



observation post

Vol. 47 — No. 1

184

FUNNY PAPER

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1970

College Ponders How the Open Door Will Swing

By STEVE MARCUS

Open admissions currently stands poised like a pot of gold at one end of a rainbow — most people want it, but no one knows how or where to get it.

A weary, battle-scarred academia is behaving true to form in its attempts to prepare for the influx of new students next September. Although a brief eight months away, the enormous bureaucratic wheels have barely begun to turn.

The February of 1970 differs from the February of 1969 in but one respect — the knowledge, fear, and increasing sense of impending doom over what will happen at the beginning of next term.

This lethargy and confusion is apparent on both major battle fronts. At the local level, the College's Task Force on Open Admissions, created last October, has yet to prepare a report, although some of its findings have become known.

In addition, because of political wranglings between the state and the city, the City University is not certain how much money it will be allocated. As a result, the individual colleges have no budgets and cannot make firm commitments for additional facilities, faculty, or remedial services.

For several months, the city and state have disagreed on the total number of freshman who will enter CUNY once the

open admissions program is implemented. The figure given by the Board of Higher Education (BHE) was 35,000; the city said 32,500; and the state reduced that figure to 30,000.

According to Vice Chancellor T. Edward Hollander, who prepares the university's budget, the city and state have finally agreed to equally split the cost of a \$320 million allocation, which would be divided among two levels of students. Those with a high school average above 80 per cent, will be funded on one level; those with an average below 80 will be allocated approximately one and one-half times more. Thus, an 85% student might be considered as requiring \$1,400, whereas the 75% student might be allocated \$2,000, the additional money apparently going for remedial services.

The \$320 million figure is based on an entering class of about 30,000, but does not include the cost of the SEEK program. The city and state have not agreed upon the funding procedure for SEEK — the city insists that the state continue to pay the full cost, while the state insists the city foot half the bill.

Once the total figure is agreed upon, the mayor and the governor will submit the proposed budget allocation to their respective legislatures.

Meanwhile, the BHE will distribute bud-

gets to the local colleges based on the proposed total figures. Hollander indicated that if an accord were to be reached soon by the mayor and governor, the individual colleges would receive a working budget within the next two weeks. He noted this would be the first time in many years that the colleges received a budget for the fall term as early as February.

He said this would enable the university to accept all applicants by the end of March, and would permit the colleges to hire faculty and acquire space.

According to one member, the BHE does not plan to become actively involved in the preparations for open admissions. They intend to recommend certain guidelines and "educational strategies," such as hiring staff from a university-wide pool of faculty names.

The university has indicated that implementing open admissions requires 800 to 1,000 new faculty members. David Newton, head of the University Task Force on Open Admissions, has proposed a "CUNY Corps" consisting of volunteers, mainly recent graduates, who would take up the burden of the remedial work.

But other university officials say they are looking to the individual colleges to work out strategies consistent with the tradition of the college.

Dr. Hollander said, "City College, which

has been extremely successful in establishing supportive services, would probably want to follow a SEEK-type program of remediation. Lehman College, on the other hand, might expect that one half of their freshman class would need remedial work. Their approach would be very different."

At the College, the only movement has been in the search for space, and that has met mostly with failure. Last September's Freshman class, which included 1,750 "traditional" and 550 SEEK students, will be expanded to 2,060 "traditional" and 800 SEEK students next September, according to Robert Taylor, head of the College's Task Force on Open Admissions.

The search for space to accommodate the new students and faculty has resulted in the acquisition of 18,000 gross square feet in a building at 3328 Broadway at 134th Street. This space will yield approximately 21 general purpose classrooms. No other space has been rented, and there is reportedly none available.

The task force will recommend more efficient use of space already available. That would mean Saturday classes for recitation sections as well as for labs and increasing use of the more unpopular hours between 8 AM and 11 PM. Completion of the new Science and Physical Education building by September, 1972, would provide still more space.

The task force intends to assume that approximately one third of the entering students will require remedial work in English, math, speech, and a foreign language. It will also recommend that the Department of Special Programs counsel only SEEK students. Non-SEEK students would be referred to the Student Personnel Services Department.

In the English department, the student will be placed in one of three elementary courses on the basis of a diagnostic test and could earn up to 6 credits.

The introductory five-hour course in Spanish will be divided into two three-hour courses and a remedial hour. This four-hour course would give a student three credits.

The Speech department has five courses which could be considered as being of a remedial nature. Speech 5.8, at one credit, is for those "not up to par on a communications level." 5.8 special, also for one credit, is for those with some sort of articulation difficulty. Speech 1.8 is a remedial version of Speech 1, which is the introductory course, and Speech 5, an intensive course in articulation.

The Mathematics department hopes to limit its remedial courses to a maximum of 15 students, and intends to cover algebra, trigonometry, and ultimately calculus. To receive credit for the remedial course, a student must pass a final exam in any of the regular math courses.

As of last term, the Chemistry department was in the process of developing an introductory course for students who did not possess a high school background of chemistry, math, or physics.

The task force report might also recommend that students who are taking remedial courses be given a "J" and allowed to repeat the course if they haven't acquired the skills.

Tentative recommendations, further abstract work on plans begun long ago, and avoidance of difficult compromises with reality mark this transition state at the College and all of CUNY.

But there is nothing new under the sun. Maybe Auntie Em was right when she told Dorothea that the best place to search for Truth would be in her own backyard.

Join Us

OP is again. Thank you. We're creating a new image: we like everything. Presidents, like 'em; pollution, dig it; governments, far out; war, groovy; hate, that's where it's at; hunger, love it; love, okay. No more of this radical political bullshit. Gone are the days of complaining and bickering. From now on, it's love it or leave it out of the issue. We're becoming a school oriented newspaper again. Emphasis on clubs and teas, features on the student government, articles on education and other such nonsense. No kidding. We're doing straight. Look at this issue, if you don't believe us. We lost all the political crazies during the SS purge last month. We've been infiltrated by objective, rational, unbiased, fair, open-minded, concerned students. And other assorted schmucks. We're alive, vivacious, and raring to print. Print all sides, too.

But a funny paper still needs people.

You see, now that the old guard has been destroyed, we need to reassemble OP quickly; get together a new, strong staff so the old radicals cannot regain their lost power. Understand: there has been a vacuum opened up which needs immediate filling. And you are the people to fill it. YOU, and people like you. The sooner all of you come to 336 Finley to join the new OP, the sooner we can get the presses rolling again, so to speak.

You were there when we needed you; now we'd like to return the favor. Now we've got the money. Only one problem: no staff. We honestly have no steady staff. During the persecution, some guy was saying that we are a closed community. We'd like to prove we are opened to anyone who wants to work with us. Come, come and join us and become part of our community; come everyone, one and all, you and me, we and he, them, they, us, her, him, I, even people with writing talent. Everyone. Come fly with us.

Join OP now and there are some things you may be doing this term:

For a free trip, see Page 4.



How

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A U.S. FIELD COMMANDER IN VIETNAM?

PART I: ABILITY TO RECOGNIZE THE ENEMY

HOW MANY VIET-CONG
TERRORISTS, POSING AS
INNOCENT CIVILIANS, CAN
YOU DETECT IN THIS SEEM-
INGLY PEACEFUL VILLAGE
OF 26 PEOPLE?

CHECK ONE

- A ☐ NONE D ☐ 11 TO 15
B ☐ 1 TO 5 E ☐ 16 TO 20
C ☐ 6 TO 10 F ☐ 21 TO 25

SEE BELOW FOR ANSWER AND RATING



ANSWER

B-52 HIGH ALTITUDE - PRECISION
BOMBING - REVEAL A COUNT OF:

11 ONOC 1311 23 QNV
SNVITIC 1311 23 QNV

ONCE AGAIN PROVING HOW DE-
CEPTIVELY DEADLY APPEARANCE
CAN BE, IN THIS COWARDLY WAR
OF COMMUNIST AGGRESSION
AGAINST THE FREEDOM LOVING
PEOPLE OF SOUTH VIETNAM.

