



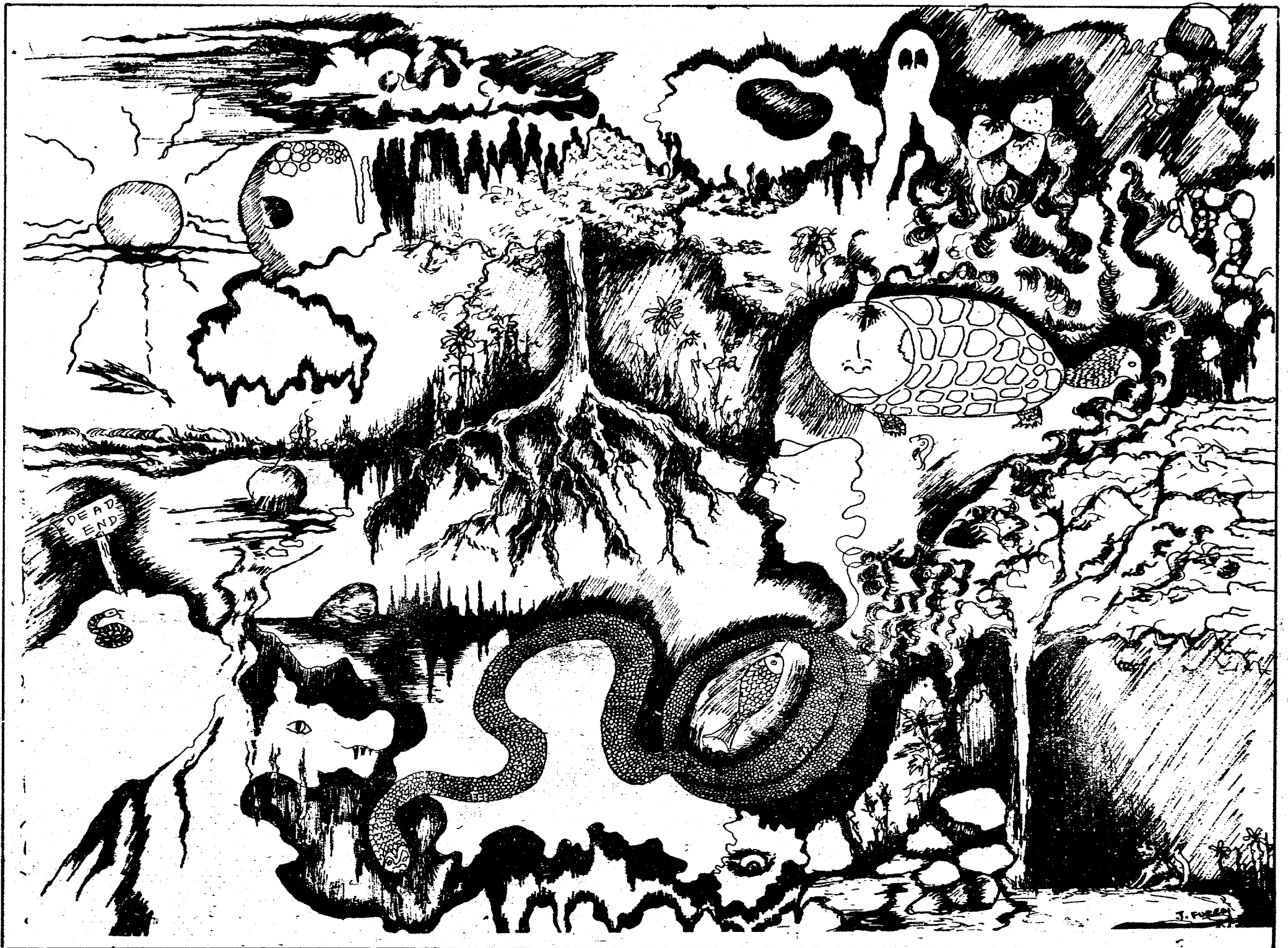
observation post

VOL. 48 - No. 10

THE END

JANUARY 13, 1970

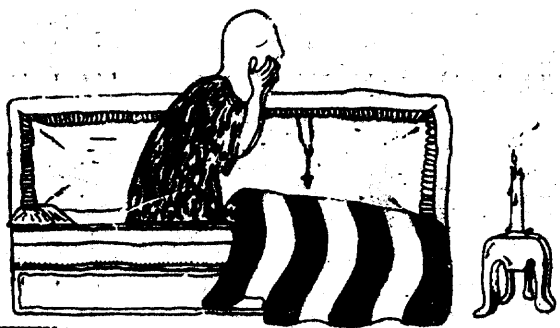
Unmask Twenty-Three Army Spies in Cafeteria



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Thirty

Arthur Volbert

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- Two.
- Three.
- Four.
- Five.
- Six.
- Seven.
- Eight.
- Nine.
- Ten.
- Eleven.
- Twelve.
- Thirteen.
- Fourteen.
- Fifteen.
- Sixteen.
- Seventeen.
- Eighteen.
- Nineteen.
- Twenty.
- Twenty-one.
- Twenty-two.
- Twenty-three.
- Twenty-four.
- Twenty-five.
- Twenty-six.
- Twenty-seven.
- Twenty-eight.
- Twenty-nine.
- Thirty.

In my seven-and-a-half years at the College, off and on, dropping in and out, look how high they taught me to count.

'Correction'

What follows is the full text of a letter that President Robert Marshak relayed to *Observation Post* through Student Senate President James Small.

I should like to correct the erroneous story entitled "Marshak Says He'll Call Police if PRSU Stops Classes Again" in the December 22 issue of OP.

