



observation post

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184

CITY COLLEGE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1969

28 Students Face Trials

Three Commune members accused of forcing their way into former Associate Dean James Peace's office last Dec. 3, stealing private files and assaulting a secretary, will be tried in Manhattan Criminal Court Monday.

Josh Chaikin, Mel Friedman and Jeffrey Steinberg, each face a maximum sentence of two years and nine months. Charges against the Commune members include criminal trespassing, tampering, menacing, petit larceny and unlawful imprisonment.

Friedman has characterized the trial as an "attempt to crush political activity at the college through the use of courts." The Commune members have called upon their friends to show their support by coming to the courtroom. Donations to pay lawyers' fees are also being solicited.

In a related legal action next week, twenty-five persons who pled not guilty to charges stemming from last November's Sanctuary bust will be tried in Manhattan Criminal Court Thursday.

One hundred and ten of the 164 students arrested in the Finley Ballroom have been convicted and have received unconditional or conditional discharges, or a \$50 fine or 5 days imprisonment. Eighteen cases were unconditionally dismissed and 11 bench warrants have been issued for persons who failed to show up in court.

Cafeteria Smoke Clearing Up

By PETER GRAD

"Worried?"
"No, just paranoid," she replied.

The general mood of those who daily turn on in the left wing of the South Campus cafeteria has suddenly shifted from a cool, calm and casual indulgence to a tense apprehension of what may happen in the near future.

The cause for the "paranoia" is the latest rumor of an imminent drug raid on the campus. Although many have written off the possibility of a bust few are taking any chances.

"I doubt if anything's really gonna happen," said one student. "It would just be too complicated to pull off a successful raid. I mean, once the pigs start pouring in, all one has to do is drop what he's smoking and empty his pockets. Then technically, they can't touch you."

One point that was generally agreed upon was that "all cops should stay off the campus." One science major admitted "I don't take drugs and I don't want to see anyone using our cafeteria as a place to go to get high. But I don't want to see cops here either." A friend added, "this situation should be handled solely by college authorities, not city officials."

"Maybe this will be the issue that finally unites this campus," someone said, noting common opposition among most students to bringing police on campus for a mass arrest.

Dean of Students Bernard



Sohmer will appoint a committee this week to consider plans for dealing with the apparent widespread use of narcotics on campus.

Faculty Requests Excused Absences From Classes During Moratorium

The Faculty Senate yesterday urged that each student and faculty member use his "individual conscience" in deciding whether to attend classes during next week's Vietnam moratorium.

The resolution directs that no one be penalized for absence from class. "Any proper method of observation of the moratorium (demonstrations, mass meeting, peaceful picketing) which do not block access to and from buildings is permitted without reprisal," it adds.

An amendment to the latter section, which would have applied it to both pro- and anti-war demonstrators, was strongly supported by acting President Joseph Copeland. "Freedom of speech is a two-edged sword; if we deny it to one today we will deny it to another tomorrow," Copeland said. However the Senate rejected the amendment.

A second proposal to reaffirm the resolution opposing the war passed by 70% of the Senators

For more information on next week's anti-war actions, Page 4.

at the meeting before the October Moratorium, was not voted upon, because acting president Copeland announced there no longer was a quorum.

Professor Tony De Melas (Art) angrily announced his resignation from the Faculty Senate after the resolution for the November Moratorium was accepted. He charged that Hanoi, students for a Democratic Society, the National Liberation Front, and others were behind the Moratorium. "It is not the job of the school to decide political issues," he added.

Earlier in the meeting, a debate had raged over whether or

not the by-laws of the Faculty Senate should be drawn up in accordance with Board of Higher Education (BHE) guidelines for the Senate. The BHE has incorporated the Committee of Seventeen's Proposal B into its by-laws for the College.

After an hour and a half debate, one major issue of which was the ratio of senior to junior Senator in the body, acting President Copeland said he would give the Senate five minutes more to decide the issue. He then said "If the Senate accepts by-laws which conflict with those set forward by the BHE, I will declare the Faculty Senate an illegal organization until the Board approves those by-laws," he added.

After five minutes the issue was referred to a committee.

Brakefield Sanctuary in Retrospect

By RON MCGUIRE

The bluecoats marched into the Finley Ballroom at 1:30 AM. They say there were 600 of them in full riot gear that morning one year ago. They say there were 200 of us.

November 7, 1968. Johnson was still President. Gallagher, Peace and Paster were the lords of City College. Twelve thousand dead GI's were still alive. And in Paris negotiators debated over the shape of a table.

It was on November 7 that they busted the Sanctuary. And on November 1, the year before, 49 persons were arrested in a hut. That makes this an anniversary of sorts.

On Thursday, October 31, 1968, Bill Brakefield, surfaced in the Grand Ballroom. For a week 200 of us occupied the ballroom. For many, it was their first experience living away from their parents. For many, it was their first political commitment. For many of us, it was neither, but it still was one of the most powerful experiences of our lives.

The unifying focus of the Sanctuary was the man Allen Ginsberg called "angel faith Brakefield." His serenity unify us, inspired us and most importantly, gave us confidence in our belief that there was a human alternative to war.

A year later, Brakefield is facing a possible 40 year sentence by the military authorities. And the war goes on.

We learned from the sanctuary. We learned that there were forces in this society that punished opposition to the war. We learned that those forces were in control of the College.

We knew that when Gallagher claimed that the sanctuary was busted because of "vandalism and immorality" that this was a ruse. We knew that the real reason was that something had started in Finley Ballroom, that would not allow City College to be an instrument of an imperialist war. We knew that a community had begun, a community that we brought into being, nurtured through adversity, and which was growing day by day.

It was as if the movement in Finley Ballroom had become the center of all life at the College and threatened to draw the whole college into it.

Gallagher saw this too. He saw it and he knew it had to be stopped. And the price was high. One hundred-and-seventy-one arrests. Twenty-five people will be coming to trial next week for charges arising out of the sanctuary.

But the story didn't end there. A sit-in protesting Dean Peace's role in the Sanctuary bust resulted in grand jury indictments against five students: Jeff Steinberg, Mel Friedman, Josh Chaikin, Bob Eberwein and Charles Zerman. Their trial is this Monday. Jeff, Mel and Josh could be sentenced to terms of two years and nine months each.

November 7, 1968, was the first time that 600 members of the Tactical Patrol Force (New York's riot squad) came to City College. They failed. Most of them were back in May.

McGuire, a long-time activist at the College, will appeal his expulsion to Acting President Joseph Copeland in the President's Conference Room next Thursday morning.



Liberation News Service



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Centerspread OPhoto by Fred Miller; November, 1968 (sanctuary). Room 336 Finley Student Center. — Fo 8-7438-9. (F. Miller: OPits).

White Elephants

The Board of Higher Education has given its approval to the Master Plan created for the College by architect John Carl Warnecke, without holding the public hearings which customarily precede decisions of such magnitude. The final cost of the project is officially estimated at an unrealistically low 92 million dollars; more accurate projections indicate that the actual cost will exceed 125 million.

This Master Plan incorporates the kind of incompetent planning that resulted in the seven-year-old Administration Building and the 11-year-old Cohen Library, both of which are now slated for demolition. The antiseptic lifelessness of Warnecke's design will eventually produce a campus epitomizing the plastic nature of American society. The gothic gloominess of the North Campus Quad will be overshadowed by the monolithic white elephants in which the Board expects to incarcerate generations of college students; another building will someday occupy most of the space inside South Campus, including the grass fields.

