

# The College's Drug Scene Is Getting Harder

At nine in the morning, outside the Student Senate office on the third floor of Finley Center, a short white male stands leaning against the wall. Hands clutching his thigh, a hypodermic needle is sticking out through his jeans. As he shoots, another friend stands by the windows watching for people coming around the corner. An antiseptic odor fills the corridor.

A "good" student was reportedly found unconscious recently in a Wagner Hall bathroom coming through a mild heroin overdose. He was given artificial respiration and after 45 minutes was able to leave.

A thin, short, attractive girl with waist-length brown hair sat in the cafeteria trembling slightly. Recently recovered from hepatitis, she was now trying to call Odyssey House but couldn't find a phone that worked. Near tears she looked at a friend and said, "Just like CCNY, you can't even get a fuckin' phone when you need one."

\* \* \*

After months of quietly ignoring the fact that the

College has a heroin problem, administrators and students are beginning to look for solutions. And as they do, they begin to realize that the solution may be the problem's biggest part.

"Actually the problem is nothing new," says Dr. Marty Breitman, who through the Division of Counseling and Testing runs an office in Room 410 Finley to aide students who either want information about drugs or need help with drug problems. "It's been going on for years, but only now are people beginning to look for it. Students I talk to tell me that heroin's been around for years."

Several hundred are estimated to have tried the narcotic, but no one can estimate the number of students who are addicted. Business, though, is said to run to \$500 a day at the College, which is believed to be one link on a route that does a daily take of \$5000.

Most of the customers buy \$2 bags or deuces, and inhale the powdered drug through rolled up paper tubes or dollar bills. Very few people at the College inject heroin, at least publicly.

Customers can also buy \$5 bags called pounds, though

the bags (actually glassine envelopes) contain far less than the name implies. Some users buy several pounds and then resell some of the heroin in the cafeteria or elsewhere around the school.

The first problem in dealing with heroin is simply acknowledging the existence of a pressing problem. More than one high official at the College has declined to openly discuss what is being done to stop pushers on campus because it is a felony to fail to report a crime to the police. The fear is that disclosures might lead to a grand jury subpoena and a scandal involving the College that everyone would like to avoid.

But it becomes clear that rehabilitating the user is a universal objective. The problem is viewed as one that must be treated by professionals through social agencies, not by policemen through jail cells.

In the past few weeks, administrators have met informally with individuals and groups, discussing ways of helping addicts at the College. But no group has yet been able to come forward with a detailed program for

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## observation post

Vol. 47 - No. 10

CAMBODIA

FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1970



Robert Marshak criticizes "escalation of fees" at student rally yesterday.

Hew

## Fee Hike Inevitable, CUNY Officials Say

by peter grad

City University officials said last night that the fee boost to \$132 next semester is inevitable.

Vice Chancellor for Budget T. Edward Hollander, while expressing regret over the situation, explained that the issue boiled down to "either cutting funds by \$15 million or raising fees" because of expected appropriations by the state and city governments.

"We consider Mayor Lindsay's allotment of \$330 million as a victory in light of all the pressures that are being exerted from the police, sanitation men, transit workers and hospitals for more money," Hollander said.

The Board of Higher Education (BHE) will not officially decide the fee question until May 15, after its funding is assured.

Hollander and two other officials met with seven students selected from a group of about 70 who travelled from the College by chartered bus to protest the fee raise. While commenting

that the university's officials disapproved of higher student fees, he said there was no way to prevent the hike.

Student Senate President James Landy asked why they were not willing to protest publicly. "It would be counter-productive if the BHE complained," said David Newton, director of the university's Open Admissions Task Force.

Public Relations director Hank Paley added, "There's been too much public outrage and too little pressure where it counts. Public outcry doesn't help one bit. Setting fires in garbage cans at Hunter, picket lines at Lehman, building takeovers at City College, this doesn't buy any persuasion for the board."

When Landy suggested that the required funds could be obtained by imposing a 1% tax on banks and real estate interests, the three officials agreed but acknowledged that such a move was "not very likely."

He also cited the probability of even higher increases in the future. In reply Hollander outlined other potential sources of incomes, including fee increases for graduate students. "There is every justification in raising their fees. Most graduate students have part time jobs, are eligible for tax deductions and will receive further pay increases upon completion of graduate school."

Hollander also indicated that teacher education fees might be raised.

Towards the end of the meeting, Hollander said he doesn't believe anyone will be seriously hurt by the increase. "\$132 is a relatively small fee. This is an emotional issue."

Newton stressed the importance of "stopping the unwar-

(Continued on Page 3)

## Marshak Heckled At Fee Speech

by allan lovasz

Repeated disturbances marked President-select Robert Marshak's first public appearance at the College before approximately 700 students at a rally for free tuition yesterday.

Several students, one with a bullhorn, called on Marshak to speak on open admissions, the proposed SEEK budget cuts, bail funds for the Panther 21, ROTC and free day care centers for children.

Marshak, who responded that he would discuss those topics in the near future, seemed only slightly ruffled by the interruptions. "I am pleased to meet city College students," he said, "despite the noise—and I'm not only referring to the airplanes."

Airplanes flying overhead intermittently drowned out speakers throughout the rally in the North Campus Quadrangle.

Touching briefly on the topic of open admissions, Marshak said that "an escalation of fees at this time would appear to make a mockery of open admissions." Two-thirds of the college's students come from homes in which the income is insufficient to meet rising college costs, he said, and he argued that the College needs more jobs in work-study and related programs in order to "decrease, rather than increase,

obstacles" to education.

However, he did not name any specific sources for the funds needed to maintain the current fee level and to expand college programs.

Marshak said that when he was a student here the semesterly fee was \$5. He attended City College for a semester before transferring to Columbia University.

Marshak drew criticism from Betty Rawls, a member of the SEEK faculty, who termed his speech "passive" and called on him to become "a true moral leader for the college."

Describing as "a hoax and a sham" the Board of Higher Education's statement that it has a viable open admissions plan, Rawls said that "nothing has been done to prepare for a meaningful open admissions program." She advocated a grassroots movement to fight the proposed cuts in SEEK and other support programs.