I am quoted as informing the Faculty Senate: "I have told the Puerto Rican students that the next time they do that, the police will drag them out by their hair." By publishing this statement and several others out of context, the OP story implies a bullying, punitive tone that is entirely contrary to the tenor and purpose of my remarks. In actual fact, I explained to the Faculty Senate that I was seeking to resolve the present Romance Languages controversy through agreement and reconciliation between the parties concerned, without resort to punishment or threat. I restated my profound commitment to heal the wounds of our deeply troubled and highly polarized campus through the power of persuasion and negotiation. Finally, I reiterated an earlier statement which I had made to the PRSU students at a private meeting (held jointly with the Executive Committee of the Student Senate), that they must understand that the only alternative to a peaceful and civil resolution of the Keller issue was the invocation of disciplinary measures. My dramatic reference to the use of "police..." was a figure of speech, as should have been obvious to any listener who was really trying to hear what was being said.

The thrust of the OP story, which used selective statements and imparted a tone directly contrary to that intended by me, is not the first example of OP reporting which has interfered with my efforts to reduce the misunderstanding and mistrust acting as a deterrent to the successful solution of outstanding problems on this campus.

In the interest of promoting greater civility and mutual trust among all members of the City College community in the future, I express my sincere regrets to our Puerto Rican students for having used a metaphor that could have been misconstrued when taken out of context.

R. E. Marshak

observation post

Deceased: Steve Simon
Terminal: Arthur Volbert
Undertaker: Fred Miller
Slowly Dying: Peter Grad
Disabled: Bob Lovinger

Mourners: Bobby Attanasio, Georgina Friedberg, Judith Furedi, Allen Heimlich, Zeev Krasner, Allan Lovasz, Barry Taylor, and Kenneth Winkoff.

Pallbearers: Richard Black, Gil Friend, Michael Maskal, Jonathan Penzner and Howard Reis.

Fallen Angel: Jenny Neumann
Nurse God: Sweet

Room 336 Finley Center
The City College, 133rd St. and Convent Ave., New York 10031

Mastering the Draft

John Striker and Andrew Shapiro

Some young men have been studying the Army's list of disqualifying medical and psychological defects in search of ailments whose only objective signs are symptoms which the examinee alone can relate. Bearing letters from their family physicians or psychiatrist, these young men reveal back injuries, migraine headaches, allergies, or psychoses, etc., developed shortly before their pre-induction physicals. With only the family doctor's letter and the registrant's own testimony to go on, the examining doctor will usually reject.

One common ailment is listed by the Army as "character and behavior disorders as evidenced by... overt homosexuality or other forms of sexual deviant practices such as exhibitionism, transvestism, voyeurism, etc." Notice, the rejection is for overt homosexuality, i.e., a practicing homosexual not a state of mind.

In some cities, groups have organized and trained to become "overt homosexuals" in order to convince skeptical private doctors or Armed Forces Entrance and Examining Station (AFEES) personnel. Other registrants have located helpful doctors through organizations such as the Medical Committee for Human Rights.

Will these young men be rejected? Under the law, AFEES examining doctors have no obligation to disqualify a registrant merely because he appears at this physical with a doctor's letter stating he is an overt homosexual. (Bear in mind that under Army Regulations, an examining doctor can choose to ignore letters from a psychologist, as distinguished from a full-fledged psychiatrist). The doctor may exercise his own judgment and decide the examinee is acceptable. He may follow the Army Regulations' advice that "the more desirable time for evaluating the individual's functional ability from a psychiatric standpoint is during his basic training period (i.e., in boot camp)."

On the other hand, the examining doctor may follow an informal directive recently issued to examining doctors: "More credence should be given to diagnosis made under private physicians, especially in the area of psychiatry. If evidence is submitted which is disqualifying, then disqualify."

Is there any way for the examining doctor to know for certain if the examinee is faking? Our interviews revealed a divided opinion. Dr. Gabriel Kirschenbaum, the chief Medical Advisor for the New York City Selective Service System, noted that homosexuals who claim, for instance, to have engaged in anal intercourse should have developed physical traits which can be diagnosed by the ex-

perienced physician. These traits may include an enlarged rectum, anal fissures and fistulae, or "plague" (venereal warts in the anal canal).

An AFEES doctor contended that he could spot a "faker" a mile away. He used various "shock" techniques. For example he would begin his interview with the question: "When was the last time you got laid?" After an hour of this, he claimed, the "fakers" would break down.

Col. Paul Akst, the State Director for New York City Selective Service, reported that the AFEES maintain lists of "helpful" doctors. When a letter is received from these doctors, it is disregarded. He indicated that if the AFEES received more than six letters from one doctor, he qualifies for the list.

Finally, the Federal Bureau of Investigation sometimes helps out by sitting in on the training sessions for would-be homosexuals. It is worth bearing in mind that faking homosexuality to evade induction is a crime punishable by up to five years in prison and/or a \$10,000 fine.

In general, however, those doctors this reporter felt were being frank indicated that, in fact, there is no real way of knowing if an examinee is faking. As one AFEES doctor confessed: "If the kid knows what he's doing, and doesn't overdo it, he'll probably be rejected. Our attitude is, if in doubt, reject."

The variety of opinions expressed by the examining doctors probably fortells the varying results examinees will face. A suspicious doctor is likely to spot faking in an actual homosexual. Psychiatry is hardly an exact science. Thus, the very attractiveness of the undiagnosable ailment makes it difficult to question adverse findings.

Let us assume a young man who has brought in documentation is nonetheless found acceptable. Does he have any recourse in the courts? The answer is no. The courts believe the right to reject belongs to the Armed Forces, for whose benefit the right exists. Abuse of this right is, therefore, deemed to hurt the Armed Forces, not the registrant. Courts simply will not review the judgment of the Army's examining doctors.

Though receiving a medical deferment on psychiatric grounds may not be very difficult, the deferment may come back to haunt the registrant later in his life. In the near future, this column will discuss this problem and how to deal with it.

We welcome your questions and comments. As usual please send them to Mastering the Draft, Suite 1202, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017.

