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observation post

Volume 46 — No. 7



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CITY COLLEGE

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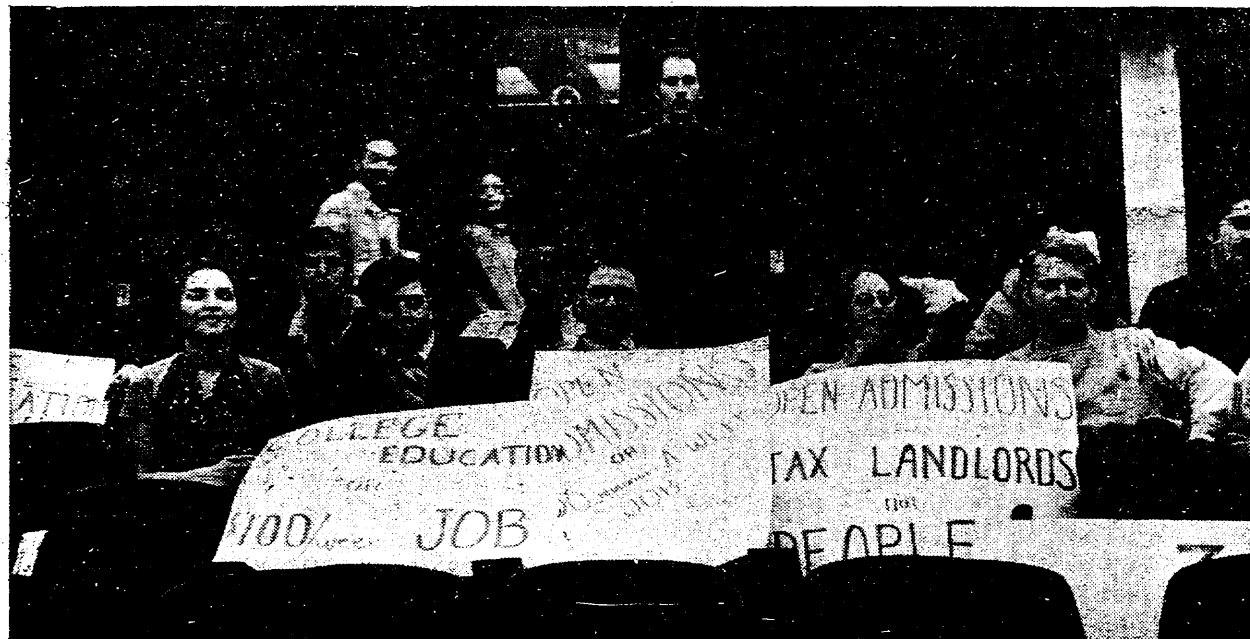
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the implementation of the "open admissions" program. Dozens of college professors and civic officials
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The Search for an Alternative to Boredom

By JONNY NEUMANN

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(Continued on Page 6)

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graffiti scribbled walls aren't the only things you can talk to.

Come to Room 208 Finley

Try the **DROP-IN CENTER**

10-3 PM

Volunteers...

Morningside Community Center, 155th Street and Eighth Avenue, is now accepting volunteers to work with children for three to 15 hours a week. Students are needed to tutor, and to run arts and crafts groups, music groups, or any other group that you might be interested in running. Hours are flexible. If interested, call George Russell at 368-5700.

500 Attend Vietnam Teach-in

(Continued from Page 1)

Five hundred students filled the Grand Ballroom to hear such speakers as Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, Assemblyman Seymour Posner and State Senator Manfred Ohrenstein, all Democrats, denounce President Nixon's Vietnam policies.

Sutton opened the convocation by pointing out the war's economic toll on the city. "The priorities of the city must come first, not the sustenance and support of right wing governments," he declared.

Referring to those who termed the moratorium disgraceful and unpatriotic, Sutton said, "It is the height of patriotism for an American to peacefully protest his government's actions which might ultimately lead to the destruction of that country."

Towards the end of his speech, Sutton was interrupted several times by questions from several students. At one point, he yielded the microphone to Paul Milkman, a member of the Labor Committee, who asserted that the city would only be able to meet its needs by increasing taxes on banks, corporations, and the real estate industry and by withholding the interest payments on municipal bonds. Borough President did not respond directly but suggested instead that "you examine my record."

His most poignant response was to the final question, "What's to prevent the spread of U.S. imperialism in other countries after Vietnam?"

His reply was simply "You!"

Before Paul Feldman, a member of the Socialist Party, spoke, the audience was treated to an unexpected and entertaining performance by members of the Progressive Labor Party. The ten minute satire was directed against the organizers of the moratorium.

Feldman denounced President

Nixon's recent statement that he will not be affected in any way by the moratorium. "Not only is Nixon's statement stupid," he said, "It is untrue." Feldman, editor of New America, a socialist party newspaper, cited recent meetings the president has held with high officials and the dismissal of General Louis Hershey as Selective Service director. Ass. Posner, like Sen. Ohrenstein who followed him, concentrated his speech on attacking the Nixon Administration's Vietnam policy, and praising youth for seeking to change U.S. society.

Sen. Ohrenstein said he was shocked by Republican attacks, blaming the continuation of the war on those who call for peace. He went on to brand the Nixon administration's actions as "the worst form of McCarthyism and Johnsonism."

"We feel this country is wrong," Sen. Ohrenstein said. "It doesn't matter what other countries think." Ass. Posner earlier demanded, "Let's get out of Vietnam now and worry about its future government later."

Also speaking at the convocation were Councilman Carol Greitzer of Greenwich Village, and Professor Bernard Bellush (History).

Miss Greitzer asked the audience to accept into the anti-war movement even those who previously supported American involvement in the war. "As for those who cry for 'peace with honor,' let them know that there is nothing more honorable than to put an end to the fighting," she declared.

Bellush, the last speaker, denounced Nixon's condemnation of the moratorium as a vehicle for "mob rule." The professor commented, "This is not a crowd of a few hundred people gathering in the street, but a majority of the population of the U.S."

Bellush concluded by paraphrasing a remark made six years ago by President John F. Kennedy: "We shall use power; we will not let it use us."

The audience, which had now dwindled to about 150, then split up into groups to further discuss the aims of the moratorium.

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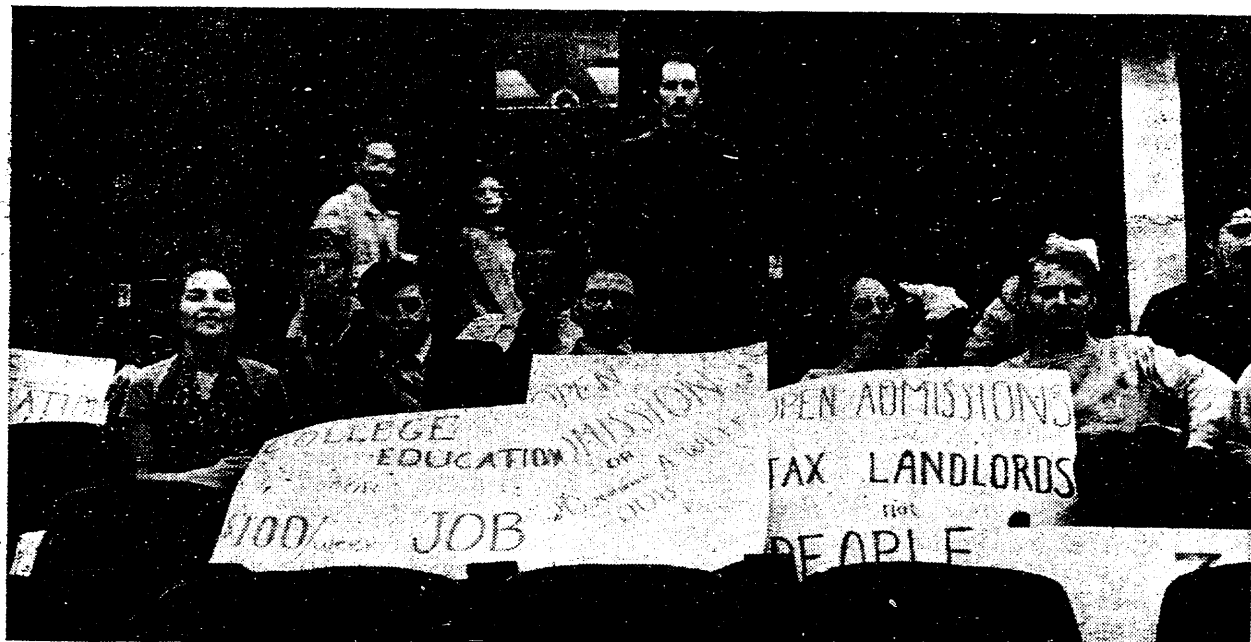
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The Matadors

The auditorium at the Hunter College School of Social Work last Wednesday rather resembled a Spanish bullring. Not so much because of the pronounced jowls on the face of Mario Procaccino, or because of the way he swept into the auditorium as inconspicuous as a bull entering a bullring, or because of the way he stepped up to the microphone, saw red, reared back, and charged.

Not even so much because of the general bullshit which was tossed back and forth throughout the ten hour meeting.

But mostly because of the way a living creature — the human being — was stabbed and gored and blindly, pretentiously denied by the many matadors of New York City. The black and Puerto Rican kids attending the hearings had no more hope of escaping the insults and slander hurled upon them than does the bull have of escaping the hordes of mounted picadors whose livelihood consists of spearing bulls in their most vulnerable areas.

He also had about as much chance as the bull to emerge — even in a stalemate — alive from the endless, pointless three-ringed BHE bout.

The bout was pointless because Chancellor Albert Bowker already knows what he intends to present as the final plans for "open admissions." He has known for months. What the people want is unimportant to Bowker; he has proven that time and again to the College. Witness Bowker's firing of President Buell G. Gallagher. Witness his selection of Professor Joseph Copeland. Witness his dismissal of the Faculty Senate recommendations during last term's crisis. Witness his flat rejection of the student-faculty-administration negotiated agreement last spring.