Ross Danielson, a sociology lecturer speaking for the People's Coalition for a Free City University, called for a moratorium next

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday to discuss the problems of the City University. Castigating those who seek what he termed

(Continued on Page 3)



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Peter Grad

# Experimental College Hibernates

Ceasing its activities this term, the Experimental College has begun to think about energizing apathetic students and faculty in the fall.

At a meeting Tuesday night, the staff and friends of the small, informal organization decided to cancel such planned activities as a music festival and a course evaluation program. This decision was made so that people would not be diverted from protesting teacher firings, fee hikes and open admissions, according to its coordinator Brad Silver.

Next term, the group intends to study new teaching techniques and possibly create an "anti-university," which "would be a sort of shadow college, with anti-departments and anti-deans to supplement the regular departments and courses," explains Silver.

Another suggestion being considered is offering a course on registration that would be taught

at registration.

A list of suggestions for future programs, along with a plea for help, will be mailed shortly to everyone who has registered in Experimental College courses and to all interested faculty, a total of about 300 people.

"We need new blood," says Silver, "especially if we are to expand next year. Right now we probably have only enough manpower to conduct classes.

"If people are excited about some of these things, they must participate. They can't just leave the work to somebody else.

"I'm not satisfied with the way the program went this year," Silver continued. "The organizers and students were very isolated from the rest of the Experimental College. We were successful this term as far as courses go, but there was no glue, nothing holding the people in the program together."

**OP**

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# SEEK Students and Government Face Shaky Future

by karen smith

With budget cuts threatening to drastically alter the SEEK program, about 200 of its students tried to get it all together yesterday.

But midway through the meeting, the group split into two and togetherness seemed unreachable.

Few of the students appreciated the persistence of one student identified only as "Collier" who recalled the existence of the tightly-organized Black and Puerto Rican Student Community last spring. "We have to unite to survive," he told them.

But while the largely black audience agreed with "the necessity of uniting," a large portion of the meeting was devoted to simply discussing problems and exchanging information, rather than forming a new organization.

"The strike was together, but it's over," one female student answered "Collier." We got problems now, and we got to deal with them."

The newly formed SEEK Student Government called the meeting with the hope of getting all SEEK students united to fight for the continuation and expansion of the SEEK program. However, half the audience walked out when an argument erupted between students who wished to participate in the anti-fee pro-SEEK rally on North Campus, sponsored by the Student Senate, and those who favored planning and executing their own demonstrations for the continuation of SEEK.

The first speaker, Robert Young, Dean of the SEEK program, promised to do all he could to restore all of the program's funds. He expressed the great need of SEEK students for solidarity. "The only

way a student voice is effective is when it's organized," he noted. Dean Young left to meet Deputy Mayor Richard Aurilio to discuss the cuts in the SEEK budget.

Next Larry Harris and Bill Robinson, SEEK students, urged students to volunteer time to the SEEK government's newly formed Political Action, Communication, and Cultural Affairs Committees. They also urged all SEEK students to vote for the Third World Coalition slate in the upcoming Student Senate elections. Robinson remarked, "We have an overwhelming advantage to guarantee true Third World representation on the Senate. This past year the Senate has set up very few programs which aid SEEK students. If all 1100 of us vote intelligently for this slate, we will be able to get things done on campus."

Betty Rawls, an instructor in the SEEK program then pointed out that not enough communication existed between faculty and students in the program. "Next year we're going to need a very tight unit, because the very life of the SEEK program is being threatened," she remarked.

She expressed the hope that a student-faculty coordinating committee would be formed to fight for the continuation of SEEK and the improvement of the open admissions plan. She said, "We must fight for all students, whether under SEEK or Open Admissions, who need such supportive services as stipends, dormitories, counselling, and tutoring. It's unfair if a kid enters the college as a SEEK student, receiving a great deal of individual attention, while another kid in the same family comes to City via Open Admissions, without any supportive services at all."

Next Francis Geteles (SEEK counselor)

informed the students present about the latest developments in various SEEK struggles, mentioning that:

\* It appears that SEEK will get close to all the 21 million dollars it requested to run the program next year. With New York State putting up nine million and New York City another seven, at least two of the remaining five million probably will be obtained by heavy lobbying at the mayor's office.

\* The Alamac dormitory, which the Board of Higher Education (BHE) had threatened to shut down due to lack of funds, will likely remain open. The members of the BHE SEEK Advisory Task Force have threatened to resign if the dorm is closed.

\* A shortage in stipend money may force students to compete for the limited funds. Also, students may now get only part of their expenses paid for this way, making up the difference via loans and work-study programs.

\* Increased minority enrollment, one of five demands of last Spring's strike and shutdown, will not occur with the present open admissions plan. Rather, more white students who, because of low averages,

would normally have gone to Hofstra or L.I.U. will come to the College. Also, due to lack of planning, the college is requesting the SEEK faculty to teach remedial courses to Open Admissions students. Under such an arrangement classes would have to be much larger than they are now, with the result that SEEK students would no longer receive as much personal attention.

James Ali, a student leader in the Peoples' Coalition which is leading the strike at Hunter College, urged solidarity of Third World students on all the CUNY campuses. He claimed, "If we all get together and close down the entire City University, those fools who call themselves administrators will have to give us what the fuck we want."

Students next heatedly debated whether the new SEEK Student Government had any value. One student claimed that Third World students would get more done working within the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community, which led last Spring's strike.

The students decided to meet again next Thursday to try to formulate further plans.

## Return Engagement

Buell Gallagher did not appear at yesterday's rally against fee increases.

Wednesday night, when Robert Morgenthau cancelled his scheduled appearance, Student Senate Executive Vice President Alan Ross, the rally's organizer, started casting about desperately for a speaker who would attract press coverage.

In a telephone call to the former presi-

dent, Ross asked Gallagher if he would address the rally.

"I have decided not to come back to the College," Gallagher calmly replied. "I have received several offers to make appearances there, all of which I declined. I feel that I must decline your offer, too.... I don't think I should come back to the College and re-open old wounds."