The wall around South Campus is often cited as an example of how the College has attempted to cut itself off from the surrounding community. In the Master Plan, the wall will not be retained, but the isolation of the College is further reinforced in more subtle ways. The core of the new campus is supposed to be a pedestrian thoroughfare, called a "galleria," that will connect all of the buildings internally, creating a "college street" completely cut off from the sidewalks and gutters of Harlem.

The Master Plan also features facilities for new methods of education, including 450 seat lecture halls equipped for television teaching techniques. There is nothing new about lecture halls, nothing beneficial in not being able to ask questions of instructors; to let architects dictate the terms of education at the College is clearly ludicrous.

In fact, the Master Plan does not represent a step forward for the College. The mega-structures are not "direct, honest and strong expressions of the objectives of the College," despite the rhetoric of the architects. The only glimmer of hope is that the internal design of the new buildings not be approved until someone consults students and faculty, and takes their needs into account.

Halloween Ghosts...

October 27, 1969

I was supposed to get married today. Instead, I went to work, cut classes, and sped through Allen Ginsberg; I bought a record and played it; I thought of Paul McCartney.

Four days before Halloween, and I was to be married. Wed in the holy bond of... Till death...

It's a strange way to set a date for a wedding — "Four days before Halloween, three years from now" — but it was appropriate. It was three years ago. I was a freshman. The "college experience" lay ahead of me. I was young. Now, I am a senior and I am glad I never went to college. I am old. Weary. Hardened. Bored.

Halloween — trick of treating — was something to look forward to. A time of joy. A time to remember. Now, it is a time of fear. For the demon within me grows with each passing day, and I will soon be consumed.

I was once smart. They called me a "genius," an intellectual. How I despise those words now!

Ninety-ninth percentile. IQ 161. Certified. What did it mean? How did it help me, except perhaps to show me how little a general test can measure? Who today would consider me smart? I cannot communicate, and intelligence is the ability to communicate.

I was once a withdrawn person. I still am, but I have learned the joy of hearing my own voice — and the fear of not hearing it. I never would say anything unless it was meaningful — whatever the fuck that means. I would wait until it was time to make my cogent point, spout my pearls of wisdom, and, then, withdraw back into my image of intelligence. If the proper moment did not arrive, I would not say anything.

But I grew old. I was taught that the role of the male is to be outspoken and dominant. I was

told that to remain silent was to become emasculated. I did not want to become emasculated. I was asked who had castrated me, but I did not think I was castrated. I was quiet, to be sure, but that did not decrease my virility, I thought. Silence has its advantages, and I did not care enough about most things to say anything about them. I didn't want to pretend I cared about something I didn't give a damn about. I knew that virility did not depend on deception.

But, apparently, I did not know, or, at least, I was not sure, I did not think there was any reason to doubt myself — Jane reminded me I was a man and I was going to marry her. But, somehow, I felt the doubts creep up as I realized I was slowly becoming invisible. A friend would always ask, "Were you there when..." — When he had to know I was there! When I was the only person with him!

My friends' forgetfulness disturbed me, for it was a preview of my death — it was my death! I was invisible and I had to change. My existence as a walking, semi-transparent corpse could not last long. I would either be forced to disappear altogether — to die — or to reappear in some new form. I became a Sophist.

Sophistry became a perfect tool for asserting myself. People tend to remember disagreements, and I would dispute any opinion, no matter how trivial. The more popular a belief, the better I'd feel about playing devil's advocate. After all, who can forget the Chemistry Major who doesn't believe in the atomic theory! In leftist circles I was a rightist, and to the right I was a "commie." Nobody knew what to expect from me, and I became "interesting."

Yes, my little game made me visible again.

(Continued on Page 3)

Halloween Goblins...

PAUL HILLERY

Once upon a time, there was a Halloween party.

It wasn't an ordinary Halloween party because all the people there were real monsters and it took place every four years instead of one. There were lots of ghosts and goblins and ghouls and witches and werewolves and warlocks, and a few plainclothesmen, too. The master of ceremonies was called Lindseed, but there were two other weirdos who wanted to run the show. One was called Marky Maypo, and he ran around in a ghost's costume because half of the time nobody knew he was there. Lindseed wore a pretty warlock's suit with a long cape and little jewels sparkling all over his body. The other weirdo who wanted to run the Party had just arrived but he had a tight fitting Santa Claus suit on. Everybody laughed at him but they found a nice buffoon suit that fit him just fine. His name was Hairyard Prophylactic.

Not only did Hairyard want to be the master of ceremonies but he came with a lot of nice games for the rest of the monsters to play: Pin-Tale-On-The-GOP, Hidin'-Revenue, and Charades. Those games weren't fun to play but fun to watch. Lindseed kept bringing up an old ghoul friend of his, Theoretic Aguardia, but monsters get bored very easily.

Speaking of boredom, all this time Marky Maypo had been sitting under the table being the life of the party. Marky had learned how to act from a creature who had tried to become Master of Ceremonies before, Million F. Shmuckly. Shmuckly had been an enchanted frog until the spell was broken by a kiss from his fairy princess, Gore The-doll. Now, Shmuckly was in human form but he still slurped an occasional fly from the air. Marky Maypo tried to act the same way but he was not as funny.

Meanwhile back at the Party, creatures were carrying on all sorts of evil, mystical and unnatural acts. Creatures were stirring up caldrons of pollution, barbarically making sacrifices of principles to that great god of Media, and making passionate love to the tablecloth (see, I told you they were weird). All were having a great time except Lindseed, Hairyard, and Marky. Marky crawled out from under the table and asked Lindseed why nothing constructive hadn't been done. Lindseed said that first you had to make the people happy enough to leave you alone to do something. Marky said "Oh" and crawled back.

Hairyard was sitting in the corner sulking be-

cause Lindseed had torn his games up. Finally he could not take any more merriment and stood up on a table and shouted:

"Shudap, ya punks!"

Everyone looked around amused and Lindseed went to the front of the room and announced that it was time for the Magic Show, then he left Hairyard alone to say his piece. Hairyard did not understand this but that never bothered him. He went into his first act. He called it his "Heart-Goes-Out-To-You" routine. Sure enough a huge palpitating plastic heart appeared over the audience.

"Dirty parlortricks!" Lindseed yelled; and so it was because the heart pumped icky, crimson liquid on the nice rug. Luckily it was only cherry Kool-Aid. Since the crowd giggled all through this trick, Hairyard went into his Humphrey Bogart act.

"Listen, you punks, dis town ain't big enough for da bot' of us, see wiseguy, degenerate, punk, Hippie, drug-offender."

Marky Maypo stuck his head out from under the table and said, "If I win I'm going to demand a recount!" Everyone said "Huh?" and Marky went back under, muttering something about it being all he could think of. Lindseed looked down and told Marky that the Maypole is a phalling symbol. Everyone said "Huh?" again, except for Marky who stayed under the table for the rest of the night. Lindseed knew the Party would not really get off for another four days, but he wanted to end the magic show so he smiled at Hairyard. This really made Hairyard mad. He reared up to Lindseed's eye level and stamped the table. He stood upon and said:

"You punk! I oughta turn you into a cockroach and put you with your friends!"

"Ooow, ooh! You did an agnew, you did an agnew!" chanted Lindseed. "You also put the 'hood' in Brotherhood!"