The bout was pointless because New York City and America will never hear the honest, compassionate pleas of a Barbara Christian. They will never learn of the brave, and ever-patient mothers from a rotting Harlem community, the wonderful women who were among the few to sit through the entire rhetorical marathon. No, the headlines have shown Procaccino and Lindsay and Marchi calling open admissions a "quota system." Our city has read that "The people who will be hurt most (by open admissions) are our best Negroes," according to Procaccino.

Stop. Maybe Procaccino is right, for once. Maybe those poor ignorant bastards in the ghettos would really be shaken up by open admissions. They may even be given a half chance to receive a decent education for their first time in their life in America. Yes: Procaccino is right! Our best Negroes would be hurt most by Open Admissions, and, consequently they would learn the most from Open Admissions, and they would then become our best blacks, our educated blacks; the people would be educated. And where would Procaccino be then?

Maybe Procaccino is right. . . .

A Sense of Fury

By SYD BROWN

City College is a weird place.

A long time ago, when I first came to the College, there was a small but dedicated anti-war movement, a very large House Plan Association (HPA) an Interfraternity Council (IFC), and a Student Government President named Carl Weitzman.

"City College can be a lonely place for four years if you don't join anything," Weitzman told the freshmen at the orientation session. "Join something — a club, a fraternity, a newspaper, anything, but join something."

So I joined something, and something else, and something else. And so did many other of my fellow freshmen. But the most obvious fact about City College remained unchanged. Education consisted of remembering facts, not thinking, or preparing for a career, rather than living. And thousands of students marched daily from the 145th Street IND station to "The Harlem branch of the City University."

But in those days, people stayed at the College after their classes. Either on the South Campus lawn or in the Finley Center, or in the North Campus cafeteria, or in the Emerald Bar. But they did hang around, and that was nice.

Now, after numerous arrests, strikes, sit-ins, occupations, demonstrations, and endless meetings, people don't hang around. The South Campus lawn is deserted after 2 PM. Finley Center is empty after 3 PM. And the North Campus cafeteria, well, forget the North Campus cafeteria.

No, don't forget the North Campus cafeteria. For many years IFC met the needs of the North Campus people, who were either members or spectators of the hazing rituals which were as much a part of the place as the bad food. For some reason, the fraternities and sororities, despite the virtual elimination of pledging, are dying. Their membership is less than half of what it was five years ago, apparently because these organizations no longer meet the needs of the people who used to join.

House Plan is in a similar situation. Freshmen just aren't joining, despite the wide range of programs available to them and despite the loneli-

ness they face before making friends here.

The decline of the two great rivals is the result of both apathy and idealism. Those who are apathetic — and there are many more people who are apathetic today than five years ago — want only to get their degree and then get out of City College. The idealists have beat their heads against a stone wall for so long, they're exhausted.

There is an air of total futility on the campus, on both campuses. People who used to be interested in organizing are now too tired or disgusted to do things which still mean a great deal to them. Rapping about the war and Nixon, for instance, are too much of a drag to get into. Fuck it, pass the joint.

Years ago, when people smoked in school, they went to the Finley belltower or to the furthest reaches of the South Campus lawn. Now, people sit in the Cafeteria passing joints as if they were Marlboros. I'm convinced it isn't because they feel freer or more liberated than they used to. It's just that they don't give a damn any more. The heads in the cafeteria almost seem to be daring a narc to try to bust them. None of the narcs have dared to try.

A couple of years ago a student took a picture of two narcotics agents in the cafeteria. He was hauled into the office of former Associate Dean of Students James Peace, who forced him to destroy the film. I get the feeling that if narcs tried to do that now, they wouldn't live to tell the story.

Maybe that's it. The heads, the politicians, the people who have been the movement at City College are just so disgusted with everything that they have encountered at the College and elsewhere, that they are just waiting for something to happen before exploding in a burst of pent-up fury. Sort of like the teenagers at the Blind Faith concert in July who ran around Madison Square Garden almost ripping the place apart because the newest of the super groups wouldn't do a second encore. Undirected fury. Violent fury. But fury nonetheless, and those kids were really furious, and when they had had enough, when they felt they were being gypper, they exploded.

People at City College have had enough. They've had too much, and are waiting for a spark (a "stim-

(Continued on Page 8)

Of Cabbages and Kings

By PAUL FALKOWSKI

Call me Fishmeal.

A few days ago, never mind how long, with little or no dope in my pocket, I decided I needed a trip to the sea. So I set out to Washington to get passage aboard the good ship, Esuoh Etiwh.

The captain, whose initials are RMN, never came on deck during the day. But at night, one could hear the jingling of his ankle bracelet as he stormed about the vessel. Buckwheat, our first mate, whispered to me one evening, as I was sitting on the figurehead, "Hey Matey, you know the ankle bracelet the captain wears?"

"Yeah," I replied casually.

"You know why he wears it, and who's on the band?"

"No," I replied casually.

"The great yellor whale, what goes under the name of Man Teiv, is been a thorn in The Man's side for the past eight years, lad. It warn't the largest we've ever seen to be sure, but The Man will never be hisself 'til he gets that yellor whale.

The bracelet carries the figure of the last saint, him strength. You'll be seeing him on the morrow, lad. 'Night."

"'Night," I replied, impressed.

That night I sat on my bunk and reminisced about why our captain was a devout Johnsonist. Every man needs religion but Johnsonism is too fanatical for my taste. St. Johnson rewrote the Bible according to the gospel of St. Silverwater, and for his mighty achievement The Man was sanctified and was never heard from since.

As for this whale, Man Teiv, I was rather skeptical the creature would ever be caught, a little creature in a large ocean is hard to catch, Johnsonist or not.

With that I went to sleep.

The next morning, waking up with a dull head at eight bells and went on deck, and ho and behold, an unfamiliar face confronted me and the rest of the crew. The Man was attired in a white shirt open at the chest, exhibiting a magnificent tattoo of the seal of the captain of the United Fates. It was one of the best tattoos that I'd ever seen. The

crew was flabbergasted. This strange captain held their respects and commanded their attention. He cleared his throat, and then boomed out in an unbelievable voice, "Friends."

The crew fell silent.

"As Buckwheat told each of you over the past few days," he continued, "I am a Johnsonist. We are going to find and put the end to the great yellow whale, Man Teiv, and though many of you are Johnsonists, some of you are not. It is to the non-believers that I address myself." And then he yelled, "I will not tolerate sacrilege."

For a year we looked for the whale, and the year became two, and the crew began to grumble about the food, about women, about the lack of whales that we had, and how other ships were getting their share. It became apparent that sacrilege was springing out of the dissatisfaction.

The captain was still not seen too often, and when he was seen, he looked morose and concerned. His attitude toward the crew became nastier and nastier, until strains of mutiny were heard.

At first the captain paid no attention to these rumbles from below, but eventually he decided to take action.

So one day he gave another speech. It was quite wordy and the crew did not understand many parts of it.

The important part of the speech went like this: "Since many of you are unhappy in the great search for the yellow whale and you do not realize that the whale itself is unimportant, but the search has meaning and is a goal in itself, only half of you will have to search for the whale. It is a fair and equitable compromise."

Of course, all of us were on the same ship. But still only half of us, mainly the Johnsonists, searched for the whale. All of us were committed, though. My captain is committed, my ship is committed, I am committed.

Commit.

Comb it.

Bomb it.

Vomit.

Professors Join President in Attacks on Report

(Continued from Page 1)

would utilize class rank, SEEK, and previous admissions criteria for selecting students.

Professor Harry Lustig (Physics) charged that the BHE would let CUNY "become a slum university if it hadn't done so already." He said that bright students would be afraid of being swallowed up. He recommended a lengthening of honors programs, a BA-PhD program, increasing the number of seminars at the College, and a program for the admission of high school juniors.

Professor Howard Adelson (Chairman, History), called the Board's goal for September, 1970, enrollment unrealistic, and he proposed a plan he said could be instituted within the next six months.

Adelson's programs consist of a progressive sequence of preparatory courses which would

At 6 PM, 30 demonstrators from Brooklyn, Columbia, Queen's, and City College gathered outside the Hunter College building.

They carried signs which read, "College Education of \$100/week Job," "BHE has no money, for its fraud," and "Open admissions—tax landlords, not people."

The thirty students then filed into the auditorium to hear George Turner, a member of Students for a Democratic Society, charge that the BHE hearing was a fraud because there was no money for implementation of the open enrollment program.

He demanded that the Board provide \$100/week (after taxes) jobs for working class students not accepted into CUNY.

The demonstrators then left, chanting "Tax profits, not wages." "Open admission now!" and "Open admissions, no conditions. Lindsay is a fraud."

Board Vice-Chairman Francis Keppel, watching them through glass doors, commented, "They're so very naive. Do they actually think that we print money?"

lead the student into a junior and ultimately into a senior college.

He said the "mirage of money" would never materialize, and that it was cruel deception for the colleges to make promises it would not be able to keep.

Professor Nathan Susskind (German) said that there was



Acting President Joseph Copeland and Comptroller Madio Procaccino, both testified Wednesday at a hearing called by the Board of Higher Education to discuss "open admissions."

"goodness" in the proposal to allocate students on the basis of their first choice. But it becomes wrong, he said, when it gets mixed up with ethnic balance.

"Let us be honest, frank, and above all, objective. We are not all equal. We cannot put in students where they don't belong, and we cannot waste valuable educational resources."

"I cried—believe me, I cried for the tragedy of wasted lives," said Susskind. He also charged that SEEK in many cases was forced to carry and pay stipends to "loafers and incompetents."

Professor Stanley Page (History) also addressed himself to wasted lives.

"Those whom this report claims will be helped... are actually too far gone by the time they enter high school, not to mention by the time they graduate." He said he saw no evidence that persons of high school age "could be salvaged from early exposure to extreme poverty and to racial discrimination."

He charged that that the motives of the Commission, "whether it was guilt or rage, or even possibly self-seeking demagoguery, they were not trying simply to make sense." He characterized the "pathetic" attempts of the Commission as "trying to make a whistle out of a pig's tale."