## Moratorium on Classes

(Continued from Page 1)

"piecemeal change," he said that a revolution is needed within the University in order to restructure it towards "positive relations with the community."

A Women's Liberation speaker attacked the College's administration for failing to act upon demands made by the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community last fall for a proportional open admissions program reflecting the racial composition of the City's high schools.

Faculty Senate Chairman Professor Bernard Bellush received cheers when he asserted that funds will not be made available for improvement of campus facilities and open admissions until the United States ends its in-

volvement in the Vietnam war.

The Student Senate-sponsored rally was delayed 45 minutes because scheduled speakers, including gubernatorial candidate Robert Morgenthau and State Senator Basil Paterson, running for lieutenant governor, failed to appear.

Approximately 75 students afterwards took buses to the Board of Higher Education to participate in a planned City University-wide demonstration for free tuition. However, most of them left after discovering that students from other colleges were not there.

## CUNY

(Continued from Page 1)

ranted relationship between the fee and open admissions—the current fee raise has nothing to do with the funding for open admissions."

The fear that SEEK might be phased out as open admissions is implemented was expressed by Tom Spencer, a black student.

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These days all start the same: swimming safely in that dim half-world of semi-consciousness and feverish dreams, forced limply to the surface by the late morning heat. Where my skin touches anything: the sleeping bag underneath me, the cot, a poncho liner rolled up as a pillow, the wool blanket kicked down to my feet; where my legs lie together, where my arm shields my eyes from the light, I am wet and sticky with sweat. I open my eyes reluctantly, one at a time, peering out from under my arm. Then, accepting the day, I stretch my legs and swing my feet to the rough plywood floor of the hooch. When I am sitting up, I can see the sunlight burning in through the doorway, and the three other rumpled, empty cots. Ducking under the crossbrace which holds up the packing crate walls, I take three steps to the cooler and poke among the floating chunks of ice to pull out a beer. I pull on my pants, shake out my boots and slip them unlaced on my bare feet, and with the unopened can of beer in my hand, I step out from under the canvas roof, into the burning sun, hoping that lunch will arrive soon.

After eating, I lace up my boots, put on my fatigue shirt, pistol belt, steel helmet, pick up my flak vest, gas mask, my rifle and a few magazines of ammunition, and walk up the hill to pull my shift at the bunker.

I exchange a few words with the man I am relieving as he gathers up his equipment, and carefully lean my rifle against one sandbag wall. When he goes, I relax against the back wall to start watching the jungle. The view never changes: close to the barbed wire, all the trees have been cut down, and now only high yellow grass grows. Further out, many of the trees still standing are dead, and those alive look thin and fragile: intermittently, all night long, our mortar and artillery fire into them. In the middle distance, the jungle is green and thick and still, and it rolls away to the far mountains, and sometimes the planes, no more than dots, slide slowly through the air, and where the bombs hit green hillsides, oily smoke crawls up silently against a deep blue sky.

Often, as I watch, I clean the bunker's machine gun. It is a satisfying operation, wiping and carefully oiling the parts, shiny where steel rubs on steel; the glossy rifling in the barrel twirling away to a point of sky; when it is reassembled, cocking it and pulling the trigger: dark steel crashing on dark oiled steel.

The few hours of my shift pass, and I see nothing move, except perhaps the straggling columns coming in from Jungle Training, tired pale faces, or a patrol wading through the high grass, disappearing into the trees, going out to the war, and I am relieved, and return to the hooch. All afternoon, and into early evening, I sit in the sun, sit in the shade, read a book, clean my rifle, listen to the top 40 on the Army network, watch the mortar crew practice, drink beer. Some days I get very drunk, and once, while pulling my night shift at the bunker, I put my bayonet through the fold of skin between my left thumb and index finger, trying to open a can of beer. I have a small, almost unnoticeable scar there now, my only war wound.

I have company at the bunker during my night shift. Men sent out from base camp to augment the regular guards arrive a little before twilight in the back of a dusty truck. Our three throw their equipment bags to the road and clamber over the tailgate. One of us regulars shows them where they can sleep under cover from the coming night rain, explains what the shifts are, and then lets them decide among themselves who will pull which one. Sometimes, if our supply is good, we offer them a beer or two, and once, when someone somebody knows turns up, we have a little party.

It's pleasant to have someone to talk to up at the bunker, especially at night; with the artillery, it helps keep me awake. But after awhile, the conversations all seem the same: the ritual introduction—name, state, town, days left in-country; then, girls back home, fondly remembered bars, R&R in Bangkok, cars that will be bought.

While we talk, I keep a constant watch on the jungle. I never see anything in the darkness and the rain, but I know the enemy is waiting out there somewhere; there is always a low expectant tension. Even when I'm drunk, I carefully check the triggers of the claymore mines, I clumsily run my fingers over the machine gun to feel that it is loaded.

When my night shift is over, I leave the augmentee alone in the bunker and trudge through the rain, back to the hooch, to wake up my relief. I hang my rifle carefully in its place at the head of my cot, dump my equipment on the floor, take off my boots and clothes, and crawl quickly under a blanket to escape the chill of the wet night air. Someone is snoring softly. To the distant hum of insects, flapping helicopters, I sink away into the night; rain on the canvas roof, the smell of wet canvas, of wet grass, my relief stirring in the darkness, the random pounding of the artillery....

And the days pass this way, and the nights, and I keep my rifle clean, and I have no worries, and I do not have to think, and the sergeant tells us when we will pull our shifts. And every night, as the light leaves the sky, the rain will start, and an hour or so later, the chill wind will pick up down the mountain and I'll put on my field jacket, or wrap a poncho liner around my shoulders. Somewhere

## I keep my rifle clean, and I have no worries

by rebel owen

an unseen lizard will start croaking. And standing guard in a small bunker, leaning back against wet, sagging sandbags, exchanging words with someone I have never known, and will probably never meet again, watching the dark, unchanging jungle for the enemy I have never seen, I am a stranger in this wild land, and yet it seems, somehow, that like the jungle, I have been here always, and forever.

\* \* \*

Night. rain. The bunker.