Dr. HipPocrates

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Warning: Several cases of severe lead poisoning, including deaths, were traced recently to ceramic bowls and cups made with lead-based glazes. Lead is released when the vessels are used for cooking or containing acidic fluids such as orange or apple juice. Potters like lead glazes because they produce a smooth finish but the resulting ceramics are highly dangerous when used for food or drinks.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I hated to see you let the 31-year-old acne sufferer knock dermatologists on heresy. I am 35 and have suffered from acne for a good many years too.

About a year ago, I decided to try a dermatologist (although I didn't have much faith) as my face was not only ugly but painful. He has given me antibiotics and shots, stuff to wash with and lotion to dry up excess oils—but no dietary restrictions. He did lay down the law on no makeup which was hard to take at first with all those "ugly bumps," as my daughter called them.

But now my skin is so clear I feel no need to hide it. Granted, it could have been pretty expensive but, fortunately, my husband's group insurance has paid for all treatments except the first office call. A word of warning—it won't clear up overnight but if you persevere for a few months a good dermatologist can really work miracles. And don't wait 'til you're 34 to try it.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

My wife and I recently moved to Oregon and would like your opinion concerning good old milk.

It is possible here to buy in gallon containers both grades A and B raw milk. Since we are milk freaks and grade A homogenized is quite expensive we have been drinking the grade B raw milk. It tastes great, but is there any danger?

Also, what is your opinion of adults drinking milk at all?

Answer: Pasteurization of milk prevents the transmission of such diseases as tuberculosis and Q fever. Raw milk rarely causes these ailments, but

there is a slightly increased risk. The only difference I've noticed between raw milk and pasteurized milk is the price—about 50% more for raw milk. Grade B milk is usually used for making cheese and ice cream.

Milk is an excellent source of protein and calcium but many physicians believe adults should limit or eliminate their intake. Their concern is due to milk's high fat content and the alleged relationship between fatty diets and heart disease. Other physicians point to the healthy members of the African Masai tribe who live solely on a diet of cow's blood and milk.

I doubt that a couple of glasses a day of milk will hurt the average adult—but I happen to like milk and milk products (have you tried almond caramel crunch ice cream?).

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

Can using hashish affect the ears in such a way that sometimes it feels like the ears are stuffed with wax when they are actually clean?

Answer: Cannabis products, such as hashish and marijuana, can cause enlargement of small blood vessels and swelling of mucous membranes. Users commonly notice reddening of the eyes and stuffy noses. The same effect could also cause swelling and narrowing of the Eustachian tubes (which run between the mouth and ears).

From The University of Chicago Office of Public Information:

"Contraception under medical supervision is available to many teenagers who request it, according to a physician survey conducted by Dr. James L. Burks, Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology in the Pritzker School of Medicine at the University of Chicago and in Chicago Lying-in Hospital."

I guess there'll always be chaperones. . . . Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at 2010 7th Street, Berkeley, Calif. 94710.



Sandy Rabinowitz

Sohmer OK's Paper Sales

"The college has reversed its policy and now allows students to sell newspapers of non-affiliated organizations on campus, Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer said Monday.

Earlier in the term, Wackenhut guards had harassed and threatened with arrest students selling "Challenge" and "The Bulletin," the newspapers of the Progressive Labor Party and the Workers League. Sohmer first asserted that there was a city law that prevented such sales but later admitted that the trespassing law did not apply to students. He said there had been a misunderstanding between the administration and the guards.

Larry Goldbetter, a student in the Progressive Labor Party, confirmed yesterday that the new policy had been put in effect. He stated that he was now being allowed to sell "Challenge" any place on campus, except the cafeteria, without interference from the guards.

"I guess Sohmer passed down the word," he added.

Marshak Endorses Fall Opening Of School of Humanistic Studies

President Robert Marshak has backed the creation of a far-reaching School of Humanistic Studies by the fall term.

In a meeting last month with the Faculty Senate's Committee on Experimental Education, which developed proposals for such a school, Marshak said "they sound pretty good to me" and indicated that he would reserve funds to hire faculty for the new school.

But Marshak asked the committee of students, faculty and alumni, chaired by Professor Arthur Waldhorn (English), to focus on a single program to be implemented in the fall. He suggested an interdisciplinary program in Urban Studies. The committee will issue its report by February 1.

In response to Marshak's

request for more specific proposals to submit to Faculty Senate, three of the committee's members last week visited the State University campuses at Purchase and Old Westbury, both of which are planning education experiments. "They didn't solve any of our problems," said one committee member, "but it's reassuring to know that everybody else has the same problems and hasn't solved them either."

The committee is calling for a school which would offer interdisciplinary degrees in several fields, including environmental and urban studies and international relations; a degree in humanistic studies to be awarded without the student taking any specialization, and freshman interdisciplinary

seminars which can be used as a substitute for the core requirements.

These programs would mark a dramatic shift in the College's curriculum, utilizing such ideas as interdisciplinary courses, independent study, tutorials, seminars, work/study programs, learning communes, multi-media techniques and student internships in teaching, with a view toward carrying out experiments that later may be used in other parts of the College.

Newcomer Spins to Top

President Robert Marshak, in an amazing upset, won the Hillel Club annual dreidl spinning contest December 22. The talented Marshak, in his first year of competition, used his natural ability and knowledge of physics to outdistance several more experienced opponents.

Mrs. Marshak was on hand to cheer her husband through the thrilling matches, climaxed by his surprising defeat of last year's champion, Irwin Brownstein (Student Personnel Services).

PRSU, Marshak Reach Accord As President Blasts OP Story

The Puerto Rican Student Union (PRSU) has reached an agreement with President Robert Marshak over the Gary Keller case.

Details have not been announced, but Marshak has accused Observation Post of printing a fallacious story which obstructed his efforts to resolve the dispute. An article in the December 22 issue of OP upset a prior accord reached earlier that day.