Professor Joseph Shelley (Architecture) argued that the acquisition of sufficient space in time for the September, 1970, deadline would be physically impossible. He said it took 22 months for his department to locate and move into its new quarters, and that they were still

experiencing delays in acquiring furniture and other necessary materials. He added that he saw no potential locations in the immediate vicinity of the College.

Professor Herman J. Cohen (Math) noted that the standards for math are set by the subject itself, and were accordingly unalterable. He called the forced placement of students into those courses for which they would be inadequately prepared as "psychic sadism."

Two dissenting voices in the City College onslaught before the Board were those of Professor Frances Geteles and Barbara Christian.

Prof. Geteles (SEEK) told the Board that since all units of CUNY were not considered to be on an equal footing, true open enrollment would never become a reality. She charged that the institution of a two track system

would be "to repeat the mistakes of the high school on a college level."

Barbara Christian, also from SEEK questioned the whole concept of academic standards. She said that grades were not a reliable measure because "they do not account for motivation, emotional maturity, or constructive creativity."

She said the number of Ph.D.'s was also an irrelevant measure by which to judge a college's output. She cited a Wall Street Journal article which stated that the Ph.D. often measures conformity rather than inventiveness.

Miss Christian said the only measure she had available to her was the large number of CUNY graduates teaching in the public school system. "Ask how well they're functioning, and then we

have to ask what are these academic standards everyone is sprouting about.

"What we now call academic excellence," she continued, "is the ability of the privileged to remain privileged by keeping the top rung of the ladder as narrow and restricted as possible."

"A different type of student would bring to CCNY a different world with different responses and different avenues through which problems could be approached. Rather than merely having students who have lived in a make-believe world, they could now have students who know what the world out there is really like—a dimension of life that young white people particularly in this city seem to know they need."

Mario Procaccino, the Democratic mayoral candidate, said he saw the class rank system as discriminatory against "our best Negroes—I should say black and Puerto Rican scholars."

"If I am elected," he reiterated, "I will not provide funds for a discriminatory quota system."

So many people and groups requested to speak before the board that the original 15-minute time limit was decreased to five minutes. The end of this period for each speaker was marked by the alarm of a cooking timer.

Yet, recesses were held throughout the day when there was no one in the auditorium who wanted to address the Board.



Student Senate Opens Season; Walkout Closes First Meeting

The second Student Senate held its first meeting Wednesday evening. It managed to reach a quorum, but it was very boring.

James Landy, who succeeds Albert Vazquez as Senate president, ran things in a calm, efficient manner, a drastic change from last term's wild shouting matches and quorum quibblings. Landy's meeting was orderly and well organized, and only its ending was reminiscent of the antics of the Vazquez' Senate.

Senator John Kiernan (Sciences) proposed a motion calling on the administration to prevent violent disruption of recruitment interviews, particularly those military interviews scheduled for Steinman Hall today. But before the motion could be brought to a vote, the majority of the Senate present walked out, and a quorum count forced adjournment.

The meeting dealt largely with introducing the new Senate members to each other and explanations of procedures. Open Admissions, originally placed on the agenda, was tabled, since Landy is not scheduled to speak at the Board of Higher Education (BHE) hearings on the matter until November 5.

The Senate's constitution. Proposal C which was adopted by a student referendum last year, has not yet been ratified by the BHE. The student group therefore has an unclear foundation, and few operating rules.

A committee to create and recommend Senate by-laws was formed, with James Ogunusi,



Senate President James Landy
Calm and Efficient

Barry Helprin, Neil Rand, Jonny Neumann, and Saul Miodownik, its elected officials.

No one raised his voice, no one aroused anyone else's anger, no one became excited over anything, everybody behaved himself in good conduct at the meeting.

But at least one person showed bewilderment.

"I'm very confused as to what's going on here," said Beth Feldman, the first person ever to represent the recently formed School of Nursing. "I can't vote for committee assignments," she said. "I don't know anyone." So she handed in an empty ballot when the group voted for members of the by-laws committees,

Black Students to Boycott Classes

A majority of black students at the College are planning to stay out of classes on Monday, November 3, as part of a city-wide work and school boycott called "Black Solidarity Day."

Bert Ramsey, president of Onyx Society, the College's black students club, indicated that although specific plans for the day on campus had not yet been formulated, he expected that the organization would not ask for any type of sympathy action by white students.

"Onyx will not take any independent actions," Ramsey said after the society met last night. Black and Puerto Rican cafeteria maintenance and security workers, however, will act with the students, he added.

Maintaining that it is not a strike, Ramsey said that the day

is "directed against racist conditions of our country, city and state."

Onyx, he said, has endorsed the call because "it's an expression of black solidarity and unity and that's what we're about." Asked whether white support would be sought, he commented, "I don't see where that would have any meaning."

The "Black Solidarity Committee" announced plans for the boycott at a news conference, October 8 at the Hotel Diplomat. Carlos Russell, a spokesman for the Committee, decried, "the intensifying repression that threat-

ens the very existence of black people in America. We intend to make November 3 a black Monday, a demonstration of black solidarity."

Russell, an associate professor of urban studies at the State University of New York at Old Westbury, L.I., suggested at the news conference that black people should stay home on "Black Solidarity Day" and involve themselves in some black community activity. "It could be the first step in showing the city that it must change and show that the city can change," he noted. "There is still time."

AWOL Private Leaves Sanctuary At Columbia

The sanctuary for Jorge Caputo ended a few days after the below story was written. He left St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday and is now being sought by federal agents.

Liberation News Service

NEW YORK — An AWOL GI from Fort Dix has been granted sanctuary on the campus of Columbia University. But Jorge Caputo, the 18-year-old soldier from Schenectady, NY, who took refuge in St. Paul's Chapel on the night of the Vietnam Moratorium, prefers the term "political asylum" to "sanctuary."

"This is a political act, not a symbolic gesture," he said on his third day in the chapel. A statement issued by the Columbia group supporting Jorge explained their role as "providing Jorge with a forum to express the views and experience which the military establishment punishes GI's for expressing. We are giving him physical asylum from the military authorities who seek to return him to the stockade."

Jorge has spent seven of his eight months of Army life in the infamous Dix stockade, which he described as "a concentration camp employing tortures that go back to the Middle Ages." When a skeptical New York Times reporter asked what he meant,

Jorge ran it down for him: "the slop that passes for food, the restraining straps, beatings by sadistic guards — in short, a living hell designed to intimidate guys into going to Vietnam."

Jorge said he was taking asylum "on behalf of all my brothers in the stockade and enslaved in the armed services." He sees his act as one more link between GI's and students. "I see it as a continuation of the Fort Dix demonstration," he added, referring to the march of 10,000 people held Oct. 12. "Support for me is support for the four demands of the Dix demonstration," he said.

Those demands are 1) Free all political prisoners, civilian and military, 2) Free the Fort Dix 38, 3) Abolish military stockades, 4) Immediate withdrawal of all US forces from Vietnam.

Jorge was first thrown into the stockade back in March for "disobeying a lawful order." That "lawful" order was to train for combat, to learn how to kill. "The army has tried to make a killer of me after telling me that my



The Fort Dix general court decided yesterday to bring Pvt. Bill Brakefield before a general court-martial in early November, on charges of rioting, inciting to riot, and arson. The charges result from a disorder at the Ft. Dix stockade on June 5, and carry a maximum penalty of 40 years imprisonment.

Brakefield was given sanctuary at the College last fall as an AWOL soldier. After city police removed him from the campus, he was sentenced to six months in the stockade. That term was completed on June 21, but he has been imprisoned since then, awaiting a court-martial on the riot charges.

Another pre-trial hearing is scheduled for Tuesday, at which time Brakefield's lawyers will bring a motion to dismiss all the charges.

job was that of a typist," Jorge says. Like so many other guys who have grown up in the streets, he got sucked into the army by a sweet-talking recruiting sergeant who assured him he would

never get sent to Vietnam. "See the world, three square meals a day, you know the routine, but after seeing where a lot of my friends were ending up, the army didn't look so bad. I was confused and had a few problems. I thought maybe the army could help. I didn't know they were going to try to make a killer out of me."

He didn't think much about

politics until he got into the army. Then he had to.

"That's the one thing they're afraid of," he said. "Guys that think for themselves. They're afraid of the truth, and that's why I'm doing this. Nobody's going to send me half way round the world to kill people fighting for their freedom."

The day after Jorge entered St. Paul's, Columbia President Andrew Cordier issued a two-page statement promising that the administration would not interfere with the sanctuary. The same day, the staff and Student Governing Board of Earl Hall, which plan activities for the chapel, announced they had voted to maintain the sanctuary for Jorge as long as he wished to remain.

The Columbia "asylum" brought to mind the church sanctuary recently concluded in Honolulu. There, one serviceman took sanctuary in an antiwar protest which rapidly grew to involve two dozen refugees from the military. MPs eventually came and broke up the Hawaii sanctuary and made several arrests, but that was after a month-long intense political experience — and even then, many of the GI's escaped.

Asylum has been offered at Columbia to any other GI's who wish to accept it. According to one estimate, there are 17,000 AWOL GI's in New York City.

Lone Rightist Feeds The Left

By ALAN M. COHEN

Protest in the air, and the feeling of anger at the politicians and society in general seems to have been rejuvenated. So it was on October 15, and so it was Monday night on the streets outside the New York Hilton Hotel, where Richard M. Nixon and S. I. Hayakawa were to receive "man of the year awards" for a massive contribution to the Family of Man, and excellence in education, respectively.

Upon arriving at the Hilton, I saw a great number of policemen (TPF and otherwise) overseeing a few hundred people marching, singing, giving speeches, and talking with a small group which had come to argue with the "dissidents." I became involved in a discussion with a man of the familiar liberal persuasion ("Sure, we should get out of Vietnam, BUT we'd lose face if we were to admit we were wrong.") Having had this discussion an uncountable number of times, I soon grew bored with the argument. But was all hope for an enjoyable and constructive evening gone? Happily not, for I soon found myself in the middle of an encounter with an inebriated gentleman in a \$300 business suit.