Crouching behind the machine gun, searching for the moving shadows ... where ... there, across towards the hill. I carefully aim the gun. I flip the safety off. I jam back the trigger.

Red glowing tracers drift out into the darkness, some ricocheting up suddenly off rocks. The machine gun is bucking against my shoulder, I peer carefully over the folded sight, aiming by the tracers (regulation six shot bursts) firing it like a firehose, firing where I saw the running shadows (six shot bursts), leaning into the kicking gun, buttplate over my shoulder (six shot bursts), locked into it to keep the tripod in place, the ammo belt rattling out of its can (six shot bursts), left hand on top to keep the barrel down, the weapon's roar (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts), the augmentee yells, something, can't hear him (six shot bursts), contract the finger, powerful steel (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts).

It stops. Out of ammo. The smell of cordite. I straighten up from the gun and step back, my eyes still on the unreadable shadows, cartridges and clips rolling under my boots. Half deaf, I am barely able to hear the field phone buzzing.

No bodies are found the next morning, no equipment, no blood.

\* \* \*

The augmentee is from California, some small town, and he speaks with that open manner they seem to develop out there, as though continuous sunshine has convinced them that everything is revealed.

He is eighteen or nineteen years old, infantry, just recently arrived in-country, and to him I must seem a veteran, or at least I possess that aura that the word "Vietnam" carries for those who have not been there. He listens carefully as I take more than my usual pleasure in competently outlining the procedures of the bunker, and later on in the night, casually explaining the explosions of friendly mortar and artillery outside the perimeter.

As we settle into the routine of our shift, we talk slowly, sporadically, passing the time without urgency. We talk a lot about the Army: Basic Training, A.I.T., my time in Germany, the Oakland Terminal. And of course, he wants to know about the war.

"Have you seen any ... action at this bunker?"

No—not really; but I exaggerate what has happened and relate incidents I have heard about: The night a sapper squad blew up the garbage trucks; the crazy sniper who kept shooting at two helicopter gunships from somewhere up on the mountain; the mortar attack three months ago, when our artillery replied with a half-hour of continuous fire.

As we talk, he keeps peering out into the jungle with a nervous expectation I remember in myself, the forerunner of the low tension, the constant small excitement, which is with me still. It begins when you suddenly become aware, for the first time, that the war is real, not a newspaper story, or your signature on a transfer request; it came for me on a sweltering dusty street in the replacement depot: a soldier standing in the back of an open truck as it rumbled by, camouflaged steel helmet pulled low over his eyes to shield them from the sun, his tanned arms stretching nakedly out from his bulky flak jacket to rest easily on the handles of a loaded 50-calibre machine gun. I knew he would kill, and realized, with a sort of wonder, that someone was trying to kill him, and me.

As the night passes, like so many others, without incident, and my shift nears its end, both I and the augmentee grow sleepy and cold, too tired to talk. I am staring intently into



Rebel Owen was stationed at An Khê, Vietnam from June to November of 1967. While assigned to Headquarters and Main Support Company of the 27th Maintenance Battalion, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), he was attached to the second platoon, 1st Provisional Infantry Company, which guarded the perimeter of Camp Radcliffe, then the 1st Cavalry's base camp.





the rain, trying to forget the creeping hands of my watch, when a flare bursts suddenly into existence in front of the bunker, bringing a shifting, unnatural day to the jungle, a relief from the motionless minutes; a prelude perhaps, to an artillery barrage, or a gunship run. The augmentee straightens up a little, and I notice from the edge of my vision that he turns towards me several times in the sudden light, as though starting to say something. The flare swings down, replacing the mystery of darkness with that of the oddly changing shadows, and fixing his eyes on the burning magnesium, he carefully relaxes himself against the sandbags, and begins to speak.

"I wonder what's out there."

"Probably nothing."

"Yeah." A pause; turning towards me, with a hint of defiance: "I volunteered for Vietnam, you know."

"So did I."

"Oh yeah? Well, you know, I'm sort of anxious to get out to the field. My first sergeant said it would be at least a week."

(You'll want out of the field soon enough, I think to myself with a sudden spasm of irritation, I almost say to him, with false cynicism.)

"I could've gotten out of the infantry if I'd wanted to, you know. But I told them I'd stay. I wanted to know what it was like." A pause, and slowly, promising something to himself: "I guess the first time you're in combat is really something."

Silence.

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"I mean, I really want to know how I'll react the first time I'm in a firefight; it's just something I have to know, I have to experience it."

And looking to the dark jungle, he is silent again.... and suddenly I want to just reach out to touch him I want to say...

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So I, and this boy who wants to be a man, we stand alone in the darkness, staring out in search of the faceless enemy.

\* \* \*

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### Vietnam Casualties

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23 (UPI) —

The following servicemen were identified by the Defense Department today as having been killed in Vietnam:

And then a list of the soldiers.

And there will always be one particular soldier among the others. The list won't say if he once rolled on green, moist grass under a familiar sky, it won't say if he cheated on an eighth grade Social Studies test, or, sun in his eyes, caught the winning ball, or if he was startled by a knock on a locked bathroom door as he lost himself in private sex. It won't say if, walking tired on a quiet midnight sidewalk, he tried to talk his heart to a girl who was different. It won't say if he had plans, ambitions, dreams.

Somewhere, under New Jersey smoke, in Midwestern snow, beneath the clear, timeless sky of California, they will bury him: the apunchy veterans, with their tight, old-fashioned uniforms, and their old medals; the women, and relatives, and school-mates; his father, standing at attention, eyes straight forward, wet, one arm around his woman's shoulder; his mother, head to her breast, sobbing soundlessly now; as they listen to the words, the mourners will gaze at each other across an open grave, and they will bury him. And he will smile out from a photograph, uniform hat pulled jauntily down towards one eye, kept free from dust in a silver frame as the year pass.

And as the years pass, a small clipping will yellow in a newspaper's file, a soldier's toehold on our history: his name, his rank, his town of residence—he died in Vietnam.

