



observation post

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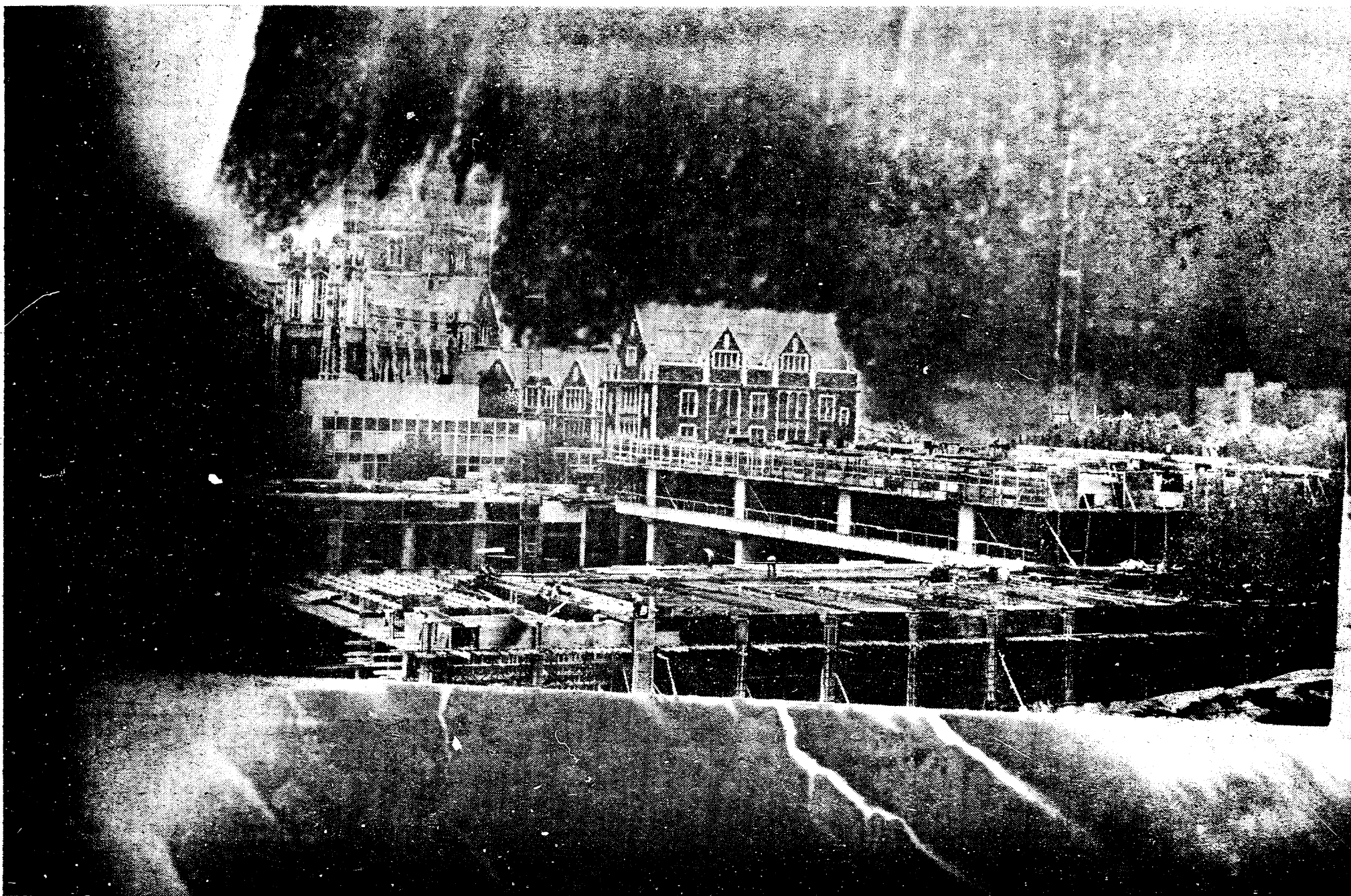


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CITY COLLEGE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1969

Peace and Calm Mark First Day of Registration



Cloudy haze circled the College yesterday as 3,000 students were neatly ushered into the Great Hall to begin registration for the 1969-70 fall semester — and were just as neatly ushered out in hopes of continuing registration for the 1969-1970 fall semester.

Fearing disruption, the College tightened its security forces, stationing Burns guards at every open stairway and entrance to the Great Hall, as well as requesting a Special Events Squad police car in front of Shepard Hall and several plainclothes policemen throughout the building.

A Burns Guard was assigned to the Military Science table inside Great Hall to prevent the repetition of an incident last term, when a guerilla theater troupe splattered oxblood upon the ROTC registration cards, as a protest against the training program at the College.

At evening session registration Tuesday night, several rows of chairs blockaded all but one of the doors to the Great Hall, and it was overseen by a Burns Guard. Chains held secure the doors to the staircase opposite the hall's front entrance.

But there have been no disruptions, either Tuesday night or yesterday.

In fact, the biggest commotion of the day took place in the patrol car in front of Shepard, when, at 2 PM, the four cops inside agreed they wanted coffee, but couldn't decide which of them should go out into the rain to buy it.

Many students — and administrators — won-

dered where the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) was yesterday. The group, which forced the shutdown of the College last spring, has been silent so far.

The Commune, a white radical organization which frequently plays a role in campus disruption, was nowhere to be seen yesterday either.

But there was a poster. "BPRSC Welcome Week Festival For All Third World Students, Monday, Sept. 15th thru 19th" hung in Lincoln Corridor, a floor below the scene of registration. One student asked, "I wonder what festivities they've planned?" Commented another, "I love festivals."

The mood here yesterday was that of a festival — compared with the atmosphere of last term's two-month strike.

One student, a junior, who asked to remain anonymous, told of his venture into the Great Hall.

"I wanted to get into registration to see if any classes were added, and maybe to pick up some class cards," the student said. "So I waited an hour and a half until the Burns guard at one stairway left his post to get coffee. I ran up the stairs and into the Great Hall, home free."

This year's freshman class of 2500 students is the largest in the College's history, but it was predictable in view of the rate of increase over the past years.

Of the 2500, 1900 were admitted by regular

competitive standards, including 400 students entering in the One Hundred Scholars Program.

The remaining 600 students were accepted in the SEEK Program. Four hundred SEEK students will attend classes at the College campus, and 200 will be sent to the University Center for the SEEK program at the Alamac Hotel, which is now supervised by the College.

The number of SEEK freshmen exceeds last year's total by 100, which is also the normally expected progression.

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observation post

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FO 8-7438

Regression

City College of New York. Is it going up or falling down? Or is it standing still? Or pushing out?? Look closer. That's New York City you're looking at. Our city. It's moving backwards. It's crumbling.

You see those spots of grey and white in the air. That's not a dirt smudge on the photographer's camera. That's pollution. Air pollution? There's pollution surrounding the College. Pervading it.

Do you see those rays or white shining from Shepard Hall? That's not the sun. It's been hazy around the College. Foggy and dark. In fact, the College has been sitting in the center of a storm — the eye of a hurricane.

Joseph J. Copeland, dragging on his pipe and leaning back on his sofa, speaking blithely, but not without great concern — "I hope that this term will be calm and normal. I'd like to get back to the business of educating people because that's what we're here for. We're here to help everybody move into the mainstream of society — successful society," he added, thoughtfully.

Return to normal? The College's acting President has already seen his wish fulfilled in one area: admissions. After two sleepless months of strike and negotiation, finally a ten-hours-past-midnight "negotiated agreement" with students, faculty, and President Copeland's Administration and BHE representatives; then a Faculty Senate interim proposal, followed by a Faculty Senate substitute recommendation, all these compromised in "good faith and trust" — still, the College's admissions policy has not changed a bit. It's back to normal. Back to —

Chancellor Albert Bowker and the men of Higher Education. Over the summer the BHE mustered a plan by which the College and the other senior colleges in the City University would increase their Caucasian population, decrease their black and Puerto Rican population, and at the same time make everybody smile and forget about the stu-

dents' demands for equal educational opportunities. The Board conveniently calls its idea an "Open Admissions" plan.

It is a plan that says that all New York City high school graduates would be accepted by some branch of the City University starting in September 1970. It also says that it could work only if 1) the state provided enough money to the City University — a very, very unlikely possibility; and, 2) enough suitable facilities could be obtained by the City University by September, 1970 — an even less likely dream, since CUNY's present construction schedule (originally planned to be completed in 1975) is already impossibly backed up. The College's classroom space is already being utilized to one and a half times its capacity; and to add additional annexes to all the units of the University would mean to add large numbers of capable teachers.

But in the event that all the ifs worked for the BHE and "Open Admissions" began in 1970, the problem would not be solved; paradoxically, it would only be amplified. For as Copeland has admitted, the new system would mean the end of the SEEK program, since students in need of remedial and supportive services would be sent to "skill centers" and community colleges. The College, which is presently 86 per cent white would become 95 per cent white, because most of the black and Puerto Rican students at the College now have come in through the SEEK program. The line would be drawn. We would have separate — black and white — schools.

