



observation post

Volume 46 — No. 9

184

CITY COLLEGE

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1969

500,000 In Capital Go Up Against the War



Members of the Revolutionary Youth Movement II (above) carry NLF flags in last week's peace march from the Capitol to the Washington Monument, where 500,000 people rallied (below).

By FRED MILLER

The buildings on Pennsylvania Avenue shielded the marchers from the winds which were freezing Washington. The column, marching from the Capitol, from 67's Pentagon, from the April 15 march, from Chicago, from the McCarthy campaign, from the '63 March on Washington, from Georgia to Quebec, moved slowly and quietly up the broad avenue last Saturday.

Occasionally chanting broke out: "One, two, three, fourth, Tricky Dicky stop the war! Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Spiro Agnew out the gate!" But mostly the tone was set by the biting cold and the coffins that led the march.

Armed with blue buttons, long hair, food to be shared, waved V's, and the spirit of a 40,000 man silent minority, the marchers walked past the massive grey blocks that house the American bureaucracy: Justice, Labor, Commerce. They are huge buildings with open central courtyards. The streets were almost clear of police, but in the courtyards stood the

olive green trucks with 275,000 troops, as many Americans as are in actual combat in Vietnam, waiting for the violence the President had promised them.

But no beautiful building, no tree-lined plaza, no glorious vista, could compare with the people, 250,000 strong, flowing down the street together. And all the cold couldn't stop the warm sparks that ran down the street when someone waved the sign,

"Hanoi is red,
Washington's blue
The war is a bummer
And so is Thieu!"

Up Pennsylvania Avenue, they came to 14th Street, where buses were parked nose to nose to keep people from the White House.

"Which one's the White House?" asked Adrian.

"The white one," she was told.

The people were everywhere, except on the White House lawn. Even if they disagree on a lot of things, they had one point in common. They were ignoring the government's anti-march propaganda barrage. If the main march accomplished nothing else, it showed that half a million people thought the administration allegations of violence were lies. Had the government ignored the march it would have been one thing, but 500,000 showed in spite of the soothsayers of violence, in spite of the FBI's leaning on bus companies, and in spite of troop mobilizations. That has to give Henry Kissinger and his friends a shudder.

* * *

Friday night we passed a convoy of jeeps and trucks filled with soldiers 20 miles out of Washington. The men in the jeeps, wearing mounds of protective clothing and stolid faces in the cold, hauled gun mounts and trailers with large cylinders stamped with the word, Gas.

The soldiers rode in the backs of the trucks, watching us, their bayonets unsheathed. We began to wave V's to the

(Continued on Page 3)

Washington Rumble

By HOWARD REIS

We left for Washington in the middle of "Son of Godzilla," four hours later than we had planned to go.

By the time we got to DuPont Circle, the demonstration at the South Vietnamese Embassy was over. The last gas had been thrown a half hour before, but we could still feel and taste it.

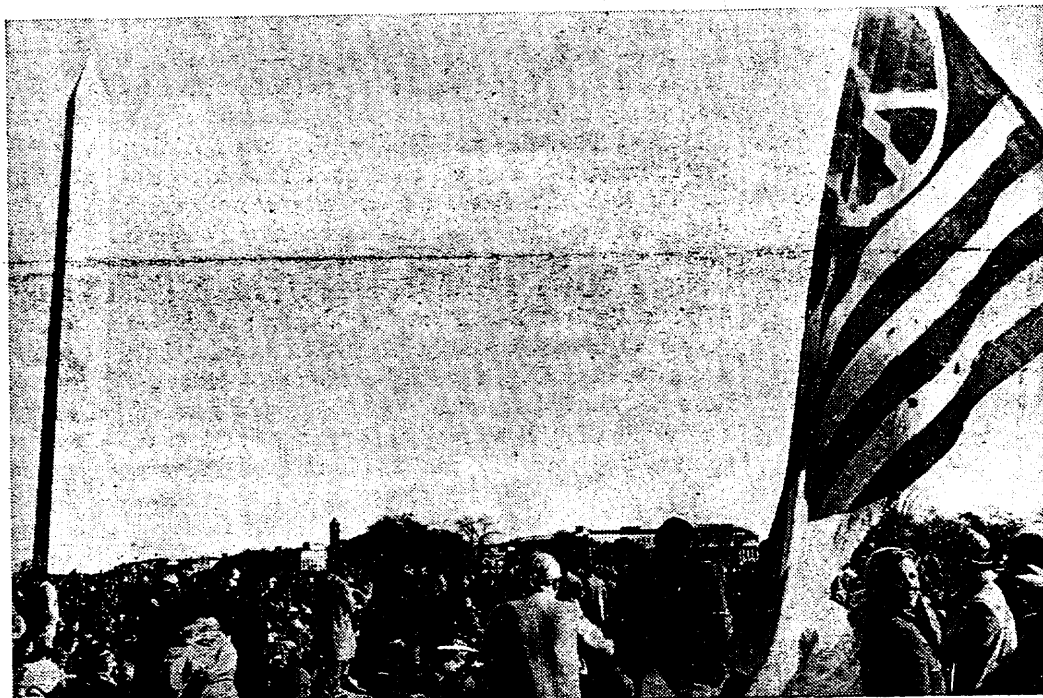
We walked around a bit and went back to a nearby church where we were going to stay that night. After blowing some dope in one of the back rooms, two of us decided to go sightseeing. We hitched to Pennsylvania Avenue, and were forced to join the March Against Death in order to get a good view of the White House and the Treasury Building. When we got back to DuPont Circle we surveyed the damage: just a few broken windows in the banks and a drug store.

Early Saturday we went to eat. Nineteen squad cars passed us, with pigs returning our peace signs and clenched fists.

Tens of thousands of people were arriving to the staging area from all over the city. We waited at various points of the march to pick up the pieces of our affinity group. Found about nine of ourselves. Marched to Washington Monument. Listened to the end of Dick Gregory's speech and Pete Seeger's first song and split. Didn't even realize there was several hundred yards of packed people between the monument and the stage. Fuck a quarter of a million, make it at least four times that. Spent the next three hours eating and in the library.

Department of Injustice. 3:30 PM. Only about 1,000 people milling around the area waiting for the rest of the Revolutionary Contingent. At Ninth Street and Constitution Avenue, a wall of pigs (only one deep.) Captain Pig reads orders of the day: "This is the furthest point of march allowed by your permit. If you wish to continue east on Constitution, you must march on sidewalk." Fuck him. We're waiting for people coming west on Constitution, from the rally. At about 4 PM we see red banners and VC flags coming down Constitution, and we run to

(Continued on Page 3)



A Normal Saturday: No Place to Go

JONNY NEUMANN

I didn't go to Washington Saturday.