\* \* \*

Safe in my homeland, sobering up in the darkness on a slatted park bench, my collar turned up against the cold wind off the water, the current slapping against the bulwark, the first grey light of dawn in the sky, the ghosts of yesterday's newspapers blowing aimlessly along the asphalt walk, I watch the dark river flowing to the sea. And I think of those bright, mindless days, those nights, when the choices seemed so few and so easy, when fear, I thought, would be raw and sudden, and a loaded rifle would provide all relief, and I half wish I were back in that wild land, and in silence I carefully scream against the silence: the beauty, the beauty, the dying, unknown beauty... where is the blood...

Another day will begin; I watch the dark river flowing to the sea

These days all start the same: swimming safely in that dim half-world of semi-consciousness and feverish dreams, forced limply to the surface by the late morning heat. Where my skin touches anything: the sleeping bag underneath me, the cot, a poncho liner rolled up as a pillow, the wool blanket kicked down to my feet; where my legs lie together, where my arm shields my eyes from the light, I am wet and sticky with sweat. I open my eyes reluctantly, one at a time, peering out from under my arm. Then, accepting the day, I stretch my legs and swing my feet to the rough plywood floor of the hooch. When I am sitting up, I can see the sunlight burning in through the doorway, and the three other rumped, empty cots. Ducking under the crossbrace which holds up the packing crate walls, I take three steps to the cooler and poke among the floating chunks of ice to pull out a beer. I pull on my pants, shake out my boots and slip them unlaced on my bare feet, and with the unopened can of beer in my hand, I step out from under the canvas roof, into the burning sun, hoping that lunch will arrive soon.

After eating, I lace up my boots, put on my fatigue shirt, pistol belt, steel helmet, pick up my flak vest, gas mask, my rifle and a few magazines of ammunition, and walk up the hill to pull my shift at the bunker.

I exchange a few words with the man I am relieving as he gathers up his equipment, and carefully lean my rifle against one sandbag wall. When he goes, I relax against the back wall to start watching the jungle. The view never changes: close to the barbed wire, all the trees have been cut down, and now only high yellow grass grows. Further out, many of the trees still standing are dead, and those alive look thin and fragile; intermittently, all night long, our mortar and artillery fire into them. In the middle distance, the jungle is green and thick and still, and it rolls away to the far mountains, and sometimes the planes, no more than dots, slide slowly through the air, and where the bombs hit green hillsides, oily smoke crawls up silently against a deep blue sky.

Often, as I watch, I clean the bunker's machine gun. It is a satisfying operation, wiping and carefully oiling the parts, shiny where steel rubs on steel; the glossy rifling in the barrel twirling away to a point of sky; when it is reassembled, cocking it and pulling the trigger: dark steel crashing on dark oiled steel.

The few hours of my shift pass, and I see nothing move, except perhaps the straggling columns coming in from Jungle Training, tired pale faces, or a patrol wading through the high grass, disappearing into the trees, going out to the war, and I am relieved, and return to the hooch. All afternoon, and into early evening, I sit in the sun, sit in the shade, read a book, clean my rifle, listen to the top 40 on the Army network, watch the mortar crew practice, drink beer. Some days I get very drunk, and once, while pulling my night shift at the bunker, I put my bayonet through the fold of skin between my left thumb and index finger, trying to open a can of beer. I have a small, almost unnoticeable scar there now, my only war wound.

I have company at the bunker during my night shift. Men sent out from base camp to augment the regular guards arrive a little before twilight in the back of a dusty truck. Our three throw their equipment bags to the road and clamber over the tailgate. One of us regulars shows them where they can sleep under cover from the coming night rain, explains what the shifts are, and then lets them decide among themselves who will pull which one. Sometimes, if our supply is good, we offer them a beer or two, and once, when someone somebody knows turns up, we have a little party.

It's pleasant to have someone to talk to up at the bunker, especially at night; with the artillery, it helps keep me awake. But after awhile, the conversations all seem the same: the ritual introduction—name, state, town, days left in-country; then, girls back home, fondly remembered bars, R&R in Bangkok, cars that will be bought.

While we talk, I keep a constant watch on the jungle. I never see anything in the darkness and the rain, but I know the enemy is waiting out there somewhere; there is always a low expectant tension. Even when I'm drunk, I carefully check the triggers of the claymore mines, I clumsily run my fingers over the machine gun to feel that it is loaded.

When my night shift is over, I leave the augmentee alone in the bunker and trudge through the rain, back to the hooch, to wake up my relief. I hang my rifle carefully in its place at the head of my cot, dump my equipment on the floor, take off my boots and clothes, and crawl quickly under a blanket to escape the chill of the wet night air. Someone is snoring softly. To the distant hum of insects, flapping helicopters, I sink away into the night; rain on the canvas roof, the smell of wet canvas, of wet grass, my relief stirring in the darkness, the random pounding of the artillery....

And the days pass this way, and the nights, and I keep my rifle clean, and I have no worries, and I do not have to think, and the sergeant tells us when we will pull our shifts. And every night, as the light leaves the sky, the rain will start, and an hour or so later, the chill wind will pick up down the mountain and I'll put on my field jacket, or wrap a poncho liner around my shoulders. Somewhere

## I keep my rifle clean, and I have no worries

by rebel owen

an unseen lizard will start croaking. And standing guard in a small bunker, leaning back against wet, sagging sandbags, exchanging words with someone I have never known, and will probably never meet again, watching the dark, unchanging jungle for the enemy I have never seen, I am a stranger in this wild land, and yet it seems, somehow, that like the jungle, I have been here always, and forever.

\* \* \*

Night, rain. The bunker.

Crouching behind the machine gun, searching for the moving shadows ... where ... there, across towards the hill. I carefully aim the gun. I flip the safety off. I jam back the trigger.

Red glowing tracers drift out into the darkness, some ricocheting up suddenly off rocks. The machine gun is bucking against my shoulder, I peer carefully over the folded sight, aiming by the tracers (regulation six shot bursts) firing it like a firehose, firing where I saw the running shadows (six shot bursts), leaning into the kicking gun, buttplate over my shoulder (six shot bursts), locked into it to keep the tripod in place, the ammo belt rattling out of its can (six shot bursts), left hand on top to keep the barrel down, the weapon's roar (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts), the augmentee yells something, can't hear him (six shot bursts), contract the finger, powerful steel (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts) (six shot bursts).