PRSU refuses to elaborate on the nature of their new agreement, which will include their dropping demands for Keller's dismissal and the creation of a committee to investigate the Romance Languages department.

Marshak labeled as erroneous the story, "Marshak Says He'll Call Police If PRSU Stops Classes Again," and said it was "not the first example of OP reporting which has interfered with my efforts to reduce the misunderstanding and mistrust" at the College.

In a letter to OP, approved by

the Student and Faculty Senates, as well as PRSU, Marshak charged that the paper misrepresented his December 17 remarks to Faculty Senate. He expressed regrets to the Puerto Rican students "for having used a metaphor that could be taken out of context."

Marshak had told the Senate: "I have told the Puerto Rican students that the next time they do that the police will be dragging them out by their hair."

He called his reference to the use of police "a figure of speech as should have been obvious to any listener who was really trying to hear what was being said."

After meeting with President Marshak on December 22, PRSU's representatives saw the story which appeared in OP and cancelled an accord they had just reached.

They met with Marshak again the next day, however, and the resumed talks led to a new agreement. Student Senate President James Small strongly urged that an accord be reached.

Small yesterday insisted that Marshak's letter appear on page one of today's OP. (See Page 2 for complete text.)

In his letter, Marshak said: "The OP story implies a bullying, punitive tone that is entirely contrary to the tenor and purpose of my remarks."

"In actual fact, I explained to the Faculty Senate that I was seeking to resolve the present Romance Languages controversy through agreement and reconciliation between the parties concerned, without punishment or threat," Marshak continued. "I restated my profound commitment to heal the wounds of our deeply troubled and highly polarized campus through the power of persuasion and negotiation."



Robert E. Marshak

Figure of Speech

College May Buy Camp in Country

The College is thinking of buying a recreational facility in the countryside with grants of \$500,000 obtained during the last 18 years.

The property could be used for student-faculty workshops and intensive summer courses in surveying, botany, psychology, music, and art, a committee headed by Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer has reported.

The committee also suggested that the land could serve as a training center for athletic teams and a summer camp for community children.

Some land, it was recommended, could be left undeveloped and used for camping by students and faculty.

The grant for the land was originally made in 1953, when the estate of Jacob R. Schiff contributed \$250,000. Former president Buel G. Gallagher later obtained another \$250,000 for programs for disadvantaged students.

The project has been discussed off and on since 1953, but nothing was ever accomplished.

Simon, Once Kingmaker, Retires At Last

The editor of Observation Post, a student newspaper at City College with radical sympathies, announced yesterday he would step down from the office he has held off and on for more than two years.

The decision, which follows a prolonged illness, has been expected by observers. "It's been a long time coming," commented Steve Simon, the editor. "It's going to be a long time gone." The statement was immediately attacked by observers as inaccurate, tendentious and libelous. Simon would say "no more."

A Short-Lived Past

"Everything you do or say reminds me that I have no past," Simon once told a former friend, who grew up to be a princess of a far-away place. It is the youth's only known contact with royalty, but at the College, an oasis of white middle-class despondency in Harlem, they mentioned his name yesterday in hushed tones.

At a convocation in Great Hall during a noon break in classes, students joined faculty and administrators in a tribute to the fallen leader. Hanging from its Gothic-style walls, medieval flags flapped in the breeze.

"He has given us the best years of his life and taken little in return," declared the president of the Student Senate. "But now he has reached the bottom of his trick bag."

A faculty spokesman read from a memorial resolution, calling upon the college "to remain faithful to its original precepts and stand aside from the rumble that draws near." The snores of a wayfaring hobo lying in a corner of the hall increased during the speech.

Chuckling for the administration, the dean of students rejected demands that Simon be granted an honorary degree. OP representatives had promised that Simon would not advocate free love when he



accepted the honor.

Meanwhile, radical-liberals abandoned their round-the-clock sit-in in the South Campus cafeteria without gaining the free kosher chocolate chip ice cream they sought in Simon's honor. They won a small victory by convincing maintenance workers not to repaint the cafeteria walls, which still read: "Free Steve Simon" and "Simon is a stoned freak."

College officials gave in, they said, to avert another of the disruptions that have marked Simon's reign as editor. They cautiously recalled a week-long sanctuary of an AWOL soldier, a two-week seizure of the South Campus, and Cambodia-Kent State demonstrations.

Only two months ago, the school survived The Roast Beef Incident, sparked by the editor as he appeared at the annual Alumni Association dinner wearing a yellow sweater.

The previous term, the university was embarrassed by disclosures about liquor consumption by its top officials that Simon made in an article, "Confessions of a Teenage Kingmaker." Simon is known to have told associates that acquiring a taste for Scotch has been the major benefit of his academic experience.

In recent months, however, these confidants say he has awakened in the middle of the night, screaming, "I just can't take it anymore, I ain't gonna take it, I gotta find me a place to be."

They sadly report that Simon's future is clouded, but that if one thing is certain, it is that he will be looking out for new friends. He may also leave the newspaper field to use up some old dreams of becoming a relief pitcher for the Boston Red Sox or the lead singer of an unnamed rock band.

—Simon

Eggsploited Lad Tries to Unscramble Life

by steve simon

On a recent afternoon, I found my life's work as I let the beat-up eggs ooze onto the frying pan.

America has given abundant recognition to the hamburger and the custard cone, but what has it done lately for the egg? Every highway is dotted with quick-service stands offering what otherwise knowledgeable people accept as nourishing food. Yet the egg is locked away in the icebox, removed only on occasion to do its work quickly and tastefully. We do dishonor to such obedient servants.

Don't misunderstand. The egg has never complained. Not even when being cracked. It has accepted its submissive role almost without exception. Of course, some have become embittered, and there have been infrequent reports of abortive revolts in which eggs smash themselves before reaching the kitchen.