Regression. The only way to view the BHE hoax is to realize that it would necessarily set CUNY and New York City back a hundred years. A hundred year spiral backwards through closed schools, segregation, armed camps. It was bad enough going forward. Not again, please. And not backwards. The one direction the College cannot even contemplate — must avoid at all costs — is looking back; back to normal.

Beyond the Gates

"Officials at high levels" of the Nixon Administration are expecting far less turmoil on college campuses, but an increase in high school protest this fall, according to The New York Times. The government officials saw hundreds of college and high school administrators this summer, the majority of whom are expecting less militancy from college students and promising fast action to put down eruptions. Three out of five high school principals interviewed said their schools experienced some kind of disruption last year, and those who had no trouble in their schools are expecting some this year.

According to The Times, the young students are following the example of their older "brothers and sisters."

"Free Form Radio," once associated with the call letters WFMU in East Orange, New Jersey, disappeared from the air waves early last Friday, perhaps never to return again. The listeners' sponsored station, owned by Upsala College, was taken over by non-students, freaks and writers from the East Village Other (EVO) about a year and a half ago and maintained it until Upsala repossessed the broadcasting facilities.

The action culminated a controversy over the station's programming practices, politics, and preoccupation with dope and sex. WFMU played hours and hours of uninterrupted music, sometimes song after song dealing with cocaine, scag, marijuana or acid. Bob Rudnick and Dennis Frawley, once authors of EVO's "Kokaine Karma" column, had been forced off the air for often using words like "humping" and discussing sex-related topics.

The station also did interviews with New Jersey's chapter of the Black Panthers and other radical groups. Its personalities, like Vince Skellsa or "the Duck," invited telephone calls, and before long it became a grievance center for everyone, and particularly a forum for Movement-type problems.

The long hours of all sorts of music-rock, old rock, acid rock, hard rock, and even classical and romantic — made WFMU popular with listeners in New Jersey, New York and even Connecticut and Pennsylvania. The lack of commercials and the "free form" were a welcome relief from WNEW- or WABC-type programming.

The administration of the small liberal arts college, presumably will bring normalcy (and boring programming) back to 91.1 FM. "Free Form Radio" will attempt to make a comeback on another frequency if it can get the money together to finance the broadcasting and studio equipment.

The Los Angeles Free Press, one of the oldest and best "underground" journals in the country, is being sued for \$25 million for having exposed 80 policemen the Free Press says are narcotics agents in the Southern California area. The list of names and addresses of the narcotics agents appeared in the August 8 issue. There are two suits pending against the Free Press — one filed by the L.A. police department, the other by individual policemen listed, for \$15 million and \$10 million, respectively. A team of Movement lawyers who rushed to the aid of the Free Press say that the chances are great that the suits will fail. Between now and the court's decision on the validity of the suits, however, the Free Press has been enjoined from printing anymore alleged narcotic agents' names.

Bobby Seale, national chairman of the Black Panther Party, was arrested by FBI agents in Berkeley, California, August 22 in connection with the murder of a former Black Panther. Seale has been charged with kidnapping, conspiracy to commit kidnapping, murder, and conspiracy to commit murder in the death of Alexander Rackley in New Haven last May. Fourteen Connecticut Panthers have already been arrested in the Rackley case.

With Seale's arrest, the three highest officials of the party, including Minister of Defense Huey P. Newton, and Minister of Information, Eldridge Cleaver, are either in jail or exile. This leaves the Party under the leadership of Chief of Staff David Hillard, and Minister of Education, Raymond "Masai" Hewitt.

At this writing, there are about 200 members of the party in prisons across the country facing charges ranging from loitering to conspiracy to murder. In New York, the 21 Panthers arrested on charges of conspiring to blow up department stores, railway stations and police stations are still being held on \$100,000 bail each. The Panthers have denied all charges relating to this conspiracy and the New Haven killing of Rackley.

A Panther was murdered last month in San Diego, bringing the death toll of Panthers to 18 in the last year and a half. The Panther, Sylvester Bell, was selling the BPP's newspaper in a shopping center when he was shot to death. Three members of another black group, US, headed by Ron Karenga, were arrested leaving the area of the killing.

According to a story in the August 15 issue of the Berkeley Barb, the Black Panther's former Minister of Education, George Murray, has repudiated the Black Panthers in attempt to get off with a light sentence in charges stemming from his involvement in the strike at San Francisco State last year. Murray's expulsion from the teaching staff at State was one of the factors contributing to the strike. He was fired because he allegedly advised students to "bring your guns" to the school. It is not known what effect this will have on the strike supporters, but the Barb is predicting another season of strikes and violence at State around the students' demands for an Institute of Third World Studies.

Copeland Appoints Scott Over 'Shiftless' Carthey

By STEVE MARCUS

A missing grade sheet and the casual friendship of two men from Mount Vernon may be clues to the mysterious disappearance of one black professor, and the magical discovery of a second, who is to be the Chairman of the new, two-course Department of Urban and Ethnic Studies.

The missing grade sheet belonged to Dr. Wilfred Carthey, a man who was brought to the College ostensibly to develop a program for Afro- and Hispano-American Studies. The casual friendship is between Acting President Joseph Copeland and Osborne Scott, the newly appointed chairman of the Department of Urban and Ethnic Studies.

According to Professor Edward Volpe, Chairman, English, University Dean Allen Ballard recommended Dr. Carthey for the task of developing a program to meet the needs of black students on campus. An English department student-faculty committee then spoke to black students around the campus, and was made to understand that a tense situation existed, and that trouble was brewing. Prof. Volpe reports that he went to former President Buell G. Gallagher with this information,



Dr. Wilfred Carthey
Why did he get away with it?

and was told to consult further and return.

Dr. Carthey was then hired—"to plan and develop a program," according to Prof. Volpe; "to act as a technical advisor and make recommendations," echoes the College's public relations director, I. E. Levine; "to prepare a presidential report and submit it to the president, which he did," affirms Acting President Copeland. That report called for the creation of a separate, degree-granting School of Regional and Community Affairs.

In spite of these emphatic explanation made within the past week, the general impression six months ago was that Dr. Carthey would head whatever program he developed, whether a department, a separate school, or a loud-speaker truck.

That this was the widespread belief is indicated by a front page

headline in the March 12 issue of The Campus, which, in referring to a speech given by Prof. Carthey, stated: "Third World Studies Head Warns Against Funds Cut."

It is also confirmed by the fact that Copeland admits that before appointing Scott, he asked Callagher whether there was any contractual commitment to Dr. Carthey.

And it is further confirmed by the fact that a serious search for a chairman was not begun, according to Copeland, until he was appointed president in May—or until July, which, according to Levine, was when Copeland received a mandate from the Board of Higher Education to appoint a chairman. Since Carthey was originally appointed to develop a program which would begin this September, either of two conclu-

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Newest Curriculum Is Improvement

Students returning to the College after last semester's political upheaval may be surprised to discover that a new baccalaureate curriculum has been in effect since February of this year, superseding the revision made in the Fall of 1966. The new curriculum represents a substantial liberalization of the course of study and removes some of the intellectual dead weight from the undergraduate requirements.

Among the most important features of this revision are: the wholesale elimination of the restrictive course by course prescription of requirements that have characterized previous curricula, the reduction of the core requirement from between 48 and 59 credits to 42 credits, and the elimination of the generalization requirement, which formerly consumed an additional 15 to 22 credits.

A major consequence of these reductions is an increase in the number of free electives a student may take. Students who formerly had 11 to 31 credits available for free electives now will have at least 38, and in some cases as many as 56 free credits.

Another change will reduce the physical education requirement from four to two courses. This was accomplished by making all basic physical education courses one credit each without changing the total requirement of two credits. Students who have already completed two physical education courses, regardless of their credit value, have fulfilled their requirements and may burn their swimming classification cards. It is finally possible to graduate from the College without being able to swim.

Finally, two previously required courses, English and Speech 1, have been replaced by placement examinations. Students who are found to be in need of remedial work in either field will be counseled (i.e., ordered) to take either English 1 or Speech 1. Students who are counseled to take the new English 1, will not receive credit toward their core requirement for the course. Students who are required to take Speech 1 as a remedial course, will receive core requirement credit for their efforts.

Dean of Students, Bernard Sohmer, the former Dean of Curricular Guidance, explained that a decision was made to eliminate all writing courses from the core requirement list. But when it was time to select a Speech course for the core group, Speech 1 was the only course that seemed to qualify. The other courses were added later, and no adjustment was ever made.

All students who have not already passed old English 1 will be required to take a proficiency examination in English no later than their lower junior semester, and no one will be granted a degree before passing this examination. A student will be permitted to take any course he feels will aid in preparing him for this exam, but there will be no course which may be substituted for it.

The 1969-1970 Bulletin of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences contains a listing of the 83 approved courses with which a student may satisfy his 42 credit core requirement. The course are distributed among three major groupings, sciences, humanities and social sciences, with 17 departments represented. Under the old curriculum, students were required to take at least seven specific courses, and were required to present to four courses of language and four courses of science. The new curriculum permits a student to circumvent language study altogether, but sciences are still mandatory.