It stops. Out of ammo. The smell of cordite. I straighten up from the gun and step back, my eyes still on the unreadable shadows, cartridges and clips rolling under my boots. Half deaf, I am barely able to hear the field phone buzzing.

No bodies are found the next morning, no equipment, no blood.

\* \* \*

The augmentee is from California, some small town, and he speaks with that open manner they seem to develop out there, as though continuous sunshine has convinced them that everything is revealed.

He is eighteen or nineteen years old, infantry, just recently arrived in-country, and to him I must seem a veteran, or at least I possess that aura that the word "Vietnam" carries for those who have not been there. He listens carefully as I take more than my usual pleasure in competently outlining the procedures of the bunker, and later on in the night, casually explaining the explosions of friendly mortar and artillery outside the perimeter.

As we settle into the routine of our shift, we talk slowly, sporadically, passing the time without urgency. We talk a lot about the Army: Basic Training, A.I.T., my time in Germany, the Oakland Terminal. And of course, he wants to know about the war.

"Have you seen any ... action at this bunker?"

No—not really; but I exaggerate what has happened and relate incidents I have heard about: The night a sapper squad blew up the garbage trucks; the crazy sniper who kept shooting at two helicopter gunships from somewhere up on the mountain; the mortar attack three months ago, when our artillery replied with a half-hour of continuous fire.

As we talk, he keeps peering out into the jungle with a nervous expectation I remember in myself, the forerunner of the low tension, the constant small excitement, which is with me still. It begins when you suddenly become aware, for the first time, that the war is real, not a newspaper story, or your signature on a transfer request; it came for me on a sweltering dusty street in the replacement depot: a soldier standing in the back of an open truck as it rumbled by, camouflaged steel helmet pulled low over his eyes to shield them from the sun, his tanned arms stretching nakedly out from his bulky flak jacket to rest easily on the handles of a loaded 50-calibre machine gun. I knew he would kill, and realized, with a sort of wonder, that someone was trying to kill him, and me.

As the night passes, like so many others, without incident, and my shift nears its end, both I and the augmentee grow sleepy and cold, too tired to talk. I am staring intently into



Rebel Owen was stationed at An Khê, Vietnam from June to November of 1967. While assigned to Headquarters and Main Support Company of the 27th Maintenance Battalion, 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile), he was attached to the second platoon, 1st Provisional Infantry Company, which guarded the perimeter of Camp Radcliffe, then the 1st Cavalry's base camp.





the rain, trying to forget the creeping hands of my watch, when a flare bursts suddenly into existence in front of the bunker, bringing a shifting, unnatural day to the jungle, a relief from the motionless minutes; a prelude perhaps, to an artillery barrage, or a gunship run. The augmentee straightens up a little, and I notice from the edge of my vision that he turns towards me several times in the sudden light, as though starting to say something. The flare swings down, replacing the mystery of darkness with that of the oddly changing shadows, and fixing his eyes on the burning magnesium, he carefully relaxes himself against the sandbags, and begins to speak.

"I wonder what's out there."

"Probably nothing."

"Yeah." A pause; turning towards me, with a hint of defiance: "I volunteered for Vietnam, you know."

"So did I."

"Oh yeah? Well, you know, I'm sort of anxious to get out to the field. My first sergeant said it would be at least a week."

(You'll want out of the field soon enough, I think to myself with a sudden spasm of irritation, I almost say to him, with false cynicism.)

"I could of gotten out of the infantry if I'd wanted to, you know. But I told them I'd stay. I wanted to know what it was like." A pause, and slowly, promising something to himself: "I guess the first time you're in combat is really something."

Silence.

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## Film

Alfred Hitchcock's film, "Shadow of a Doubt," will be shown today at 3 and 8 PM in the Finley Grand Ballroom.

## Music

The Faculty String Quartet will give a free concert tonight at 8:30 PM at the Graduate Center, 33 West 42 Street.

## Indian Sunglasses?

by paul hillery

Indians are in; not as targets for cowboys anymore, but as fellow oppressed victims of the American system. Buffy Sainte-Marie, *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* and Arthur Kopit's *Indians* have shown us how the noble redskin has been exploited and misunderstood. Now *A Man Called Horse* tries to show where the Indian really was at. The film succeeds in recreating the Indian culture and mood as far as the limits of Hollywood commercialism allow.

John Morgan (Richard Harris) an English aristocrat visiting the Dakotas to find his true self in 1825, is captured by Sioux Indians and treated as a horse because his alien white skin and blond hair are a part of a freaky new animal, not a man. Conveniently, through a French speaking Indian, who had been captured earlier, Morgan learns the Indian's culture and customs and tries to be accepted so he can marry the beautiful fairy princess (Chief Yellow Hand's sister).

You know Morgan is committed when he takes his first scalp, but still he must pass the dread, controversial, box-office filling, gory, horrible, and sadistic, yet absolutely anthropologically accurate Sun Vow Ritual. The Sun Vow consists of shoving pointed bones through your chest and using them as hooks to hoist and suspend you from a convenient teepee. The object is to hang in there without screaming for mercy or release until you pass out. While hanging around, Morgan's pain wracked mind conjures up dreamlike Clairrol commercials in which he and his Indian fiancé are running naked at each other in slow motion (with a soft blur) over a shallow river—that ought to give you psych majors plenty to think about on your pain-pleasure papers and masochism studies.

One day, there is an enemy Indian attack which wipes out Yellow Hand, Running Deer (Morgan's wife), Batise (the French Indian) and all of the minor characters except Morgan and Running Deer's mother (Dame Judith Anderson), who cuts off a finger for her dead son (old Indian custom) and gives away her belongings. She is expected to wander around until winter comes when she would die (also old Indian custom since her only son is dead); Morgan offers to be her son and support her but she dies of grief anyway. The picture ends with Morgan riding off into the sun, presumably going back to civilization.