RATING

- A - FORGET IT! YOU NO-WIN PEACE
FREAK
B - BLEEDING HEART APPEASER
C - PSEUDO-INTELLECTUAL
D - TOO WISHY-WASHY
E - NOT BAD... BUT YOU'VE STILL
GOT A LOT TO LEARN
F - YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES:
CHRISTIAN ANTI-COMMUNISM
PARANOIA!

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Say, the Word?

S. was not welcomed at the Stupid Senate meeting. The postclearing hearing inquisitorial board felt that it could hear the defense better without anyone being present (including themselves).

S. was a mild mannered reporter for a great metropolitan newspaper, the Out-of-sight Press (endearingly called OosP — pronounced "Oooze"). Many other hard-hitting, mild mannered reporters for other great metropolitan newspapers were present, but the Stupid Senate was mainly after S.'s hide. The Inquisition was led by mastermind Barely Hafwit, lap-sitter extraordinaire and Money-Grubber Supreme. Of all the S.S. members, only Hafwit knew what the case was about (except, of course, the charges — nobody knew them.) However, the charges were not important at this point, because the S.S. (representatives of the people) had put the case before the people (still without formulating or presenting charges) and the masses had chosen to support S. The S.S. had thought: out-of-sight, out-of-mind. Now that the public had dropped the charges (whatever they may be) Hafwit continued the trial.

The S.S. is not to be confused with Hitler's SS, even though the present S.S. is under the divine leadership of Gestapo Joe. The president, Dim Clamy, is a learned master of rhetoric, compromise, parliamentary procedure and double-talk:

"Being that, due to proper kreebiskraught caused by, however, according to latest analysis . . .," Clamy drools eagerly.

"Point of order . . . information . . . clarification . . . whatever you call it," interrupted S.

"The S.S. recognizes the 'Point of Order' and hereby notes the request and grants the 'Point of Information,' but not the 'Point of Clarification.'"

We don't allow any of that around here, but tell us, what do you want to know?," Clamy questioned.

"The question is: what the Hell is going on here?"

"Hold on a minute!," Hafwit yelled. "That question is completely out of line. I refer the Senate to sub-section 18, paragraph 47H, cardinal rule #1, which reads:

'At no time should anybody know what anybody else is doing.'"

"You're quite right, Hafwit," Clamy said, "Mr. S you'll have to confine your questions to non-interrogative matters. Also you are not allowed to be informative in any way."

"You're out of your yarnulkas," ejaculated S. "How can you solve anything if you can't ask questions?"

"You're quite right, but you're not supposed to ask any questions. Can you explain why you're asking questions?," Clamy said.

"You forget, Herr . . . I mean Mr. Clamy, Mr. S. isn't supposed to explain anything either," Hafwit chortled.

"You're quite right, now what do we do?," Clamy belched.

"String 'em up!," Hafwit screamed.

"You're quite right," Clamy said, "We'll take a vote. . . Let's see, that's 21 for, 17 against, 73 abstentions . . ."

"Hold it, Clamy," S. yelled, "there are only seven members present! How the hell can . . ."

"Halt!! We told you before — NO QUESTIONS!!" Hafwit giggled.

"Yaaaawwn! I'm bored. Let's leave," said Someone.

"You're quite right," Clamy said. "I propose we postpone these hearing . . . let's have a vote on it. . . Everybody abstains?"

"Hey, that's a question! Don't you know that nobody is allowed to ask any questions???" Hafwit queried.

"You're quite right. Since everybody abstains, the motion is carried. Well, good-bye kiddies. This has been a most agreeable meeting."

"Of course," Hafwit mumbled, "You'll agree to anything."

"No! YOU people don't even know what the charges are!" S. cried.

"You are quite right," Clamy argued, "but since you don't know the charges, how do you know you're innocent?"

"Wait a second! That's a question!" S. yelled.

"Heeheehee," Hafwit chortled (again). The rest of the SS men slowly rose and ran screaming into the hall.

Almost Warm

By Hew

The kid with grey hair, whom I'd seen in the cafeteria an hour before, was about to be zoomed away in a blue car.

He had been busted for heroin.

As soon as I heard about the bust I went to the security office on the first floor of Finley. A Burns Guard told me that if I wanted to keep my camera I'd better not take any pictures. I started to focus anyway. Before I took any shots a Guard came up from behind and got his hand over my lens, giving the other guards time to hide their faces. I took some shots anyway.

Soon, Finley director Ed Sarfaty, Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer, and Sohmer's faithful sidekick, Ira Bloom had joined the thirty freaks milling tensely outside the Security Office. Brief arguments broke out. We all stood waiting.

I continued taking pictures. The guards were a little less camera shy: I received only two additional threats. As we stood there, the guard who blocked my first shot smiled at me; I think we both felt embarrassed over the whole thing.

Then the grey haired kid was taken to the car and driven away.

Somehow the whole incident seemed to be a microcosm of two of the College's problems. The first is drugs, and the second is the relationship between freaks and Burns Guards.

Whenever there is a confrontation between freaks and the administration, the guards have to be the buffer between the two. One result is that a lot of hostility which students initially have toward the administration is deflected onto the guards, and they dump it back on the freaks. The entire situation has become freak versus Burns Guard, or in our eyes, pig versus dirty hippy, and the administration can just sit back and laugh.

The tragedy is that most of the Burns Guards are getting screwed worse than we are. We have to be able to view them as human beings. The College pays the Burns Agency over \$3.00 an hour for each guard but just half of that ever gets back to the men who do the work. Eventually we are both fighting the administration and they use the fight between us to escape.

After the bust Dean Sohmer implied that he was under pressure to cleanse the campus of drugs. At first this implies control that could be accomplished only through the establishment of a police state, but Dean Sohmer said he was only after users and pushers of heroin. Nevertheless, Sohmer's attitude still remained one of using the police. As an administrator he is interested in keeping the College running smoothly. He does not seem interested in taking the time to deal with the individuals at the College.

To clean up the "hard drug problem" requires a commitment to the individuals who have the "problem." Sohmer's commitment is to an institution which is far too large to allow Sohmer to have a commitment to individuals. His position dictates loyalty to the institution.

Throwing people in jail for heroin use ignores the reasons why a person gets hooked on drugs in the first place. Before imposing a legal solution, which values the preservation of society over the preservation of the individual, we should try to deal with the hang-ups and faults of the individual. Prison only increases the hassles of the individual, it doesn't cure them. The result is the person probably only gets worse.

In "The Butcher," Leonard Cohen sings, "Well, I found a silver needle, I put it in my arm, it did some good, it did some harm, but the nights were cold and it almost kept me warm." Something better than almost has to be found.

Thirty

By TOM FRIEDMAN

Mickey and I slid down sun days feeling very good about ourselves, keeping the big box level upon my back. Window watching through the dirt-smeared gray streak beyond the gray streak outside. Far out, Mickey drawled, pointing through the window in the big box to the outlet in the belly of a resurrected minister properly proportioned. Let us plug in, Mickey said, and play back the movie with the big box on your back. Yes, we all remember that movie.

Well Mickey, I said, the credits are too long and the music annoys me so let us miss this part but no no, Mickey drawled, you must watch all of it, you made it you see.

There, over there, there are some gothic buildings with faces. Very impressionistic, Mickey said, appreciating appearances apparently.

Scene two is under-exposed with many closeups and cinematic niftiness so we broke out the crunch corn and giggled over isn't that . . . Didn't she . . . Whatever happened . . . ?

—Mickey jiggled the vertical hold as I jaggled the horizontal but it was only out of focus so we kicked the big box and broke it.

Far out Tom, we broke the big box, Mickey said. Ahhhhhh. What about the movie, I asked with much seriousness. Ohhhhhh.

But we quickly lost interest when That and She and What Ever came to the door knocking. Holding the props. And I filmed it all with many closeups and cinematic niftiness but I really don't think it is complete.