Instead I stayed in the city and rode the subway downtown and then visited a close friend on Long Island. Actually, my friend doesn't live on Long Island anymore; he's a student at New Paltz State College, a sophomore. They still look at their school like "a college" up at New Paltz. They have dorms where they hide the grass, most of the guys get drunk every night, they trip on the weekends, they have panty raids on the holidays. In classrooms, an occasional teacher, a trouble-maker, speaks of educational reform; students listen and ignore him with hardened indifference. The war is a hot issue with the few activists, and the past liveliness of City College is yet five years to come at New Paltz. The place is 99 per cent white middle class.

My friend, Paul — I guess you would call him straight, an American — decided last week he could no longer take it, so he boarded a bus and came to Massapequa to visit his parents.

"I had to get away," Paul told me on the phone as he sat in his house drinking beer. "Getting drunk every night, all these weirdos wandering through the dorm, puking, screwing, pissing on each other. And early in the morning the hippie freaks are pounding on the doors forcing you to come out to the Moratorium. I don't know . . ." he stopped, disgusted — more likely he didn't care at all. "I don't know. Even the hippies are acting like fascists, now. I simply don't know what to do."

He was thinking of dropping out. He thought of leaving many times before, but each time he would hesitate because he did not know where to go or what to do. There was the draft, of course, so he would have to leave America if he left college, joining thousands of other unhappy students. But Paul is not like the typical

draft dodger; he is not a revolutionary, not a rebel, not a political or intellectual person at all. He is a loner, an American child who has learned to live in a technological business culture, accepting its values apathetically, knowing its contradictions and traps, but not caring, trusting no one, hating no one, loving no one. He looks at his father and sees a man who has been stepped on, lied to and broken by his two business partners.

Paul's father can only advise his son: "Never trust anyone, not even your best friend." Paul's mother works in a Manhattan office, and hates the job. "She has the most fun when she gets into arguments with her friends," says Paul. He likes his parents, and gets along well with them. But he could never do what they have done. He sees no place for himself in American society.

There is nothing strange about Paul's situation. Most Americans have experienced similar feelings. But they usually begrudgingly accept the way of life — or rebel against it. Paul, and the college buddies with whom he drinks every night, now find themselves in a different dilemma: they can no longer stand the boredom of what is for them an empty culture, but they do not care enough, nor have they the energy to do anything about it. Up until now, they have ignored their problem, drinking, sleeping, going to classes, cramming for tests, tripping, but never talking about their anguish for more than a few minutes at a time. Finally, Paul felt he had to tell someone about the feelings he and his friends — a silent majority, perhaps — have held inside for the past few years. He left New Paltz — he did not know for how long — and locked himself into his bedroom in Long Island, and then called me, for we were once best friends. He had

(Continued on Page 2)



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Reign of Calm

The campus has been quiet this term, and there were those who hoped the sun was breaking through on a new day at City College.

But it has been the calm before the storm, the eye of the hurricane, the steaming lava beneath the peaceful volcano.

Resentment against Joseph Copeland has been growing beyond all bonds; the war in Vietnam has destroyed the student and the teacher and the human. There are only monsters left at the College.

But the campus is calm. And peaceful. And quiet.

Tuesday six students were arrested after an American flag was found upside down.

The self-appointed safeguarders of the flag and defenders of the campus, called the cops faster than they could say America.

The incident was blown totally out of proportion by a man who owes his allegiance to the Police department, and not to the College. Robert Barros, a civilian employee in the photo identification division, heads the Burns Guard contingent at the College. He called the police without consulting the Dean of Students or any other proper official.

Although the guards cooperated in last spring's takeover of South Campus, they have had few good words for white activists. In fact, they have had only their clubs.

Last semester, a guard battled with a student in the snack bar. Soon afterwards, guards brutally subdued two activists, one of whom had been suspended. Now there is this week.

When the students refused to produce their I.D. cards, the police were called. And when it was obvious that criminal trespassing charges were absurd, the police and Barros decided "harassment" was the best they could do. And when an OP photographer tried to photograph the participants in this raid, his camera was smashed before he was told, "You white motherfucker, why you snap my picture? I'm not doing anything."

Of course, neither were the students.

Everyone knows that the incident was an isolated example of disruptive activities doing their psychotic thing. Everyone is glad they will be put away, and higher college officials can look forward now to a return to normalcy.

Turnpike Tolls...

Alan Rabunski

Heading south on the New Jersey Turnpike, you can see nothing but swamplands and the Monsanto oil refineries just belching and billowing all that smoke into the air. On this particular day, New Jersey looked like the plague had hit. Most of the cars on the Turnpike going in the opposite direction had their lights on. I figured it'd be a groovy idea to have all the freaks going to Washington in Sherman tanks in the wrong lane and hope that Jersey might get blown out to sea. There are certainly enough ships in Annapolis to do the job if that didn't work. And if there's ever a recession, it's probably worth a government contract to give the economy a boost. Coming over the Delaware Memorial Bridge, the smoke from Jersey was so bad that the bridge seemed like a tunnel. You know you're in Delaware as soon as you start seeing all the Dupont signs.

Somewhere in Maryland we stopped at a gas station to get some directions. As I walked to the room where the dog is usually kept, there were two greasers staring out at me — one looked like kids' stuff, the other looked like he dug big-breasted women with lots of rouge. This older kid let out with a huge yelp as I approached. The

other one yelped, too. The noise they made sounded particularly regional, and distinctly undesirable. Both disappeared for a moment to the back, and as I entered I could hear four or five voices blasting a whole cacophony of similar croons. Seemed as if everyone in town could do it. Who knows, maybe it was genetic or something. I'm not really sure. Later, I discovered a sign on the window which read, "Trespassers and Loiterers, Beware of flying objects. They may be bullets." Good enough time as any to split.

We were headed for Annapolis as we had a place to crash there. Most of the people in Annapolis are there because of the Naval Academy. However, Annapolis is also the capital of Maryland. This means a lot of official-type buildings with a constant need for secretaries and stenographers. What this means is that there are a lot of chicks who come to Annapolis looking for work, but also to meet some handsome, blue-eyed "middles." Now, middies are just into very different things — like upper-classmen have midnight curfews.