The film works because the Indians are treated on their own terms with respect and authenticity. Morgan does not lower himself into savagery to become one of the tribe; he adopts, admires and accepts a different culture. The film is important because it manages to treat the Indians as Indians, not as Uncle Tontos playing at being white. *Horse's* counterpart in the industry's treatment of black people was *Putney Swope*, a film which treated blacks as blacks instead of black-washed whites.

Manu Topou (Sitting Bull in Kopit's *Indians*) plays Chief Yellow Hand with a stoic truth. Corinna Tsopei (a former Miss Greece and Miss Universe) plays Running Deer, and her subdued acting lets you overlook her smeared greasepaint. One can also overlook minor technical details like disguised tennis shoes for moccasins, watery blood or over-authenticity in one sequence when an attacking Indian with sunglasses falls off a horse. Even if you knew that this tribe had sunglasses at that time you would still laugh. Seventy-five percent of the dialogue is unsubtitled Sioux, so action instead must convey the meaning—a unique and enjoyable experience because you have the concentration of a silent movie, while the Sioux dialogue gives you a feeling of mood and intention. Now I can understand why dogs seem to know what you're saying. The lack of English and occasionally fantastic shots of sunrise, sunset and Corinna Tsopei makes *Horse* a great visual film for total escapism. No, *Horse* isn't about heroin, but it may be good to get high on.

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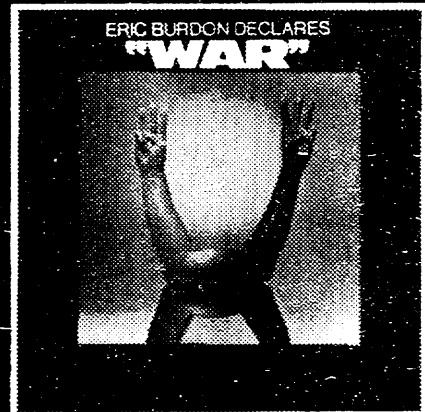
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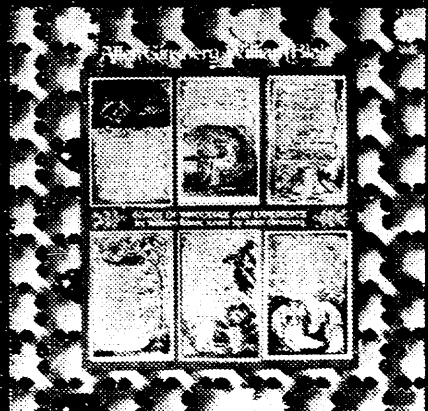
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# Knick Fans Note Lack of Open Admissions

by r. j. lovinger

Walt(Clyde) Frazier, the best dribbler and ball stealer in basketball, stood at the window of his New Yorker Hotel room and watched the multitudes waiting for Knick tickets. He smiled that smile....

Major truth: Baseball and football seasons are merely fillers between basketball seasons.

I found myself on line at 11:30 PM one Wednesday night to buy tickets for the New York Knicks-Los Angeles Lakers NBA Championship series when the ticket windows opened at 10:30 AM Thursday.

When I got to the Garden with my two friends, Evelyn and Jayne, my two blankets, my pillow, a radio, two books, some incense, and my corduroy cap, there were already 500 people camping there.

Sixteen Knick freaks were playing football between Seventh and Eighth avenues on 31st St.

I spread one of the blankets out and set things up against one of the Felt Forum's walls along with everyone else. While the girls went to get coffee, I got acquainted with my neighbors, fans from Pennsylvania, California, and even New Jersey.

We were tucked under the roof of the Penn Station truck depot, and didn't worry about the light drizzle that had started before. We talked in hushed tones about the prospect of Lew Alcindor and Oscar Robertson on the same team next year, and the invulnerability of an Atlanta Hawks' backcourt with the addition of Pistol Pete.

The girls came back and stayed about an hour. Evelyn said she might be back in the morning to help me buy an extra strip of tickets for friends at work. She didn't show up, but she never would have found me anyway.

I settled back, tuned in Zacherle, and, with a match from one of the New Jerseyites, lit a stick of incense. "Wow!" he cried, "That's what we needed."

I tried hard to fall asleep, even to the point of counting Wilt Chamberlain foul shots. And just like Wilt ... Failure.

I sat up and saw California sitting too. He suggested we walk around to see how long the line was. On the way to the end of the line we passed a cassette tape recorder, sat down, and dug Sly for a while.

California wanted to piss, so we walked into Penn Station. The football players had brought their all-night game inside, and long spirals were to be seen sailing through the sterile surroundings. "Take ten steps, square out behind the Penn Central information booth and I'll fake it to you. Then shoot long down the sideline."

Back in our places on line we talked for a couple of hours.

It was about 5 AM when conversation ended and the stampede began. I looked across the truck depot and saw everybody jumping up and shouting, "Let's go!"

I gathered my things in a hurry, and started running. Hundreds of kids and other lousy people who had obviously just gotten there were cutting into the line, now a running, barricade-jumping mass.

We ran until the line bunched up and there was no



Walter C. Frazier  
best hands and sideburns in sportsdom

place else to run. The line was now more than ten across and we started yelling "Move back, move back" to those who were pressing from behind. It was a chant that would be heard many times before the morning was over.

I was standing on the inside of the line, next to a glass wall, and someone mentioned that the windows might open as "early" as 8:30. I turned to someone near me whose hands were empty, and asked him to hold some of my things while I threw the blankets around my shoulders.

The cops had divided the line into sections, with about two hundred people per section. Each section was enclosed by barricades on three sides, and a wall on the fourth. I think I was in the sixth section from the windows.

About 6:15, someone shouted, "Hey, that guy's got tickets." "Hey you're right. The windows must be open," from another fan. Of course, being far from the front of the section, against the wall, and being 5' 6" tall, I couldn't see the guy with the tickets. So I turned to the bleary-eyed person next to me, and cynically expressed my inimitable ability to predict behavior: "Oh, there'll be at least twenty window openings before the windows open."

But the windows really were open and as the news spread, everybody on the line straightened up, as if we'd have our tickets in two minutes. And then the pushing started. It came from the street side and the back of the section. Those at the front of the section and against the glass wall got the worst of it.