Psychologists and sociologists who have studied the problem agree that environmental pressures have compounded the egg's problems, added frustration and a loss of dignity. Taken from a warm nest where it has been protected from its mother, the egg is thrust into an alien culture where it is treated as an object to be possessed by anyone willing to pay the right price.

burned to death

Although a lucky few are rejected for presumed deformities, each one goes through the same degrading process. In antiseptic supermarkets, they are packed tightly according to size and coloration. And after being handled by prospective purchasers, the eggs are sold, eventually burned to death and eaten.

One noted psychoanalyst, who prefers not to be identified, says this phenomenon is "a throwback to the time when man was ruled by his stomach and survived by cannibalism." Some eggs attempt suicide, he reasons, rather than face death at the hands of humans, "who seem to enjoy applying

torture in cold, isolated refrigerators before cracking violently."

Others in the field, pediatricians as well as biologists, see a parallel between egg-cracking and rejected children. People who enjoy frying, boiling and cracking eggs, the theory goes, are subconsciously expressing bad experiences while they were in the fetus stage and their ignored desires to emerge prematurely.

Interestingly enough, the Center for the Study of the Egg and Institutional Development, a Santa Barbara, California "think tank," has promulgated a "Scrambled Egg Theorem" which has won wide support. Researchers found after years of work that while universally deem humans to be superior beings, the egg would become more receptive to control after being joined with a fellow egg in a union called scrambling. While beating would have to be applied the scrambling process, the researchers assert it can be done without undue violence.

tensed with fear

I heard the results of that study while my fingers were working a fork through the innards of two eggs. My body tensed with fear for a moment, and then eased when I realized that I had helped my eggs to experience life and happiness before they become one and then none.

But still I knew I could never be free of un-egg-like thoughts until I acted. And it was then that my idea for a world-wide system of scrambled egg franchises was hatched.

By applying American know-how to the problem, years of eggs-ploitation can be halted, if not nullified. The egg should be elevated to the exalted position America has reserved for the hamburger, the ice cream pop, the fried chicken leg and the hot dog. Its nutritional values can no longer be denied. Its survival must be guaranteed.

Slowly but surely, my crusade will inject the egg into the mainstream of franchise operations across the country. Eventually, Home of The Scrambled

Egg stands will become a national tradition, and its success will ease balance of payments problems once the idea is exported to friendly countries.

The franchise agreement will bind the local owners to offer scrambled eggs exclusively and accoutrements only with the permission of the originators, who shall safeguard the interests of the egg. However, quarreling has already begun among some investors who unscrupulously wish to multiply profits.

already cracked

The major disagreement involves the use of a self-service line in which the customer would be given a bowl of already cracked eggs upon entering the small shop. As he approached the grill, he would carefully stroke the eggs until they had united. He would be shown to a vacant space at the grill by one of our specially-selected hostesses and then would proceed to fry his eggs according to his desires.

The self-service line has two advantages: it permits the customer to participate fully in the creating process and at the same time gives him an outlet for his guilt feelings by showing him the proper methods of scrambling.

The detractors of self-service advocate automating the shops, in the belief that the idea will only survive if it provides service as quick as competitors. They say that Americans will be slow to realize that eggs are in a class by themselves and suggest that the stands utilize molded steel hands for mass egg-cracking and electric mixers for beating the eggs. They have also suggested that the stands appeal to gourmets by offering exotic eggs from elephants, kangaroos, goldfish and dinosaurs.

I have thus far been able to beat back those who have foul-mouthed the idea and made offbeat suggestions. I may be generations before my time but I feel obliged to push ahead and permit historians to lie to the future. Our first franchise opens Saturday, January 30, in a test market area at the junction of Routes 9N, 50 and 29 leading to the Saratoga Springs natural spa. I hope to see you there.

Bierman Gets Provost Post

Professor Arthur Bierman (Physics) is temporarily leaving the ranks of faculty to join the administration. For the spring term he will serve in a newly created post as Acting Associate Provost for Institutional Advancement and Special Research Programs.

A search committee is currently considering potential candidates to fill Bierman's position permanently after his term ends on June 15.

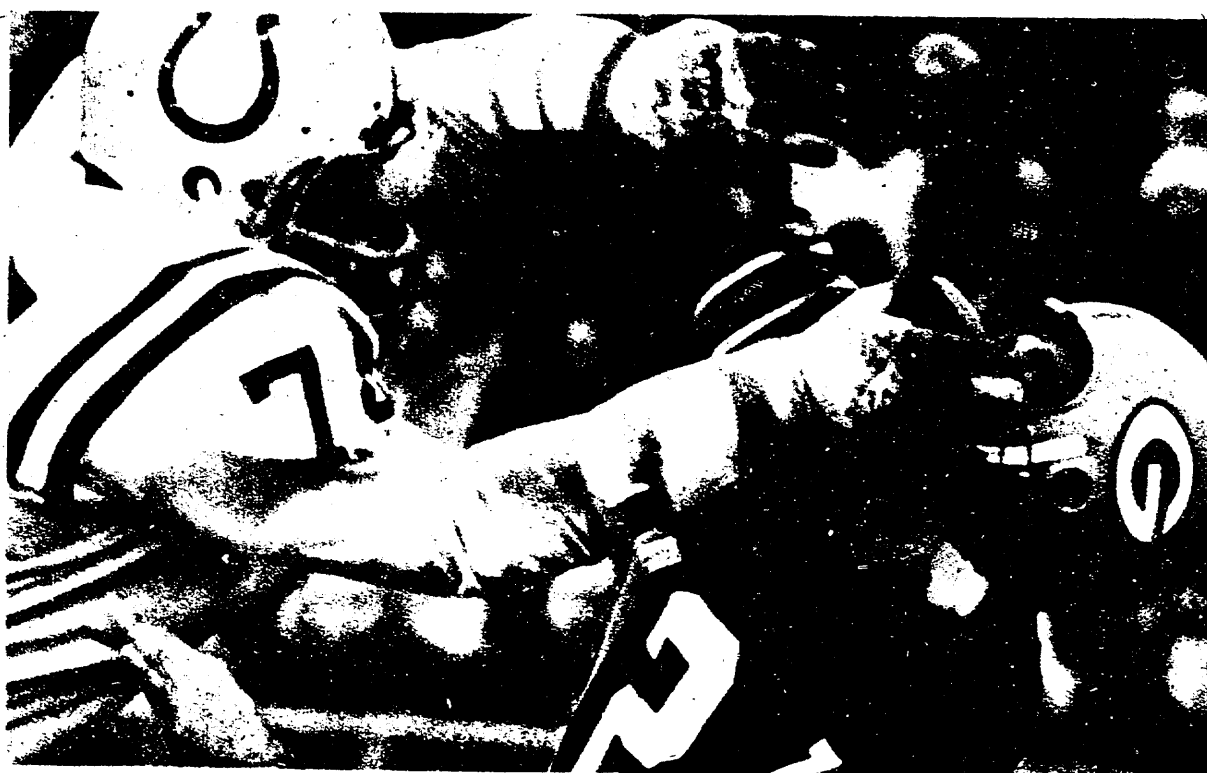
Bierman joins Bernard Gifford, Associate Provost for Community Affairs, as the second person appointed to the new administrative position created under President Marshak.