After dinner, there was a radio story about 3,000 demonstrators being tear-gassed. I figured the government was still trying to scare people away.

(Continued on Page 8)

A Normal Saturday

(Continued from Page 1)

to know if he was alone in this despair; or if he was right or wrong; or if he was crazy.

That was on Wednesday, November 12, the eve of the three-day Moratorium. The largest anti-war demonstration in our nation's modern history. Paul came home for help that evening, and, as on so many other occasions, the big political confrontation — whether naive or daring — seemed so unimportant, so irrelevant to the problems of America, of my friends.

I spent Thursday and Friday, that week, riding the subway, thinking of what must have been going on in Paul's head. Occasionally a newspaper would fall into my hands. Students occupy Fordham building; rallies at Times Square, in Brooklyn, even on Staten Island; thousands gathering in "March Against Death" at Washington; a million people expected Saturday. A million people. This would be beautiful, it would be history — I would have to go. I love seeing great crowds massed, singing for Peace, marching, shouting, praying. Of course, they would have little effect on the future, just as they never had in the past. The truly brave and honest protesters would be Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin, along with the other scattered militants who have always led the left in America. Should I march with them, and not with the crowds?

Saturday morning I was on the Seventh Avenue IRT heading for Penn Station. I haven't missed a march for as long as I could remember, and it was strange to see what people do when they don't go to a march — and there were marchers both for and against the war that day.

Two girls were looking through the classified section of the New York Times for a job. "I don't know if we should give up and move to California," said one of the girls, almost in despair. She was wearing a red, white and blue pin with a peace sign draped over it. Next to her an old drunk man swayed with the subway, and occasionally mumbled a few words, saliva dripping from his mouth. The man was black, and it was clear that his color gave him no help in his struggle to be a "respectable person" in New York City. Another old man sat staring at a pretty, young girl wearing a tight leather dress, a "Support America" button pinned to her coat. The old man began jerking up and down, fiercely smiling, obviously masturbating, and then he stopped frozen, and my eyes turned away to the headlines of the Daily News on his lap. This old man was white and it was clear that his color gave him no help in his struggle to be a "man" in New York City.

When I stopped to eat at Penn Station, I heard a voice singing with a crowd, interrupted by much static; it was coming from the radio in the Nedicks hot dog stand. "All we are saying, is give peace a chance. All we are saying, is give peace a chance." It was Pete Seeger, I was sure, and I imagined him standing there, in his blue work shirt and beard, singing his guts out, playing his guitar, smiling at the new faces, young and old, accepting everyone. I started to cry as I recalled the thousand marches at which Pete Seeger has sung, always full of hope; I thought about his be-

ing black-listed and ignored as a "communist" for years; and I thought about the stories of Woody Guthrie, the greatest American folk singer, dying a poor man, and Pete Seeger staying by his side all the time — I thought about Paul, for a moment, and then I thought about Pete Seeger, just this year, floating up and down the Hudson, in his "Peace Boat" which was to save our polluted city. There he was again, now, singing the same emotions in Washington that he sang 30 years ago, all over this land. There he was again, and again America was not listening.

"That'll be seventy cents," said the kid behind the counter. "Come on, seventy cents!" I paid the 70 cents for the two 15 cent hot dogs and bought a ticket to Massapequa. The conductor was wearing a little American flag on his lapel and he looked at me and asked why I wasn't in Washington. I don't think I look like a hippie radical, but obviously we all look alike to them. "I'm visiting a friend," I tried to say calmly, and he sneered, and everyone else just rushed by as if today were a normal Saturday. I shouldn't have been surprised, because it was a normal Saturday.

Four men were playing poker over an out-strewn New York Post; all of them were wearing "Honor America" buttons. I sat down next to them, and, as usual, I felt no anger at them, no hatred, no bitterness. I should have been bitter, I thought. After all, they are working to perpetuate the society which is destroying Paul. But I was not bitter. I am never bitter at fascist right wing Americans. I'm never bitter at liberals, either. Maybe because they are always bitter at someone, and I'm sick of being bitter. Paul was never bitter. Only cynical.

I stared at the men playing cards and listened to one of them speak about the militant demonstrators in Washington. "Those bastards are crazy, they're sick. They almost make me laugh—" He was interrupted by a businessman sitting behind us. "Now, please understand," the middle aged man said. "I agree that those wild kids are sick, but don't discredit the whole peace movement because of a few Crazies. I'm against the war, and I feel the large amount of people in Washington today prove that there is much responsible criticism of the war. The Crazies are only helping your side." The man then quoted part of a column in the Post which called the demonstrators "beautiful young human beings," but labeled the militants "a pack of swinish children."

I then realized why I am angry, but not at any people in particular. Most people don't want to understand other people's motives. Yes, the Yippies are sick, but surely they should not be scorned for being sick. Everyone in America is sick — i.e., if you believe the way each group classifies its opposing groups. And there is no reason not to believe each group, since each feels that it is honest. The Yippies may not be more right than any other group, and they are surely no more self-righteous than any other group, but what they are saying is that they want a completely different society; they're not talking about just one war or two —

(Continued on Page 7)

Everywhere We Looked, There Were People

(Continued from Page 1)

soldiers and watched for the reaction. Some returned V's. The blacks shook clenched fists. A truck load would stare silently, then one soldier would wave and soon everyone was waving, cheering and smiling.

Not all the trucks were like that. One, in chorus, yelled out, "Fuck you!"

"I wonder if they put all the doves in one truck and all the hawks in another," mused Alan. Then a soldier leaned out of a truck and yelled, "Got a joint?"

"Tomorrow," we yelled back, relaxing. It seemed as if most of the army was on our side. Most of the soldiers were waving and friendly. Then we came to the first truck, its occupants staring silently. One soldier then quit the silent majority.

He shouted at us. "KILL!!" Syd gunned the motor and got away. Suddenly the road was free of army trucks, but not of that guy yelling, "Kill!"

* * *

The rally before the monument was "like Woodstock without the mud," Syd observed. It was like sitting with 500,000 friends at a quasi-religious gathering.

Sitting halfway between the stage and the monument, all we could see were people, a mass of colors filling the width of the mall from Constitution to Independence Avenue, from the reflecting pool on past the Washington monument. If a thousand people in one spot shouted "Peace" at the top of their lungs, almost no one else would have heard it. The speakers were tens of thousands of people away.

For once Mobe had gotten an audible sound system, but in the cold the speeches were not too important. Everyone agreed the war was wrong and beyond that, the rest of the disagreements in the peace movement weren't going to be settled in Washington. The crowd only half listened and only occasionally moved. The points that could be made, were made by being present; the speakers could add little.