There was very little organization. We were given no information. Except for an occasional, whispered "Don't push" from an occasional cop, there was no attempt to control the crowd.

When the section in front of us had moved up, and out its area, the barricade in my section was knocked down. The charge to the next barricade began. When the front of our section got to the next barricade, the people at the back of the section didn't know it. So they continued to push those of us nearer the front against the wall, and the glass. I wasn't pushed through the glass, but I can't figure out why not.

The only way we could breathe was to push back. Pushing became a game to wile away the time until we got our tickets. We screamed, "Move back, move back." An elderly couple at the rear moved back.

I was finding it hard to hold onto my belongings. Trying a clever ploy, I lied, yelling to the others to stop pushing because there were people hurt, without realizing that people were hurt. Nobody paid attention.

This scene was repeated each time we ran to a new barricade. One time, as we prepared to run to the next area, I heard some of the kids at the front of our section warning someone that he'd be killed if he didn't get out of the way. I jumped as high as I could to see who was being threatened, and who was standing right in front of it, facing us, hawking his pretzels and daring death? None other than that go-getter, that super-capitalist, that City College landmark with a chain of pretzel stands spanning the nation—Raymond the Bagelman.

I think he got out of the way. We were moving again, but this time I tripped and fell going over the barricade. I was on the ground being stepped on. My shoes and pillow were gone, and I was lying in a sea of torn newspapers and rancid orange drink, awaiting death.

Somehow, people managed to move around me. I groveled for my shoes, found them, put them on the wrong feet, fought my way up, and struggled on. Actually, while I was down there I spotted a number of loose shoes hanging around, and thought of picking out a more fashionable pair than my own. Although they'd been loyal, my shoes had cost only three dollars, and I was due for a new pair.

Anyway, my pants and socks were torn, and ...

And then I saw them, up ahead, about twenty yards away, I saw them: four double-layered Pittsburgh Plate Glass, framed-in-shining-aluminum, Madison Square Garden ticket windows. I gasped in disbelief and began asking around me if they were buying only one strip of tickets, so that they could buy a third for me. Nobody.

At about 8:35:47:08 AM (there was an Acutron display across the street), I walked away from the window with two strips of tickets in my hand, gripping them kind of tight.

When I got far enough away, I threw my things down, began taking the newspapers out of my shoes and straightening my hat, and tried to close my mouth, which I couldn't do.

I folded the blankets, gathered my remaining belongings, and walked slowly into the Eighth Avenue station at the height of the rush hour, wishing Walt Frazier knew what I'd gone through to see him bounce a ball.

## College Heroin: Through the Eye of a Needle

(Continued from Page 1)

ridding the campus of pushers and helping users at the same time.

Susan, a frequent user who won't concede she's addicted, sits in the cafeteria trying to explain to a friend how ugly the room is. "It's always this bad, except early in the morning when it's empty."

She doesn't remember when she was in class last or when she was home. "Maybe I don't want to remember," she laughs. She says she doesn't shoot up at school—"that's not cool"—but she does take some heroin every day. "We get money dealing, ripping off stuff," she continues. "I owe a pile. I don't worry about getting busted. I don't have time."

"I don't think it's really changed me at all, like I was going into places I was going anyway. I mean people

tell you that heroin is a death trip, but if you're on a death trip, that's what you're on. It doesn't really matter if you don't do heroin because you'll do it some other way."

She is joined by John, a 20-year-old lower junior who has been active in radical politics for a few years. He has long experience with hallucinogenic drugs both in New York and Berkeley and began sniffing heroin and cocaine this year. "I'm not addicted," John says. "I haven't snorted for two or three days."

"I know how heroin has been used against the black community," he adds. "But man, it's such a good drug." John actively supports the Black Panther Party, "but man it's such a good drug," he repeats.

Black students are becoming impatient with the presence of pushers on campus, citing the heroin trade as a vicious facet in the exploitation of their people. And the drug goes beyond altering the user's personality to destroy his political potential. While there has been talk of forcibly running the pushers off the campus, it has not happened.

Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer says, "We look for pushers and try to get them off—that means arrested. We don't find them as often as they exist, they're pretty cool."

Underlying those recent discussions at the College has been fear of a big bust on campus; fear that in a massive bust, police would arrest many students for the harmless possession of marijuana and that the heroin issue would be buried by a furor over police raiding the campus.

The addict is viewed as victim with a problem that must be helped, and most people feel that arresting addicts is not a way to help them. Observers comment that arresting pushers is almost meaningless, that they can be replaced or can always move to another spot.

A further fear is evident as Assistant Professor Harry Meisel (Student Personnel Services) cites one of the

problems in talking openly about heroin—"It is going to be linked to Open Admissions." Opponents of the plan, the argument goes, equate heroin with Harlem and may try to connect the rise of heroin use with the rise in black and Puerto Rican enrollments.

"That's a complete distortion," replies Breitman, "I've talked to colleges all over the country and they're experiencing the same thing everywhere. It's got nothing to do with having black students or being in a black community. A lot of students buy drugs off campus because it's safer there. It's everybody's problem, not one group."

In February, Breitman opened the Drug and Counseling Center. "We're open for anyone who wants straight information, or who wants help in cutting down, cutting back or kicking," he says. He spends a lot of his time convincing people that he's not a police agent, that no files or records are kept, and that people who come to the center can remain incognito. Since it began, the center has placed about 18 people in "good" rehabilitation centers. "The problems are that people are either unaware or aren't coming to the center, and that there aren't enough beds in good centers to accommodate all the people that need them."

Breitman hopes to bring ex-addicts from Phoenix House to the College to run Encounter-groups for heroin addicts in the fall.

The Drug Center, in Room 410 Finley is open Tuesday through Friday and can be reached by calling 621-2605. Dr. Breitman himself can be reached in Room 210 Administration by calling 621-2356.

Asked how the problem can be fought more effectively, Breitman answers, "We have to raise the general level of consciousness of drug use. People must be aware that drugs are a big political issue. No one has ever changed himself, their environment or their country while stoned. Drugs are probably a bigger threat than Spiro Agnew in undermining any political movement."



Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer  
"that means arrested"