Far out Tom, Mickey drawled, it's time to leave, you don't have to stay here anymore in this place, so go and find another place, he said, kicking the big box.

But keep the camera, you may need it.

Far out Mickey, I said, kicking the big box, I won't have to edit the movie.

Yes, we all remember that movie.

If this newspaper refuses to self-destruct within 24 hours, then burn it. Do not leave it near an open window or on a subway seat. Failure to comply will result in a two-week suspension from classes and a chance to go on for an expulsion.

observation post

Potentate: Steve Simon

Freudian Error: Jonny Neumann

Keeper of Images: H. Edward Weberman

Me temp pike hoses: Alan Milner

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Staph: Leslie Black, Richard Black, Syd Brown, Paul Falkowski, Peter Grad, Paul Hillery, Allan Lovasz, Bob Lovinger, Sam Miles, Barry Pollock, Alan Rabanski, Howie Reis, Bob Sokol, Margot Williams and Sheila Zukowsky.

Some Reflections on Stonehenge's Rock Festival

By ALLAN LOVASZ

December 30, 70 B.C. We enter into the great university at Stonehenge, famous for battles between northern W. Kelts and the combined forces of southern W. and B. Kelts, and the subsequent acceptance of the Druids' authority by the vast majority of tribesmen.

We have been instructed to partake in an ancient ritual known as matriculation. The ceremony seems to serve no practical purpose for initiates; however, the Druids insist upon its necessity.

Mistrustful by nature, we suspect that we find one of its functions early in the ceremony. Near the bottom of one of the sacred documents, we are requested to endorse a statement in which we pledge to abide by the regulations of the university, the consuls, and their superiors. Observing that the regulations seem to be somewhat binding, and unaware of the full importance of the document to the druids, we withhold our signatures.

Upon completion of the final required act, we request permission to visit Archdruid Divitiacus of Sohmer. After a relatively short period of groveling, we are granted admission into his chambers. The archdruid, a jovial roly-poly politician and diplomat of established reputation throughout the whole of Gaul, assures us that no evil will befall us as a result of our act of omission. With his vow secure in our bosoms, we happily depart.

January 16, 69 B.C. The University, it is said, is a unique institution because of its untold nature. Thus, we experienced vague discomfort when advised that we were to part with 57 gold rings for reasons that remain unclear not only to us, but even to our august and knowledgeable tribal senate.

As we pay the fee, we learn from one of the University scribes that our attitudes towards the sacred document have been deemed sinful by the Archdruid of Registrational Procedures. We are warned that we must either comply with the request or expect serious recriminations during the Ritual of Registration.

"Nonsense," replies the astute Archdruid Divitiacus when we inform him of our plight. "I'll take care of it. Don't worry about it." His vow residing somewhat less securely in our bosoms, we depart.

January 26. We file slowly into a building called Cerrig-y-Drudion. Legend has it that this building was once used exclusively as a prison for the victims of the terrible Cynric Rwth of Gallagher; but since his removal by decree of the Gaelic consuls, it has been expanded to include those who solemnly proclaim their



Judy Hyman

allegiance to the rules of the druids, the archdruids, the chief archdruid, the Gaelic consuls, and a half-dozen or so malcontents. Following the directions of one of the tribesmen, we arrive at our destination, the Grand Ballroom.

As we enter, we look towards the podium, and are immediately rewarded by the vision of the countenance of the Chief Archdruid, the hoary and aged Merjin of Copeland. He enchants the tribal initiates with his dry and sometimes barren humor while informing them of the University's modern facilities. Divitiacus of Sohmer and Chyndonax of Papoulas follow the chief archdruid and add their irrelevancies. Then the three swiftly depart from the stage, leaving two tribesmen to explain the intricacies and nuances in their statements. Ten seconds later, they, too, depart.

January 27. We visit Try'r Dryw, the residence of the Chief Archdruid.

There we observe initiates partaking in the preparatory dance to the Rite of Registration. The dance consists of a series of random contortions of the body designed to propel each initiate towards an enclosed area known as the Catacomb of the Bursar. Upon successful completion of the dance, he must withstand the pressure resulting from the contortions of his fellow initiates in order to acquire the five mystical cards which enable him to participate in the Rite of Registration.

After failing to make any progress while in their midst, we choose to withdraw from the main body of initiates and circle to an area directly facing the catacomb. Half an hour later, we hand our tattered Bursar's acknowledgments to a catacomb scribe, and wait patiently for her to bestow the mystical cards upon us.

A minute passes. "Still looking," she rasps (softly).

Two minutes. Five. Angry initiates are

beginning to call for our necks. Finally, she returns.

"We don't have them here."

Oh.

"Maybe the registrar still has them. You'd better come in here and see him." She smiles.

We trudge into catacomb. "The registrar's office is down there," she says, motioning towards an area in the rear of the cemetery.

After weaving our way past innumerable bodies of scribes, we arrive at the designated area, the Cubicle of the Registrar. His scribe greets us.

"Yes?"

We explain our mission. She turns towards an initiate who had been to her, says a few words, and he leaves. Then she turns towards us, and repeats her greeting. We repeat our reply.

"We can't release your cards until we have some sort of authorization," she recites, then returns to the scroll she was reading.

Slightly disquieted, we leave her and once again return to the chambers of Our Favorite Archdruid. There we are notified by one of his scribes that he is "in conference," that she has no knowledge of his current whereabouts, and that she would try to get in touch with him. While she is engaged in this endeavor, he enters the room, humming an unfamiliar ballad.

We glare at him. He stops humming, and smiles.

"What can I do for you?" he asks.

We begin to envision him with cloven feet. Restraining the request, we again explain the situation to him. "I'll get to the bottom of this," he asserts, and dials the Communicator.

A minute later, he smiles at us, then turns to his scribe.

"Take a memo to the Registrar..." he begins.

Upon completion of the writ, he turns to us. "Don't walk, run to that office," he instructs us (straight-faced) as we move towards the door.

4:30 PM. We have obtained our cards, gone through registration, and come out of it relieved, having been closed out of only one of the five sections we desired. On our way out, we encounter Divitiacus of Sohmer.

"How was registration?" he asks, and smiles.

"Fine" we answer, and leave the Great Hall.

McGuire Loses Appeal of His Expulsion

By STEVE SIMON

Ron McGuire came home last week but found the lock on the door changed and a group of Burns Guards standing by.

The veteran activist was making one of his rare appearances since last March 19, when administrators found him lurking "in and about Finley Center" while trying to enter a meeting of the Student Senate.

At the time, he had been suspended from classes for walking on the roof of the student center to get into a recruiting interview. The student-faculty discipline committee then recommended his expulsion, citing his presence on campus as a violation of the suspension. Acting President Joseph Copeland signed the papers and McGuire was gone.

For about half a year, he has appealed his expulsion, winning the right to the new hearing held the Monday before last. But once again, he lost and his expulsion was upheld.

Nothing more illustrated the fear with which administrators view his capacity to do evil than the site of the confrontation, the Strength and Materials lab in the sub-basement of Steinman Hall. It was the same place where Dow Chemical

used to conduct its interviews before running, so McGuire knew his way around.

The problem was that the administration expected plenty of other people to find the way, but McGuire has few friends left at the College. Several guards stood at the door and were visited at one point by Sgt. Edward Sullivan of the 26th Precinct.

McGuire's hour-long defense was barely audible above the din of fans in the laboratory. In fact, the defendant sat on his judges' table in the midst of rubble as he advised them that they were a repressive instrument of the administration.

He quickly conceded that he was in Finley Center on the night in question and admitted that he had "repeatedly violated the suspension," which he called "invalid" and "discriminatory."

Recalling protests at the College for the last decade, he told how "invariably left-wing people" were brought before the committee by deans, even when the cases arose out of fights with other students.

But his testimony was painful nonetheless. Although he produced the committee's own reports and statements from former members as corroborating evidence, it was clear that his audience had no intention of reversing itself. If as he

claimed, "the disciplinary process exists to suppress dissent," the committee would have conceded its own untenable position.