They were moved when a GI told them, "If President Nixon doesn't bring the GI's home, the GI's are gonna start coming home by themselves."

And they cheered for more when Dick Gregory said, "President Nixon says this kind of demonstration is ineffective. I've got a suggestion for him. Why doesn't he call up the LBJ ranch collect and ask Lyndon Johnson how ineffective demonstrations are?"

Gregory also channeled the crowd's anger with Spiro Agnew, the whipping boy of the demonstration. "Spiro Agnew is the Richard Nixon of the Nixon administration. Actually I think he's putting us on, he couldn't be that stupid. If Spiro Agnew were that stupid he couldn't chew gum and walk down the street at the same time."

Nobody spoke for too long and the crowd was polite. The threatened attempts by revolutionaries to storm the stage if any Senators spoke, never came off. Eugene McCarthy, George McGovern and Charles Goodell spoke.

Back in the crowd a girl in a blue scarf gave us each a swig of cognac. It warmed us a little.

God, that crowd was huge.

By 2:30 PM the cold was driving people from the rally. But hundreds of thousands stayed on, if not inspired by speeches they took comfort in their music. The choruses of "Bring Them Home," and "Times They are a Changing" came strong from many frosty lips, but the real moments were yet coming.

Pete Seeger and Peter Yarrow turned "Give Peace A Chance" into a hymn that probably will be the theme song of the anti-war movement. For ten minutes, everyone swayed and slowly sang the song's one line as Seeger said, "Are you listening, Nixon," "Do you hear, in the Pentagon." Give peace a chance. It might have seemed cornball but for many, it was deeply moving. It was a moment of intense dedication, like "We Shall Overcome," at the 1963 march.

And when Earl Scruggs joined the peace

movement doing "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" and bluegrass versions of "Magpie's Farm" and "A Simple Song of Freedom," people joined together in impromptu square dances everywhere, whooping and hollering and loving it. The march had its purpose but now its members were relaxing.

* * *

When the cops blared, "Clear the area or face arrest," we began to split from Justice.

The demonstration at the Department of Justice was called to support the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8. Maybe 7,000 people were there.

"I just don't see how eight guys who pleaded innocent to fomenting riots are gonna be helped by fomenting a riot here," commented one girl as she walked past.



U.S. troops in convoy truck and D.C. police, making an arrest last week in Washington, D.C.

Howie A. Stromberg

Volunteers of America

(Continued from Page 1)

meet them. We begin to encircle the Injustice Department. "Free Bobby Free the Conspiracy, Free the Panther 21. Ho Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is gonna win."

Mobe marshall pigs race ahead of us trying to prevent us from encircling the block. Up Tenth, down Pennsylvania, down Ninth, Mobe pigs finally get ahead of us and set up wall at Constitution. We smash through the motherfuckers and march down Constitution. D. of I. is surrounded and people are still coming from the rally. The media says only 5,000 participated and only a couple of hundred were into action. Bullshit, there were at least 15-20,000 bad motherfuckers there.

People start picking up bottles, rocks, and whatever. Through the windows of Injustice. People bang on 20 foot metal doors on Constitution. Mobe pigs attempt to stop bottles by placing themselves between windows and people. Captain Pig again: "This is an unlawful assembly." So are you.

A column of pigs came down Tenth Street, dividing the group in two, one in front of the D. of I. and the main group in front of Internal Revenue. We stood there about half an hour. I've never been so scared in my life, just standing there waiting to be gassed. Tried chanting but couldn't remember words, mumbled over words, stood there scared shit.

Sun sets, floodlight turned on atop Internal Revenue building, cat takes picture from roof. Rocks thrown at media car that finds itself in midst of crowd. Single line of pigs protect National Museum on south side of Constitution. Pepper gas machine humming, floodlight at Tenth and Constitution, Captain Pig again: "This is an illegal" . . . "fuck you."

The gas. Several score canisters fired and tossed. Fortunately wind is blowing back towards pigs. People walking. ("Walk, don't run"), canisters exploding all around us. One bounced off my head, as four exploded around me. Fuck breathing through my soaked rag, held my breath and ran

Maybe 3,000 people, bent on fulfilling Nixon's prophecies, marched on Justice under Viet Cong flags shouting, "Free Bobby Seale, Stop the Trial, Free Bobby, Off the Pig."

Another 4,000 or so followed, those who wanted to say the trial was wrong, mixed with the curious and those on the way to buses. The crowd filled Constitution Avenue. Up front, rocks and paint were being thrown. VC and US flags competed for upper positions on the flagpoles.

Then the gas came.

A kid, about 16, wearing a helmet, walked up to a window at the Department of Labor. Raising a club, he hit the window, but nothing happened. He tried again. Nothing. Flailing at the window he worked for an angry minute. Again and again he swung. Finally the Labor Department yielded and the glass shattered.

The boy ran away. The crowd started to run.

"Walk! Walk!" we screamed. Things quieted.

People were preparing, pouring water into rags, getting ready for gas. We could see the front of the line, where police were setting off gas to drive the crowd back. It retreated slowly, too slowly. The dull thuds of the gas canisters and the thick white smoke had been far away.

Suddenly there were flares all around us. Dull smoke rose and people were gasping. We ran up 12th Street with many bystanders who were as yet little aware of the violence and totally unprepared for gas. On Pennsylvania Avenue, many non-demonstrators stood around gagging, wondering what was happening. Calls to walk were meaningless then.

us. Bank on every block, Bell telephone, no more windows, up to DuPont Circle. Plainclothes car follows, rocks thru windows, he tears ass out there. Block from the Circle, pig car comes up, two get out. We run, we have nothing to be afraid of; there are still over 100 of us.

We turn around, they have one of the brothers and are about to beat him, someone heaves a rock, then comes a barrage of them, pigs freak, we're not playing the game right, they come, we run, they beat and arrest a straggler or two, cops release brother, run back to car and split. Six squad cars pass us minute later and leave us alone, they continue cruising. Regroup in DuPont, if enough people we split to "Thieu-Ky" embassy, had to leave for a few moments when I returned, very few people around. I guess enough people didn't make it to the Circle.

Sunday. Noon. Georgetown. U. Thought there was a demo against GE, turned out to be a protest against a bridge that would destroy housing in the nearby ghetto. Uneventful rally, just ended. We played football, hurt myself, more playing football than the night before.