Students will be required to complete twelve credits in Division A, which includes astronomy, biology, chemistry, geology, mathematics and physics. There are 23 courses approved for this requirement, and students must choose courses from at least two of the departments listed. The old curriculum required students to complete 16 to 20 credits of science and mathematics, with the same degree of free choice.

Division B of the core requirement—the humanities—includes art, foreign language, history, literature, music, philosophy and speech among its areas of interest. Students must complete 21 credits in this division, spreading them among at least three of the areas. The 42 courses offered in this division cover a wide range of topics and insure the student of finding something he can study to his advantage. The English department, for example, offers twelve courses, instead of the three courses formerly required of most students. Among the courses are such new titles as "The Writer's Response to his Culture," "Varieties of Heroism," and "The Writer and the City." There are also eight comparative literature courses that present literature in translation from different parts of the world.

The history department has replaced the two courses formerly offered as core requirements with nine courses, including one that deals with the experiences of black people on both sides of the Atlantic.

The humanities is the most flexible of the three divisions. Students may decide for themselves which subjects they wish to study, and can avoid as many as four of the seven areas listed. Because there is such a great freedom of choice, departments represented in this division are forced to offer courses that appeal to students' interests. For the first time, freshmen and sophomores are living in a buyer's market, because departments gain

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Students to Appear in Court

Forty-five students face trials or hearings this month for participating in last year's disorders at the College.

Wednesday's lawyers representing 11 students will challenge nine counts handed down by a grand jury, including charges of disorderly conduct, obstructing governmental administration, and assault during May 8 battles on North campus.

Thirteen people arrested in last year's Sanctuary, many of them members of The Resistance, will go on trial September 15 in the Criminal Court, 100 Center St. They have entered pleas of not guilty to charges of criminal trespassing in the second degree, a misdemeanor carrying a maximum sentence of 90 days in jail. Six others—also pleading not guilty to the charge—will be tried at a later date.

Former President Buell G. Gallagher and retired Associate Dean of Students James S. Peace, both of whom were prominent in the arrests, might be called to testify.

Approximately 150 other students arrested at the Sanctuary pled guilty to criminal trespassing in the third degree and were given either conditional or unconditional discharges last spring.

Meanwhile, bench warrants have been issued for the arrests of four of five Commune members who face charges stemming from a confrontation last December with Peace. They failed to make a court appearance in mid-August.

A special referee in the Supreme Court ruled in early July

that the restraining order barring disruption of the College's facilities (which ended the occupation of the South Campus) is null and void.

The Commune, the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community, and 12 individuals named on the order are awaiting a decision either upholding or overturning the advisory ruling. The decision was based on the fact that the order was not served directly upon the defendants but read over a bullhorn outside the South Campus gates last May 6.

Student Senate

While classes have not even begun and the elections will not be held until early October, there are already three candidates for the presidency of the second Student Senate.

Larry Katzenstein is the first to complete his slate. The other two—Executive Vice President Bernie Mogilanski and Educational Affairs Vice President Neil Rand—are holdovers from the administration of last term's president, Albert Vázquez.

Both Mogilanski and Vázquez, who graduated in June, had been threatened with impeachment in the spring, when they failed to attend Senate meetings during the crisis. It was rumored that each of them feared for his safety while on campus.

Katzenstein said this week that he would transform the Senate into "a sleeves-rolled-up, working organization, working in the students' best interests." He said he was a supporter of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community's five demands.

A member of the Young Democrats and a fraternity member, he will be running with Lee Slonimsky as his candidate for executive vice president on the Student Coalition Party, which, he said, will represent "moderate, liberal, republican and radical viewpoints."

The Senate elections were one of many activities postponed or cancelled by the shutdown of the College.

The Five Demands Go Through Changes

Demand of Black and Puerto Rican Students	Negotiated Settlement	Recommendation of Faculty Senate	Action by Board of Higher Education
1. A degree-granting School of Black and Puerto Rican Studies.	1. Proposed "School of Urban and Third World Studies" to be opened in September 1969.	1. Reaffirmed its position that a program should be established but asked President Copeland to create a commission to study details and report back in September 1969.	1. Rejected separate school. Set for guidelines for "interdisciplinary degree programs, institutes or departments."
2. Separate orientation for Black and Puerto Rican freshman.	2. Proposed separate program with a special director. Director to be nominated by Black and Puerto Rican students.	2. Urged orientation be open and voluntary for all, and asked the Department of Student Personnel Services to establish special orientation programs for any group of 100 or more students who wish such a program.	2. Considered freshman orientation "a matter falling under the jurisdiction of each college." No action taken.
3. Student voice in the SEEK program including the hiring and firing of personnel.	3. Recommended SEEK become separate department headed by director appointed by President. Students would have indirect voice in department. Pre-bac council to be formed with budget derived from SEEK student activities fee.	3. Recommended that the Pre-Bac program become a department in the College of Liberal Arts & Science with student participation in the departmental curriculum committee as well as other committees.	3. Each senior college directed to establish department which includes counseling from SEEK. SEEK "should not offer credit courses" but accelerate those it to begin study in regular college. Authorized transferring jurisdiction of Central SEEK program to College of Hotel Alamac.
4. Racial composition of entering classes reflect the Black and Puerto Rican population of the city high schools.	4. Dual admission policy adopted. 300 additional freshmen for SEEK to be admitted in September 1969. By February 1970 60% of freshmen would enter by competitive exam and 40% would be selected by special criteria.	4. Recommended a long term policy of open admissions, University-wide. For the short run, the Senate asked for the admission of as many as 400 students per year (for the next two years) on the selected high school basis, with no decrease in the number of students admitted by the currently used methods.	4. Moved Master Plan up five years to provide place for every NYC high school graduate, in September 1970, to some unit of the University. Rejected dual admissions.
5. Spanish and Black and Puerto Rican history be required of all education majors.	5. Adopted.	5. The Board approved these requirements on May 5, 1969 so the Senate did not act.	5. Passed. Takes effect this fall.



Copeland Names Aquino Professor

Federico Aquino-Bermudez has been appointed assistant professor in the new Department of Urban and Ethnic Studies by Acting President Joseph Copeland.

A native of Santurce, Puerto Rico, Prof. Aquino will teach a course in Hispano-American Culture. His appointment will be approved by the Board of Higher Education later this month.

A resident of New Milford, New Jersey, he is currently director of P.S. 6 Mini-School, 1000 East Tremont Avenue, the Bronx, where 5550 fifth and sixth grade youngsters are enrolled. He is also a lecturer at Herbert H. Lehman College, where he teaches a course dealing with the problems of Spanish-speaking children in the city school system.

From 1963 to 1968, Prof. Aquino served as an educational consultant to the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He is a member of the board of directors of the Puerto Rican Forum and belong to the Puerto Rican Committee on Education Policies and the Puerto Rican Educators Association.

Professor Osborne Scott is the department's chairman and only other faculty member.

Copeland Appoints Scott Over 'Shiftless' Cartey

(Continued from Page 3)

sions can be drawn. The first is that the College was negligent in setting up a properly proportioned student-faculty searching committee.

The other is that, until Cartey's proposal for a separate school was issued, the Administration and the rest of the college assumed that he was the man for the job.

At any rate, Cartey was riding high on the pride and self-righteous liberalism of the whites at the College, as well as on the more demanding dreams of the blacks, which he had hoped to make a reality at the College.

Then the black students closed down the campus for three weeks, after which time the College appeared headed for an all-out civil war. And Dr. Cartey stood up before a meeting of perhaps 100 people and pleaded in a cool voice, free from emotionalism, but rising and falling from the sheer power of the words he was speaking, for rationalism, for getting together and talking and thinking and looking around.

The settlement finally agreed upon included a specific, step-by-step plan which he had prepared—detailing the creation of a school for Urban and Third World Studies. That was later tossed in the fire, together with a chance for the hard, bitter and inevitable transition stage to be made with a maximum of communication, and a minimum of violence.

The few remaining facts are provided by Prof. Volpe. Late in June, he was told by Copeland that Cartey could be given a full three-course load this term, because he would be holding no administrative position. Volpe unsuccessfully attempted to contact Dr. Cartey several times over the summer, but only in the past two weeks have the two actually talked together.

President Copeland maintains that he never even considered Dr. Cartey for the Chairmanship, although he had no doubt that Cartey had expected to be appointed.

He quickly adds that he had

no first hand knowledge of Cartey's scholastic ability, which from all reports he understands to be of a very high level. His experience with Cartey's administrative ability he says has been twofold: one — that Cartey failed to respond to repeated written communication by Volpe and Copeland; two, that he had failed to hand in the grades for last semester. "He's too goddam shiftless — and you can use that word in your story there — shiftless. I would have been canned for doing something like that — I don't know why he got away with it."

Prof. Volpe, Cartey's superior, explained that he understood the professor had been in Trinidad, but he did not know why the grades had not been handed in.

But what of Osborne Scott, executive vice president of the American Leprosy Missions since 1964? The deep, cavernous dwelling that is Copeland's brain provides some clues to that one.

The man whom Copeland finally appointed to the position was found as the result of a search which, at least as described by the Acting President himself, should have turned up no less than the golden fleece.