It's a shame. McGuire was one of the few leftists who cared enough to explain his acts and talk to his opponents. It may not be long before people start recalling McGuire's name in the same wistful tones they recall someone else named Gallagher.

PEOPLE'S MEETING

Representatives of the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, and Rising Up Angry, a group attempting to organize among white working class youth in Chicago, will speak at a "People's Meeting" to be held from 11 AM to 3 PM next Wednesday in the Finley Center Grand Ballroom.

The meeting is one of a number of actions planned for next week in support of the 13 Black Panthers who are now standing trial for an alleged terrorist bomb plot. Next week also marks Huey Newton's birthday, and the anniversary of the assassination of Malcom X. Information on activities in support of the Black Panthers can be had by calling the December 4th Movement at 749-5971.

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"Hold on a minute!!," Hafwit yelled. "That question is completely out of line. I refer the Senate to sub-section 18, paragraph 47H, cardinal rule #1, which reads:

'At no time should anybody know what anybody else is doing.'

"You're quite right, Hafwit," Clamy said, "Mr. S. you'll have to confine your questions to non-interrogative matters. Also you are not allowed to be informative in any way."

"You're out of your yarnulka," ejaculated S. "How can you solve anything if you can't ask questions?"

"You're quite right, but you're not supposed to ask any questions. Can you explain why you're asking questions?" Clamy said.

"You forget, Herr . . . I mean Mr. Clamy, Mr. S. isn't supposed to explain anything either," Hafwit chortled.

"You're quite right, now what do we do?" Clamy belched.

"String 'em up!!!" Hafwit screamed.

"You're quite right," Clamy said, "We'll take a vote. . . . Let's see, that's 21 for, 17 against, 73 abstentions . . ."

"Hold it, Clamy," S. yelled, "there are only seven members present! How the hell can . . ."

"Halt!! We told you before — NO QUESTIONS!!" Hafwit giggled.

"Yaaaawwn! I'm bored. Let's leave," said Someone.

"You're quite right," Clamy said. "I propose we postpone these hearing . . . let's have a vote on it. . . . Everybody abstains?"

"Hey, that's a question! Don't you know that nobody is allowed to ask any questions???" Hafwit queried.

"You're quite right. Since everybody abstains, the motion is carried. Well, good-bye kiddies. This has been a most agreeable meeting."

"Of course," Hafwit mumbled, "You'll agree to anything."

"No! YOU people don't even know what the charges are!" S. cried.

"You are quite right," Clamy argued, "but since you don't know the charges, how do you know you're innocent?"

"Wait a second! That's a question!" S. yelled.

"Heeheehee," Hafwit chortled (again). The rest of the SS men slowly rose and ran screaming into the hall.

Almost Warm

By Hew

The kid with grey hair, whom I'd seen in the cafeteria an hour before, was about to be zoomed away in a blue car.

He had been busted for heroin.

As soon as I heard about the bust I went to the security office on the first floor of Finley. A Burns Guard told me that if I wanted to keep my camera I'd better not take any pictures. I started to focus anyway. Before I took any shots a Guard came up from behind and got his hand over my lens, giving the other guards time to hide their faces. I took some shots anyway.

Soon, Finley director Ed Sarfaty, Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer, and Sohmer's faithful sidekick, Ira Bloom had joined the thirty freaks milling tensely outside the Security Office. Brief arguments broke out. We all stood waiting.

I continued taking pictures. The guards were a little less camera shy: I received only two additional threats. As we stood there, the guard who blocked my first shot smiled at me; I think we both felt embarrassed over the whole thing.

Then the grey haired kid was taken to the car and driven away.

Somehow the whole incident seemed to be a microcosm of two of the College's problems. The first is drugs, and the second is the relationship between freaks and Burns Guards.

Whenever there is a confrontation between freaks and the administration, the guards have to be the buffer between the two. One result is that a lot of hostility which students initially have toward the administration is deflected onto the guards, and they dump it back on the freaks. The entire situation has become freak versus Burns Guard, or in our eyes, pig versus dirty hippy, and the administration can just sit back and laugh.

The tragedy is that most of the Burns Guards are getting screwed worse than we are. We have to be able to view them as human beings. The College pays the Burns Agency over \$3.00 an hour for each guard but just half of that ever gets back to the men who do the work. Eventually we are both fighting the administration and they use the fight between us to escape.

After the bust Dean Sohmer implied that he was under pressure to cleanse the campus of drugs. At first this implies control that could be accomplished only through the establishment of a police state, but Dean Sohmer said he was only after users and pushers of heroin. Nevertheless, Sohmer's attitude still remained one of using the police. As an administrator he is interested in keeping the College running smoothly. He does not seem interested in taking the time to deal with the individuals at the College.

To clean up the "hard drug problem" requires a commitment to the individuals who have the "problem." Sohmer's commitment is to an institution which is far too large to allow Sohmer to have a commitment to individuals. His position dictates loyalty to the institution.

Throwing people in jail for heroin use ignores the reasons why a person gets hooked on drugs in the first place. Before imposing a legal solution, which values the preservation of society over the preservation of the individual, we should try to deal with the hang-ups and faults of the individual. Prison only increases the hassles of the individual, it doesn't cure them. The result is the person probably only gets worse.

In "The Butcher," Leonard Cohen sings, "Well, I found a silver needle, I put it in my arm, it did some good, it did some harm, but the nights were cold and it almost kept me warm." Something better than almost has to be found.

Thirty

By TOM FRIEDMAN

Mickey and I slid down sun days feeling very good about ourselves, keeping the big box level upon my back. Window watching through the dirt-smeared gray streak beyond the gray streak outside. Far out, Mickey drawled, pointing through the window in the big box to the outlet in the belly of a resurrected minister properly proportioned. Let us plug in, Mickey said, and play back the movie with the big box on your back. Yes, we all remember that movie.

Well Mickey, I said, the credits are too long and the music annoys me so let us miss this part but no no, Mickey drawled, you must watch all of it, you made it you see.

There, over there, there are some gothic buildings with faces. Very impressionistic, Mickey said, appreciating appearances apparently. Scene two is under-exposed with many closeups and cinematic niftiness so we broke out the crunch corn and giggled over isn't that . . . Didn't she . . . Whatever happened . . . ?

—Mickey jiggled the vertical hold as I jaggled the horizontal but it was only out of focus so we kicked the big box and broke it.

Far out Tom, we broke the big box, Mickey said. Ahhhhhh. What about the movie, I asked with much seriousness. Ohhhhhh.

But we quickly lost interest when That and She and What Ever came to the door knocking. Holding the props. And I filmed it all with many closeups and cinematic niftiness but I really don't think it is complete.

Far out Tom, Mickey drawled, it's time to leave, you don't have to stay here anymore in this place, so go and find another place, he said, kicking the big box.

But keep the camera, you may need it.

Far out Mickey, I said, kicking the big box, I won't have to edit the movie.

Yes, we all remember that movie.

If this newspaper refuses to self-destruct within 24 hours, then burn it. Do not leave it near an open window or on a subway seat. Failure to comply will result in a two-week suspension from classes and a chance to go on for an expulsion.

observation post

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Some Reflections on Stonehenge's Rock Festival

By ALLAN LOVASZ

December 30, 70 B.C. We enter into the great university at Stonehenge, famous for battles between northern W. Kelts and the combined forces of southern W. and B. Kelts, and the subsequent acceptance of the Druids' authority by the vast majority of tribesmen.

We have been instructed to partake in an ancient ritual known as matriculation. The ceremony seems to serve no practical purpose for initiates; however, the Druids insist upon its necessity.

Mistrustful by nature, we suspect that we find one of its functions early in the ceremony. Near the bottom of one of the sacred documents, we are requested to endorse a statement in which we pledge to abide by the regulations of the university, the consuls, and their superiors. Observing that the regulations seem to be somewhat binding, and unaware of the full importance of the document to the druids, we withhold our signatures.