People ask what did the Injustice Department prove. The standard rap: Vietnam is the result of U.S. imperialist policy, not an isolated incident (Laos, Thailand, Indonesia, the Middle East, Latin America, all over the third world). The way they get the U.S. out is through struggle, people's war, wars of national liberation. Here we must do the same. America will not change because we ask it to, only by our forcing it to. Blacks, Puerto Ricans, and the other third world colonies within America realize this, and whites are beginning to. Our destruction may seem useless, but the targets picked were major sources of oppression, the Thieu-Ky butcher house, banks, Dept. of Injustice (remember Huey, and Bobby, Abbie, Martin, Jane, Bill, Terry and all the other brothers and sisters in jail).

The demonstrations and subsequent actions help us get rid of our fears of private property, the pig, and non-violence. If we want to support Liberation struggles, we gotta liberate ourselves, and that will involve struggle. We're learning; and Washington was an important part of the education.

Adelson Elaborates on Accusation

Professor Howard Adelson (Chmn., History) finally did elaborate on his charges that two leaders of last Spring's shutdown of the College were on Mayor John Lindsay's campaign payroll.

In a press conference the day before the election, he also accused the Lindsay Administration of being responsible for the use of student loan funds as bail money for those arrested in last November's sanctuary for Private William Brakefield.

A leader of Professors for Proccacino, Adelson had refused to discuss the controversy on the campus. Instead, he held a press conference for the Metropolitan press at the Graduate Center on

his sources of information; however, "because they would be subject to reprisals."

The professor also claimed the mayor had originally called for a hearing before the Fair Campaign Practices Committee, but instead of pressing for this hearing had "resorted to innuendo" in public statements. Adelson added that he had intended to reveal what he called his additional information at the hearing.

Any hearing after the election, "in the unhappy event that Mr. Lindsay is re-elected by fooling the citizens of New York once again," Adelson continued, would be useless.

Regarding the alleged use of College loan funds for bail money, Adelson asserted this a questionable practice for which the Lindsay Administration "which set the tone of our city," must bear full responsibility.

Seven students, with the support of Student Government officers at the time, did obtain \$100 personal loans from the College. According to one of the students, "People in the Financial Aids Office were fully aware of where the money was going to,

and did not object to the loans."

Richard Aurelio, Mayor Lindsay's campaign manager, called Adelson's new charges "political tripe."

"It is the mark of the desperation of Mario Proccacino that, on the day before the election, he drags out a campaign aide already discredited for his previous reckless and false campaign charges," he added.

Today . . .

The Club Iberoamericano is honoring Puerto Rico Week today with an art exhibition in Lewisohn Lounge and music by Polly Roger's folk group in Buttenweiser Lounge at 4:30 PM.

CHRISTMAS SALES AT BONWIT TELLER

As Christmas Time is Drawing Near
Come Deck our Halls with
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With your Help or Spirits
will lift
And our Customers will find
a Perfect Gift!
Our Awning's Sparkling with
Twinkling Lights
Come join Bonwit's selling
Days and Nights!
FULL TIME 35 HOURS,
5 DAYS, OR
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The form is not invariable
but it must be a large circle
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with the Magic Wand
marked with chalk
marked or salt. It should
also include the words
ALPHA, ON, EGO, AGLA
and OMEGA, plus the
pointed and
the pointed star

For more details on Magic
Circle, Love Potion, charm,
Spell, Curses and even
the Wizard's Lizard
take an Adventure in
Demology, Wizard's
two record album cases
ON DEMOGRAPHY



Hair Today Gene Tomorrow

Harvey Holtz has driven the coach of the College's unofficial hockey team to the point of pulling out his hair — Holtz's hair, that is. Holtz came to the Riverdale skating rink one evening with his hair sticking out of his helmet. The coach ordered Holtz to sit out that night's game.

"Anyone on the team can attest to the fact that I didn't play because of this hairy issue, not because of my playing ability," said Holtz.

However, the team members of the hockey club have the power to remove their mentor. Holtz is talking rebellion, and if it succeeds, the hair may cause the pullout of the coach.

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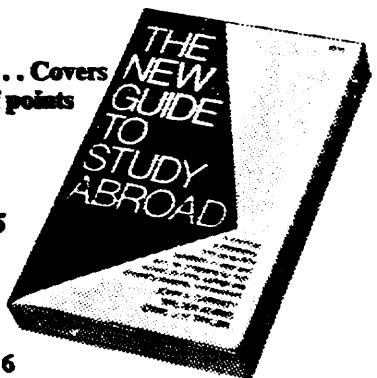
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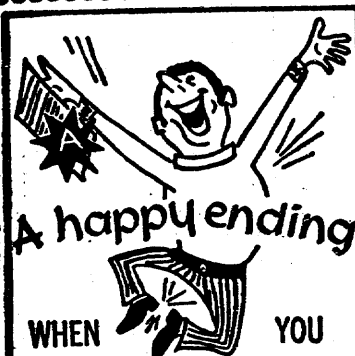
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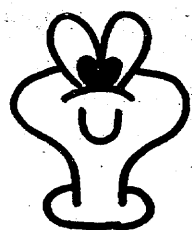
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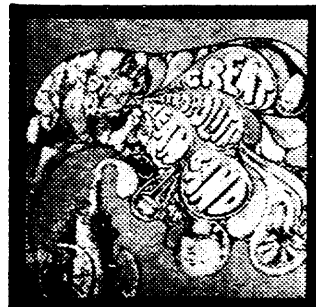
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Brakefield ...

Bill Brakefield will go before an Army court-martial at the Fort Dix stockade in early December. More than one year after his sanctuary at the College, he faces riot charges which could result in a 30 year sentence.

Two other soldiers also being tried for their alleged involvement in last June's stockade riot have been convicted and given what the Army considers light sentences.

Tom Catlow, who turned 18 last week, was dishonorably discharged, and Jeffrey Russell was sentenced to a three year jail term. Although he is slated to testify in Brakefield's defense, the Army has shipped Russell to Fort Meade, Maryland, without notifying his wife.

Copeland Would Admit H.S. Juniors

Acting President Joseph Copeland suggested this week that 50 "outstanding" high school juniors be admitted to the College next September.

In a speech Wednesday night before an Alumni Association dinner at the Roosevelt Hotel, Copeland said the plan would "counterbalance the influx of unprepared students" under the City University's open admission plans.

Under the proposal approved last week by the Board of Higher Education (BHE), all high school graduates who have an 80% average or are in the top half of the class would be admitted to a 4-year college. The remainder of the graduates would be guaranteed admission to a 2-year junior college.