As Copeland tells it, he conducted this mammoth search practically singlehandedly, with little or no consultations of faculty or students at the College — "by virtue of my executive appointee function as president."

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Levine explains this mysterious process as being one more feature of "the operation of a college by coercion, by force, etc. You have to lose time, there is a disruption of orderly processes, administrative procedures must be speeded up." In other words, students and faculty were away for the summer.

"I have spoken with practically every expert in the fields of Urban and Ethnic Studies in the metropolitan area," says Dr. Copeland. He cites advice and suggestions received from the staff of the City University, members of the BHE who have "Latin American or Negro identities" Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, the NYC Housing Authority, personnel in urban renewal projects and men in various departments of the City and State governments.

Vice Versa

Copeland indicated that he had seriously considered a list of about 25 men who were black, white and Puerto Rican. He says he rejected the majority either because their impressive scholastic achievements were not complemented by sufficient administrative ability, or vice versa.

"The man for the job must be a good administrator, have a sympathetic and understanding outlook on the problems he will have to face, and possess reasonable factual knowledge on at least one of the three fields of UES (and a good appreciation of the other

two)." He added that he considered the "Urban Studies" section to be of greatest importance.

Pres. Copeland was especially impressed by Dr. Scott's ability to deal with people. According to Copeland, the two have worked in the civil rights movement many years, and have known each other casually. This firsthand knowledge of Scott helped Copeland make his decision.

In addition, many people the president consulted reported that Scott was a good administrator, a good organizer, and that he had wide contacts with minority groups all over the world.

"He is a broad minded, scholarly, reasonable person who can talk to many racial groups."

And so, on one hot day in August, Dean Barber interviewed him for almost an hour. Copeland and Barber compared notes and Dr. Scott was appointed chairman of the department, as the first of its two professors.

"I don't choose either my friends or personnel on the basis of their race, ethnic, or religious group." The commitment of a man who has fought all his life for the rights of Man is written in the many furrows of Copeland's face. "I choose them by the qualities as individuals, who transcend racial categories. Scott was the man best suited for the job, and I must confess that I am glad he happens to be black. —I repeat, HAPPENS to be black."

Curriculum Gets New Improved Package

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and lose power according to the numbers of students taking their courses, and the power in this case has economic as well as political implications. If the demand for English courses were to fall off, the department would receive a smaller budget. That would mean the dismissal of non-tenure courses would almost certainly mean the dismissal of non-tenured faculty. If such pressure as this were brought to bear against the sciences and social sciences,

there would most likely be a corresponding increase in the quality of both teaching and organization of subject matter.

Third Division Stagnates

The new curriculum, however, allows both the sciences and the social sciences a privileged sanctuary. As a result, Division C of the new curriculum is the most dismal of the three. The departments represented in this division — economics, political science, psychology, sociology and anthropology — have not devel-

oped any new, exciting or even mildly interesting courses. Students are required to complete nine credits in this division, taking courses from at least two departments, and there is a total of only 13 courses to choose from, most of them hardly worth the effort of registration. Students will just have to suffer through these mediocre examples of what the old curriculum was like, taking an occasional science course to reinforce the illusion.

— Miles

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Plotting and Preparation Needed for Registration

OP's guide for the
wayfaring freshman,
slightly revised

Registration is the most important day of the semester. In the space of two or three hours, you'll be determining what path you'll follow for the next 19 weeks. Unless you handle registration sensibly, you'll regret it for a long time.

Freshmen are faced with several obstacles even before they enter the Great Hall. You're not familiar with teachers, you get only those courses left open by all those registering ahead of you, and you are competing with other freshmen for seats in classes that can't accommodate the number of students who want them.

Only by keeping a clear head and following a careful plan of action can you hope to get a reasonably good program. The first and most important step is to familiarize yourself with the schedule of classes, which you receive when you pay the \$57 fee. Know the pamphlet; be able to find courses rapidly once you have begun to register.

After you've looked over the schedule, take some index cards and make up a half dozen alternative programs. Try to set them up so that some courses are interchangeable — if your first choice is closed, a second course can be fitted in without changing the program you already have. Bring these cards with you to registration.

Make a list of the buildings on North Campus and those on South Campus (they are found on the front of the schedule of classes). Try not to schedule consecutive courses on different campuses for there is not enough time to get to class promptly. It's better to have an hour off between classes than to run from Mott Hall (at 131 St.) to Shepard Hall (at 139 St.). It usually takes five minutes just to get out of the building you're in.

Try to group your classes so that you have several on one campus, an hour or two off, and then several more on the other campus. Don't take more than three consecutive hours of classes.

If possible, don't schedule another class for the hour after gym; you'll find that you'll arrive in class late, out of breath and perspiring — and unable to concentrate on the lesson.

Speak to any friends you have at the College, and find out which teachers are considered good. Differentiate between "easy markers" and good instructors. Consult the Course and Teacher Eva-



uation Guide on sale in the first floor corridor of Shepard Hall. Inconvenience yourself to get a good teacher or a course you want . . . take late afternoon classes if you have to; you can study between classes at the library as much as you would at home, and probably more. Don't worry about going home at 6 PM in the dark; you can always find someone going your way.

In planning your program, remember that you have a wide range of required courses — don't limit yourself to a handful of them. Plan to take between 15-16 credits, but don't worry if you can't enroll for more than 13.

Approach registration with an open mind — be prepared to adapt your program to whatever situation you find in Great Hall, instead of entering with any fixed ideas about what courses you "must have."

On registration day, get to your designated room early; the students working there sometimes give out the cards ahead of time. Remember to bring your sample programs, the schedule of classes, and several pens and pencils.

Register first for the course with the highest credit value you plan to take — it's less flexible and will give you a solid base around which to build a program. As soon as you get a course, mark it down on the blank program you receive to avoid scheduling two courses for the same hour.

Register next for a course of major interest — the subject in which you'll first want to take an elective. Don't take "no" for an answer — make sure you get a course in your major. Pleading and crying can be used very effectively.

Fill out your program with other required courses, keeping in mind the points mentioned above and the choices worked out at home.

If you have any problems or questions, don't hesitate to ask a teacher, for he'll be glad to help. Remember that teachers are human, and they don't like the hectic atmosphere any more than you do. Be polite, impress them with the problem, and they'll do what they can to rescue you.

After you've registered for a full program, stick around for another half hour. Wander around and see if a particular course you wanted has opened up again. Then sit down in a corner and check to make sure you've got the correct card for each course. Write out your program again, checking the hours in the schedule to avoid errors.

When you've finished this check, rest for a minute and then check one final time . . . it's worth it. To change your program costs five dollars and far more patience than anyone can spare.

After you leave Great Hall, stop, pat yourself on the back, and relax. You can spare at least five minutes before heading for the bookstore.



Finally I gave her a tug and whispered,
"Let's go to Observation Post and see what's
happening!"

making itself understood, it has its crises, it has its pretensions. But, unlike most Americans, it also has a desire to like and respect itself because of what it does and not because of what people say about it.

We are passing through a crucial stage in our development now. Not because we are unpopular. In fact, our coverage of last spring's rebellion (of which we have extra copies in the OP office) was so well received, that even arch-liberal (not to mention many conservative) faculty members felt obligated to thank us.

Our problem now lies in the fact that our staff is not very large. Actually we have a few openings. To be perfectly honest, **Observation Post** needs many to write for its pages. It needs reporters, writers, poets, artists, editors, and good looking girls (we still believe in apple pie and love). Good looking girls.

Basically, anybody interested in being creative, romantic, realistic, idealistic, and functional should definitely come to Room 336 Finley Student Center anytime, everyday to talk to us. See us. Comfort us. Be comforted. Relax. Work.

Cold, hard, depressed, crying, THE World stumbles along.

Observation Post: "See me, feel me. Hear me. Heal me" (to all people): "See me, feel me. Hear me. Heal me."

Room 336 Finley Student Center. Come. Come with us. Room 336 Finley. **Observation Post** vs. THE World. Come.

"Tommy, can you hear me?"

GEOFFREY WAGNER

REPORT FROM CCNY

Subway College Strife

The City College of New York spring putsch started off as pure Evelyn Waugh. The spectacle of a Lincoln-esque president who had "resigned" (was it for the third, or fourth time in his fighting career?) engaged in "negotiating" with a self-declared non-entity calling itself "the black and Puerto Rican student community," playing on his recalcitrant faculty — as one eminent professor nicely put it — "like a harp," and then being served with a number of writs to reopen, one handled by Mario Procaccino, this was nice Ninian high comedy indeed. The only trouble was that about 28,000 other students, mostly Jewish, happened to be on the dirtier end of the stick, or schtick. As events showed.