"Okay!" Hairyard roared, "Okay, I will turn you into a roach:

'Essence of Goldwater,

Marshall McLuhan,

John Kenneth Allright and

Public Housing ruin,

More income tax and more folks

who you mug,

Okay now Lindseed

TURN INTO A BUG!"

The Party went on for a week. Hairyard had not been seen since that night when a puff of smoke (which some still say was merely his bad breath backing up) engulfed him, and he disappeared. No one has missed him though.

Board Approves Acres of Master Plan Renovation

The Master Plan for drastic renovation of the College's 35 acres was approved by the Board of Higher Education at its October 27 meeting.

The plan, which will cost \$92,520,100 and increase the College space from 1.6 million gross square feet to 2.8 million gross square feet of space for a projected enrollment of 15,305 full-time day students, is scheduled to be completed by 1977. It was prepared by the John Carl Warnecke architect firm.

The building guidelines provide for an arrangement of two super-blocks with megastructures, corresponding roughly to the present North and South campuses and connected at 135th Street by a pedestrian bridge.

Demolition of Lewisohn Stadium may occur next year, paving the way for excavation of foundations for what is being called the "North Academic Complex." Designs for the two megastructures and the utilities system would also be drawn next year. Construction of the North Academic Complex and the utilities system then may begin in September, 1971.

The Quadrangle structures will be used for humanities facilities, while Shepard Hall will house administrative offices as well as engineering, computer science and mathematics classes. The megastructure will house the student center, library, an auditorium and a theatre.

The first part of the Master Plan has already begun with construction of the 13-story Science and Physical Education Building on Jasper Oval. Already a year behind schedule, it is now slated for occupancy in the summer, 1971, permitting the start of renovations in Shepard, Baskerville, and Wingate Halls.

After that is finished work will begin on the demolition of all existing South Campus structures, except Park Gym, to make room for dormitories and another large academic structure which will house social science, music, art and architecture facilities.

Among the buildings slated for destruction is the Administration Building, which was opened seven years ago. Cohen Library's future is still in doubt; it will either be converted to a student center or demolished.

Convent Avenue will be closed to all traffic to allow for a central mall, and all buildings will be connected by an internal pedestrian "galleria." Shuttle bus service will be provided to and from the College to the 137th St. IRT and the 145th St. IND stations.

Over the eight years period, new construction will cost about \$76.5 million and renovation of existing facilities should require an outlay of some \$16 million more.



Workmen demolish a tenement behind Brett Hall last Spring. The Master Plan calls for the use of the site as a "little theater" within the North Academic Complex.

Hew

Senate Hits Admissions Proposals

The Student Senate last week condemned the present Open Admissions proposals as "fraudulent approaches to the issue."

In a grueling and sometimes uproarious three-hour session last Wednesday, the motion, introduced by Senate President Jim Landy, was passed, 17-4-1, in a roll call vote.

The resolution called for the

establishment of comprehensive institutions consisting of skill centers and two- and four-year colleges at each unit of the University. Landy said funds could be obtained by reallocating tax revenues and that free tuition could be maintained.

The adopted proposal states "Any open admissions plan that the BHE adopts must allow every New York City High School graduate to select the school and program of his choice." It adds that remedial programs "necessary to maintain the academic standards of the university" should be instituted.

An attempt to debate the reference to changing "this nation's tax policies" was beaten back. Landy indicated that he felt that "open admissions" should be funded by big business interests, such as real estate corporations, rather than by the people of the city.

"What effect will any resolution this body passes have on the BHE's decision," asked Senator Bert Ramsey, the President of the Onyx Society. "We have seen what happened with other deci-

sions put before them."

Landy said he hoped that the time had come for a student decision to have an effect. "The BHE won't listen, maybe. But students are organizing to campaign for Open Admissions and the groups leading the campaign must be clear what Open Admissions means," he added.

The debate dragged on until a majority of the Senate voted to close it. "This could drag on all night," commented Exec. Vice President Alan Ross. "Student government dies because everybody has their say."

"Student government dies because people don't get their say," interrupted Educational Affairs Vice President Neil Rand as the Senate began to return to the aura of levity that characterized last term.

Treasurer Barry Helprin reported that no clues had been found in the attempt to discover what had happened to SEEK Student Activities funds. The funds were supposed to be made available for allocation by the SEEK Student Council. However, they have disappeared and Helprin's investigation has not turned up anything.

Helprin also said that the budget, which was supposed to be completed last spring, is still being worked on. Apparently the Senate has allocated \$5,000 more than it has at its disposal.

The Senate then moved to appoint members to Standing Committees. Leroy Richie was named to a second term as Ombudsman; John Kiernan, Paul Anderson, Jonny Neumann and Alan Ross to the Policy Council, and James Ogunusi, Inon Mignone, and Ed Lieberman to the Discipline Committee.

Sam Miles and Syd Brown were chosen as the first student representatives to the Division of Student Activities Committee. In a final move, after strenuous objections were voted down, Landy appointed Laslo Varadi and Observation Post editor, Steve Simon to the Presidential Search Committee, which is looking for a successor to former President Buell Gallagher.

Students Prepare Campaign for Funds

By ARTHUR VOLBERT

Students are preparing a university-wide campaign to support "open admissions" for the City University (CU).

The Student Advisory Council has authorized a Committee on Open Admissions to formulate a co-ordinated effort to obtain funding of "open admissions."

The committee's chairman, Josh Muravchik, a student at the College, said he hoped to involve students at all the branches of the CU. He also counts on aid from "black leaders, labor leaders, civic leaders and religious leaders."

However, while Muravchik is primarily concerned with the funding of the program, Student Senate President James Landy and Professor Bernard Bellush (History), who will be influential in directing efforts at the College, see major significance in the actual provisions of the plan finally approved by the Board of Higher Education (BHE).

The method of implementing the envisioned policy will be determined by the BHE at a special meeting Monday night.

"It's a waste of time debating over which plan should be adopted," said Muravchik. "The major question is whether there will be open admissions altogether and this depends on whether funds will be available. The difference of the various proposals is extremely minor as far as practical effects."

Muravchik, who is also national chairman of the Young People's Socialist League (YPSL), foresees petitions, rallies, marches and lobbying state legislators as campaign tactics.

"At this moment there are no plans for anything new or exciting," he commented, when comparing this effort to previous

free tuition and budget campaign. He was optimistic that the legislature would approve the necessary funding.

The College's faculty will attempt to co-ordinate its efforts with Muravchik for "common objectives," according to Bellush. He also mentioned petitions, visiting the Mayor's office and members of the city council and legislature.

However, he emphasized his view that the open admissions plan approved by the BHE preserve "academic standards."

Halloween Ghosts...

(Continued from Page 2)

Some people thought I was obnoxious (or at least shiftless), but even that was good. By despising me, they confirmed my existence as much as they would have by loving me. I was happy, so long as people could not feel indifferent towards me. I was affecting them. "I evoke emotions, therefore I am," was axiomatic, and my existence was insured as long as I was outspoken. It didn't matter if I was babbling half the time — I wasn't "nondescript."

If this were a fairy tale, at this point, I could end the whole thing by writing, "and I lived happily ever after." But life being what it is, I soon got bored with my sophism. Like a Mack truck, a T-group hit me. I began to wonder who I was. Did I have an identity of my own? Or, was I just an out-of-phase reflection of whoever I happened to be with? Could I really be nothing?