This man, who was about 60 and spoke of himself in a southern drawl as being a "dirty old man" first came to my attention when he said he was "a nice guy, but awfully dumb." Enraged and amused, I began questioning his sincerity. He avoided my first question, told me that he was a staunch conservative, and added that he was very willing to fight with me if I persisted in being a wise-guy. Giggles came from the small crowd around us.

The thing, I guess, which fascinated me about this man was that although he was completely irrational ("I'm right and you're wrong, but don't ask me why") and paranoid ("Are you a communist? I can tell that you're a communist"), he seemed to be clear about and proud of his ignorance: "One thing I want to tell you. I don't agree with what you're doing, but I'll fight to let you do it."

"Thank you," I replied.

"But if you're a damn commie you'd better get out of here," he added.

The crowd started to disperse and the demonstration seemed to be ending when our businessman friend decided (either out of loneliness or because of a need to buy us off, or both) to buy some of us kids a dinner. "Wow," said a girl near me. "Do you think he means it?" "If he bought me a steak I'd spit on it," I replied. The subject was dropped until one of the demonstrators began complaining of hunger pains.

Hesitantly, our host friend led us to the front of the Hilton, where several abrupt shoves from the TPF soon discouraged him from trying to get



"I'm a dirty old man, but rich. I'm worth a half a million dollars."

in with us. We then tried to get into the Russian Tea Room, but were told that our dress and shaving manners did not suit their requirements. I began to notice a perverse sort of identification between our host and ourselves. He would remark to a passer-by something like, "What's the matter; us hippies aren't good enough for you?"

But perseverance wins over all, and we were soon escorted into a deserted back room of an expensive Chinese restaurant. When it came time to order we all exchanged glances which said, "Does this guy really have bread?" I mentioned to the girls on my right that if we got busted, it would be worth the experience. But Ken (as he called himself) then told us, "I'm a dirty old man, but rich. I'm worth a half million dollars."

Ken told us of all the important people he knew and all the people he had financed who were now stars. One of the people in the group then started singing, in attempts to negotiate a contract with Ken. "I'm really a good singer, and if you back me I'll give you 20%," he said. "Write it down," Ken said. And the singer was immediately busy writing a "legal contract" upon a napkin.

Obviously inspired by his money's power, Ken turned to me. "If you get a haircut, I'll give you \$200." "Sorry," I said, "Your money can't buy everything."

By then, most of Ken's guests were drunk. Helping one of my staggering friends out of the restaurant, and coming across others from our troupe vomiting on the sidewalk, I made my departure, leaving behind the few hardy souls who would hit a few more bars before the night would end.

Federal Agent Looks at Files; Sohmer Sees No Significance

By ADRIAN PRICE

Associate Dean of Students Herbert DeBerry has a three room office. One room is his private office, one is his secretary's office, and the third room contains rows of file cabinets containing students records. That room has its own secretary.

A clean-cut young man walked into DeBerry's office on a sunny morning about two weeks ago. "I'm a federal agent and I'd like to see this student's records," he said, flashing his badge.

The College has a policy which says students records cannot be released without the permission of the student. But the College has reportedly given out records of political activists before.

When DeBerry's secretary was questioned about the agent, she became flustered and upset. "There wasn't anybody here," she said. "We don't give any records out unless authorized by the student. Besides, we didn't even have what the young man wanted. I'm not telling you anything. Anything you want to know Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer will tell you," she said.

Dean Sohmer was amused that anyone could be concerned about the presence of federal agents or FBI agents on campus; he was at his comic best. "If you told me that there was a unicorn in the garden, would you expect me to do something about that too?" he laughed.

"The federal agent was a member of the Treasury Department," Sohmer finally said. "He came here with a waiver signed by the student. Any student who wishes to, can see his own records, and anyone with a waiver signed by a student can get access to records. Only Dr. DeBerry and his secretary are allowed to give out information."

Two weeks later, a student walked into DeBerry's office to see her records. The student was told that she would have to come back later. A ruling had been passed that any student wishing to see his records has to leave his name and come back later, according to DeBerry.

Although a secretary is assigned solely to the file room, and although it takes merely a few minutes to walk over to a file cabinet and pull out a file, it takes approximately half a day before a student can see what has been written on his record card.

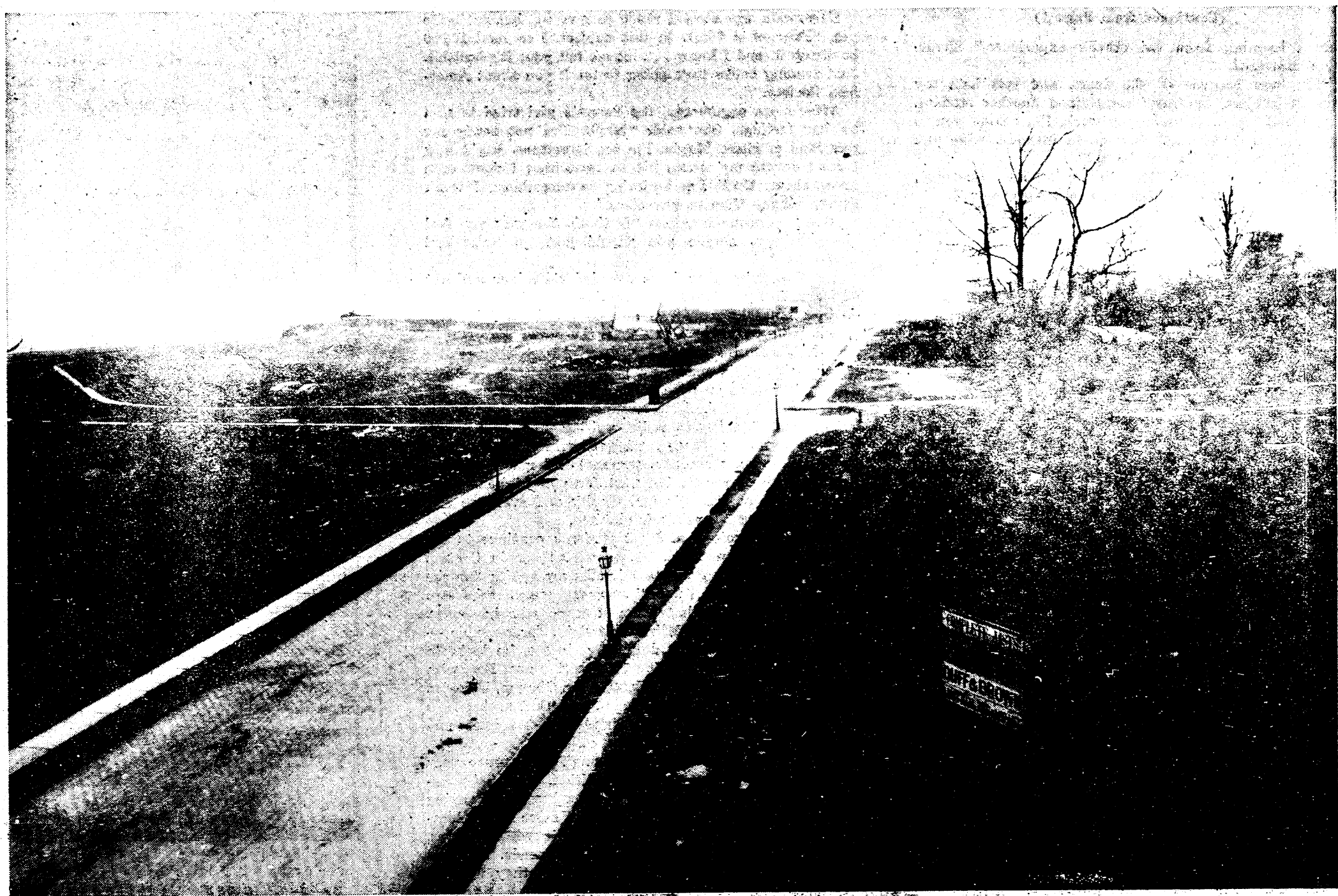
"What if you started a trend and all the students decided to come in here and look at their files? We'd be swamped," Dr. DeBerry explained.

When the student finally was shown her records, she was greatly disappointed. It contained only such information as extra-curricular activities in high school, and all summer jobs held prior to entering the College.

The student asked for her college records, and was told that no more records were available. The student had been arrested twice at the College.

It was strange to find no record of any student activities on the student's record card. After all, what would a treasury agent want with information about a high school debating team?

Master Plan — Ashes To Ashes, Dust To Dust



This is what the current site of the College looked like, before the college was built.

The Master Plan resembles nothing less ridiculous than a fable told by a drunken idiot to an equally drunken madman who doesn't even understand the idiot's language. It is a collection of ill-conceived and poorly executed compromises that actually seem to incorporate some of the worst facets of technological civilization into the design for the College's new physical plant.

According to the educational report included in the Master Plan, "The building design will be flexible, to permit accommodation to changing curriculum design, to facilitate the organization of instruction, and to implement plans for more efficient use of time and space as new concepts develop from concepts still to be acquired."

An examination of the plan reveals a bias toward the kind of depersonalized education that is characterized by large lecture halls and televised instruction, and provides little space for the small rooms needed for recitation class instruction.

The Master Planners' position on instructional concepts is that, "... students do not necessarily learn more effectively in a small group situation, as compared to a larger group, or that a large group lecture is automatically an ineffective or undesirable instructional method. Similarly, it has been shown that the use of newer teaching techniques, such as closed circuit television are effective or almost as effective as 'live' instruction."

The Planners have neglected to cite their sources for this information, and have not surveyed the instructors in the humanities, who might take issue with such suppositions. In the English department, alone, there is a strong movement toward decreasing class sizes to the seminar level, and a frequent complaint of many members of this department is that they can never find the space to hold additional classes, because all the available space has previously been allocated to other users.