Bierman said that he plans to concentrate on two major College projects: the graduate center for Urban Problems and the School of Humanistic Studies. He will also review the College's building program with "special emphasis on its academic aspects."

The Center for Urban Problems, will "bring to bear some expertise of the academic community" on the environmental and social problems of the city, Bierman said.

Bierman served as a Senior Research Scientist with the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation from 1962-1963. He taught at the University of Chicago and Columbia University before joining the City College's faculty in 1958. In the fall of 1967 he headed the Committee of 17, which proposed what were then considered important reforms in the College's governance structure.

Bierman resigned as chairman of the Executive Committee of the Faculty Senate when he accepted his new post.



Set, Hut One, Hut Two,

The guys who regularly run to glory on the South Campus lawn, threading spirals through flying frisbees and soaring soccerballs, are organizing to make it official.

Roy Commer, stocky organizer of the City College Club Football Team looked serious when he told a recent meeting of the Club, "I expect to have this team together, and ready to play, by June." He is serious.

The week of February 8 is Football at City Week. During that week, the club is planning to hold a dance, a game, a party, and a raffle, all to raise funds for the team. "Right now," Commer told the 30 gridders, "as far as funds go, the administration is waiting to see where we're at. We should find out ourselves."

The club is circulating petitions calling for support of the team, which would presumably play other club teams at local colleges. Commer said that he has about 800 signatures so far. "I don't know how many signatures we need to get a question on the referendum, but politically speaking, we're looking for 2,000," he said.

Commer estimates that the team will need about \$15,000 to get going. He told the meeting that a coach would probably cost around \$5,000 a year, and that the team members would undoubtedly have to supply much of their own equipment. There are

rumors floating that the club is running betting sheets to raise funds. "I don't know anything about it," Commer said, "but I'll tell you that I'd do anything to play football." Commer transferred to the College a year ago from Hofstra, where he played freshman football.

Someone suggested that practicing on the South Campus lawn would interfere with the girls' softball team. Someone else suggested, "Let's make sure we're out there when they're playing."

Midway through the meeting, the Club's very shapely secretary walked in. There was snickering. One person clapped. Another prospective player commented, "She's one of the most hungry-looking chicks around."

Commer sensed the disruption, and told the boys, "If you guys want girls, make the team. Something like that usually happens." The Club's secretary says she joined the club because "I really enjoy football. I'll be organizing the cheerleaders. I like to play too." This comment brought up the question of whether she could play on the College's team. "Legally, they couldn't stop me," she said, "but I know I couldn't compete with them in a real game." Does she mind the snickering when she comes into the meetings? "No. They're nice guys. I don't mind their teasing, it's a natural reaction. If it's natural, I don't mind."

A Snack Bar Acquires Life

Life has come to Finley Center's snack bar, transforming two drab walls which blended in perfectly well with the rest of the College into a colorful and imaginative mural.

The mural, called "Life," is being painted by 27-year-old Hadi Hazavei, a graduate student of art here.

Standing on a board suspended between two ladders, Hazavei applies his oils directly on the wall in broad sweeping strokes. One wall depicts a dream-like scene reminiscent of mythology, using landscape, horses, and angels, heralded by a figure carrying a lighted torch.

The colors are vivid and rich, however muted, glowing with an almost preternatural light. The horses, which Hazavei says took him six years to perfect, are of unusual weight and power, dominating the work.

Says Hazavei, "Life is movement. Life without movement is nothing."

Hazavei added that his painting has no conscious meaning, but rather as an artist, he was giving free expression to his imagination.

The painting's elusive philosophy, and ambivalence of space may disturb some people. But the mural has poetic appeal, and shows an active mind at work.

Hazavei has had twelve one-man exhibitions, in Teheran, Munich, Stockholm, as well as New York and Boston.

Born and raised in Persia, he graduated from Teheran University.

When asked about getting paid for his painting, he shrugged in mild annoyance: "Whether they pay me or not is of no importance. I've already had my satisfaction." —furedi

Festival Flops

Festival: The Book of American Music Celebrations. Photographs by Jim Marshall and Baron Wolman. Text By Jerry Hopkins. Macmillan Company (1976). \$7.95 hardback \$4.95 paperback

Festival: The Book of American Music Celebrations is two books in one. Jerry Hopkins' text is one book, the other is of the photos by Jim Marshall and Baron Wolman. The two ignore each other. Neither is worth eight bucks (or \$5 in paperback).