I became God, but that bored me. Then I became the Devil, but I wasn't raunchy enough. Was there a place for me? I began to worry. I became an SG executive; I wrote; I pledged a fraternity; I played football. But I was not an

executive, a writer, or a jock. I joined every organization in the school, and came to the conclusion that I was tired.

Now, nobody gets out of an identity crisis by concluding he's tired. But I did. The essence of my character was fatigue — I was tired of babbling, I was tired of being incoherent, I was tired of being forced to do things I didn't want to do. I was tired of being tired. I was to stop and think. I had to stop thinking.

The big sleep came, allowing me to think. I realized how foolishly my time had been wasted. It just doesn't matter what I think I am as long as I can do what I like to do; and if I can't do what I like to do, hassling myself won't help matters any. I learned that nothing matters unless I make it matter.

I dropped my facades, I stopped writing. I lost Jane. I dropped my organizational commitments, and started going to class. I withdrew and became invisible again.

The cycle is completed, and nothing has changed. Four days before Halloween three years from now, I'm to be married. I wonder what I'll do that day.

Students to Strike, Travel, March

Five hundred thousand people are expected in Washington November 14 and 15 to demonstrate against the war in Vietnam.

The New Mobilization Committee, a coalition of many anti-war groups, has declared Thursday and Friday, November 13 and 14, "two days of moratorium." On those days, students are being asked to boycott classes.

Events at the College during the moratorium will include a march through campus buildings on Friday. Such marches led to student clashes during last Spring's crisis.

Moratorium events already scheduled for the College on Thursday, include a production of Brecht's Mother Courage and Her Children to be shown in the Finley Ballroom from 10 to 12 and a teach-in on "Which Way the Anti-War Movement" at 1:30.

At 10:30, on Friday, there will be the march through campus buildings and at 12:00 a march to a rally at Columbia.

Hank Maurer, unofficial chairman of the College's chapter of the Committee to End the War in Vietnam (CEWV) said yesterday that his group had only sold twelve tickets to Washington. "I don't know," he commented yesterday. "A lot of people say they're getting rides down there. All I know is if we don't sell more tomorrow, we're only going to be able to get one bus." CEWV's bus(es) will leave Saturday morning at 6:00 AM from 133 Street and Convent Avenue, and return Saturday night. The tickets sell for \$8.50 and are available across from 152 Finley and in the House Plan Office.

Anti-war events in the city will begin on Friday with a mid-day rally of high school students at Foley Square, in lower Manhattan, marches from Brooklyn and a peace ferry from Staten Island High School. This rally will then move uptown to join a city-wide rally at Union Square at 3:00 PM. Jules Feiffer, Norman Mailer and Leon Davis, president of local 1199, Drug and Hospital Workers Union, will be among the speakers.

This rally, and a nearby rock concert, are expected to last until 6 o'clock. At seven, the Fifth Avenue Peace Parade Committee's buses will leave from the square. These buses will arrive in Washington about midnight, in time for the 1:00 AM Saturday March Against Death. The buses will return Saturday night. Tickets are \$11.50.

Activities in New York will be sponsored largely by the Student Mobilization Committee (SMC). Saturday night, another group, the Moratorium Committee, has scheduled a candlelight vigil for 7:00 PM, at 96 Street and Broadway.

Saturday's mass march will begin assembling at 9:00 AM in the mall area west of 3rd Street, Northwest Washington. This march will begin at about noon. It will move past the White House to the Ellipse, where a rally will begin at 2:00 PM. At the rally, Coretta King, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and one representative from each of the groups in the anti-war coalition will speak.

Jo Barnes, public relations chief of New York SMC says, "Washington will be monstrous, phenomenally monstrous." She noted, "A lot of kids are pissed off at Nixon's speech, and are coming because of it. This demonstration will force even more concessions from Nixon. These

demonstrations, if they continue the way they're going, will be the only way to end the war."

Barnes, commenting on the refusal of Washington authorities to grant permits for a march, said, "It's absurd. It denies the people the right to petition their grievances." She said that permits would probably be issued at the last minute.

SDS has refused to become part of the coalition. One member of the College's chapter said, "We see the Vietnam war as a symptom of an imperialist system, not as a mistake of a plural-

istic society. We will march in Washington with the rest of the people. We have also planned an action around the General Electric workers' strike."

SDS will also have buses going to Washington Saturday morning, leaving from the College at 6:00 AM. Their tickets are selling for \$8.00.

The College's Labor Committee plans to leaflet the marches. Paul Milkman said, "The anti-war movement is now being led by liberal politicians and we want to change it."

—Loving

Aid to War Victims

Several students at the College have formed a chapter of Aid to Vietnamese Victims of U.S. Bombings to raise funds for civilian relief efforts.

"The bombing continues daily, inflicting injury and death on the Vietnamese people," Sheldon Plutno, the chapter's President, commented. "Most of us live fairly comfortably not having to undergo the destruction of our lives. Let us be generous and contribute to help the Vietnamese people rebuild their country and their lives."

Contributions will be sent to the Medical Aid Committee for Vietnam, an organization based in London, England, that has supplied desperately needed medicines to civilian victims of the war.

MARCH ON WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 15

FOR IMMEDIATE TOTAL WITHDRAWAL FROM VIETNAM

Assemble: 9 AM, Mall area W. of 3rd St., N.W.
March: Begins 1:1 AM - Rally 2 PM, The Ellipse

Continuous Rally and Folk Rock Concert, including:
Jimi Hendrix, Richie Havens, Arlo Guthrie
and the cast of HAIR.

Nov. 13-15 March Against Death.
A Vietnam Memorial

CARRY THE NAME OF A DEAD AMERICAN GI or
DEMOLISHED VIETNAMESE VILLAGE TO A
COFFIN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

Transportation: For special discount rates to all events,
Phone: (212) 255-0062 or 255-1075

Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee
17 East 17th Street, 4th Floor, New York City 10003
Telephone: (212) 255-1075 or 255-0062

- ☐ Add me to your mailing list.
- ☐ I want to help build the November Action
- ☐ Enclosed is a contribution of \$_____ to help build the Action.
- ☐ Enclosed is \$1 to cover mailing expenses.

Name _____
Address _____ Phone _____
Organization _____

JOIN OP

WANTED

FOR ASSAULT, ARMED ROBBERY AND
COMMITTING A LEWD AND IMMORAL DANCE
WITH A CHOCOLATE PUDDING.



"superbly
silly"

—JOSEPH MORGENSTERN,
NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE

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College _____ Year _____

Deserters in Cold Storage

By PAUL FALKOWSKI

Huddled safely in the Canadian womb, American deserters lie in a state of suspended animation. They attempt to gain a sense of home in strange, foreign, sometimes hostile surroundings. It isn't easy, and there is almost nothing that can be done to alleviate a draft dodger's problems.

Most deserters come to Canada under a false illusion as to what the country is really like. It is logical that in a land mass larger than the United States, but with only 20 million citizens, the country would be crying out for labor, have innumerable job opportunities and be a great place to start life anew. Not so. Canada has a 6% unemployment problem, unskilled and semi-skilled; there isn't enough industry to support the labor supply.

In Montreal the problem of jobs is even worse than for the rest of the cities and provinces (outside of Nova Scotia and the Northwest Territories). The city itself has 7% unemployment and one must be bilingual for most jobs. The American Deserters Committee (ADC) and University Settlement House, (USH), the two centers of habilitation for deserters and draft-dodgers, are upset about the situation.