The architects, John Carl Warnecke and his associates, are dictating the kind of

education students will be receiving at the College a few years from now. These men are not, however, educators, nor are they aware of the problems of the College. In fact, instead of the need for a particular facility generating its instruction, the construction program of the Master Plan will force the College to adopt an undesirable educational philosophy.

The desire to capture some of the educational potential of small colleges will thus be frustrated, turning the institution into a larger and more efficient factory.

There is an obvious bias toward the sciences and engineering disciplines inherent in this Master Plan. The transmission of technical information and procedures does not require the kind of personal contact that humanities and arts depend upon. It is essential that all students always have the opportunity to question, debate with, and confront their instructors as a basic part of the learning process. A student being taught by a pre-recorded video tape, cannot ask the questions that will make the material comprehensible to him.

In addition, the new plan will stifle creativity and originality that should be

nurtured in an institution of the liberal arts. It will produce a machine, instead of a student, a pre-program automation incapable of independent or original thought simply because the student was never given an opportunity to think.

This is precisely the form of education that European students are currently protesting against. What is so attractive about this system, is that it enables the University to absorb more students. This Master Plan is an attempt of the impotent and self-centered Board of Higher Education to live up to the promises made in its name by the politicians of this state.

Architecturally, the newly designed campus will consist of two monolithic, multi-purpose megastructures and a series of smaller buildings, including the structures that currently form the North Campus Quad.

All the structures will be interconnected, forming one huge, rambling building with open spaces, malls, lounges, and other recreation areas, a student-faculty garage, a little theatre, an auditorium and other amenities of life. The final product will be similar in nature, if far different in size, to the Hunter College complex in mid-town Manhattan. And, if

there is something inherently wrong with being able to go from kindergarten straight through College in one building, there should also be substantial objection to forcing one building, no matter how large, how diversely it is designed, to accommodate all the different and sometimes mutually exclusive activities that characterize City College.

If such megastructures are ill-conceived, they are also ill-executed. The connections that will eventually join Townsend Harris Hall with the newer buildings will completely disrupt the lines of this building and effectively kill the beauty of the North Quad. This is ineptitude of a criminal nature, since it was among the avowed purposes of the architects to retain the Quad as a discrete unit and visual memory of the old campus.

Among the other casualties to progress will be the now traditional division of the campus into North and South along political and academic lines as well as the geographic. The Humanities will find themselves relocated on the North Campus area, except for music and art which will remain on the South side of the boundary, sharing the space with the social sciences.

The failure of this Master Plan is due to the lack of foresight and insight on the part of the planners and their employers. The College will, as a result of this plan, become even more divorced from the community around it, to the point where the architects themselves envision the necessity for a shuttle bus from the train stations to the campus. Separation of the arts and the sciences is likely to continue to accelerate in an environment that will be so totally repulsive to the artistic impulse that no true artist could exist at the College without losing the essence of his or her gift. Even the distance between the scientific disciplines is likely to increase, in an environment where everyone is constantly reminded of the degree to which man is becoming mechanized.

The concepts expressed in the plan may appear as somewhat diffuse abstractions if they are not elaborated upon in sufficient detail. With this in mind, a general indication of our thinking on the architectural aspects of the plan seems useful. In a minimal sense, these specifics will give the reader a sense of the potentials to be realized in future architectural programs. Hopefully, in their aggregate, they provide a vision of the campus as it will be in 1975.

Our thinking was predicated on the fact that the ultimate end product must reflect a visual coherence which can be imparted only by a disciplined approach to design throughout the process, beginning at the macroscale and continuing through to building detail. This concern with coherence stemmed from our basic goal of developing an atmosphere of community — of social cohesiveness — between faculty and student. We felt this social goal could be given physical expression in the design of individual buildings. This seemed best accomplished if the buildings were of a common scale and had unifying elements in their structure and materials. Ultimately, the individual buildings would then complement the integrated spatial development of the campus as a whole, resulting in a sense of physical cohesiveness for the entire ensemble.

—An excerpt from the Master Plan, stating the philosophy of the planners.

(Continued from Page 1)

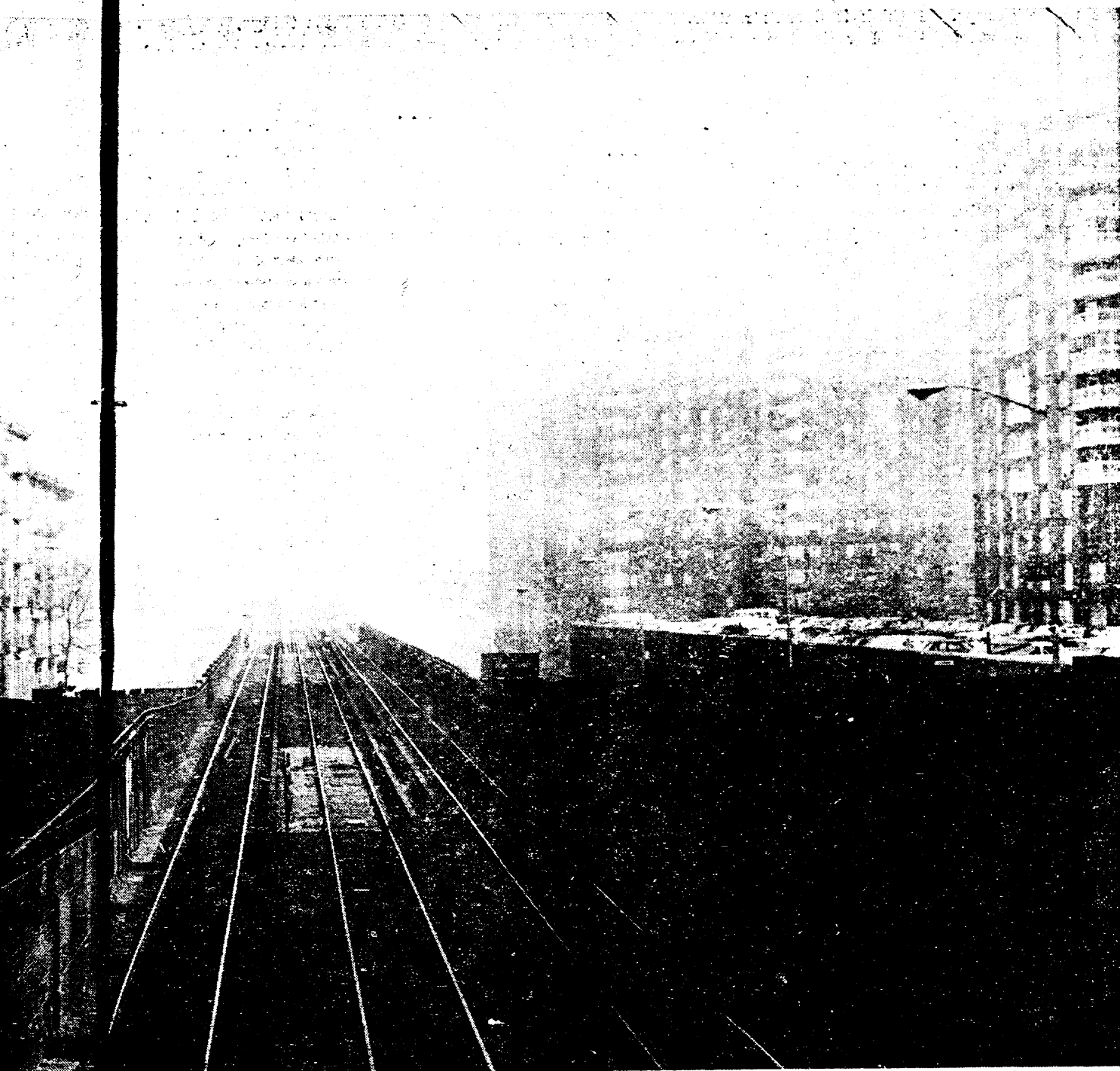
Neumann, along with another Centers members, Tom Friedmann, wrote a magazine story last spring, from which parts of the conclusions in the Silverstein story, have been drawn.

The path for these people, though it appears very unlikely today in the face of tradition, financial pressures and the draft, will eventually lead not to changing college, but leaving it. Leaving will not solve their educational, political and social problems; it will, however, finally enable students to fulfill their needs. Students will actually be able "to find something they want to

James likes Susan. I know it. Everybody knows it. I don't know if James wants to like Susan. It would be very understandable if he didn't. But he doesn't seem to have a choice anymore. He drove himself into a pretty ugly wall. You can tell he put himself up against Susan. Every time he speaks he looks a little younger. Even when he doesn't speak he looks younger. He has gotten himself into a high school situation in which the girl he likes lives in a big house with a lot of brothers and sisters and mothers and fathers. When he comes over to take her on a date, they sit down in the living room on a large couch and he sits on the

"I don't know if I trust you," Naomi now says to Susan. "I think you're empty,

No, she's wrong: obviously, she was born trusting — trusting even know what it means.



not to realize it's all so absurd...

daily doing nothing, saying nothing you mean or not to say; fooling everyone and yourself lying about laughing and looking for love."

"Let's play a game," Peter says.

"Always a game. Always a game," says Jerry, the math major. ("Major General Digits" is I, Jerry, the Math Major, ready to serve in T-square formation, quadratic equation. Say the word, and be like me. Say the word and shoot the problem and I'll answer in perfect, logical, rational sense. No problem is too big for me. One and one and one is three. Susan and Steve and Debbie, divided by the cube root of anger, multiplied by X times the hostility, minus the love, and there you have it! It's all so simple: Oh, but what is the solution, Major Math, I should ask.

"The solution? Simple..."

But Jerry tries, at least.

"I think you're making the whole thing too complicated," Adrian interrupts speaking again to Susan (Who else?) "Let's face it. People don't just naturally get along well. I mean, it's human nature: when you're born you just don't trust people. You can't. And what's wrong with that? Why don't we make the best of it?"