Hopkins' text is informative, as he gives a behind-the-scenes view of a few pop festivals. There's a brief history of festivals through the ages; then he starts rambling about recent pop festivals. Each festival flows into the next, and sometimes it gets to be a drag when Hopkins' attempt at continuous flow flops.

Adding to the mangling of the text is the poor graphic design. Any relationship between the photos and the text seems to be completely coincidental. It would have been nice to look at photos taken at festival as that is being discussed by Hopkins. The two coincided only for seven pages in the entire book.

The poor quality of the layout reaches absurd and ridiculous proportions. An example is Hopkins' discussion of the acoustic-only Smoky Mountain Folk Festival in its isolated environment in Appalachia. You're reading about a funky festival. It's homey and down to earth. You dig what you're reading. You turn the page and wham—you're staring at full-page portraits of Grace Slick and Jerry Garcia. They are two of the better shots in the book, but what the hell are they doing in the Smoky Mountain Folk Festival?? You turn the page again hoping to get back to non-electrified, down-home Appalachia. The text is there but this text is overshadowed by what's probably the best shot in the book—a portrait of Jorma

OPOP: Rocks

Kaukonen and his wife. To get back to Appalachia after that detour, you have to pass through three photos of the electric sound of The Who, only one of which is passable. You finally make it but the inconsistencies are jarring. The layout also ruins a number of good photos.

One is a shot of Joan Baez at the Big Sur Folk Festival which fills most of two pages. Joan is walking toward us through a large group of people, there is a mountain in the background and cacti are growing all over the place. The problem is that the gutter of the page divides Joan in half.

One of the two or three passages that produced a really nice warm feeling in me concerned the Monterey International Pop Festival (1967). Hopkins describes how it was turned from a profit-making venture into a non-profit gig with proceeds donated to charity. After the initial backer withdrew his money, Simon and Garfunkel and other performers and producers each dug up \$5000 to get the show on the road. I was reminded of the concert for peace this past summer in Shea Stadium. Performers donated their time and it was organized by Peter Yarrow. It was *Outsight*: great vibes and great music from Creedence Clearwater Revival, Paul Simon, Janis Joplin, the list could go on and on.

A festival depends on people. If musicians are the only people at a festival, then it's not a festival but a gathering of musicians. Marshall and Wolman seem to disagree. Over half of the 160 photographs are of the 'stars,' and about a dozen of these are worth looking at. Of the others only a handful convey any insight into the people who attend festivals.

In two or three of these Photographs taken at 'country' or 'western' festivals, the subject obviously convey their hostility toward the photographer. We learn nothing about the people except that they distrust the photographer, probably justifiably so. Marshall and Wolman don't regard the people as people, only as subjects for their photographs.

The reproduction is of a high quality; it's a shame that it's wasted on such low quality photos. You can't throw a bunch of snapshots, old *Rolling Stone* articles with a few connecting paragraphs together, and call it a book. Publishers can't sit back and hope that a book will sell for eight bucks because it's about freaks or violinists or blacks. I guess that's called a rip off.

—harris edward webberman

Best of 1971

Every year at about this time there are lists made up of the best and worst records of the past year, but the following is a list of records to look forward to in 1971.

—A five-LP specially-priced set packaged in a simulated plastic pine box including posters and autographed pictures, of the legendary "shout-out" between Robert Plant and Yoko Ono.

—"Lon Butterfly's Greatest Hits." Side one—"In A Gadda Da Vida" (from the album of the same name). Side two—"In A Gadda Da Vida" (from the "live" album).

—A recording of the Who's final performance of "Tommy" to be played on a Wednesday night in November in Duluth, Minnesota.



Jorma Kaukonen and wife from "Festival: The Book of American Music Celebrations"

—"Delaney and Bonnie and all their Friends—Live," which includes the spectacular finale from their New York concert, where from out of nowhere, Leslie West walked out on a stage banging a tambourine, and the entire stage gave under the strain.

—A three-LP set of the jam between Buddy Miles, Phil Ochs, Guy Lombardo, Wilson Pickett, Scott Muni, Bobby Sherman, The Last Poets, and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Recorded live on New Year's Eve.

—Murray the K presenting moldy oldies of the last century as sung by The Vanilla Fudge, The Four Seasons, Little Anthony and the Imperials, and The Moody Blues.

—Al Kooper's new "Super Session" album featuring Al Kooper on organ, Al Kooper on drums, Al Kooper on bass, and Al Kooper on lead guitar.

—The original soundtrack of the ten-day Staten Island International Pop Festival which featured The Grateful Dead doing a great two-day set in the rain including Mickey Hart's ten-hour drum solo. The show was closed by The Cream who got together for one last 15 minute show in which they played all of Blind Faith's greatest hits. The biggest ovation of the festival was for Mountain, after Leslie West ended their show by swallowing his guitar whole. But I think that the crowd's favorite moment was during an eclipse of the sun as The Who came out and announced their last performance of "Tommy" in the dark as a ten-day Staten Island pop festival. The 35-LP stereo set can be purchased in an embroidered sack, or can be bought separately in plain brown paper wrappers. It would be available before the summer, but in the meantime, there will be a single issued containing the highlights of the show.

Barry Taylor

Van Shows His Irish

Once upon a time in a land called Ireland, there was a young man who wanted to be a musician. So he left home, found himself a group and began to play various clubs throughout Europe. It was hard work. Finally his group was signed to a recording contract. The producers were bad. They wanted to chop and package all the songs so they could become "hits."

The group didn't last long. The boy, a bit disillusioned, came to the States and continued to record. Unfortunately, he was captured by another bad record company who wanted to slice, splice and dice him up even

more. So they managed to squeeze a top ten single from him, and left him alone. What has become of the young boy?

Van Morrison lives in Woodstock with his wife and two children. He has a new band now, but things just aren't the same.