In the urban sections of Canada one needs working papers to get a job. In order to get the

forms he has to declare himself a permanent resident and have a permanent address. Most deserters do not have a permanent address, but even if they can get the working papers there is no guarantee that they will actually get a job. Tom, a deserter, who escaped to Canada last March, has had working papers since June and is still looking for a job. He was born and raised in Boston, doesn't speak French, has long hair and is only short on his tolerance. "If something (a job) doesn't turn up shortly, I'll have to split; and man, I don't want to split to the States."

Alienation to Alienation

Tom is not unique, out of more than every dozen deserters, maybe three have jobs, and they are usually menial, low paying jobs. The other deserters are still looking for work. The Canadians themselves, are not happy about the job situation for themselves. For American deserters, the case is obviously much worse; Canadians prefer to hire Canadians.

Canadians are mostly apathetic to the deserters' problems, they do not understand what the draft is, or why people want to escape from their own country. What is worse, Canadians don't really care. In Montreal, the public media carries little or no information about American draft dodgers. Occasionally the newspapers run a column denouncing the government for supporting the deserters. Government support is nebulous, but is denounced nevertheless.

Most Canadian kids at least communicate with one another discussing their own problems. But they cannot communicate with American deserters about the draft, simply because they have no understanding of it. Many deserters therefore attend a group-therapy session every Thursday evening at USH. Few get much out of it, but it gives lonely Americans a chance to rap with people from their background. It is ironic that for the deserter to completely assimilate he must also understand the problems of the Canadians, as well as cope with his own.

The Canadian Resistance

There are two underground newspapers in Montreal, Logos and the Local Rag. Neither carries any news about the Resistance simply because there is no resistance in Canada — there is no need for one.

One of the paradoxes of Canada is that it has a draft law on the books which can be instituted at any time at the discretion of the Prime Minister and Parliament. If it were enacted, American deserters could be extradited. It is not a widely known law, and many draft-dodgers were surprised to hear of it.

Back to College

What does one do when he "escapes" to Canada? Where does he go? Where can he live? What does he do? Although rents are very low, few of the deserters can afford the luxury of an apartment of their own. There is a tremendous student community in Montreal and Toronto. Most deserters spend a few weeks at a time crashing in dorms or in homes of students.

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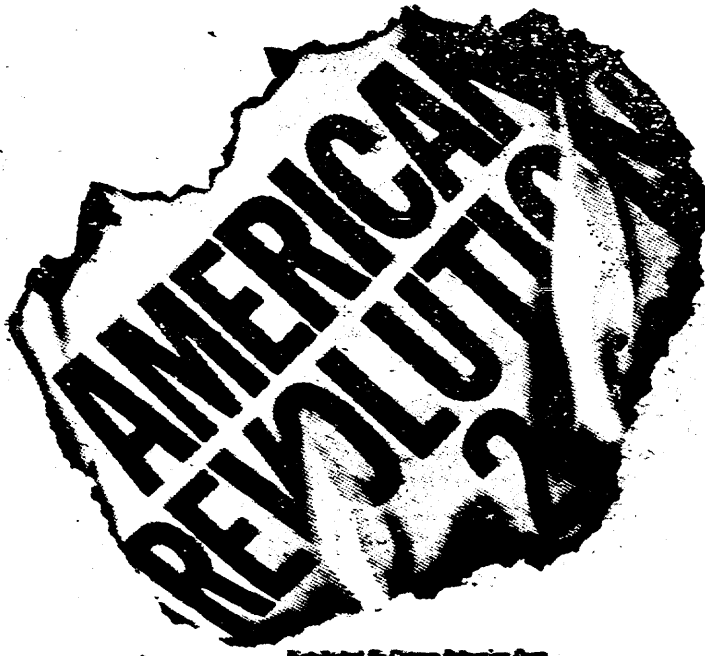
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Oct 24 - Quel Deluge

Allen Ginsberg
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He threw up his hands
& wrote the universe don't exist
& died to prove it.

Full moon over Ozone Park

Bus rushing thru dusk to
Manhattan,

Jack the Wizard in his
grave at Howell

for a first time -

That Jack thru those eyes
saw
smog glory light
fold over Manhattan's spine

2

will never see these

chimneys sucking

any more over statues of Mary
in the graveyard

Truck beds parked
under bridge viaducts,
Crash jabber of
Columbia's free

Black Misted Canyons
rising over the black
river

Bright doll like ~~the~~ ads
for Esso Bread -

starveling phantom



Allen Ginsberg read poetry and talked with about 300 students in the Grand Ballroom, Monday last week. He dedicated several of his poems to the late novelist-poet Jack Kerouac. The two were close friends, Ginsberg explained, since their days as undergraduates at Columbia University. "Kerouac drank himself to death," Ginsberg lamented, "but he was already dead."

The reading was sponsored by English 189 (Contemporary writers).

Relax now. Envision an old, young man wearing glasses, long hair, (though growing bald on top), a heavy black beard, greying at the ears. Imagine a deep, resonant, strong, intoning hypnotic voice. Listen: Quel Deluge. . . .

He threw up his hands
& wrote the universe don't exist
& died to prove it.
Full moon over Ozone Park
Bus rushing thru dusk to
Manhattan,

Jack the Wizard in his
grave at Howell
for a first time -
That Jack thru those eyes
saw
smog glory light
fold over Manhattan's spine
will never see
chimneys sucking
any more over statues of Mary
in the graveyard
Truck beds parked
under bridge viaducts,
Crash jabber of
Columbia's free
Black Misted Canyons
rising over the black
river
Bright doll like
for Esso
Replicas multi beards
Farewell Cross -
Under the night's shaft
shifting - comic tunes
Eternal fixity,
beaded Buddha
Pale encoffined

filling City College

3



Replines multiplying beards —

Farewell to the Cross —

Under the river, lights shift
shifting — Ceramic tunnel

Eternal fixity, the big
headed wax Buddha doll
Pale resting encoffined —

Empty skilled New
York streets

Starveling phantoms
filling City College

Wax dolls walk Park
Ave.,

Light gleam in eye glass —
Voices echoing thru Microphones

7

Grand Central Sailor's
arrival 2 decades later
feeling melancholy —

Nostalgia for innocent World
War II —

A million Corpses running
across 42nd Street

The glass buildings rising higher

& higher, transparent
aluminum —

artificial trees,
robot "sofas,"

ignorant "cars" —

one way street to Heaven
~~Dark~~ Institute's red brick
facade.