Upon completion of the final required act, we request permission to visit Archdruid Divitiacus of Sohmer. After a relatively short period of groveling, we are granted admission into his chambers. The archdruid, a jovial roly-poly politician and diplomat of established reputation throughout the whole of Gaul, assures us that no evil will befall us as a result of our act of omission. With his vow secure in our bosoms, we happily depart.

January 16, 69 B.C. The University, it is said, is a unique institution because of its untold nature. Thus, we experienced vague discomfort when advised that we were to part with 57 gold rings for reasons that remain unclear not only to us, but even to our august and knowledgeable tribal senate.

As we pay the fee, we learn from one of the University scribes that our attitudes towards the sacred document have been deemed sinful by the Archdruid of Registrational Procedures. We are warned that we must either comply with the request or expect serious recriminations during the Ritual of Registration.

"Nonsense," replies the astute Archdruid Divitiacus when we inform him of our plight. "I'll take care of it. Don't worry about it." His vow residing somewhat less securely in our bosoms, we depart.

January 26. We file slowly into a building called Cerrig-y-Drudion. Legend has it that this building was once used exclusively as a prison for the victims of the terrible Cynric Rwth of Gallagher; but since his removal by decree of the Gaelic consuls, it has been expanded to include those who solemnly proclaim their



Judy Hyman

allegiance to the rules of the druids, the archdruids, the chief archdruid, the Gaelic consuls, and a half-dozen or so malcontents. Following the directions of one of the tribesmen, we arrive at our destination, the Grand Ballroom.

As we enter, we look towards the podium, and are immediately rewarded by the vision of the countenance of the Chief Archdruid, the hoary and aged Merlin of Copeland. He enchants the tribal initiates with his dry and sometimes barren humor while informing them of the University's modern facilities. Divitiacus of Sohmer and Chyndonax of Papoulas follow the chief archdruid and add their irrelevancies. Then the three swiftly depart from the stage, leaving two tribesmen to explain the intricacies and nuances in their statements. Ten seconds later, they, too, depart.

January 27. We visit Try'r Dryw, the residence of the Chief Archdruid.

There we observe initiates partaking in the preparatory dance to the Rite of Registration. The dance consists of a series of random contortions of the body designed to propel each initiate towards an enclosed area known as the Catacomb of the Bursar. Upon successful completion of the dance, he must withstand the pressure resulting from the contortions of his fellow initiates in order to acquire the five mystical cards which enable him to participate in the Rite of Registration.

After failing to make any progress while in their midst, we choose to withdraw from the main body of initiates and circle to an area directly facing the catacomb. Half an hour later, we hand our tattered Bursar's acknowledgments to a catacomb scribe, and wait patiently for her to bestow the mystical cards upon us.

A minute passes. "Still looking," she rasps (softly).

Two minutes. Five. Angry initiates are

beginning to call for our necks. Finally, she returns.

"We don't have them here."

Oh.

"Maybe the registrar still has them. You'd better come in here and see him." She smiles.

We trudge into catacomb. "The registrar's office is down there," she says, motioning towards an area in the rear of the cemetery.

After weaving our way past innumerable bodies of scribes, we arrive at the designated area, the Cubicle of the Registrar. His scribe greets us.

"Yes?"

We explain our mission. She turns towards an initiate who had been to her, says a few words, and he leaves. Then she turns towards us, and repeats her greeting. We repeat our reply.

"We can't release your cards until we have some sort of authorization," she recites, then returns to the scroll she was reading.

Slightly disquieted, we leave her and once again return to the chambers of Our Favorite Archdruid. There we are notified by one of his scribes that he is "in conference," that she has no knowledge of his current whereabouts, and that she would try to get in touch with him. While she is engaged in this endeavor, he enters the room, humming an unfamiliar ballad.

We glare at him. He stops humming, and smiles.

"What can I do for you?" he asks.

We begin to envision him with cloven feet. Restraining the request, we again explain the situation to him. "I'll get to the bottom of this," he asserts, and dials the Communicator.

A minute later, he smiles at us, then turns to his scribe.

"Take a memo to the Registrar..." he begins.

Upon completion of the writ, he turns to us. "Don't walk, run to that office," he instructs us (straight-faced) as we move towards the door.

4:30 PM. We have obtained our cards, gone through registration, and come out of it relieved, having been closed out of only one of the five sections we desired. On our way out, we encounter Divitiacus of Sohmer.

"How was registration?" he asks, and smiles.

"Fine" we answer, and leave the Great Hall.

McGuire Loses Appeal of His Expulsion

By STEVE SIMON

Ron McGuire came home last week but found the lock on the door changed and a group of Burns Guards standing by.

The veteran activist was making one of his rare appearances since last March 19, when administrators found him lurking "in and about Finley Center" while trying to enter a meeting of the Student Senate.

At the time, he had been suspended from classes for walking on the roof of the student center to get into a recruiting interview. The student-faculty discipline committee then recommended his expulsion, citing his presence on campus as a violation of the suspension. Acting President Joseph Copeland signed the papers and McGuire was gone.

For about half a year, he has appealed his expulsion, winning the right to the new hearing held the Monday before last. But once again, he lost and his expulsion was upheld.

Nothing more illustrated the fear with which administrators view his capacity to do evil than the site of the confrontation, the Strength and Materials lab in the sub-basement of Steinman Hall. It was the same place where Dow Chemical

used to conduct its interviews before running, so McGuire knew his way around.

The problem was that the administration expected plenty of other people to find the way, but McGuire has few friends left at the College. Several guards stood at the door and were visited at one point by Sgt. Edward Sullivan of the 26th Precinct.

McGuire's hour-long defense was barely audible above the din of fans in the laboratory. In fact, the defendant sat on his judges' table in the midst of rubble as he advised them that they were a repressive instrument of the administration.

He quickly conceded that he was in Finley Center on the night in question and admitted that he had "repeatedly violated the suspension," which he called "invalid" and "discriminatory."

Recalling protests at the College for the last decade, he told how "invariably left-wing people" were brought before the committee by deans, even when the cases arose out of fights with other students.

But his testimony was painful nonetheless. Although he produced the committee's own reports and statements from former members as corroborating evidence, it was clear that his audience had no intention of reversing itself. If as he

claimed, "the disciplinary process exists to suppress dissent," the committee would have conceded its own untenable position.

It's a shame. McGuire was one of the few leftists who cared enough to explain his acts and talk to his opponents. It may not be long before people start recalling McGuire's name in the same wistful tones they recall someone else named Gallagher.

PEOPLE'S MEETING

Representatives of the Black Panther Party, the Young Lords, and Rising Up Angry, a group attempting to organize among white working class youth in Chicago, will speak at a "People's Meeting" to be held from 11 AM to 3 PM next Wednesday in the Finley Center Grand Ballroom.

The meeting is one of a number of actions planned for next week in support of the 13 Black Panthers who are now standing trial for an alleged terrorist bomb plot. Next week also marks Huey Newton's birthday, and the anniversary of the assassination of Malcolm X. Information on activities in support of the Black Panthers can be had by calling the December 4th Movement at 749-5971.

Rabin Defends Israeli Policy; Ballroom Is Closely Guarded

Israeli ambassador to the United States Yitzhak Rabin, asserting that "there is no high price for survival," has forecast continued strife in the Mideast until the Arabs agree to "direct negotiations" with Israel.

Speaking before a standing-room-only crowd in Finley Center's Grand Ballroom Tuesday, the ambassador reaffirmed his position that the Palestinian refugees should be allowed the "right of self-determination" within their territory. He did not say whether that territory includes Israeli-held Arab lands. However, he also asserted that "there will not be a return to a pre-war state" of Israel.

A brief debate between the ambassador and Ihsan Jabbour, a student born in Jordan, followed the talk. Denying Rabin's allegations that the Arab nations hate the Jews and want to "destroy Israeli sovereignty," Jabbour asserted that they "never hated Jews or Israelis. We hated a force that was occupying our territories. We never had in mind the destruction of Israel."

To this last statement Rabin quickly responded, "If it's so simple, why don't we negotiate a settlement?"

