not antithetical nor similar concepts. I suggest, therefore, that if he seeks to make a critique of the present system he do so systematically; and, if he wishes to sing the praises of a utopian, new or revolutionary approach to the mode of instruction as practiced in a university, he must do so clearly and professionally and not make a fool of himself by pursuing foggy dreams.

Sincerely yours,

Henry R. Hultenbach

Asst. Professor of Russian History

Example of No-Think

Syd Brown's column of Wednesday, November 26 is a setback for the very things his defense of Dr. Michael Silverstein is meant to uphold. It is a setback for innovative teaching, a student voice in decision-making and the academic freedom to espouse political action without being penalized professionally. It is a setback because it is a devastating example of no-think and thus provides ammunition for those who are opposed to giving students more than a nominal voice in the governance of the College.

Why did the P and B Committee of the social sciences division refuse to grant tenure to Dr. Silverstein after his own department had voted to recommend tenure? Was the action taken because Dr. Silverstein believes in practicing a form of participatory democracy in his classroom? Or because Dr. Silverstein is a political activist who played a role in the campus disturbances last semester? Or because he has failed to meet the academic criteria which are, presumably, the prerequisites of tenure?

These are relevant questions that in this case and other similar cases require specific answers, answers that can be arrived at only after careful investigation and review. The OP news story tells us that among the group of students who discussed possible actions, "There was widespread feeling . . . that the dismissals were the result of political activism . . ." But, according to the same story, several members of the P and B Committee have indicated that this was not the issue. Professor Barmack speaks of "scholarly contribution . . . and a lack of production," and Professor Silver disagrees with "Silverstein's interpretation," that the issue was innovative teaching. For the moment at least this is all we know except for the fact that in a student evaluation, "Silverstein was given the best rating of all teachers in the department." This, then, is the sum of our present knowledge and it is, I submit, extremely slim evidence on which to base the charge that City College has once again chosen to "reject innovation and progress in

favor of stagnation." It is no evidence on which to base the charge that the P and B rejected Dr. Silverstein because of either his teaching methods or his political activism.

But evidence is precisely what Syd Brown finds intolerable. "If Mike doesn't look on it as HIS course, why should I?" Mr. Brown asks rhetorically. "And that, according to the esteemed scholars on the P and B Committee, is the problem. Mike, it seems, does not match their standards of what a classroom teacher should be." This painfully unsubstantiated non-sequitur is followed by personal attacks on Professor Silver "who last spring urged that faculty members go to South Campus and force their way in through the barricades," and on Professor Adelson "who last spring charged on television that anyone who uses the phrase 'third world' is a Communist" and who (was) the leader of 'Professors for Procaccio' . . . "After all," concludes Mr. Brown in the clincher sentence of this paragraph, "what's more important to an educational process, tests or learning? Tests obviously." However, much one may deplore the statements of Professors Silver and Adelson, it is patently absurd to conclude that they lead to the belief that tests are more important than learning. Mr. Brown makes it abundantly clear that he himself was never passed a test in the most elementary kind of logic.

This is not to say that Mr. Brown's conclusions are necessarily incorrect though I myself suspect the issue here is the archaic "publish or perish" doctrine rather than innovative teaching or political activism. But whatever the issue, suspicion is something far different from evidence. To raise legitimate questions on the basis of suspicion is one thing. But to deliver the verdict before the trial—as Mr. Brown does—is pure Alice in Wonderland procedure and a vicious precedent for those of us who do believe in innovative teaching, a larger student voice in decision making and the academic freedom to espouse minority causes.

Sincerely,

Irwin Stark

Associate Professor of English

Silver Over Birenbaum

As one who is in the favored position of having had both Arnold Birenbaum and Morris Silver, I am able to say, Syd Brown is quite off the mark in the way he characterizes the teaching of these two men.

I had Prof. Birenbaum three terms ago. Perhaps he's improved, but the class I was in was the farthest thing imaginable from a "learning experience." He displayed a visibly lackadaisical attitude toward the class. In that sense he did place responsibility for learning on the students, the third or so who showed up. Though he did have a good rapport with some of the kids, these were the ones who had an innate interest in Soc. 5 [the introductory course].

Morris Silver reached more than just the few who were psyched on Micro-economics from the start. As the term progressed, more and more kids came into the discussions because Silver was challenging assumptions we had picked up about the issues of Rent Control, Monopoly, Capitalism vs. Socialism through the media or various campus flyers. We were thinking, learning, but Silver had given the spark, which is a teacher's best function in any introductory course.