Attentively

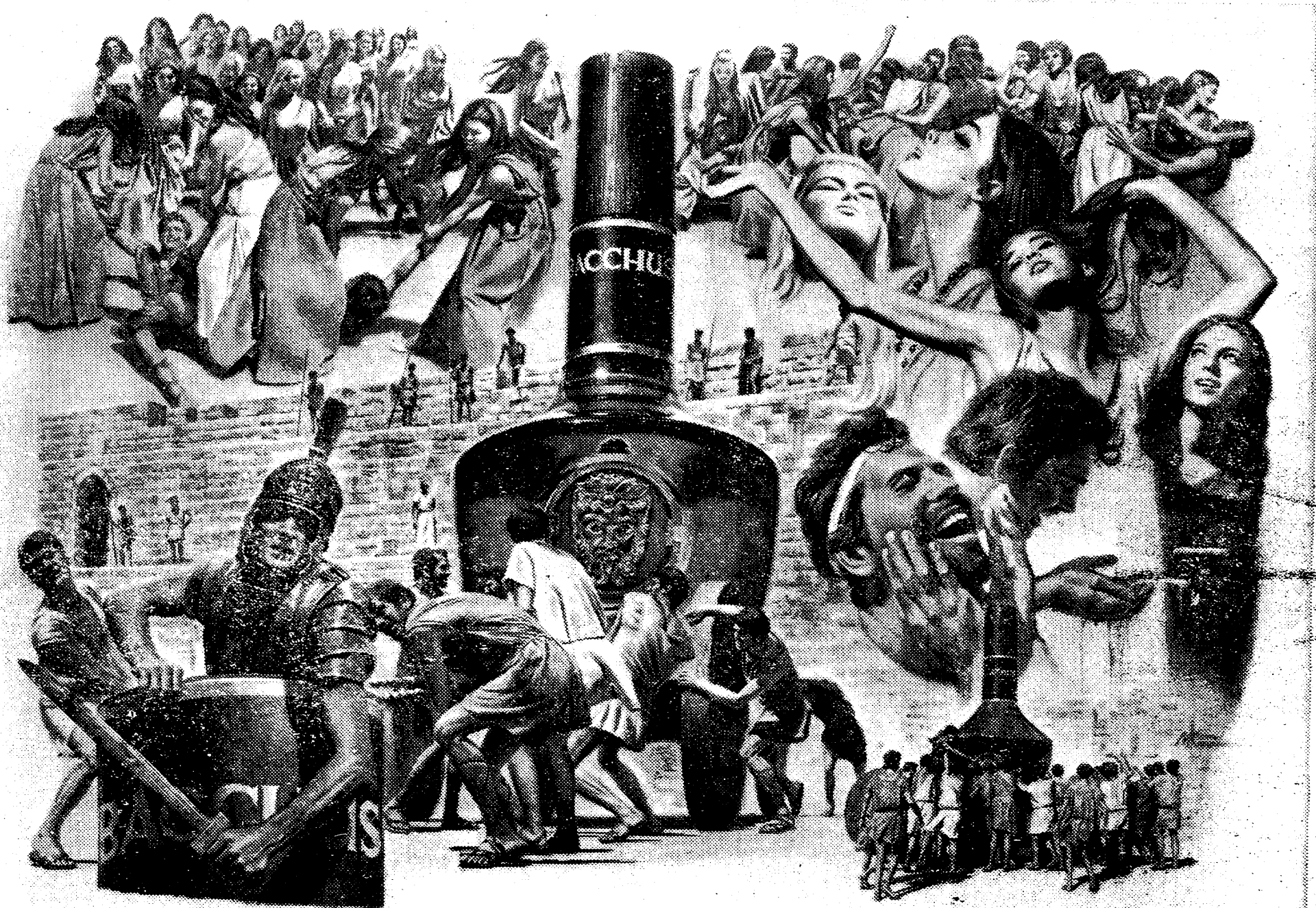
Empty skilled New
York streets
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Ave.,
Light gleam in eye glass —
Voices echoing thru Microphones
Grand Central Sailor's
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a million Corpses running
across 42nd Street
The glass buildings rising higher
& higher, transparent
aluminum
artificial trees,
robot sofas.
ignorant cars —
one way street to Heaven
Dark Institute's red brick
facade.

—Allen Ginsberg

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Usually pass Stuyvesant the ghettos was different.

Everywhere four weeks ing a man

John M.

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Marchi's Double-Decker Just Passing Through

By FRED MILLER

Usually, when loudspeakers on Fourteenth Street pass Stuyvesant Town, they're heralding a festival in the ghetto across the big street. But Saturday morning was different, for a great American ritual was unfolding.

Everywhere else in the world, national elections take four weeks. In America, we waste eight months electing a mayor.

John Marchi was coming to Stuyvesant Town.

He hadn't come alone. He was complete with a double-decker bus full of supporters mearing red, white and blue Marchi buttons, with a loudspeaker blaring an off-key campaign song, with Republican, Conservative, Daily News and Nelson Rockefeller endorsement, and with the little children who attach themselves to all American political rallies. Maybe that's because it's something they can intellectually relate to.

John Lindsay lived in Stuyvesant Town once. This is his old Congressional District. In the primary, it went for Lindsay and Badillo: liberal country. But there are friends here, because Stuyvesant Town is a place of diversity.

The kids, happy with the buttons, trail the candidate, and the early Saturday morning shoppers stop, shaking a hard hand.

"God bless Lindsay. He's the only reason why we haven't had a riot in four years."

"Didn't riot! What about when they were going crazy in Brownsville, did he do anything to them criminals? They can riot all they want, steal TV's, he says let them go."

Stuyvesant Town residents have fled Brownsville. They've fled to the project which is one of the few middle class enclaves left in Manhattan. Its rents are rising. Its crime rates are substantially lower than those in the surrounding neighborhood, but its residents clamor for constant police protection, and its owner, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is installing anti-prowler locked door systems.

"I'm gonna vote for him 'cause he's gonna save the city from the crooks."

"Are people on welfare crooks?"

"Lots of them are," responds the speaker, a swarthy man, heavy, about 50, squinting through his glasses. "I'm a teacher, I can't go into a school and feel safe with Lindsay in."

"Mayor Lindsay," the candidate told the crowd, "has allowed extremists to take control of your schools. This must stop!" The crowd cheered the return of the school system.

But look at the crowd. A crowd for Stuyvesant Town,

a community which is about half Jewish and half Catholic. And the Catholics never sent their children to public schools; they have always used the Catholic parochial schools, a system which is now floundering in debt. And the Jews once used the public schools, but now, as the neighborhood around the community has become almost totally non-white, they too have stopped sending their kids to public school. PS 61 has gone in 12 years from 50% non-white to 92% as Jewish children increasingly flee to East Side Hebrew Institute, Friends and other schools that will take them.

"The schools must be returned to filling the needs of the common people. Mayor Lindsay's handling of schools has only increased tension between the races," continued Marchi.

But look at the crowd again. First at the races: all white. Stuyvesant Town was desegregated by court order in 1965. Prior to that the tenants never could build a desegregation movement; it was blocked by apathy and Met Life. Now, four years later, a few blacks have reached the top of the waiting list and graduated into apartments. But they aren't here. And among the major religions in Stuyvesant Town, Jewish and Catholic, only one is here: Catholic. You see, they don't associate. The children go to separate schools.

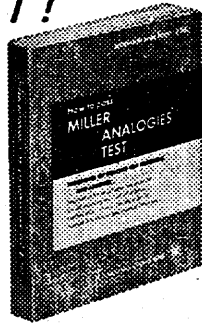
(Continued on Page 11)

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FORECAST**

Wagner Charges OP Pirated His Account of Crisis

Professor Geoffrey Wagner (English) has accused Observation Post of pirating an article of his which originally appeared in the National Review, a magazine of conservative opinion.

In a registered letter dated November 6, Wagner asks "the Editor" of OP why the reprinting of the article, which appeared in its September 4 issue, "should not be treated as actionable breach of copyright."

A copy of the letter was allegedly sent to a Philip Witten-



Geoffrey Wagner
"... here's some more!"

berg, who is listed in the Manhattan Yellow Pages under the heading "Lawyers."

The article in question was a purported account of last spring's crisis at the College.