Everyone is silent in awe of Adrian's revelation. But her revelation is wrong. Obviously. And that's too bad; revelations aren't supposed to be wrong. What can you tell someone when her moment of truth is like this. You can only question yourself. Maybe I'm wrong (me? impossible.) Maybe people are born not trusting other people. Perhaps it is natural to start out lonely, and to develop from there. Perhaps —

No, she's wrong: obviously. People are born trusting — trusting? a baby doesn't even know what it means to not trust.

When I was a baby I had so many friends, good friends, I mean. Sure, Tommy Brandt and I used to always have fights, but they would end in ten minutes after we were both too tired and we would shake hands "like men" and go back to the school yard. There were always big kids there, but they never bothered me, and I never thought about them. I can't remember ever worrying about whether people liked me until... until first grade when Tommy went to Catholic school and I went to P.S. 150. Only then did I begin to ask whether I trusted Tommy. But, sure, I trusted him. I hardly ever saw Tommy after first grade, though. He went his way — and with all my friends — and I went another. It wasn't long before I started to fear the big kids in the school yard, and by sixth grade I'd never go by the school yard unless I absolutely had to. Everyone there was a stranger. I couldn't trust anyone.

Adrian was definitely wrong: people are not born not trusting people...

"... Fuck you! You're the one who's hung up on sex, not me. I've got plenty of other problems... I've been thinking about it and I don't know if it has anything to do with this group... I mean, you're the one who's talking about sex; why don't you admit it..."

"She's asking for help and no one will give it to her," says a guy who doesn't say much at all. He said in one of the first meetings that he once got stabbed and was still angry about it.

"Well, you're not doing anything to help her, either," says Jerry.

"I know. I know. I didn't say I was," says that other guy.

James: "You know I've been staring at Ruth's pants for the last hour and they remind me of her. Really crazy, wild snake design."

Susan: "That's very interesting. Perhaps the pattern reflects your mind."

James: "Oh, no, not that bullshit again."

Susan: "Your anger is showing... maybe it's you who should question your motivation."

James: "Here we go again."

Susan (writing): "You can't petition the Lord with prayer."

Now Peter breaks in: "The whole world is a stage."

And Susan: "Maybe we should try another play."

Peter (continues, now comic relief): "The play's the thing where-in we'll catch the conscience of the king."

"A stitch in time saves nine," Peter says to complete his lines.

Laughter. Now incredibly funny when you think about it. Phil thinks about it and cracks up.

"This is a palace — with a court jester, servants, and me the queen."

Susan says.

"God," says Naomi (what a strange way to begin — or maybe she didn't begin that way — I didn't take notes, but I just think that's the way Naomi would have begun), "you're so full of bullshit, it isn't funny. I—"

(But everyone now begins to feel terribly sorry for Susan.)

"Fuck you all!" Susan cries and flings more frisbees.

"I'll be the first one to go on top," shouts Debbie. "Oh, no, oh no, or no," shouts Debbie. "Oh, no, oh no, oh no," You've got to realize that it is all so absurd. (Steve piles chairs upside-down on top of each other.) The girl Susan once called ugly now walks out of the class (Steve once walked out). Jerry is figuring out the problem with a slide rule in his hand. Johnny says nothing, as always. Wonder what's on his mind? Adrian must

do" only once they are in a setting they have chosen to be in. Whatever their needs, they could be best satisfied by individual decisions. Remaining in college, students would only continue to build upon their frustration, futilely struggling with all their energy to change an educational institution which has become a one way spiral which could inspire only self-destruction.

So, these people will not be "giving up" or "dropping out." For youth are becoming remarkably aware and knowledgeable of themselves and society, and they will eventually realize they could learn more and be more satisfied out of college. Their independence will necessarily force the University to play a smaller role in society, and, as larger numbers of people become educated outside of a structured system, the college degree will lose its importance. There no longer is an academic question of "what should be the alternative to college?" Young Americans have already made up their minds; just talk to them or watch them and it is obvious: today's grade school kids are not going to put up with the tedium of college. They're too educated for that.

Yet, the University will probably even survive America — for a few more years, anyway. For a large number, college will remain acceptable if only in its ability to train for the professions and sciences, and its granting of financially valuable degrees. For the black and Puerto Rican and poor white communities it will still serve as one of the few ways out of the ghetto. But, although this is probably the most important function of the university today — giving "respectability" to poor people — it will not continue for much longer because when the poor have organized into a strong enough group, they, of course, will not put up with college, either. Ironically, until then, the poor must struggle for "open admissions," a way into an institution so many want to get out of.

But, there are still so many middle-class, liberal arts students who will have to remain in college for the next few years. And, as Silverstein puts it, "they have to do something to keep from dying of boredom and bitterness. It's not so much that I feel the new ideas in classrooms will work, but I've just got to try them because I don't know they won't work."

And yet, Silverstein sometimes appears very impatient. "I feel like a great white liberal telling people to liberate themselves. And I don't want to do that anymore."

Silverstein is not alone. There are many others who "don't want to do that anymore." Perhaps it will not be so long before such people start doing those things that they do want to do.

be doing her homework. Tom is calmly trying to explain why Susan is fucked up (having sexual hang-ups of his own), and is having a hard time because records, Blake and leaders somehow do not fit. And no one is listening. Somebody is lifting a window shade. Two guys are sitting, staring at the floor. "Help me, help me, help me," Susan shouts. Help comes. Ten to twelve. Phil leaves. We leave. Back to normal; go to the Greeks for lunch.

I like the group, I think when I'm away. I must like it because I always want to come back. I don't care about Susan. I know what she needs: a lot of up-against-the-wall T-group pressure type people-to-people confrontation stuff. No, I think I'm wrong about the whole thing. Besides, I simply do not have the energy, do not care enough to put myself out for Susan — or the group. Groups are ridiculous. They're completely absurd. Good only as a momentary entertainment thing; not very educational. You've got to be crazy to get involved in a group. Groups don't work — not unless they have a function. I don't know why I joined this group (: the four credits, the DRAFT.) I don't need groups. I'll do better on my own. Especially this group — it's no microcosm. That's bullshit. I feel no desire to get involved in this group — and I do get involved in groups in the (... "world" ...). Why didn't I even bother to tell Adrian that I disagreed with her revelation about people and trust? Why have I never told Susan that she is an obnoxious bitch? Why didn't I pat her on the head after she kissed Steve and was told to sit down (after all, I wanted to comfort her). I haven't done any of these things (and others) because I just don't care enough to risk getting involved. ("And why not?" says a little Phil voice somewhere in my head.) Yes, of course, certainly, I know. I care. I'm afraid...

The emerging structure of a group. Leaders. Revolution. Rejection of the consultant. Decision-making theory (and pro-

(Continued on Page 8)

Absurd . . .

(Continued from Page 7)

cedure). Realization of group's impotence. Realization of individual's impotence. Creating a function for the group. Accepting one's role in the group. Working together to create a group project.

Right on to all those phrases. File them under "Small Groups," subsection bull-shit, located somewhere in the back of

my head. I'm not sure, but I think it was in Woodstock that I gave up on groups. Certainly, I still believe in groups. I just don't see their purpose. (Do you believe in ghosts? No, but I could dig Frankenstein.)

I begin to feel sorry for Susan now wearing a sexy blouse with no bra, and then I question myself: completely. Am I kidding? People don't give up on "groups." They either give up completely, or they try, but are afraid. I don't know

what it is, then, that I am afraid of, but I think it doesn't matter. Because every time I realize I'm afraid — and what I'm afraid of — I still feel the same, anyway. People in psychology courses always speak of "going through changes" but I never exactly know what they mean. I always feel the same, basically. . . .

"I don't feel any desire for any males in this room," says Susan. I awake and see the group again. I'm glad about what Susan just said; that's comforting to

know, Susan. But, of course, I could never tell the group all these things.

Friday. The group meets again and silence never seems to make it this time. Tom is intent on describing his sexual hangups. . . .

The group swivels around in its chairs and aches for a chance to stand up. Fridays are always hot and not right for the group. Maybe Saturdays would be better. Sleep; and wait for Wednesday.

A Freshman Impulse

By BOB SOKOL

You are lost in a maze of computers. You are run through an endless assembly line of impatient secretaries. You have been uprooted from the concrete foundation of high school into this whirlpool of data without thinking called college. You are a freshman. And you are here to stay.

You came here for a variety of reasons. You came because you loved the school; you came because you didn't have to pay a tuition; you came because you couldn't get into Brooklyn.

You're getting out of City the first chance you get. But a great part of you is also in love with the College.

People say to you, "It's good to see you kids more anxious." You wonder . . . anxious to do what?

You feel that it's about time everyone could get a college education. Many of you are glad that you're getting an education but the hell with everyone else. And some of you even think . . . what education?

The immensity and impersonality of the College frightens you; it also makes some of you laugh. . . it is quite unreal.

And so you find yourself at the Freshman Activities Fair wandering aimlessly from table to table. Fraternity. Sorority. House Plan.

Suddenly you stop. Right in the middle of the floor of the Grand Ballroom (where 150 people were arrested last year for giving sanctuary to an

AWOL soldier). People brush you aside; you stop.

Is this what it's all about, Fraternities and Sororities? Is this what a college is all about?

The crowd about you thickens. It's very easy, you think, to get swept up in this crowd. All about you, you watch people succumb.

"This is not for me." And out you walk into a perfectly empty hall. One freshman in one empty hall. And you are here to stay.

Sense of Fury . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

ulus," as a psychologist would say). When that spark comes, it will ignite a fire that will be something to see.

But please don't get me wrong. I don't think it would be especially valuable for the College to be wiped off the face of the earth. What I am saying is that those who oversee these groves of academe must realize the need to deal with the existing situation, not sit on their haunches praying that all the student activists will fade away, that all the black militants will realize that they should want to be part of the American Dream, and that all the "outside agitators" will leave them alone in the peace and quiet of their laboratories and research programs. The tragic factor is that our overseers won't and will then wonder why people are so damn angry.

What that spark will be is almost irrelevant. If

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it's Joseph Copeland insulting someone, or it's a federal agent being allowed to look at student records, or it's being treated like a five-year old, it doesn't really matter. What does matter is that the College will never be the same, and thank God for that.