From the start Gallagher evidently gloried in having his presidential face rubbed in the dirt, a task effected throughout the academic year by *Observation Post*, one of the college's less legible (and pro-SDS) slander sheets, indirectly funded by the taxpayers, of course, and peppering its daily dish of libel with — wow! — the spice of obscenity. Last term OP did its Byronic best to rally the students to support of an Army deserter, induced to take "sanctuary" within the college's bleak Finley Ballroom. But other balls were taking place and the main mass remained unmoved by this confectioned *casus belli*, even when cops hauled the youth off campus and Dean of Students Jim Peace (sic) was undemocratic enough to prefer charges against the handful of little Hitlers who had vandalized his premises and intimidated his secretary (terrorization of the secretaria has become no mean weapon in campus riots: the modern university can hardly operate without these good ladies, many of whom are, in our case, black). The yawning match that SDS "rallies" were provoking could scarcely be allowed to continue. A local sobriquet for the SDS was "the toads."

So one rainy April Tuesday CCNY's South Campus, once a convent (so far Waugh would not have had to alter a word of the script), was boldly closed. By whom? By Black Mischief, of course, armed with stout chains. To at least one eye, that bedraggled bunch, waving their home-made Vietcong flags and chanting "Pow-err to the Pee-pul," looked like a belated blackface comedy act of (mostly) high school kids, backed by the customary tense SEEK teachers. One could almost see the greasepaint streaming down their faces, as one searched in vain for a Puerto Rican.

For some ten minutes a platoon of bored police stared back at them disbelievingly, and then mooched off: Gallagher had decided not to be Hayakawa. In fact, the man who had gone so courageously after Communists in the McCarthy era was to say that rather than call the cops "I would submit to the rule of law by going to jail." *Quod erat* something or other.

After nearly two weeks' occupation the Board of Higher Education, acting under popular pressure, ordered the institution reopened and, with a restraining order signed by a State Supreme Court Justice on the way, the rebels fled. Their incumbency had been marked by a movement of the North Campus Engineering School to resume classes (aborted by Gallagher), an ignored UCRA [University Center for Rational Alternatives] faculty ballot to reopen, and the usual pathetic antics of SDS toads crawling to get in on the act by "seizing" a very sizable small brick building and renaming it after some black hero obscure to me, whose chief claim to fame seems to be that he had killed a policeman. Once more, as at Columbia, the SDS were first to run, their coats drawn over their faces.

So the taxpayers got the college open on Tuesday, May 6. Wednesday was the worst day. The usual troop of toad clowns invaded my morning classes, were made intellectual mincemeat of by their peers in a question period, and escaped in disorder. Seeing that the discredited SDS was getting nowhere, the hard core got busy with rocks and chairs through windows. Back in my office some polite Negro apprentices were installing the now customary mattresses. Outside, counter-



"Subway College Strife," written by Associate Professor Geoffrey Wagner (English), first appeared in the June 3 issue of *National Review*, 150 E. 35th St., the conservative bi-weekly edited by William F. Buckley. The above drawing accompanied the article, which is reprinted with permission of the editors and without any editing, except for the bracketed explanation of UCRA.

Prof. Wagner, whose first name appears misspelled in the 1969-70 *Bulletin of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences*, is the author of more than 20 books, including a recent volume on semantics, *On the Wisdom of Words*.

Observation Post welcomes comments on this essay, and will begin by answering the professor's characterization of OP, but because of his vagueness, it will be difficult.

The expert on semantics apparently rarely reads OP and stumbled upon the phrase, "less legible" (than what, is not said). If he had meant less coherent or less grammatical, or even less syntactical, one might be able to make some sense out of it.

His use of the tag, "pro-SDS," denies the fact that OP is an independent newspaper whose views and goals sometimes converge with those of SDS. By implication, he chooses to impugn both organizations.

He should also realize the impossibility of a weekly newspaper printing a daily dish of libel" (cases of which he failed to provide). As for printing obscenities we plead guilty, but we try not to over-use the words as they, too, soon lose their shock value.

Concerning his reference to the Sanctuary, it is enough to say that OP is proud to have been a part of the community which sheltered Army Private Bill Brakefield at the College for a week.

Finally, his assertion that OP is funded indirectly by taxpayers, goes beyond being incorrect — Student Senate allocates its share of the student fees to clubs and the newspapers. It reeks of an attempt to scare his readers into seeking the suppression of this newspaper. OP, though, will survive and continue to open its pages to the views of senior faculty members, as well as SDS members.

protests started. The best of us bloodied some noses but it was not fair fighting. Brave black boys were clubbing girls. At least three girls in my own classes suffered so; it reminded me that in the England of my youth an assault of this kind on a defenseless female minor might be punished by eight strokes (called "screamers") of the cat. Oddly enough, no offender was ever known to come back for more.

On Thursday the cops were called and a building nearly burnt down. There were more brawls, head-openings, fires, slashings of car tires, ripping of student paintings and some inexplicable stealing of our unspeakable cafeteria food. This time arrests were made and included the anticipated quorum of local lads whose sole connection with the college seemed to be the possession of a molotov cocktail. By Friday Gallagher had had enough. Having resigned six (or was it seven?) times by now, he resigned. A

Bio professor, Joseph Copeland, was appointed Interim President. Deprived of the local "goon squads," the rebels showed a significant reluctance to resume negotiations.

What, then, were the issues, if such a term can be used to dignify attempts to muzzle Negro aspiration by imposing compulsory black studies programs? The requests, by which of course I mean the "demands," were five and probably entirely acceptable to most of us, who would have voted to give every black a degree at birth and get on with education, by the end of some of those endless meetings. The trouble was that the demands weren't written in English. Secondly, it was by no means certain whom we were dealing with: our faculty elected three spokesmen but the other side seemed to have a distinctly fluid bunch of "representatives," the most constant of whom appeared to be some SEEK teachers, not students at all, men and women who had seen Rocky's budget

axe fall in Albany, and knew they'd soon be out of a job. *Quis custodiet custodes?*

Perhaps no one was quarreling with being forced to learn Spanish because a minority group might not want to learn English, but what on earth, professor after professor wondered, did "the black and Puerto Rican student community" really mean? The two terms aren't cognates. Were we being called upon to define ethnic content, measure up blood percentages? This was surely what the Southern states had been blackjacked from doing, not to speak of Hitler a little earlier. What of a Hawaiian Hottentot? A Filipino albino? Or that charming Chinese Trinidadian I had some years ago, who emigrated to Brazil and there became an ardent Zionist, and who could speak Portuguese and Hebrew but, alas, no Swahili. Presumably the size of his feet or the hue of his hair would be the diacritica for his worthiness for higher education in the great decade to come.

So the situation grew respectable rococo. No one was kidding a Jewish professoriat who had seen their own relatives go into the gas chambers, and cement mixes, in this lifetime. Gallagher's guilt was not our own (least of all that of the Waugh-like Brandeis sociology professor who has called for "a self-imposed and large-scale penance" for all universities, involving reimbursement of students for "miseducation"); as one engineering student put it through a bullhorn, "I'm responsible for what I've done in this lifetime, not the last." Apart from a group of very junior faculty, largely part-time and/or fired already, most of whom voted as might be expected of such free-thinking and far-sighted liberals, we knew that "negotiation" was proceeding at pistol-point and that only the dumbest calves select their butchers. Gallagher's initial rejoinder that we were avoiding violence (hah!) looked like the neighbor saying, "I had a real nice stickup today; he took everything I had, but he wasn't violent."

The stickup was in the "Open Admissions" demand. Our faculty simply wondered about a taxpaying proletariat of whose skin pigmentation everyone was totally ignorant suddenly having all the rules changed on them for the benefit of a self-elected elite. Admission to the city colleges of this country, not only of New York, is by excellence of academic achievement in the high schools. The absorbable amount is attached to a cut-off point in a common examination. The SEEK program attempts to bypass this procedure and substitute other criteria. Even now, City has 24 per cent of its freshman class of two thousand "black" — though the figure is probably larger since you may not compel disclosure of skin color on even a student. Nor has the taxpayer yet decided, through his representatives, that he wishes his city universities turned into community colleges (what is Hunter doing about Unilever and the Racquet and Tennis Club?)

The situation, with the college currently opening and shutting like some spastic rattrap, has been most salutary. A certain clearing of the air is felt, and a real solidarity with one's students, if not with the imported, and doubtless SEEK-sought, Harlem thuggery. Since everyone has by now been called a racist, including Bayard Rustin and Kenneth Clark (both permanently pessimistic about the beauty of black studies), the term becomes useless as an insult and turns into something closer to "thinker." Secondly, it is even more generally apparent that the taxpayer must decide whether he wants his municipal universities to be centers of education or social service bureaus.

But, most of all, the City College experience was encouraging, with that of Queens', as a first demonstration of massive student opposition to the toads. Unfortunately, this may be too late. Mr. Big is already moving in and, prodded by the President, Attorney General Mitchell will may declare organizations like SDS and RESIST (which many of our professors joined although aiding a deserter is an indictable offense) officially subversive. In which case we shall see a replica of the Commie-chasing of the Thirties and Forties. It will be another tragedy of the American Left, but this time they asked for it. Right in the teeth.

The Laws of the Land Crumble at Woodstock

By JONATHAN PENZNER

Freaks, diggers, hippies and high school and college revolutionaries called a temporary truce this summer, in an attempt to give the Establishment one last chance to prove its intentions are "peaceful."