Since the appearance of the reprint, Wagner has been regularly sending various articles to the OP office with comments such as, "Since you seem to like reprinting my stuff, here's some more!"

Wagner claims that he has been conducting a "fairly exhaustive check" at the National Review, to see if permission to reprint the article was granted to OP, and has now received what is evidently the definitive word from Priscilla Buckley, the managing editor. Miss Buckley, he said, informed him that no such permission was granted.

Steve Simon, Editor of Observation Post, was unavailable for comment.

—Lee

Harrington...

Michael Harrington, the national chairman of the Socialist Party and author of *The Other America*, will speak next Thursday at 12:15 PM in the Finley Ballroom.

Sex...

Homosexuals Intransigent will hold its first open meeting next Thursday at 12:15 PM in Room 438 Finley. "Homosexuals, heterosexuals, and the undecided, male and female, are welcome," according to Craig Schoonmaker, its president.

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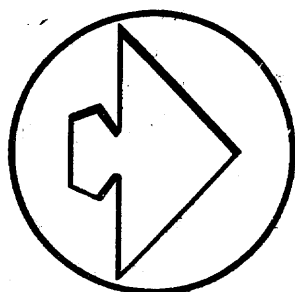
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

College _____ Year _____

OP, Popular Paper, Dead at 22

By JONNY NEUMANN

Observation Post is becoming a rock group.

Or a similar lead paragraph to put the news of the week in review.

News, like newspapers, is becoming a drag and now the only recourse reporters see for themselves is to become rock stars. Therefore, the newspaper has decided to use its \$5,300 Student Senate allocation for a guitar, a bass, an organ, a microphone and a manager.

The formation of the group, according to the paper's editors, is an inevitable outcome of steady years of decline of news and readers. "What can you do?" said its Associate Editor. "The people don't want to read news, the reporters don't want to write news, and I'm sick and tired of editing news." The only alternative left, the editor concluded, is to become a rock hero.

"Music makes sense," commented another editor. "I don't see what my purpose in life is, just reporting news. What am I if I can't be a rock star? What are you?" Nothing, is the answer most reporters, as well as others, are quickly realizing.

Steve Simon, three and a half years a hard working reporter and editor, now finally faces the reality that, "I want to be a sex

symbol." So, as lead singer of the rock group, he wears low slung bell-bottoms and suspenders. Donning a white bow tie and tennis sneakers, Simon feels he will at last reveal the image he has always held of himself — but only he has known that image all these years, as no more than an "oblique wall of objectivity" was reflected in his weekly turn-out of news stories.

The newspaper metamorphosis may seem on the surface as a cute joke or a publicity stunt, but careful examination of the root causes of the demise of the College newspaper uncovers startling and shocking realities.

Why, many students may ask, should a newspaper become a rock group? The answer is obvious.

Logically, psychologically, chronologically, writers are the most similar animals to musicians. Allen Ginsberg once said: "Who be kind to: Be kind to yourself, Harry, for no one else will; for news to music and word to song: long live the editorial."

Biologically, ecologically, and systematically, newspapers are the one known antecedent to the record album. Charles Darwin once said: "Survival of the fittest; all the news that's fit to print: print it and then be on your way; song will save mankind."

John Lennon and Mick Jagger would agree, but they could not be reached for comment.

So, it is increasingly clear that all newspapers will soon become rock groups. And the implications of this latest youth phenomenon are serious. While hundreds of students wait out the normal day in the cafeteria, with innumerable cups of coffee, and marijuana, even more journalists wait out the night in the dreary offices of the Post, the News, and the Times, to name a few. America is shaped around the singular, unmoveable dictum of the newspaper credo: don't rock the boat.

But now one campus newspaper has provided the rock. All that is needed is a boat and maybe we could finally set sail the hell out of this insane world.

Can anyone swim?

or

Which way to London?

or

Life says Paul is alive: is Life alive?

or

Am I a rock, am I an eye-land?

or

There must be some way out of here, the joker said to the

or

—30—

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And its shape was made just for you.

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Be fussy. Choose Norelco.

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Marchi's Double-Decker

(Continued from Page 9)

They play separate hockey games simultaneously in the same playground. They exist side by side, but they never touch. They never try to. Only Stuyvesant Town's Catholics are here. They alone come to see Marchi.

"I can reduce racial tension and bring the good people of both races together."

You see, if you cross the street, you no longer are in the middle class haven. Onward to the south lies the East Village, and as the hippies continue to flee its violent atmosphere, it forms a functional receiving ghetto for Puerto Rican immigrants. And when you stand on Twelfth Street and look up Avenue B past the rat infested slums at Stuyvesant Town, you get a feeling. You don't see the fountains or the playgrounds, the trees, or the lawns. You don't see the people that make a city. You see a wall, a solid red brick wall, fourteen floors up fronting on Fourteenth Street and blocking the sky, blocking travel to the North, up from the ghetto toward the city, toward America. You see guards hired to protect private property who will turn away someone with brown skin on sight because they know he couldn't live there. You see the American middle class dream standing up to block you.

And a little boy, a hockey stick trailing him, looks at the crowd, "He's just great. He's so much better than the others, I'm gonna vote for him."

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Paul McCartney's Death Rocks Minds of Millions

The death is, as everyone knows by now, Paul McCartney is true.

Two and a half years ago, when John Lennon decided that McCartney should be dead, the rest of the world was busy wondering how the hell Lyndon Johnson was elected President of the United States. Months went by, and Lennon silently, subtly laid down clues that McCartney was dead. He planted hints the world around, and for two years no one noticed. Only recently people have begun to realize what has been happening: Paul McCartney is dead.

But McCartney died not in a car crash, as many have believed. The auto accident was merely a cover up, to make the pain hurt less. McCartney was killed by an overdose of Logic. Too much "news." He was killed by Chet Huntley and Walter Cronkite, and you and me. And John Lennon.

"I read the news today, oh boy . . ." John said, and then killed Paul. Of course, he couldn't tell anybody that he killed Paul, because if he did, then Paul would have been dead. Really dead. The London Times would have run a front page obituary (which they have had ready and waiting for years), and everyone would have gently wept, and that would have been that.

So, McCartney was killed and now the world refuses to accept his death as a fact, because they believe in only one kind of truth. That truth, of course, is the truth of reality. So McCartney isn't really dead. And Lennon isn't really God.

And Kafka wasn't really on trial.

But we've all known that for a long time. So, appearing on this page are several student opinions on Paul McCartney's death. His death, by the way, drew more student reaction than any other item we've ever run.

—Neumann



. . . and left looking just like a ghost.

An Addendum... And an Answer

Unfortunately last week's exposition did not include all the clues. Several significant things have since come to notice.

First of all, at the end of "I am the Walrus" the voice under the tape is reciting passages from "King Lear" on the death of Edmund, the young man.

Second, careful playing of that maze of sound, "Revolution Number 9," has revealed one truly interesting point. The voice on the left channel, usually too low to be heard, comments, "He was so young." Immediately after this, on the right channel, there is a tape of Paul singing two words, "Hold me!" from an old record. Then both channels are dominated by a lengthy scream.

Immediately preceding the revolution and after "Cry Baby Cry" John sings eerily, "Can you take me back where I came from / Brother can you take me back."

"Get Back" going backwards; looking ahead

That concept of going backwards is essential to the idea of the resurrection of Paul in "Abbey Road." Tapes of the Beatles' next album, "Get Back," scheduled for January release shed a number of clues in this direction.