Both Birenbaum and Silver gave tests, Syd. Neither required papers. And as for the generation gap or political learnings having anything to do with teaching ability or motivation, you're been around City long enough to know that there great "hip" teachers (like Larry Gould in Psychology) and lousy hip teachers; and the same goes for straights. It's he, not Silver, who is being narrow-minded for equating youth or hipness with teaching ability.

That was an example of the kind of mindless generalization that Silver prompted us to refute. People in his class weren't talking for ego gratification or shock value, but to honestly try to understand the issues he brought up.

I've had worse teachers than Arnold Birenbaum, so I'm against his firing before others more deserving of the fate get the ax, especially if the attack is politically motivated. But from now on Syd, don't attack someone for his politics by attacking his teaching character. If you'd taken the trouble to question Silver's students as you did Birenbaum's, I'm sure you would have never tried to overgeneralize.

P.S.—To allay the suspicions of the cynical that I'm writing this for revenge, I assure them that I received a better grade from Birenbaum than from Silver.

Gene Murphy

Students, Faculty to Study Groups

A group dynamics workshop will be held at the College December 19-21.

Coordinated by the student-run Center for Organizational and Personal Growth (COPG), the workshop will try to apply group dynamics technique to the College experience.

The three-day program in Harris Hall will feature small self-study groups in which students and faculty, with the aid of a professional group consultant and a student member of COPG, will discuss authority roles and peer relationships.

Originally planning for faculty and students from six departments, COPG decided this week to open the workshop to all students and faculty of the College when few professors responded. Applications must be submitted by next Wednesday and are available in Room 152 Finley.

Attending Consultants

The professional consultants include Dr. Edward Klein, associate professor of psychology and psychiatry at Yale University, and Dr. David Singer, assistant professor of psychology at Columbia Teachers College.

Assistant Professor Larry Gould (Psychology), COPG's faculty advisor will act as co-director of the workshop with Syd Brown. COPG members will work

in the groups with the professional consultants, act as administrators, and do research on the workshop.

COPG was formed last year by the Interfraternity Council (IFC) Leadership Training Committee. After having run two major workshops, its members decided to become independent of IFC and try to apply knowledge of group dynamics to general issues at the College. Student members of COPG are chosen on the basis of experience in the small-group workshops run by COPG and the House Plan Association.

The COPG workshop is one of a number of small-group dynamics programs available at the College. In addition to the four-

day residential workshops run by House Plan in January and by COPG during the spring vacation, students may take Psychology 58, which is run as a small self-study group using methods similar to those being used by COPG.

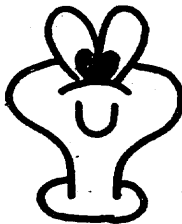
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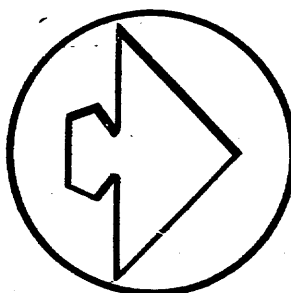
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The Sisters of Alpha Epsilon Phi

with the best of luck
to our pledges of
Fall '69

A WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

December 19, 20, 21, 1969

THE WEEKEND, for the first time will give college and graduate students a chance to see a major exhibition without the distractions of crowds. It will include a Saturday program of activities related to the show.

New York Painting and Sculpture 1940-1970

THE EXHIBITION, the first of the Museum's great Centennial shows, is a survey of the New York School unprecedented in size and scope. It contains more than 400 paintings, drawings and sculptures by 43 artists, documenting the 1940's, abstract expressionism, hard-edge, pop, minimal and other movements, as New York became the capital of the art world.

SCHEDULE:

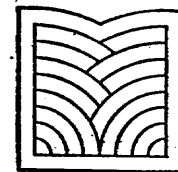
Friday 5-10: Registration. Show open for students.

Saturday 10-12:30: Auditorium program. Henry Geldzahler, organizer of the show, with artists, critics, dealers.

Saturday 2-4: Films by and about New York artists.

Sunday 11-1: Show open for students.

The weekend is open to undergraduate and graduate students (all majors) at accredited institutions. A \$5 fee will be charged. Register in advance by giving us your name, address, institution and a \$5 check (not cash) payable to The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Send to the Education Department, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue at 82 Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.



The Metropolitan Museum of Art

1870-1970

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on their engagement
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from right

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