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FREE MARTIN SOSTRE

Black Liberation Fighter Martin Sostre, who is currently serving a 41-year sentence in upstate New York, was arrested on a trumped-up charge because he operated the Afro-Asian Bookstore in Buffalo which was a center of activity in the Black community and carried Black Liberation and revolutionary literature.

SOSTRE vs. ROCKEFELLER

From prison, Martin Sostre, has taken the courageous step of initiating a legal action against Gov. Rockefeller, N.Y. Corrections Commissioner McGinnis and the warden of Green Haven prison. The suit accuses them of inflicting cruel and unusual punishment, as supposedly prohibited by the Constitution, by subjecting prisoners to solitary confinement and for using prisons as concentration camps for Black people, Puerto Rican people and the poor. Martin Sostre demands justice for all prisoners.

MARTIN SOSTRE IS COMING TO NEW YORK

On Wednesday, October 29th to present this law suit against Rockefeller. While he is inside the courtroom, there must be thousands outside demanding that MARTIN SOSTRE BE SET FREE!

DEMONSTRATE

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 29 — 9:30 AM
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PUB...

The Psychology Undergraduate Bulletin is seeking articles, art work and new members. Material should be submitted to either Room 152 Finley or Room 018 Harris. Prospective members should leave their names and phone numbers.

Boutelle Speaks on Socialism

Paul Boutelle, the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) candidate for mayor, addressed approximately 20 people in the Grand Ballroom last night. A debate had been scheduled between Boutelle and Charlene Mitchell, the Communist Party candidate for president in the last election.

Miss Mitchell was originally

invited to debate on Friday night. At the last minute, the college administration, however, refused to grant the debaters use of a room for Friday night, and Miss Mitchell could not make the Thursday night engagement.

"We are conducting a revolutionary election. We are opposed to all of the parties of the bourgeoisie," Boutelle stated.

Boutelle attacked all of the mayoral candidates, especially John Lindsay. He cited Lindsay's refusal to negotiate with the Social Service Workers Union during its strike, and Lindsay's attempts to keep the SWP and the Socialist Labor Party, off the ballot.

Boutelle's platform includes "free education for everybody, and free medical care." New York City facilities would be used to support the anti-war movement and there would be referenda in New York so that the will of the people would be known.

Drawing the Lines

"I would not try to represent all people," he said. "We draw lines." We are not concerned with what happens to the landlords and bankers.

"You won't make a revolution through the ballot," Boutelle said later. "We have to build an independent force to defeat the capitalist system."

—Price

SEMINAR ON BUDDHISM

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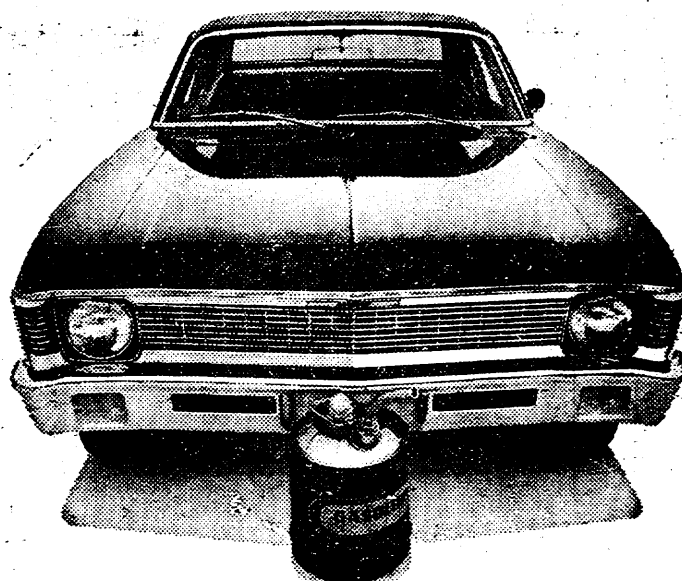


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Students in Puerto Rico Fight Against ROTC

Students at the University of Puerto Rico (UPR) are prepared to occupy buildings, if necessary, in order to drive ROTC off the campus, according to Antonio Gastaml of the UPR's United Front.

Gastaml spoke at a press conference last Friday called by Prisa, the Puerto Rican student organization of the College.

The UPR faculty senate will meet next week to take action on ROTC. If the Army training program is not discontinued, Gastaml warned, "the fight will continue with no holds barred."

Prior developments in the battle against ROTC at UPR have

included a demonstration on September 26 by over 3,000 students during which a campus building was burned down. A march on the following Monday led to the suspension of 11 students. Classes were then closed for three days, Gastaml said, in order to give police a chance to arrest student

leaders.

As a result, students staged a hunger strike, which led to 20 hospitalizations.

Gastaml emphasized that the fight against ROTC is part of "the total independence movement against U.S. political and economic neo-colonialism."

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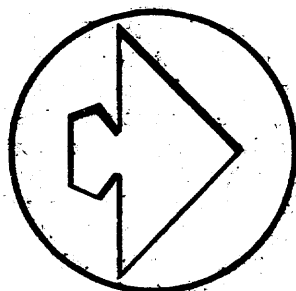
by Sid Resnick—July-August issue.
"Negroes and Jews: Interdependent"
by Dick Levitan & Doxey A. Wilkerson
— Sept. issue.

"Anti-Semitism, U.S.A. —
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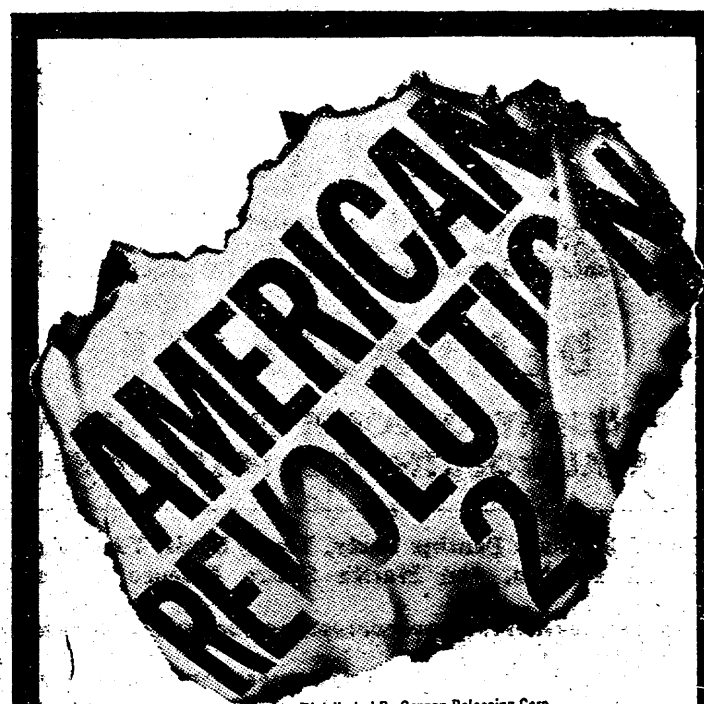


Experimental College

Today is the last day for registering in the courses offered by the Experimental College.

The following courses, with their organizers in parenthesis, are presently scheduled for this term: Growth Centers (Professor Jerry Gold), Contemporary Literature (Professor Leo Hamalian), Humanizing the University (Professor F. William Howton), The Overthrow of the Educational Establishment (Ex-Professor Fred Newman), Economic Insights (Professor Henry Villard), Color Slide Photography (Ned Barber), Astrology (Linda Mattice), Happiness is . . . (Roy Bellush), and Film Making (the Film Society).

If you are interested in taking any of these courses, or wish to organize one of your own, register in Room 343 Finley, or call Fran Kaiser (546-8493).



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O.P.O.P.

AT THE FILLMORE

The Who, after all, does not make music to soothe one's head. They attack with every kilowatt in their amplifiers, daring an audience to consider thoughts of anything but "Tommy," the rock opera they have performed at the Fillmore East all week.

To the thousands sitting before them, the Who's effect is immediate: every set of eardrums in the house was closer together by the end of the night. And every paying member of the audience left knowing that he could not buy the Who, only a chance to sit before them and try to absorb the group's sound.

On Wednesday, it was an incredibly shattering — not merely overpowering — sound which bore resemblance to the best-selling double album, "Tommy," and swallowed anyone in its way. In the eye of the Who's hurricane, not a soul could reach out and escape. Just sit back and swim, that was all the power one could muster.

The Who was given the Fillmore and chose to use it as they have always wanted to. They turned the volume control buttons to maximum and poured the music on, pausing between songs only to catch a breath.

Lead Guitarist Pete Townshend admitted during the set that "it's getting to be a nine-to-five gig with us." And it was true. The set wasn't especially loose. Perhaps the Who has grown accustomed to destroying themselves at each performance.

A few cuts on the album were passed over, yet it didn't seem to matter. Everything was passed over. Every movement of one of Townshend's fingers seemed to produce the energy that sent forth the torrents. Finally, Tommy is free and so is everyone else. But not only are they gonna take it, they want more and they're going to tell those people on stage exactly which songs they want.

"If you want a crucifixion, then go to one," Townshend told them. The Who played some more, reaffirming the group's omnipotency, and walked off.

The Who will complete this stand at the Fillmore tonight and tomorrow night. Both shows have already been sold out, but tickets may be available for concerts they will give in the Westchester area in the next few weeks.

—Steve Simon

PSYCHOGENIC ROCK

Going to the "1950's Rock and Roll Revival" was like reliving part of your psychogenic memory, if you're young enough. If you were born in 1950, most of the songs you heard will be remembered merely as makeshift lullabies, the strains of which your mama and papa rocked your cradle to. You, a mere infant at the time, unaware of all the hubbub that music was then causing, were even less witting of the mass hysteria those same tunes were to incite ten to fifteen years later.