The Woodstock Music and Art Fair/Aquarian Exposition in Bethel, New York, was above all, a show of strength and unity among the Youth Revolutionaries. Together for the first time in such great numbers, a half million of America's standard bearers of truth, life, sanity, peace and happiness shocked and overwhelmed the police, giving a sudden but clear picture of their incredible power.

And the Establishment, as represented by its media — The New York Times, The Post, Newsweek — were impressed, even if they still did not know exactly what it was they were impressed by.

To the Amerikan youth, however, it was all very clear. There was the concert — the best music ever assembled in the country, including Jefferson Airplane, the Who, Jimi Hendrix, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Janis Joplin, Ten Years After, The Band, Sly and the Family Stone, Creedence Clearwater Revival — but then there was the community to be built also.

After hassling 20-mile traffic jams, mud and rain, over-priced and tasteless food, inadequate toilet facilities, and over-chlorinated water, 500,000 people were joined in a surge to togetherness. They realized they had power.

And since there were no hassles from cops or locals, the most positive and creative aspect of the experience lay in the humanity each person exhibited toward everyone else. Each time an ambulance went screaming down the crowded main drag, Hurd Road, the people couldn't help but feel that one of their own was hurt.

For a moment, it detracted from whatever it was they were caught up with — be it the music, the mud, or an empty stomach.

The festival's producers hadn't done any logical planning, so on the Friday morning the festival was to begin, they found 30,000 sitting in front of the stage — 30,000 people who didn't have to show a ticket. By Friday night, it was obvious the producers would never be able to collect tickets: the Festival was free.

Then there were the 300 off-duty cops who at the last minute were ordered not to serve on the festival's "peace force": no cops at Woodstock except for a sprinkling of state troopers. And what were ten state troopers going to do to stop those hundreds and hundreds of thousands from pursuing their ways?

People scampered about nude, swan nude in nearby lakes, made love in the daylight on open fields, and sold mescaline, acid, hashish and grass like hot dogs or cans of Coke on the roadsides. "Can you imagine 500,000 adults getting drunk and not having one single fight?" one kid asked a trooper, who merely shrugged.

In the third largest city in New York and the tenth largest in the country, there were no murders, no knifings, no fist fights: no hassles among the kids. Members of the Pepsi Generation sat next to devotees of Che Guevara, aware and content in their unity.

There were three deaths, however — one resulting from an overdose of heroine, the others were traffic fatalities. The city's population, having been decreased by three, promptly added two more.



Photo by Mike Shuster/LNS

"A child has just been born!" an ecstatic announcer told the crowd huddled in the mud before the stage. Wild cheers went up — it was a welcome relief after the deaths and six miscarriages.

There were about 100 busts, only 20 of which were made inside the fair grounds — one was for attempted car theft, most others were for drugs. The cops cooled it, though: the community was not about to tolerate many more. In any case, had the cops harassed the people in any way, there would have been more energy let loose — even the National Guard, on stand-by not far away, could not have contained a half-million angry people. The cops ignored or laughed at what must have been more than 450,000 drug violations. None of the arrests they did make were felonies — only misdemeanors and violations.

Truce Disregarded

Anyway, this truce didn't last too long; the Establishment quickly sent its answer down to the community.

The originators of the war — the Establishment and its tools, the cops — commenced firing as soon as the Youth Revolutionaries left the city of their creation. The war was on again when the revolutionaries returned home and their source of power disappeared.

Kids were arrested in New Jersey in large numbers by cops who were waiting especially for the Fair's end. But let any freak or straight-looking person try to smoke dope or walk around bare-assed on any Amerika's city streets, and the cops will come down on them just as hard if not harder than before.

The mark has been made, however.

Liberal tactician Max Lerner, writing in The New York Post, called the people (new) "cultural revolutionaries" — differentiated in his head from the old

"political revolutionaries," praised them for the truce and even called for a reassessment of the drug laws and the harsh penalties leveled against users of marijuana.

The festival may not have appeared politically oriented, above and beyond the omnipresent peace signs: the upside-down "Y" in the circle and the two fingers flashed to everyone all the time. But the unity and the togetherness that made the whole thing possible was a political act.

Wherever they looked, they were among friends. For a brief weekend in mid-August, they stood together, and the walls crumbled and disappeared. They challenged the validity and efficacy of laws by sending them up in smoke or immersing them in water. The Establishment was forced to accept the fact that it cannot enforce laws rejected by the people. And consequently, the Youth Culture/Revolution was taken seriously for the first time.

Unfortunately, the Youth Revolution proved too tenuous. It disappeared after having made its blow. This dubious solidarity of "cultural revolutionaries," pacifists, militants, political activists and rebels of all sorts suddenly disintegrated as speedily as it had come together.

The "leftists" — SDS, Youth Against War and Fascism, Yippies (remember the Yippies?), Crazies and Resistance — had settled in a place called Movement City. They had set up a small stage there, fed people for free and handed out leaflets — their only overt activity. All this was done with money donated by the producers. Abbie Hoffman had yelled about disruptions if he wasn't given money and free passes for his Lower East Side people and other poor street people from wherever.

He got \$10,000.

While those encamped at Movement City attempted to tell the festival-goers via leaflet that the producers of the affairs were dirty capitalists, the people's joy at being together and cool overwhelmed the leftists' verbiage.

They cried about Exploitation! and put up posters of a rock group, reading, "If it's ours, how come it ain't free?" In the midst of so much free music, they were unfortunately irrelevant to the half million who right at that moment were sending loud calls around the world for peace in our time.

Perhaps if the agitator-politicos had concentrated more on building something at Woodstock, instead of attempting to knock the festival, the community would have been able to seize the opportunity to define the truce to the Establishment. There needed to be some kind of articulation of what was happening so that The Times, for one, could not have called the affairs "innocent" and "naive."

The producers want to hold a "bigger and better" festival next summer and the question to be asked is: will the Youth Revolution have the patience to call another truce and give the Establishment's forces another chance? And if this happens, will the cops take the opportunity, as many people fantasized would happen this summer, to make the place into a concentration camp? When the revolutionaries get there next year, will the cops just put fences around them and keep them there?

In any case, the message to all the participants in the community of Woodstock is clear. The power lies in complete unity and togetherness; and in numbers, which it has been proved beyond doubt the revolutionaries have. Now, if they could only regain that unity...

Before the Super Nova

Had Woodstock not exploded like a super nova, the summer music event of the East Coast would have been a fiery blast in Tanglewood, a normally calm clearing in the Berkshire mountains of western Massachusetts.

On August 12, Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its summer occupants, gave way to Jefferson Airplane, The Who, B. B. King and the Joshua Light Show. Compressed into four hours was some of the best rock ever to hit the skulls of about 22,000 people, many of them youngsters freed from local camps for the night.

With an artfully condensed version of "Tommy," The Who struck with greatest force, converting their theatrical stage presence into an electromagnetic circus act. Lead singer Roger Daltrey swung his lasso-microphone, Pete Townshend played lead guitar with his hips, and Keith Moon feigned death on every beat of his drums. John Entwistle, on bass guitar, stood quietly off to the side: he had to be the only one who survived the set intact.

Despite an inconsistent sound system, Townshend's lackadaisical singing, and a microphone cord which ensnared Daltrey at one point, The Who managed to numb half the audience with waves of over-powering music. Screaming for "more," the other half threw the energy back. But when the group returned — only to say "cheerio," a stoned Moon was yanked away before he could hallucinate his life story.

Through unfortunate programming, Jefferson Airplane came on after the Who's devastating performance. Direct from a weekend at the Fillmore East and a free concert in Central Park, the Airplane seemed low-key in comparison, and at first were unable to get through with their more sensual and less rasping sound. The six members of San Francisco's most popular group wooed and tugged and finally wrenched the audience out of its stupor with Donovan's "Fat Angel," Grace Slick's "Somebody to Love" — their first hit single, and a new, march-like song by Marty Balin, "Together."

In the as yet unreleased song, Balin, Slick, and Paul Kantner sing the praises of the "Volunteers of Amerika," enlisting troops to join "the second American Revolution." The youthful audience, apparently incapable of appreciating its significance, grew more involved with the group's better known songs. From Jorma Kaukonen's lead guitar, melodic phrases floated out to enthrall, while Spencer Dryden's drums beat out their intricate designs and Jack Casady delivered solid bass lines — all laden over by the three vocalists, who weaved a multi-colored spell piercing the heights.

The concert — entitled "Contemporary Trends" — was presented by Bill Graham, a graduate of the College and the owner of the Fillmore West as well as the one on Second Avenue, where The Who will perform the full version of "Tommy" on six consecutive days in October.



Anti-war Students Chart Fall Strikes, Marches

Anti-war protests this fall will take the form of a four-day demonstration in Chicago, an "escalating moratorium," a nationwide student strike and a large-scale march on Washington.

To coincide with the trials of eight activists on charges growing out of last year's Democratic National Convention, Students for a Democratic Society is mobilizing its forces for demonstrations in Chicago and support actions throughout the country October 8-11.