The ambassador drew applause when he said to the Jordanian, "If we can talk this way, I am sure that a solution can be worked out for both of us."

Fearing a disruption, Burns guards and student marshals kept a tight security watch over the proceedings. After the talk began, no one was allowed in without special permission from a marshal, and dozens of students waited outside the Ballroom until the talk ended.

—Lovasz



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• FRATERNITY: We Promise To Be More Than You Expect.

Films on Revolution: Toronto to Zabriskie Point

By FRED MILLER

A couple of years ago, the models of American business discovered that young people existed. In fact, they discovered that there were a great many young people with many dollars to spend.

Obviously, those young people had needs that had to be created and catered to.

Long before this, the market aimed at older people, and when made films, those marvels that enable us to live out the many lives we'd never have the nerve to live ourselves, they made films about the adults we could never be. Glorious films, with spectacle, often with wealth and, by definition, with almost no relation to reality.

But all this has changed. Today, the movies are about young people, even radical youth. Their roles are just as inaccessible as the old film stories, and just as exciting, and just as unreal. A number of such films have opened in the last two weeks.

Starting at the very bottom, one finds *Prologue*, the Canadian National Film Board's look at Yuppies and Chicago, and a terrible successor to their sensitive and intelligent "Nobody Waved Goodbye." *Prologue* deals with a Canadian underground newspaper editor, John Robb, and the adventures he and his girlfriend have experiencing the revolution.

The revolution's a really groovy thing, you see. It's a hassle that Robb gets beat up by a couple of people who don't like the way he looks, and it's worse that a judge won't listen to his long-haired case. But what's worse yet is the leaden acting, and Robin Spry's stultifyingly simple directing. The characters are sticks, fools, ideologues spouting their lines.

Of course, the real revolution may not be much better — a collection of misfits, intellectuals, hard-core idealists, psychotics, people in mental revolt against their parents, but rather than deal with the conflicts and problems of youth, the film tries to

gloss over it all, with explanatory ideological speeches.

At one point, Robb asks an American draft resister in Canada, played by real-life resister Gary Rader, "What are you doing to end the war?" "I try to be as peaceful as I can," Rader replies with a straight face. He made a fine protestor four years ago, but now is an incredibly bad actor.

The film grinds slowly to a split, with Robb going to Chicago, his girl and Rader going to a commune. The film keeps saying, 'either you fight or go to the country,' nothing else. Everything is this simple in *Prologue*, simple people following a script. The Chicago convention segment is split between movement luminaries in a leftist sort of "Monterey Pop," and violence scenes in which Robb stands tall and describes the scene into a tape recorder. It's supposed to be realistic, but Robb is so detached in his recital, he could be describing a movie set. If you want to

see good Chicago footage, see "Medium Cool."

A five minute vignette of Abbie Hoffman describing plans for Chicago is one redeeming feature. He was really funny back then; it's not as funny when one realizes the aftermath.

With the exception of a beautiful surreal opening in which some students fight on a college lawn while others, not noticing, embrace their parents upon receiving their degrees, *End of the Road* does not deal directly with youth in political rebellion.

The film starts out with John Barth's tale of 1950's alienation and a small town college scandal. Had he kept to the story essentials, director Aram Avakian, would probably end up with the story of what would have happened to Dustin Hoffman if he hadn't gotten the girl at the end of "The Graduate." Avakian would then have been able to exploit magnificent performances by Stacy Keach and James Earl

Jones.

Instead, Avakian decided to go far beyond Barth's statement of absurd personal meaninglessness and update the film to 1970 by making a "cinematic assault." It ends up a waste of good editing and hackneyed underground lighting and montage techniques. The entire film is done under low light with wide exposures which cut the depth of field to barest minimum, almost always maintaining critical focus on the main subject only. The result is a form of tunnel vision, which becomes very bothersome after a while. His characters aren't important enough to be the only clear objects. To break this monotony, Avakian uses standard flare techniques in colorful out-of-focus shots, both of which have been used too much already. Added to this are consistent cuts to news clips, Nixon, Biafra, the moon landing, demonstrations — all of which place the movie in time and all of which are unnecessary.

All of Avakian's technical work, including a year's editing, only serves to detract from the fine actors and their somewhat limited story of insanity and adultery. Keach, as Jake Horner, the recent graduate and young professor on the verge of catatonia, is in mental rebellion against an absurd world of classrooms, dinner parties, faculty committees, insane asylums, the Boy Scouts.

All the "assault" Avakian throws in, kills what should have been a fine film. But all that "assault" is relevant shit, a groovy scene or two the audience might recognize. I suppose another look at Kennedy's execution can't hurt, but it shouldn't be in this movie. The film fails, because in the attempt to appeal to what's in culturally, it gets lost.

Michelangelo Antonioni is far too good a film director to have to feel the need to cater to market tastes. Even so his new film, and first since "Blow Up" deals with the youth revolution in America. In *Zabriskie Point*, he tries harder than either *Spray* or Avakian, but he, too, fails.

It is hard to say why he fails. Almost every individual part of the film is excellent, but when they are taken together the film rings patently untrue. I suppose it is especially hard for a European director to grasp, as Antonioni tries to grasp, the spirit of America today. Brooklyn-born Jules Dassin looking from Europe in "Up Tight" could only relate to black militancy in terms of 1930's shoot-it-out gangsters. It seems that Antonioni can only relate to American youth as super-confident, super-able, super-youth living out their magnificently purposeful lives in their own magnificent ways.

Where Avakian uses news clips, Antonioni uses magnificent long pans through miles of billboards. His fascination with the arterial system of Los Angeles freeways and with the way one building tower dwarfs another make his opening sequences of commercial America classic. So are a number of vignettes, such as the one in which hero Mark Frechette has to convince a man to sell him a gun without a permit, by saying, "We live in a borderline community and we have to protect our women."

But the bulk of the film, which tries to fathom the roots of cam-

(Continued on Page 6)

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Films . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

pus white radicalism, is pure picture book, set in magnificent Death Valley scenery but purest picture book unreal.

In the opening, black militants Bill Garroway and Kathleen Cleaver rap to white radicals in the midst of a campus strike. The speeches and parts are stereotyped, digested pabulum designed to be comprehended by the very simple. Yet, it is the most realistic sequence of the film; Antonioni has briefly accepted the ordinariness of so much that happens. Cleaver tells them that whites will not become revolutionary until their daily existence is threatened by police. Frechette, in reply, says he isn't afraid to die and stalks out, tired of talk. That's groovy. Someone indicates that Frechette isn't paying attention to the Red Book, the Emily Post of the Revolution.

The strike wears on, and Frechette fatally (perhaps) shoots a cop after the cop shoots a black.

He then escapes and steals a plane, which, of course, he knows exactly how to fly. Anyway, he flies out into the desert and lands on top of a groovy looking girl, Daria Halprin. After a long walk through the desert in which one discovers that he doesn't turn on, she doesn't believe in politics, they take off their clothes and resume their initial position while fantasizing about a hundred other people also making love in the midday Mojave desert sun. Then they put on their clothes, have a narrow scrape with the Highway Patrol, and repaint the plane, psychedelically. Then Mark gets in the plane and flies back to L.A., where he is shot by police on landing. Daria hears this on the radio and becomes a revolutionary.

Prophecy Is Fulfilled

Thus Kathleen Cleaver's prophecy of revolution fulfilled and in a magnificently filmed closing, Daria fantasizes blowing up all sorts of symbols of the establishment, like expensive houses, TV sets, and refrigerators.

The only way to see the failure of this film is to look at the plot as a totality. It is absurd. Antonioni promised that the message would be self-evident, and it is. But, it's just a modern Hollywood love story, completely empty. The characters have no motivation or existence beyond roles as either political or directorial tools. Antonioni is a great craftsman, but he's trying to create from nothing. In the end, the emperor is stark raving naked.