"City College can and will maintain high standards of excellence but will certainly have

an increased percentage of elimination for unsatisfactory scholarship," Copeland asserted.

"Lowering of academic standards at City College must not and cannot be permitted. City College has and will continue to demand excellence for graduation."

Copeland added that "poor education with low standards is a solution for no one."

In an interview yesterday, Copeland said he hoped his plan would help bring in a larger proportion of the top-ranking high school students, many of whom now accept scholarship awards from out-of-town schools.

Copeland said that if this limit-

ed experiment succeeded, he hoped it could be expanded to include a much larger number of qualified students.

Acting President Copeland and Professor Bernard Bellush (History) indicated that the BHE members to whom each had informally spoken appeared to favor the plan. Both said they felt the plan had a good chance of being approved by the Board and by City University officials.

In a related development, Student Senate President Jim Landy met with campus organization leaders yesterday afternoon to discuss methods of obtaining support for the BHE's plan. At the brief session, only seven of over 150 organization representatives took the effort to attend.

Landy refuted a charge that without regard to scholastic ability would make diplomas virtually meaningless. "If anything," Landy asserted, "with increased remedial assistance, tutoring and financial aid, the value of the diploma might just increase."

Executive Vice President Alan Ross emphasized the importance of getting wide support in order to persuade both Governor Rockefeller and the State Legislature, to pass the \$110 million plan.

The ad-hoc committee will meet again next Monday at 4 PM to decide upon methods of informing more people of the Open Admissions proposal.

—Marcus, Grad

Six Sociology Faculty Given Axe

Four faculty members in the Sociology Department have been fired and two others have been denied tenure in actions taken by fellow faculty members last week.

Assistant Professor Marlis Kruger, and lecturers Wayne Cotton, James Somers, and Frieda Silvert were not reappointed by their department's Appointments Committee.

Assistant professors Arnold Birenbaum and Mike Silverstein, were denied tenure by the Social Sciences Personnel and Budget (P and B) Committee, despite the recommendations of the Appointments Committee. Birenbaum indicated that the department would direct his and Silverstein's appeal of the decision to the College's review committee, composed of Acting President Joseph Copeland and the deans.

Five of the six teachers are either members of the fairly radical Faculty for Action or are sympathetic to the group. Faculty for Action supported the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community's demands last semester.

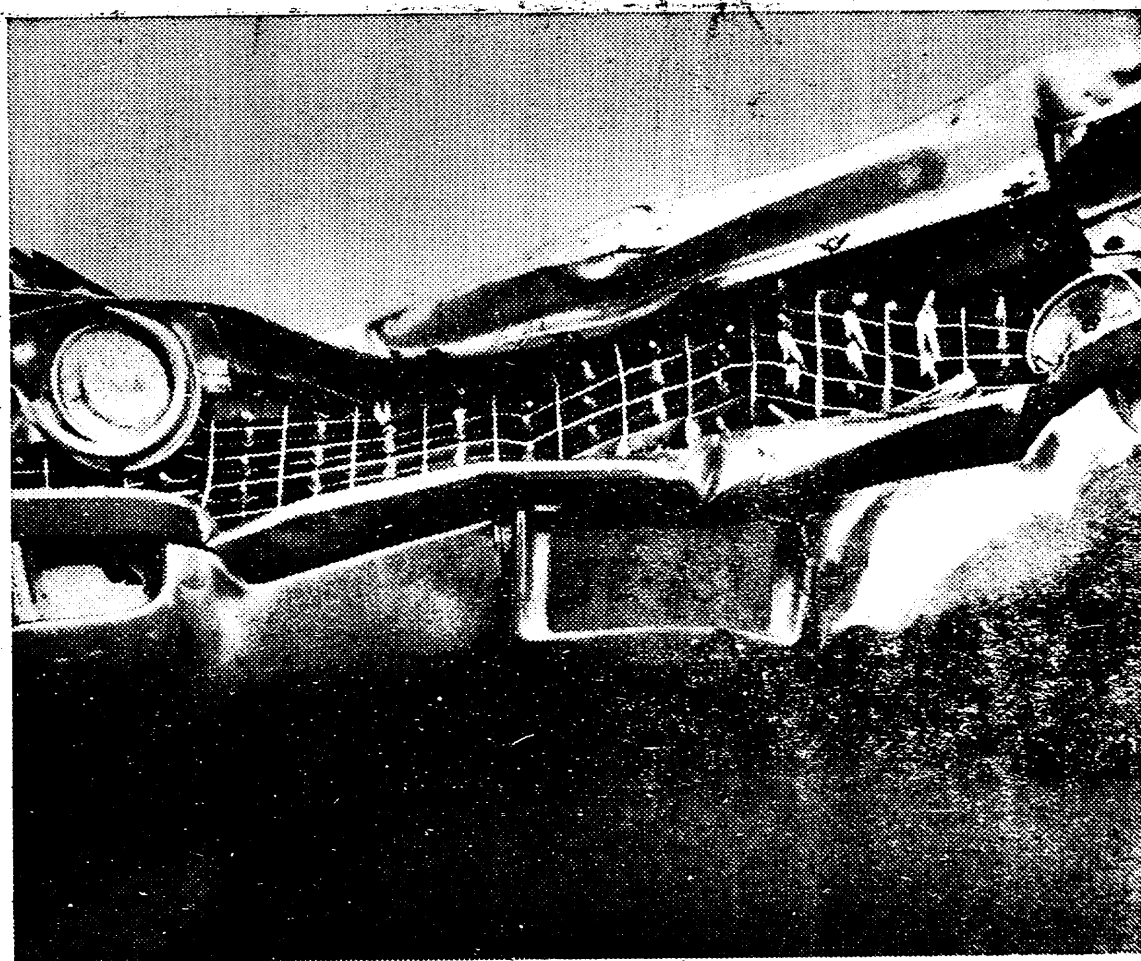
Amid charges that the actions of the committees were politic-

ally motivated, Professor Joseph Barmack, (Chmn., Psychology), who heads the P and B Committee, said, "In terms of our own deliberations, we were fair to these individuals." The committee, which made its decisions on November 14, is made up of the seven chairmen of the Social Science Departments.

The Sociology Student Caucus plans to fight the moves. Ira Shulte, a member, claimed that the teachers were fired for their

activism. He said, "The criteria which the committees are supposed to use are the amount of published work and teaching ability. As far as the teaching ability goes, we conducted a teacher evaluation survey involving 600 students. All six teachers received very favorable ratings."