The federal government has charged the eight defendants, a strange assortment of radicals, with crossing state lines with the intent to "incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, or carry on a riot" and with conspiring to break the law. The indictment is based on Senator Strom Thurmond's (R-South Carolina) amendment to the 1968 Civil Rights Act, which was designed to thwart travels by Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. The trial begins within three weeks. If convicted, each of the eight could get ten years in jail and a fine of \$20,000.

The "conspirators" include Rennie Davis, who recently brought back American prisoners of war from North Vietnam; Dave Dellinger, a pacifist who edits Liberation magazine and headed the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam; Tom Hayden, one of the founders of SDS seven years ago; John Froiners, a chemistry professor, and Lee Weiner, a research assistant, who are university radicals; Yippies Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, and the chair of the Black Panther party, Bobby Seale.

The thrust of what Hoffman calls "the biggest political trial of the century" is clear: despite a task force's report to the National Commission on Violence, the government would prefer to pin the responsibility for the rioting in Chicago on the demonstrators, not the police.

SDS, which did not endorse the protests against the convention, has nevertheless called upon "tens of thousands of people to return to Chicago for a massive march against the war in Vietnam, in support of the Black Liberation struggle, and against the increasing political repression that has particularly menaced black and brown communities throughout the country."

"We intend to return to Chicago precisely because it has come to symbolize what a government held together by force is all about," Mark Rudd, the new SDS national secretary, recently wrote. The SDS slogan for the October action is "Bring the War Home!"

Escalating Moratorium

The Vietnam Moratorium Committee is calling for a periodic

moratorium on "business as usual," beginning October 15, "in order that students, faculty members and concerned citizens can devote time and energy to the important work of taking the issue of peace in Vietnam to the larger community." The "call," signed by about 300 college student body presidents and newspapers editors, is being organized by Eugene McCarthy for President campaign workers.

The strategy is for a one-day halt in school activities in October, escalating to two days in November "until there is a firm commitment to American withdrawal or a negotiated settlement," the call states. "A token partial withdrawal at any time will not deter the moratorium." The committee expects people from many walks of life—students, workers, businessmen, professional, clergymen and politicians—to participate in the moratorium.

The organizers have chosen to call the protest "a moratorium," rather than "a strike," in the hope of gaining the support of moderates who oppose the war but are careful about their tactics.

Strike Two

A nationwide college and high school student strike, however, has been called for November 14 by the Student Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam (SMC). It will precede by one day a massive march on Washington.

The march has been projected as "the largest anti-war action this country will have ever seen." Formulated at a national conference of radicals in early July, it will involve dissident GI's and will try to approach the White House.

Endorsing the moratorium and the SDS action, SMC is calling for "the immediate withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Vietnam and the removal of the war machine from high schools and colleges."

The committee, a loose affiliation of anti-war organizations on about 1,000 campuses, will seek the support of student governments, fraternities and sororities, religious clubs, and Third World groups.

"While emphasizing the national character of these strikes, we will relate them to the ongoing struggles on our campuses. These can and will include struggles on our campuses. These can and will include struggles against tuition hikes caused by an inflationary war economy, support to Third World student struggles for self determination, to fights for our political rights and against attacks on them. The SMC

must point out that all these struggles are interconnected with the struggle against the Vietnam war," its proposal for the fall action concludes.

SMC expects the strike to exceed the success of the previous one it initiated on April 26, 1968, when the committee estimates more than one million students condemned the war, racism and the draft by boycotting classes.

At the College, three-quarters of the student body deserted the campus that spring day, most of them taking the day as a holiday. At least 100 professors indicated anti-war sentiments by joining the strike. Former President Buell Gallagher refused to take a position on the strike but did not penalize students and professors who participated.

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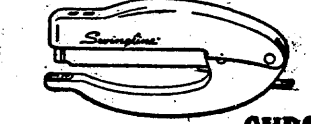


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Brakefield Faces 30 Years After Dix Riot

Army Private Bill Brakefield, the AWOL GI given "sanctuary" at the College last November, was beaten senseless by Military Police during a riot at the Fort Dix Stockade June 5 and subsequently charged with arson and rioting.

The rebellion occurred only two weeks before Brakefield was to have been released into the regular army. He now faces a maximum penalty of 30 years in prison if found guilty as charged. A preliminary hearing determining if there is substantial evidence to support the charges will be held this coming Monday at Fort Dix, New Jersey.

Six other prisoners at the stockade are facing charges ranging from inciting to riot and conspiracy to riot, to arson and damage to government property — including Terry Klug, a friend of Brakefield's convicted by a military court-martial last April of desertion on 4 counts. Klug could receive a maximum penalty of 40 years in prison.

Both Brakefield and Klug became members of the American Servicemen's Union (ASU) while in the stockade. The ASU is handling legal defense for those charged with participating in the riot.

Brakefield's trial and the trials of 37 others allegedly involved in the riot, will be held between mid-September and mid-October. 31 will face lesser charges such as damage to government property,

which carries a maximum sentence of 6 months.

The riot involved over 150 prisoners in a protest over increasingly brutal and inhuman treatment of the men by the guards and officers. According to a letter smuggled out of the stockade from one of the 38, Jeffrey Russell, on June 5, "The prisoners were made to stand at attention for four hours in the boiling sun. The same day two prisoners were beaten by guards. Twice that day, the people's personal items had been torn through and scattered. After lunch, cell blocks 66 and 67 were uprooted and the people were forced to change cell blocks. The people stood in the sun for three hours before they were moved . . ."

According to Russell, the actions of the stockade officials were designed to provoke the men to riot. "For several days before this," Russell wrote, "the maltreatment and sadistic harassment of the people had been growing steadily worse."

The riot began in cell block 66 and spread to 67 within minutes. Men burned their mattresses, broke windows and destroyed

footlockers. The wooden barracks began to burn as 250 MP's rushed to the scene. It was during the scuffles between the MP's and the rioters that Brakefield was knocked unconscious.

Twenty men, including Brakefield, Klug, and Tom Tuck, a black soldier in a cellblock uninvolved in the rioting, were thrown into segregation, the military version of solitary confinement. Brakefield was put in "seg" because the Army deemed him to be a "very dangerous person" who was "unresponsive to discipline."

In a letter to Andy Stapp, chairman of the ASU, Brakefield



Photo by ASU/LNS

Inside of a barracks of the stockade at Fort Dix after 150 men rioted.

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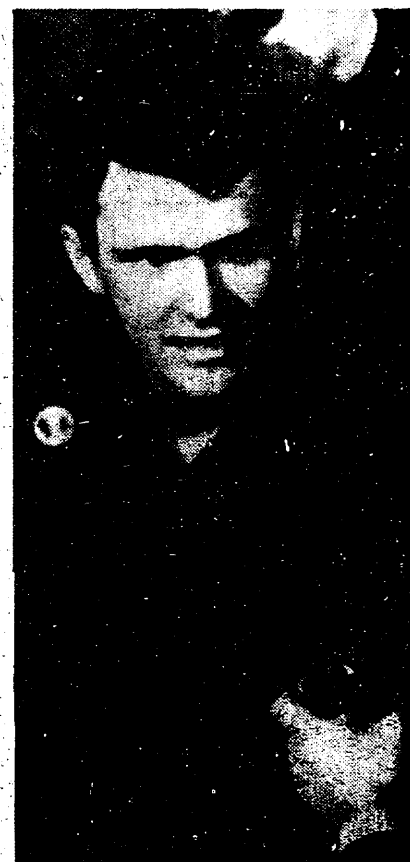
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Bill Brakefield
may get 30 years

claims that "it is the purpose of the government to destroy the organization the minority of the Fort Dix 38 belong to. That organization is the American Servicemen's Union."

Klug, also writing to Stapp, said that the success or failure of the trials does not depend so much on the legal defense presented to the military courts but on public support for the 38 soldiers. "Somehow this thing must be put right into the lap of middle class America," he wrote. "I think that one of the biggest factors in this case, and deciding whether or not we win, is outside support. Without a great deal of publicity and public support we're as good as lost . . . public support and pressure based on wide publicity of the injustices involved that could expose, disarm and embarrass the military."

At the time of the riots, the Fort Dix Stockade held about 900 prisoners, although it was built to accommodate only 250. About third or more of the prisoners were AWOL's serving sentences of not more than 6 months. Soldiers serving more time are sent to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

SDS . . .

The Bill Haywood Caucus of SDS will meet next Tuesday at 2 PM in Room 122 Shepard to discuss "open admissions" and ROTC.

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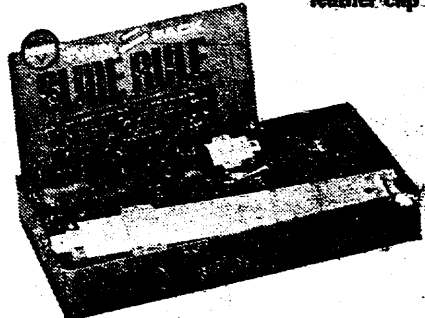
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Education is something people do to each other. It requires no hierarchy.

The distinction created by the structure of our educational institutions between those who "teach" and those who are "taught" is one of the major anachronisms of the university system, and because it is so basic to the malfunctioning of that particular sector of the entire social system, a system which itself is caught up in a spiraling cycle of perpetual malfunction, it is rarely challenged, but constantly in need of defense.