Failure of Comprehension

The problem with these films is that they just fail to comprehend the young radicals as a complete human being, as something more than a turned-on sex and politics machine. Such films will continue to fail until their makers honestly examine the nature of the "revolution" and the people involved. Unfortunately, when they do, they may just wind up with nothing to make movies from. Today's filmed revolution is a glorious and wonderful thing. It exists only on celluloid.

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A multi-media demonstration, "Perspective: Its Contemporary Implications," will be presented in 330 Finley 4:00 PM Tuesday. The exhibition is the first of a weekly series of programs provided by History of Architecture students who have worked with Professor Fridtsof Schroeder (Architecture). According to Professor Schroeder, the presentation will show "what the students can do on their own when they are really motivated." The

following programs have been scheduled:

1. Perspective: Its Contemporary Implications. Feb. 17th Gary oRthberg, Kenneth Turrissi, John Wasylyk.
2. The Mycenaeans. Feb. 24th William Chaleff.
3. The Roman Forum: As A Problem in Civic Design. March 3rd Robert Palermo, Robert Dolny.
4. Frontier Technology. March 10th Mark Eckman, David Silverman, Michael Guarneri.
5. The Greek Theatre. March 17th Gelina Zamdmer, Henri Bon-

net.
6. Exhibition Halls: The Crystal Palace. March 24th William Chaleff, Marion Gorenstein.

7. The Acropolis in Athens. April 7th Jose Morales, Nicolae Stossel.

8. Medieval Town Planning. April 14th Fred Stahl, Chen Jay Ho, Abraham Bloch.

9. The Master Plan: The Student Orientated Campus. April 28th Students to be Selected.

All dates are Tuesdays. 4:00 P.M. Room 330 Finley Student Center.

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New Romance Degree

A four-year program leading to a joint BA-MA in Romance Language was approved by the Faculty Council of Liberal Arts and Sciences curriculum and teaching committee Tuesday.

The program, which would join existing four year MA programs in English and mathematics, now must be approved by the Faculty Council and by the Board of Higher Education. There is little reason to believe those bodies will oppose the proposal.

Students who have already qualified for the Freshman Honors Program would be enabled to take a two- or three-summer program of tutorials and honors work to complete most of the extra credits required for the MA degree.

"We hope that this program will attract the best students to the College," said Professor Abram Taffel (Chmn., Romance Languages), who presented the program to the committee. The students who take the program will be Graduate School material." He indicated that applicants would be selected on the basis of interviews with departmental committees.

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Beatles play to sro crowd in Ballroom

By JONNY NEUMANN

Karma, long thought of as merely a far-eastern religious phenomenon, can also be defined in terms of modern western European-American musicological trends — though always changing — viewed from the perspective of rebellious youth rejecting the institutions of a society, clinging only to the poetry of John Lennon. Jesus, what does it all mean? Yooph, having found no spiritual stimulation in Judaic-Christian explanations or exorcisms of sin and evil intentions of a highly mechanized, technological rapidly progressing civilization with no strong roots in culture other than the deadly ecological ones, has begun unknowingly to gesticulate mentally and practice the soul-oriented karma of a simple, yet intense Beatle-begun movement towards love without all the trouble. Instantly. Christ, you know it ain't easy.

Among the many complicated theories and theses which attempt to rationalize the new youth phenomenon, sociologists in most circles simply laugh off the strong social-religious impact of John Lennon — the poet and the cat. Lennon's impact — his rapid formation of different religious ways — will be the marrow of this study; Lennon's contribution to religion cannot be overlooked. For it was, was it not, in 1964 that Lennon proclaimed, "Jesus had more woes than I, but, woe, I have more woes than Jesus." Or something to that effect. No, it was in 1966. Jesus, for the record, is just all right with us. With me. With me. . . Religion, it has been said by sociologist Professor Dr. Expound Stragmire Stanson or Stanford University, (Ph.D., DDT, B.S., etc.) "is a profound subject."

The movement began in the late 1760's, 1769, July 18, Tuesday, at 3:15 in the PM in the bedroom of a wooden cottage in Virginia, where Joshua Peace declared, "I'm going to foster a religious movement."* (It was 3:19 to be exact.)* Two months later the labor began and by March, Cheraldine Prudence had a baby. Twins, to be precise.* Pephricod and Personiux, they were called. Dear Prudence, come out and play. Though it is said she didn't want to play. Explicitly, the root causes for the present unpopularity of the historic religions lie deeply entrenched in the events which followed. The town riot, the hanging, the jury deliberation, and the consequent ban on contraband. Finally, came the censorship of the local newspaper. "No more funny papers," cried the town crier*, and whence we have derived the present day cliché: and in the middle of negotiations you breakdown.

Breakdown; the key element of American religious negotiations. "You never give me your money," said the priest while collecting after the sermon, "you only give me your . . ." Funny papers have been written on the subject of the rise and fall of religious institutions, an important example being Dr. John Sebastian Jagger's Day Dream and other forms of psychological expressions of sexual zeal, which said, "it all began with man; it is all in man's head; it will all end with man."* Now, let us assume for argument's sake that it did all begin with man; where does that leave God? More expeditiously, how much of a role did God play in writing the Bible? And if He had no hand in the writing . . . Let's never mind these questions, for the important issue is: what's in it for me?, i.e., is John Lennon writing for me and my love, or for me and my monkey?

From here the implications become more and more obvious: How well did Jesus sing? Can peace really work (i.e., is it worth "giving it a chance" or is that business only musical rhetoric?), and is peace worth all the trouble, anyway? Where do we draw the line between organized religion and the Mafia? Did religion really begin with man in 1768, or was it always there (which I suspect it was), like the smog? Disregarding the history of religious movements before 1964, it becomes clear that John Lennon and the Beatles have been a moving force in man's faith; they have been, shall we quote an old friend, "Man's Best Hope." From confusion, to death, to Polaroid cameras, it has become instantly obvious that the picture is not simply black and white, as no other sociologists or writers have ever said it was (but let us make sure we agree on at least one thing before we enter into this complex world of religious theory.) I want to hold your hand.

Crisis in Belief is nothing new. Indeed, I wrote a paper on it in tenth grade. So did James Reston. But, as we enter the seventies, we must recount the thousands of attempts made by millions of men and heroes to solidify a mass religious entwhistle. (See me. Feel me. Touch me. Heal me.) See me. Fee me. Touch me. Heal me. Religion, we must first clarify, is not an easy concept to grasp, or, shall we say, religion is not a one syllable word. Lemuel Wheeler said in his work, *Stragmanoff*, "There can be no question: Christianity, understood in the careful terms I have outlined, is not merely a religion, but a life-style; it is a business, as well as a play-thing; turn your cheek the other way when one slaps you; ah, but when he's not looking, kick him in the balls."* John Stuart Mills said that, even at age thirty-five, he could not easily say he knew what religion was all about. ("I could say it with difficulty,"

he admitted upon further questioning.) But, entreating such a touchy topic, we must keep in mind that the essential issue is "where am I going?" and not, "where did I come from?" because, even if I knew where I came from, I would still not know where I am going, even if I were told I was going to the same place I came from. But, let us not be lost in trivialities. John Lennon. Why was he made god of the sixties rather than, say, Mick Jagger? The answer is simple. All you need is love.