The Caucus will meet Monday at 11 AM in Room 111 Wagner to discuss possible action over the dismissals.



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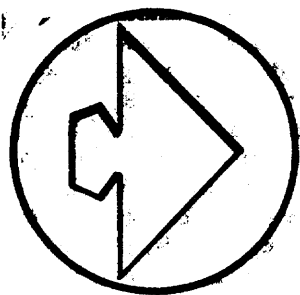
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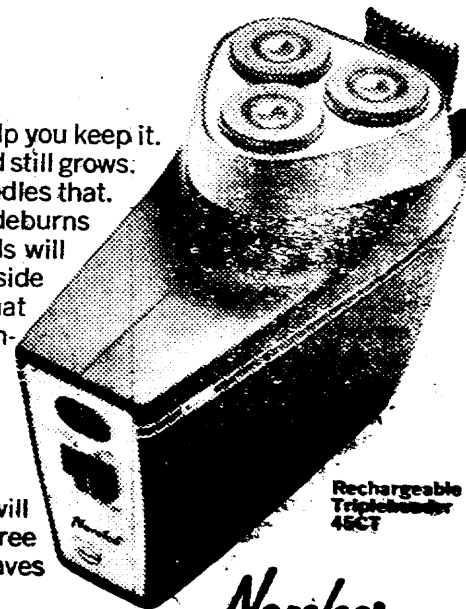
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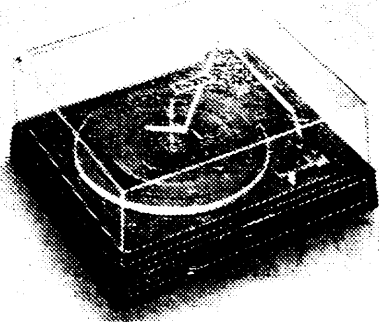
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A Normal Saturday

(Continued from Page 2)

That would make no sense. So, when someone says that the militants spoiled the march, they are not only incorrect, but terribly self-righteous in thinking that the militants had (or should have had) the same motives as they have — simply, to end the war.

But, anyway, the war is something that the Joint Chiefs of Staff will eventually have to end by themselves, and now I was worried about something I could do — for example, talk to my friend, Paul. So when I arrived at Massapequa, I ignored the dozens of headlights ("Honor America Week") shining into the day, and I worried about Paul and me.

It sounded funny . . .

"I just don't care about anything. I don't give a shit about a thing." Those were the first words Paul said after riding in the car for about five minutes. Paul is rarely tense or worried. We never before felt a need to speak about all our feelings; we'd just feel what the other felt without saying it. But now his silence bothered me. I asked him continually what was on his mind. "It's really fucked up," he said. "Everything is so fucked up." That's all. It sounded funny when he said it. Like a joke. Like bad dialogue. Like someone who didn't mean what he said. He knew it sounded that way, so he laughed. South Campus cafeteria people have been saying things like that for years, but when a straight kid from New Paltz says it, somehow it becomes more frightening. "Everybody feels the same way," Paul said. "The jocks, the card players, the politicians — even Joe Twomey, who's the biggest fascist I know — everybody is bored stiff with college, but doesn't know where to go outside of it. What is there to do? What the fuck am I going to do when I graduate from this place in a couple of years? Mark wanted to become a lawyer when he first came here. But he can't stand political science and now all he does is talk about traveling this summer. Everything is fucked-up."

Dan Rather of CBS News suddenly interrupted: "Sporadic violence has broken out near the Justice Department in Washington. Youths, splattering red paint on the walls of the federal building, have been repulsed by jets of tear gas. Police are rounding up the few militants who refuse to leave the area . . . This sudden outbreak has added a sour footnote to an otherwise beautiful day of protest."

I thought about Pete Seeger for a moment. I was becoming confused, worried.

"I guess you could call me a hard-core cynical anarchist," Paul said seriously after I pressed him to explain why he doesn't talk much about people or politics. "I just don't care at all. Or not enough, at least, to speak about it. . . . Come on, this intellectual bullshit is a waste of time. I mean, you know we don't have to talk about it."

I couldn't understand what was happening; it felt horrible. Here was my closest friend telling me how hopeless his life is and we couldn't even talk about it. I wanted so much to talk, but we couldn't. Not then, anyway. The feeling was familiar. I'd seen it before that day.

I thought about the old man masturbating on the subway — he couldn't talk about his problems. I thought about the price of frankfurters — who do you talk to? I thought about the headlights — those people didn't even want to talk, and that may be the hardest of all to live with. And I thought about Abbie Hoffman (flashes of Chicago, and don't nobody fucking call the militants at Washington "a sour footnote"), and the handful of youths who were trying to talk — who have been trying to talk for years, peacefully and violently — but no one would listen . . . and the mass of demonstrators — I couldn't tell what they were saying, if they were saying anything sincerely.

The land of yesterday

And there was Paul, saying that he didn't care enough to say that he shouldn't have to be where he is now, and that his country has no place for him and his friends; that there are no "jobs" for his type of life now, and there may not be any next year or the year after, or the year after that. Actually, there was nothing that he could say.

I thought about the two girls on the subway looking through the Times for a job.

"I guess I'll be an English teacher for a few years and then I'll travel," Paul finally concluded, as he had concluded so many times before. "I'll teach summers and go up to the mountains and ski in the winter." He rested a while, and decided he should study English; he took out his Monarch review notes entitled "The Romantic Poets," and lay on his bed, reading. Eventually, he fell asleep.

It was a normal Saturday, I guess. A normal Saturday except for a million or so Americans who isolated themselves in the Capital of the country, where, we are told, thousands of armed soldiers and police waited out the day hidden within the halls of the federal buildings. Maybe waiting for the next time. The next big march next spring. It was a normal Saturday for a demonstration. But I did not go to Washington on that Saturday.

To the Editor:

So Jonny Neumann wants letters. None of OP's (or is it Obbies) articles seem to attract any attention. One article (at least it's a start) stirred up quite a commotion among a few people who are too skeptical to believe anything they read in OP. So here it is, Jonny, a Dear Editor letter.

Last week's obituary by Fred Miller was fine as a piece of fiction, but Fred, as a journalist should not fall into the trap of seeing only what he wants to see, or, basing a case on second hand or hearsay evidence.