We are supposed to believe that the quality of our education would be endangered if the university were to become functional, that is, should it direct its human and physical resources towards the alleviation of ills which are basic to America's general malfunctioning. Clearly, several thousand people concerned with educating themselves while combating the hunger and ignorance evident everywhere around them would not be learning what they are supposed to be learning. What they are supposed to be learning is how to be disfunctional: how to do research in order to augment the world's capacity for self-destruction, how to be the kind of engineer who can aid the efforts of the profit system to create socially destructive environments, how to be a bureaucrat in service to the government's efforts to keep people under control, how to be the kind of doctor the AMA would approve of, how to be an apolitical intellectual, how to be a faculty member. This much we know. We know that a "student" in the college's "TV and Film Writing" course is "taught" how to write soap operas by a one-time TV hack and never gets close to a camera.

Many of course believe that the inertia of history will resolve these contradictions by destroying the anachronisms of the system. But history is not an "out-there" phenomena, no matter how accustomed we have become to spectator sports, we are all in it; and it can be, in fact, defined, as the collective manifestation of the free will of individuals. In other words, what people really want to happen is what eventually tends to happen.

Let us examine then, the ways in which the faculty of City College is preparing to destroy itself.

The primary obstacle for a disfunctional group of human beings trying to eliminate themselves as a group is the tendency social groups have to preserve themselves. Social groups preserve themselves by acting according to their own real interests. A social group which no longer has any real interests as a group tends to direct its efforts towards support of the real interests of another group or groups, and tends to oppose the interests of yet other groups. But since the group has no real interests

On the Snobbery Of the Faculty Class

By Joel Brodsky

of its own, it tends to dissipate its power to support or oppose. In other words, it spends a great deal of time discussing issues that concern others, and it splits on every issue. Its power as a group becomes inconsequential. The power of any individual or groups of individuals within the larger group who can focus their power on a given issue becomes much greater. The groups created by this centrifugal pull of power are at once the agents of the larger group's destruction, and the seeds of the new forms which the dissolution of the larger group will eventually bring into being.

But we are primarily concerned with that stage at which dissolution is still the dominant process, and it is only fair that we attempt to view this general process from the point of view of a human being caught up inside it. We must ask what do faculty members really want, and what do they think they want? What is it like to be absurd and not know it?

For one thing, we will assume that all human beings, regardless of what dead end role history has cast them in, retain on some level a desire for freedom, a wish to act in accordance with what they really are, a wish to be human. The individual who has been convinced by circumstances to accept the presumption that the process of education requires organization and role-playing, has, in order to become such a "teacher," compromised his own basic human desires in numerous ways over a long period of time.

Thus he attempts to "teach," that is, to cut human beings into the mold of "students." Were change not with us, this process would be only incidental to the actual transfer of knowledge from "teacher" to "student," if that is all we mean by education. But the present ability of the intended "student" to demand treatment as a human being before the simple "acquisition" of knowledge, calls it all into question. As a result, the "teacher" is confronted with an unavoidable existential choice. Either he can choose to justify his own self-compromise by demanding that the world treat him as a "teacher"; or he

can liberate himself by acknowledging the absurdity of the role. The first choice leads him into conflict with the "student," a conflict that insures that any transfer of knowledge will become incidental to the power games involved in the teacher's efforts to redefine the roles in the old way. The second choice propels the newly emerging liberated individual into conflict with the structures that previously cast him in his renounced role.

I have kept a straight face in this writing nonsense a trifle too long. The latter choice, made by some few members of the faculty of City College, would indeed be a proper subject for poetic praise and general celebration. But that ain't what's been coming down, and though I could be righteously indignant about it, I can't at all manage to be serious about it. We can conclude that the snobbery of the faculty class is a behavior pattern generated by an existential choice for self-destruction. Right on. But what it is, you see, it that these pompous buggers are walking around with their noses between their legs because they're afraid of air pollution, inhaling their own paranoid exhumations. One of the major factors in the faculty's consideration of the five demands during the spring liberation occupation, in case any one really cares, was the whispered certainty that the whole of South Campus was riddled with land-mines. Klapper Hall was believed to be equipped with chemical detonators timed to go off the moment the occupiers were evicted. Interesting, really.

The day Joseph Copeland was dropped into office by a passing BHE helicopter, I was gushingly informed that the faculty had great hopes that he would quickly set things aright. After all, he had already agreed to the demands, hadn't he? And he was faculty, n'est-ce pas?

As it says in the Little Prince, "children should always show great forbearance towards grown-ups," and I dutifully nodded and beamed my approval for several weeks at every inchoate scheme and naive "alternate solution" the professors bounced forward to circulate. But as the period of "revolution" drew to a close I was increasingly awed by the power of the human mind to avoid making a sensible decision, and lately I wonder if I am more saddened than amused by the way these oldsters have rushed into oblivion any question that might have brought back to consciousness the unease that an option for freedom had caused them. As the system draws its cords tighter around the freedoms that constitute the jugular vein of education, the faculty still hastens to discuss the potential disaster for education involved in the enrollment of a few of people the system has been using as a doormat since 1919.

Am I being un-American, Doctor Copeland?

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There is a country named Mexico —
it lies to the South
and is a democracy,
which means that the dictator
is elected every four years
(or is it seven?)
the landless peons
despised Indians
and exploited workers of Mexico
have fought four revolutions
(or was it seven?)
to gain this
privilege

Time and coca-cola have not passed Mexico by.

Unhappy Mexico, I never cried for you.
God knows
I had troubles of my own.

And I had my weed;
It was from Mexico that my weed came —
it grew for me,
in the fields of Mexico
along the roadsides of Mexico
in the window-boxes and forest glades of Mexico.

Because my weed is such a hardy weed
and because it rarely snows in Mexico
my weed flowered two three four
(or was it seven?)
times a year.

I loved my weed.

And I believe my weed
liked me.

These are some of the names I called my weed:
Bu
Tea
Grass
Pot
Shit
Marihuana
Marijuana
Mary Jane
Dope
Smoke
Muggles
My comforting chaotic cannabis
My weed.

I received my weed already dried and seasoned
with a strainer I separated the stems and seeds
from the flowers and leaves.
the stems I threw away
the seeds I put aside
from the flowers and leaves I made
a coarse, luscious powder.

Usually I smoked my weed rolled up in cigarette
papers
which are available in plain banana chocolate
and strawberry flavors.
sometimes I used a hookah or other pipe
or ate it in cookies
pies
soups
maccaroni
brewed it in water
plain or with Orange Pekoe and Pekoe
or jasmine.

Because Mexico
is so far from New York City
I sent agents to Mexico
to procure my weed
they traveled by
automobile
train
bus
steamer
jet
prop
mule
foot
thumb.
Through Texas
Arizona
New Mexico
and Southern California.

Courageous smugglers, my agents
sharp-eyed like the old New Englanders
strong hearted like the brave Corsicans
oh bless you and keep you
purveyors of mighty weed
coppers of plenty
psychedelic V C.

Friendly natives of Mexico
gathered my weed
and laid it on my agents.

Then my agents put my weed
in coffee cans
in trunks
in cakes
in hat-boxes
in serapes
in tortillas
in anuses
in vaginas
in hollowed out front doors of automobiles
in hollowed out Hondas
in spare tires
in envelopes
in the U.S. mails
and slipped it past Customs.

But the canny Custom guards,
if they but suspected,
searched all these places and more besides.
ah my smugglers, my agents;
ah for the tedious indignities.
But on the whole it was a satisfying business
until the dictator began to feel his oats
(or shall I say his slop?)
Student unrest came to Mexico
as indeed it comes wherever there is coca-cola
and the Olympics came to Mexico
the world's attention came to Mexico
Howard Cosell came to Mexico
so the dictator decided to wipe out
Mexico's chief redeeming virtue —
my weed.

I have not discovered why the dictator
chose to take it out on me
but he burned my weed in the fields, wastraf
put my agents in prison
where they counted lost profits and watched
the cucarachas.

I have no use for live cucarachas;
the other kind I save for when the supply gets
low.

This summer the supply got low.
no weed from Mexico.

Ah that mangy dictator.
he shot the students in the streets
he clapped them in old pokeys
with my agents,
he shaved heads by force.

But I digress;

Not only does the dictator have it in for me,
it seems that God has taken a hand:
hurricanes destroyed what remained of my weed
(and incidentally much of Mexico)
causing injury, hunger and dislocation.
He works in mysterious ways, His thing to do.
Between them it was a long summer in New York
City.

For about four weeks
(or was it seven?)
there was no weed.

Unhappy Mexico; unhappy me

But as I said my agents are courageous and
resourceful.
For years, like me,
they had put their seeds aside
waiting for just such an emergency as this
when weed and profit should be scarce.

They planted the seeds in
Wyoming,
New Jersey,
Kansas,
Mississippi,
Delaware,
Florida,
and forty-four other states,
my weed is such a hardy weed
it sprang up everywhere.

This weed is not such good weed:
but it is weed.
I am happy.

Ken Kessler
August 20, 1969