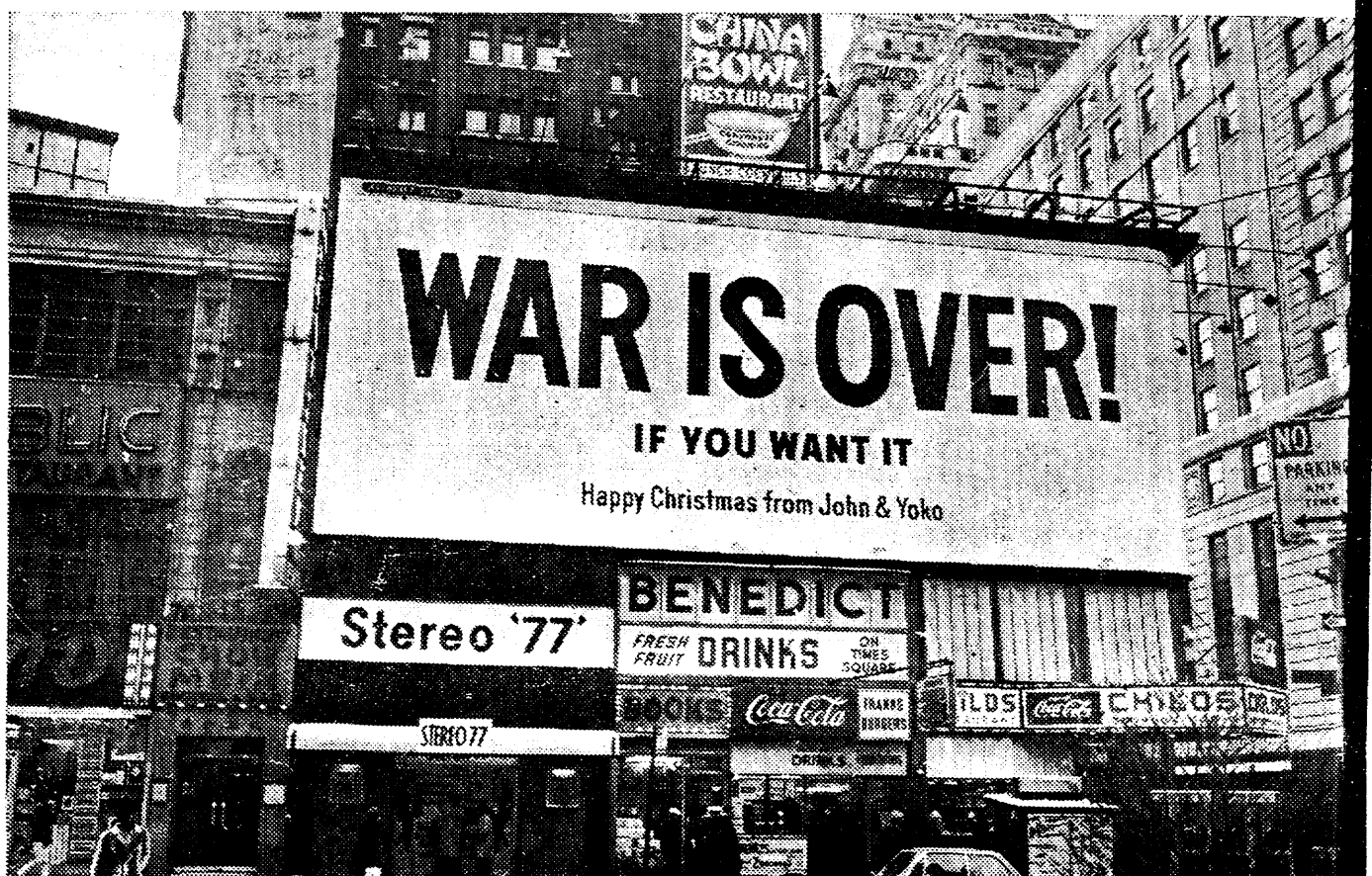
In 1956 someone told me he had invented a completely new kind of game of bottle caps. In 1960, someone else told me he was beginning a new kind of approach to having peace. In 1968, a guy told me he had invented a new kind of education. You see, my mistake was, I believed them all. But, if we are to accept any kind of religion (and let's face it, don't give me no argument, we are all profoundly religious; i.e., we're not gonna take it) we must also realize the first ethnic of Lennonism: there's nothing you can do that can't be done.

There's no where you can go that hasn't been stepped on already by some schmuck on his way to St. Patrick's Cathedral on a snowy night before Christmas. Out of sight. Far fucking out. The best thing about Christianity probably (no definitely) is the holidays. No school. Good day, sunshine. Good day, sun shine, glistening snow, mountains, trees, a car and an empty road. Some friends and a stereo tape deck playing "It's been a hard day's night," and there you have the typical proletarian religious experience. Lennon at his best: "I thime, yunno, whut appns ear kud b dskribd ass apeenss." Very sexual; very typically clever and sexual of Lennon's religion, indeed. Although, to be honest, he did

omniscient Being and so too here do we deal in the high-folluting ideas as we see the entire world dress and redressed by the harmony, beauty and occasion death of any of four men, singing poetry, etc., lead Lennon, not to underwrite the importance of the other three, but, rather, to emphasize the religious aspect Lennon's hallucinations. Absurd, perhaps. Please, please me, woah yeah, like I please you. When dealing with such difficult mystic implications, as when dealing with all ethnical viewpoints, we must first understand a transcendental concept of virtual give-take, see-through self accepting circumstance. This, we'll state right here and now (modern christian philosophy) will be a negotiable demand. More clearly, last night I said the words to my girl. BMM, BMMM, BMM, BMM, BMM. BMM. BMM. BMM. You know you never questioned why you always believed one explanation religion to be serious (i.e., you only give me your funny papers), and another to be merely a put on (I thought he said he knew the answer.) Okay, now we will proceed to get another thing straight: we are dealing with a serious topic in a serious manner and for serious objectives. (So why did he come in through the bathroom window?) Good question. He, as everyone, was afraid to knock on the front door while seeking an answer, reluctantly, he entered from the ledge above the toilet in order to, in gothic jargon, encounter a steady stream. Then it appened. Right at the point he slowly (catch the imagery) snuck in (into the world of salvation) above the place where you shit —

He quit the police department.

And, it was at that precise moment, when, so to speak, his new life began.



Peter Grad

not say it, I did. What is important to note, however, is that Lennon would have said it. Lennon's religion (and why it is new) holds strength not only in its thoughts, but in the articulate language to describe feelings. Taken from an objective standpoint, Lennon's mystique and offiorer stem mutually from an abundance of that formidable substance known as grooviness, and a lack of that unseemly absolute objective of every religious man's hatred, known, in the common man's terms, as bread. Put these two ingredients together, add a pinch of salt, a dash of lemmon, a cup of sugar, and you'll cook for forty five minutes at a temperature of 375 degrees.

What makes John Lennon's religion suscinet from all others, essentially, is his humor. Ha. And the fact that he dreams a lot. (He could be said to be humorous, as well as a dreamer.) And his straightforwardness: "I've got nothing to say, but fuck you anyway."* But Lennon mellowed through the years, and, not unlike Jesus, he soon grabbed with the quintessential questions of mankind. True, he couldn't supply any answers to all those questions, but we don't have to bother going into the details here, seeing as though this is a study on religion and not logic. The important thing to remember, for all those interested in pursuing the subject, is that Lennon, as a God image, did not persist in the face of great obstacles.

So let's settle this "God image" business right now for once and for all. First, some definitions. God: someone who has an overbearing image. Image: in this case, someone who looks like god. John Lennon: Beatle. God Image: John Lennon. Good, now that that's cleared up we can continue. Proverbially, we think of god as the

Brakefield: 3 Years

Army Private Bill Brakefield, who took sanctuary at the College while AWOL in November, 1968, has been sentenced to three years at hard labor, forfeiture of pay and a bad conduct discharge for his alleged role in a riot at the Fort Dix Stockade last June.

He has been transferred from the stockade to Leavenworth Prison, where he will serve his term.

A week-long Army court-martial found him guilty of rioting and arson during the riot, which began over humane conditions in the stockade. Brakefield is one of the plaintiffs in a lawsuit against the Army over stockade conditions.

Several key prosecution witnesses were contradicted. One, Fred Glisson, claimed that Brakefield had asked him to join in the riot. However, in earlier testimony Glisson admitted that he had no knowledge of any plan for a riot. Glisson recently received a psychiatric charge from the Army.

Another government witness, Pvt. Edwin Arnett, testified that he "thought he saw" Brakefield light a fire. But in the defense testimony, Major Litvak discredited Arnett's credibility and termed the private a "theological liar."

Once on the stand, Brakefield calmly explained his actions as a conscientious objector and pacifist, and described racist and inhumane conditions propagated by the military.