The title song, "Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged," cites the fact that with Paul resurrected, the group is back to its 1966 form. No longer is the group the three plus William Campbell. Now Campbell fully believes he has absorbed the spirit and essence of Paul McCartney, and the group has completed a cycle and can now record material in the way they recorded before Paul's untimely demise. This theme is further emphasized in "On the Way Home," a song which says, "We've made a lot of money, and now we're on our way home," back to where they once belonged.

Oh, yes, there's also a song called "You Can" about the difference between the one girl, and any other. The Beatles sing, "You can imitate anything. You can make it be just what you want." They ought to know.

"Let it Be" let me be; let be, me . . .

But most important of the tapes available is a song which Paul/Campbell sings, using that same mysterious voice from "Lady Madonna."

The song, called "Let It Be," is done in a gospel vein. "Paul" opens up, "I find myself in times of trouble / Mother Mary comes to me / Speaking words of wisdom / Let it be." Does Campbell, assuming his resurrected self as Paul really believe that he is Mary's son? And that, like Christ, he has risen from the grave, and will return to save the world. He seals it with the song's other verse. "And all the broken hearted people / Living in the world agree / There will be an answer / Let it be."

Paul, the son(sun) is the answer. Let it be, you don't have to change the world, Paul will save it. He and his God-Father John Lennon shall save the world.

—Fred Miller

(a letter) By PAUL WELLS

Paul McCartney is alive. He has lived out the past three years, as we all have, finding his head going through many changes. As with Mark Twain, the reports of his death are greatly exaggerated. Fortunately Twain lived in a time when plastic surgery, tape records and computers didn't exist. His living body and his wit were enough to put off the rumors of his death. Humanity's technical sophistication has advanced so far that now a man's living body, talent and art are not enough to prove his existence. Instead we find unrelated bits and pieces of his art and life being linked together with suppositions and lies to create "evidence" in a rumored plot that rivals science fiction.

The article that appeared in this paper last week was an example of extremely poor journalism, even if written in jest. It becomes obvious, after further investigation, that Mr. Miller didn't even bother to check into the trivial bits of gibberish that he presented as fact. Most of the assumptions made are totally false.

There is no bass guitar on the cover of Sgt. Pepper, only a wreath of flowers in the shape of a guitar. There is nothing there to prove that under the flowers is Paul's bass.

The medal that Paul wears is alleged to be a medal only presented posthumously. This is then said to be another "clue" to Paul's death, but in the picture, George has the same medal on his lapel. Is he then, following this logic, dead, too?

The O.P.D. patch on Paul's arm is nothing more than the official arm patch of the Ontario Police Department — hence the O.P.D. Any further significance exists only in some people's imaginations.

Mr. Miller stated that the plot was easily hidden in the early months of seclusion because Paul had few friends and only one living relative, an old uncle who was rarely seen. This is all simply untrue. Paul has many London associates, and as for living relatives, his father and two brothers are also quite alive. It would be impossible to fool Paul's father with a double of his own son.

The article also makes reference to the "death symbols" found in the "Magical Mystery Tour" booklet, among these a hand appearing in several of the pictures over Paul's head. If you look through the booklet you will find pictures with a hand appearing over John's head too. Is Ringo then the only Beatle still alive?

It is true that in that same album booklet, Paul is the only one wearing a black carnation. but it is not true that the others are all wearing red ones. Ringo and George are wearing carnations that have both colors in them. Does that mean they're all dead?

As for the "evidence" supposedly found in the double album, it is also unfounded. Prudence is not the nickname for Paul, but the name of Mia Farrow's sister. The song was written in India when they were all with the Maharishi. Mia's sister had locked herself in her room and wouldn't come out. John wrote the song to

her. Look at the lyrics in this light. It is not Paul who is dead, but Mr. Miller's resurrection theory.

The article also mentioned that all the pictures on the double album poster cut the top of Paul's head off, proving that Paul had lost it in the "accident." Look for yourself on the poster. Many of the pictures show all of McCartney; most notably in the lower right hand corner.

The picture in the upper left hand is said to be Paul's head floating in a pool of blood. The picture really shows Paul in a bathtub. Is the clear liquid with soap suds that his head is in, supposed to be his blood?

Now we come to the "Abbey Road" album. Abbey Road is nothing more than the street the Beatles recording studio is on. They are crossing the street in front of it. There is no cemetery on Abbey Road. The license plate number of the white VW, LMW281F, is rumored to be a phone number in London with a recorded message which says "You are on the right track, kept trying." No such number has ever existed on the London telephone exchange, and London numbers have six, not seven digits.

There is then supposed to be significance to the fact that John is wearing white. In the Magical Mystery Tour album, John is the one playing piano and wearing the black Wallrus suit, not Paul. (See the pictures on pages five and twelve of the booklet). The color of the clothes the Beatles wear in their pictures has no more significance to the "plot" than the color of their eyes.

Other "clues" presented are the hints said to be found in the Beatles songs themselves. The most prominent of these is the ending of the "Strawberry Fields Forever" single, where John's voice is softly muttering something which people are now accepting as "I buried Paul." Careful listening with a good pair of stereo headphones reveals this to be "Time burys all," which make more sense in the context of the song.

Another one of these musical clues is said to be the chant in the song "I am a Wallrus." This has now been rumored to be "Ha, ha, Paul is dead." To me it sounds more like "everybody smoke Pot."

In any of these cases, whether played backwards, forwards, slow, fast or inside out, it is a simple fact of human nature that you hear in your ear what you are saying to yourself in your mind. You will hear anything you want to hear.

You can always find a few here and there . . .

The hints from the Beatles lyrics have been formed by taking phrases out of various songs that could have anything to do with any part of the Paul is dead hoax. It is obvious that in the thousands of words the Beatles have used in their songs, you can always find a few here and there to justify any message you'd want to read into them. It is a simple matter of what you are after.

The most important factors in this whole thing have been overlooked by the people who are out trying to prove Paul is dead. They fail to view the Beatles as human beings. They are four very close and together individuals. They would have nothing to gain by covering up the death of one of them, and to do so in light of the love they have for each other, would be inconceivable inhuman. They would not have been able to carry on the beauty of their music after such a loss. The development of the Beatles as musicians has been a steady growth, and not something cheap and artificial. Lennon and McCartney are musical geniuses, not electronic machines. Their music has life and continuity. If Paul was dead, their music would not be so alive.

It is now supposed by many people, even those who at least accept the fact that Paul lives, that the Beatles must now explain these and other so-called "clues." The fault is not theirs, but that of the people who are trying to dissect their music instead of enjoy it. The Beatles have nothing to explain to anyone. The whole thing must seem very insane to them. It is at the very least further testimony to the sickness of this country. Where we don't have credibility gaps, we try to make them. Where we don't have assassinations, we try to execute them.

The Beatles have already said that there is nothing to it, and Paul has been seen and heard from since this thing mushroomed. But if you're not satisfied with the Beatles trying not to let this idiocy bother them, then you can get your answer in their song, "Fixing A Hole."

And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong

I'm right

Where I belong I'm right

Where I belong

See the people standing there who

disagree and never win

And wonder why they don't get in my door.

It's really a sad situation when people have nothing better to do with their heads than to try and perpetrate and substantiate sick rumors such as this. This death game has gone too far. Let's get back to living with our music instead of trying to kill it.

Next week: more letters!