The Felt Forum Saturday night was the culmination of that hysteria. A mere handful of those groups that made the last two decades great were there — Bill Haley and the Comets, the Platters, Chuck Berry, the Shirelles, Jimmy Clanton, and the Coasters, just like you remembered them, only different. Most of them bore evidence of being out of the public eye for many years — large amounts of paunch, baldness (or toupees, depending on who you looked at), and the stiffening of legs, fingers, lips, and vocal chord joints were painfully obvious. The songs were the same, but make no mistake—it was not the Fifties Reincarnate.

It was sort of curious fun, though. Haley and his men seemed to be giving it their all, lifting their instruments in holy ecstasy to the heavens, jiving with the audience. The Shirelles sang "Soldier Boy" complete with Supremes-at-the-Copa theatrics. The Platters did "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," one of the most fantastically successful songs of that era. Clanton did his old stuff too. But as often happens with oldies remakes, the groups felt that they had to jazz it up a little for the youngsters who want something new. And as usual, the results came out sounding not unpleasant but vaguely annoying. One couldn't really blame them, though. The groups probably remember only too bitterly the time when they were brusquely shunted aside by folk-rock or hard-rock, or whatever became popular next.

Chuck Berry, looking tired and somewhat worn, was the particularly tragic figure in the lineup. The crowd loved his memory and screamed for all his hits: "Maybelline," "Memphis," "Sweet Little Sixteen," and "Roll Over Beethoven." And Berry, in a somewhat jaded fashion, complied, but not with the old enthusiasm that was still alive and well in the spring at the Fillmore. His spirits were not aided when he was suddenly ordered to cut his act, though they were temporarily restored when Murray the K, ("azeeeee, azzaaay, azeeeee") who co-hosted the thing with Scott Muni, stopped Berry in his tracks, scooped him back to the mike, and said, "Nobody cuts you off, baby. Go on, play." Immediately following the end of Berry's next number, the same Murray ran out on stage, grabbed the mike, and put an end to the set.

But in the light of what was to follow, all of the preceding seemed to be just preliminaries. The components of Sha-Na-Na slithered out on the stage, replete with torn undershirts, pedalpusher length chinos, and hairy armpits. They spent the first few moments of glory on stage flexing what seemed to be every muscle in their bodies, and burst out with the most incredibly loud, boorish, ghastly, obscene and garish performance of the Coasters' "Get a Job" imaginable. Jesus God, it was beautiful. For the first time all evening, the electricity and excitement that the very originators of rock and roll failed to produce was generated by this group of 20-year-olds, who once formed a glee club at Columbia University. And if the Fifties had produced nothing else, it would have been plenty that Sha-Na-Na grew out of it. In addition to the punk musicians, there were three in turn heart-rending and brutal vocalists in gold lame costumes, belting out such hits as "Teen Angel" with a perspicacity that would've made The Who look like the Julliard String Quartet.

—Shirley Zakowsky

John, Ringo, George Come Together Over Paul

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"Strawberry Fields Forever" single. Near the end of "Strawberry Fields," right after a thorough horn freak-out, John's voice can be heard softly and indistinctly. He could be saying, "I'm very small," but it sounds more like, "I bury all," with an interference over the beginning of the word "all." It could easily be, "I buried Paul." Listen to it a few times. "I buried Paul."

In the film that accompanied "Strawberry Fields," the group was shown demolishing a piano, one of Paul's instruments. On the piano were a pair of empty shoes, a recurrent Greek death symbol.

"Sergeant Pepper" arrived and with it the information that George Martin did a tremendous amount of the musical work on the album. That makes sense. Lennon was more of a lyricist while McCartney wrote tunes. Somebody had to fill in that function.

The album's first song and front cover, a funeral for the old Beatles, implied the theme of a group that you've known for years emerging in a new form. The singer, the new Paul, was introduced as "Billy Shears." They didn't use Paul's name. "A Day in the Life," the death song at the end of the album, began with a man being unrecognizably demolished in a car accident. It ended with a piano chord. Or did it?

There is also that song's notorious end groove, often talked about but seldom heard. On a few of the early English copies of the album there was some noise after the piano chord. If recorded and played backwards at half-speed, John's voice became clear. He mumbled a few lines over and over. "He's gone. There's nothing that can change it. He can't come back. He's gone."

Now look at the album's cover. In the grave in front of the album is a left-handed bass guitar, Paul's instrument. Paul wears two extremely curious medals. One includes the initials OPD, British police jargon for Officially Pronounced Dead, the other is a medal awarded posthumously to the families of war heroes. On the back cover John, George, and Ringo, are facing forwards. The Paul figure has his back turned.

John Lennon was beginning to develop a Messiah complex. "All You Need is Love," was his first hymn to Paul and the first inklings that the cult and mystique surrounding Lennon's life could become a religion. The song is a hymn to Paul's life and songs, climaxing with Paul's greatest hit "She Loves You" and "Greenleeves," Paul's favorite song.

The success of the plot to hide Paul's death only made the Beatles braver. They released "Lady Madonna," whose lead singer nobody seemed to be able to figure out. It sounded a little like Ringo, but the credits said Paul. It was Paul's double using his original voice.

"Lady Madonna" was followed by "Hello, Goodbye" an obviously ambivalent song about the relationship of saying



goodbye to Paul, but hello to an identical new Paul.

Meanwhile, how was the plot hidden from Paul's friends? It wasn't hard. The double had the months of seclusion in 1966-67 to prepare. Paul had few friends, and John, the plot ringleader, was probably the closest. Paul had only one living relative, an old uncle he saw only rarely. Girl friends were not too much of a problem. In "Yellow Submarine," somebody yells out "Paul's a queer" and is greeted by a chorus of "Aye, aye sir." Jane Asher, only casually involved, could either be taken in or bought. It was convenient to allow the double to marry his own girlfriend.

"Magical Mystery Tour" was released about then. "The Fool on the Hill," was grinning a death's head grin, perfectly still. The illusion is frightening. The cover and enclosed book were full of symbols. There is a recurring image of a hand behind a head, most often Paul's head. This is an old Near Eastern death symbol. On a photo in which the four of them have descended a long staircase, they each wear a carnation. John, George and Ringo have red carnations, yet Paul's is black. In the film Paul is often barefoot or linked to empty shoes, the Greek death symbol. As the film character, Major McCartney, he has a sign on his desk that reads simply "I was." Paul is only in the past tense. The Egyptian symbol of an official near the victim, also is easily linked to Paul in the film.

Now comes "The Beales." Prudence was John's nickname for Paul, and "Dear Prudence" becomes the first song in which John officially believes he can resurrect

his dead friend, call upon him to return. In "Glass Onion," John says, "Here's another clue for you all, the walrus was Paul." The walrus, of course, is the Norse symbol for death. Paul is dead.

On the four eight by ten full color glossy photos distributed with the album, John, George and Ringo, each look alert, awake and dressed. "Paul" is sloppy, his



eyes are glazed, he looks surprised and he needs a shave.

The beard grows after death.

On the poster, every picture of "Paul" has his head chopped. In the upper left hand corner he is stretched out with his head lost in a pool (of blood). A proof sheet shot of Paul, with the top of his head missing, shows a look of surprise, perhaps fear. His double appears in the lower left. And worse, at the top right is "Paul" or the double, with the right side of his face having been burned out in the developing of the picture. The old picture of Paul and John, below it, has the tops of both their heads cut off.

But it took "Abbey Road" to clinch it and show the direction which the "Paul" hoax is taking.

The front cover is a picture of the Beatles walking across Abbey Road. An abbey is a religious center. John is dressed all in white, Ringo is in black, Paul is barefoot, George is in work clothes. Dead men are buried with pants but no shoes. Paul has a cigarette in his right hand, although he was lefthanded. The wall on the left of the photo happens to be the wall of a cemetery. This is a procession of John the God, Ringo the undertaker, Paul the resurrected, and George the gravedigger.

In London, if you dial the number equivalent of LMW281F, which is the license plate number of the white Volkswagen on the left side of the picture, you will receive a recorded message, "You are on the right track. Keep trying."

Keep trying. Why did the Beatles do it? What does it all mean?

You have to look at their lyrics. Paul's head was demolished in the fatal crash. Ringo wrote, "You were in a car crash, and you lost your hair." On "Abbey Road," "Paul" supposedly sings "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," a song about a young man who gets his way by bashing in the heads of people who block him. Beyond its child-like sing-a-long sound the song has deeply religious significance, of Maxwell, symbol of progress, consecrating his victims and dispatching God's will with a hammer blow. This is not the only religious song on the album. The album, in fact, is the new Bible.

Start at the beginning. A call to "Come together right now over me." Coming together over a grave wherein lies Paul, the listener sees once again the old death symbols. John sings, "He got walrus," "He wear no shoeshine," "He got feet down below his knees." Resurrection is hinted, "He come groovin' up slowly," and direct hints toward the nature of the group are made: "He say one and one and one are three (the Beatles) got to be good looking 'cause HE'S SO HARD TO SEE." Of course he is.

"Maxwell's Silver Hammer" sets forth the rites of consecration. Then John takes over. John's growing Messiah complex has been previously revealed by his bed-ins, his comments on the Beatles vs. Christianity and his lyrical likening of himself to Christ. John, as he first showed in "Dear Prudence," believes he can resurrect Paul, and after that begin his religion. "I Want You, She's So Heavy" is the resurrection.

In his invocation of the dead Paul, John sings, "I want you, I want you so bad, I want you so bad it's driving me mad, it's driving me mad." The metaphysical wrestling match begins with "She's so . . . (chord bridge) . . . heavy." Over and over the chord bridge runs, as John tries to wrest Paul from the dead. At the end, the chord bridge suddenly breaks and the song suddenly stops. Paul has been resurrected. The procession on the cover crosses the street from the cemetery and records Side II.

The medley is a collection of religious values and precepts. God, John with Paul, the Resurrected Son (Sun), celebrates the glorious day in "Here Comes the Sun" and "Sun King." The values of laughing, loving, avoiding hypocrisy are extolled, and then the final precept is given: "The love you take is equal to the love you make." Church overcomes state as the queen is absorbed, but suddenly that, too, stops. The death of Paul has led to the new religion of man. John is not yet ready to make the open proclamation that he is God.

But he will.