Probably no other symbol of death has gotten as big a play as the Walrus, the Norse symbol of death. And sure enough on the front cover of Magical Mystery Tour, Fred informs us that Paul is the only one of the Beatles in a black uniform (another death symbol) and that he is wearing a Walrus mask. He has his arms stretched out like a Christ figure. Who says that the one in the Walrus costume is Paul? We can't see his face but there's another picture of the Beatles on page five still in full uniform. The one in black (the Walrus) is at John's instrument, the piano, and one of the Beatles dressed in white wearing a hippo mask is holding a left handed bass, which is Paul's instrument. They appear again at their instruments without the masks on pages 12 & 13, and John is at the piano where the Walrus sat. So, if we are to conclude anything from these pictures, it is that John, not Paul is the Walrus. Also on page 24, Paul is not the only one in the picture to have a hand over his head.

Fred also made a big deal out of the color glossies and the poster that came with the album The Beatles. Paul is not the only one to have the top of his head cut off and in most of the pictures that he appears in he's all there. In fact in the 8x10's Ringo is the only one to appear intact or for that matter dressed. The reason that Paul's head seems to be chopped off a little more is because it is enlarged more than the others. Rather than proving that he was decapitated it only shows that the darkroom technician knows how to make a more impressive looking print through cropping. The picture in the upper right hand corner of the poster which Fred states is either Paul or his double is neither. It's George. And Paul's head is not resting in a pool of blood, he's in a bathtub. Stop trying to stretch things, Fred.

As for the Sgt. Pepper album all the wax statues behind the Beatles are not of dead people. Johnny Weismuller, Marlon Brando, Bob Dylan and Tony Curtis, out of the people in the picture that I recognize are still with us. Neither can I or any of my friends or relatives see Paul's left handed bass in the picture. There are, of course, some flowers in the picture that vaguely look like they're shaped like a guitar, but I can't tell if it's left handed.

And maybe Jonny, if you weren't so pressed you might have asked Fred a couple of these questions yourself:

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Turnpike Tolls...

(Continued from Page 2)

Later on, I went to this pizza place, kind of patterned like "Your Father's Moustache" except that it looked like a barn with all kinds of elaborately painted graffiti — things about Coolidge and prohibition. They had this really horrid Dixieland band with a loud trumpet player from the school of *trés fortissimo*. In high school, he was probably the third trumpeter and jealous of the first trumpeter, who played melody. Harmony or counterpoint wasn't enough for him. He was more inclined to think of himself as the start, and so he compensated by playing louder than anyone else.

After that, I went to the main hang at St. John's College. The only hippies to be found in Annapolis are there. As I entered the room there were groups of study cells seated at large wooden tables. I heard a kid in one group saying something like, "In life, you've got to . . ." and then sort of trailing off on his own head.

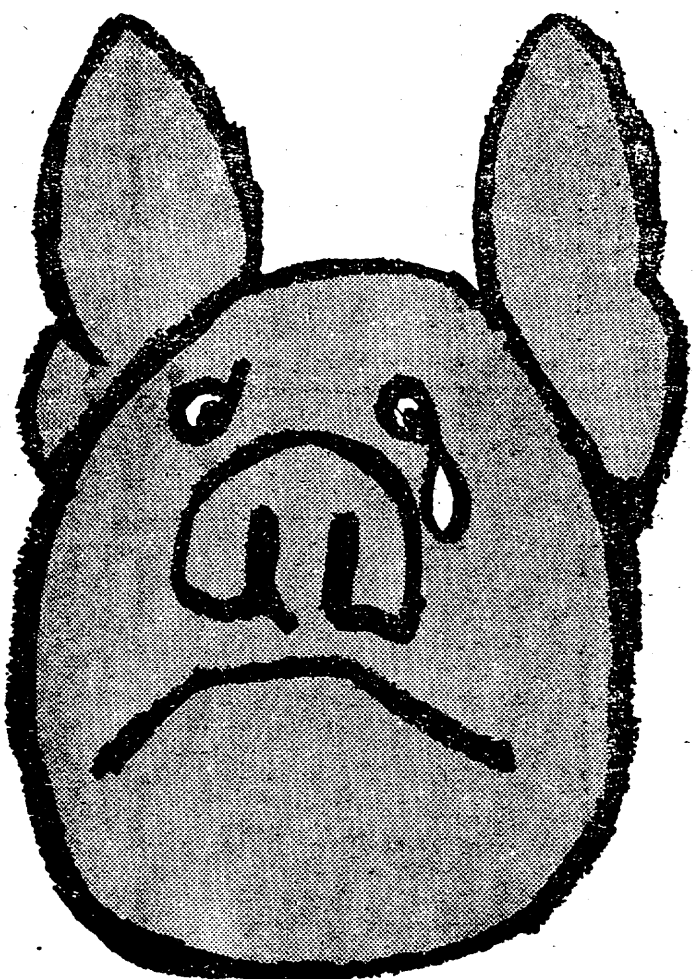
Saturday morning started with a drive into Washington. On the road, many people had their lights on. But the road to Washington seemed to be filled with freaks — chock full o'nuts. Entering Washington you could see a national guard at each intersection. But things looked peaceful enough. We parked our car in the northwest quadrant and headed for the demonstration. It's just impossible to get lost in this town as the Washington Monument looms over everything. In fact, most of the government buildings have a glow-in-the-dark quality that would make them super-attractive to the

run-of-the-mill acid-head.

The buildings lining Pennsylvania Avenue, all have this incredibly imposing character — like, it'd take more than Molotov cocktails or cherry bombs to blow them up. Try telling that to a Weatherman. Anyway, they have their own problems.

When I finally got to the Washington Monument it took me about a half-hour to wade through the throng. The gathering looked like a huge success. More kids than anyone else, with the regular old-time peaceniks sprinkled in. I had heard that the Mayor's office was quoting 120-150,000, but I spoke to some people who got the figure of 500,000 from the cops. But, of course, that always happens. Nevertheless, the Washington papers were billing the day as the largest demonstration ever.

These demonstrations usually bore the shit out of me. I mean at Bryant Park I nodded. Like everyone else I'm tired of rhetoric and I usually feel nowhere amongst massive turnouts. Group heads are usually pretty oppressive. But, today was very different. The spirit of Woodstock was everywhere. With live music and lots of pot the afternoon took on aspects of a huge be-in. But it was much more than that. And as the afternoon wore on and it got colder people huddled close together to stay warm. The culmination of the day came with the performance by the cast of "Hair." By this time everyone was just too cold to sit any longer and so the dancing and singing began. It was quite a way to close the day, a marvelous example for all the assholes that run this country.



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