Van is the group. He rules with an iron hand clenched tightly around the music so that you would hardly notice a band is there. Ironically, his new album is titled *Van Morrison His Band and the Street Choir*. Actually, it should be called *Van Morrison and his Disciples*.

He admits the influences are numerous: Leadbelly, Guthrie, Jelly Roll Morton, Ray Charles. And they're all on this record in one way or another. Or at least that's what Van would like us to believe. His evangelist voice is fine for the blues, but the whole effort lacks something, maybe spiritual, maybe musical.

Van does a good imitation of Fats Domino on "Give Me a Kiss" ("That's all I want/That's all I need/I'm satisfied"). The horns and piano provide adequate accompaniment, but the thing is too structured. There's no freedom in the music. Van produces his albums now; he has the first and last words.

"Street Choir" explains Van's new world. Don't make it long, but sing it the old way. Too many commitments to become hassled with fantasies. "That's not my job at all."

Van Morrison is a serious musician. He proved this to us with two splendid albums, *Astral Weeks* and *Moondance*, one of the most haunting and beautiful portraits of an artist ever released. But all he wants to do now is to "hear some rhythm and blues on the radio." Okay.

The album is neither exciting nor inspiring. It's jello with whipped cream. The music is soft and the lyrics are gentle but the songs don't reach out to you. You have to reach out to them.

There are some who say that Van Morrison has reached his peak, has passed beyond it and is now on the decline. All without recognition of his excellent talents. To those I say phooey. This record is not the final statement of an artist who is capable of such creativity, as he has shown in past releases.

Van Morrison is happy. He has a freedom which he could never afford before. Now if he just learns how to use it.

—Kenneth Winchuff

What follows are excerpts of a 3 1/2-hour interview with Dina Epstein and Adrian Price, two former students at the College who went to Cuba last August as part of the third contingent of the Venceremos Brigade. The third participant is Jack, who went to Michigan State.

The brigade consisted of 405 Americans, mostly students, who spent a month working on the citrus crop on the Isle of Youth and two weeks touring Cuba. About 20 students from the College were on the brigade, as well as many other City University students.

OP: Why did you go down to Cuba?

Adrian: The reason I went down was because I wanted to experience what it was like to live under socialism and I wanted to see all these ideas that we talk about. I wanted to see them in reality. I wanted to see the work of the Cuban revolution.

One of the things is that the U.S. has set up an economic blockade of Cuba. The U.S. controls somewhere between 65 to 75% of the world's natural resources and by cutting off all these things to Cuba, they're really doing a lot of damage. As Americans we felt that it's really important, as a political stand to go down there to break the blockade. Here are Americans going down and working for the Cuban revolution while the U.S. government is doing everything it can to stop the Cuban revolution from being successful.

OP: Why did you leave the College?

Dina: I got pretty disgusted. One of the major problems that I felt was that it was totally divorced from reality, and by reality I mean the fact that you know most people have to work to earn a living and from that kind of work comes a certain level of consciousness. In City College, you deal mostly in the realm of ideas, producing ideas but ideas in a vacuum.

One of the things that is like really incredible about Cuba is that they try to always minimize the separation

Wherever we went and visited everything was provided for us. The whole thing about money was that it was really an incredible realization to see how alienating a thing money can be, how it forces you to deal with something to reach somebody.

between theory and practice. For instance, in the University they close down 45 days out of every year. Professors and students go out to the sugar cane fields or the coffee plantations and they work together so that it's never our kind of division of labor. The kind of specialization and professionalism that we have here that separates people, divides people and the sort of superiority, inferiority, that kind of thing doesn't exist in Cuba.

Personally, in terms of my own needs I began to feel very alienated here in City College and I saw in Cuba that it didn't have to be that way, that there was a way of integrating, mind, body, workers, students, peasants, campesinos, all different kinds of people.

Adrian: I want to add something about the breakdown of the divisions of labor in Cuba. It's not only that office workers and professionals and students who work in agriculture for 45 days a year but also that all the workers go to school. When we went to a fertilizer factory in Cienfuegos we talked to factory workers who were for the most part older people. Many of them were illiterate before the revolution. They were all studying and working at the same time and they were all at different levels of education. The workers study and the students work and the division that we have here doesn't exist.

Dina: One of the things that really kind of amazed me was that as we worked on the brigades in Cuba, we worked with Cuban university students and just kind of assumed, I guess, because they were university students that they were middle class. They expressed themselves in a certain way with a certain familiarity of universal notions. When we were going on the tour some of the students weren't able to go with us because they were going back to school so as we passed by their homes we would drop them off and what really amazed me was that many of these students were dropped off at huts where the campesinos live.

OP: What do you mean by campesino?

Dina: It's a peasant. Farmers, well—

Life in Cuba on the Venceremos

Jack: People who work on the land.

OP: How did you travel down to Cuba?

Dina: The Cubans sent up a boat to meet us in Canada. We got ourselves up to Canada and then they took over from there. We didn't spend any money for the whole time that we were in Cuba. It was really incredible because when we came back, it was amazing to start worrying over pennies and start hassling people to pay you back money, where you're gonna eat and sleep.

Jack: That's a thing that I know I did, and I know lot's of other people get incredibly freaked out at it. After we got on the boat in Canada for the next five weeks you might not have ever seen your wallet. You had no reason to deal with money at all. When we left camp and went on the tour, we had to pack and people for the first time saw their wallets. They just freaked out because they realized they hadn't dealt with money in any way.

A lot of things, everything, like clothing, dental, medical care, everything is provided and it's free. Wherever we went and visited everything was provided for us. The whole thing about money was that it was really an incredible realization to see how alienating a thing money can be, how it forces you to deal with something to reach somebody.

OP: What about rent?

Dina: Seventy percent of the population is not paying rent and theoretically in 1971 no one will be paying rent.

Jack: The other thing with rent is that among the 30 per cent that's paying it, it doesn't exceed 10 per cent of the occupant's earnings.

Dina: Transportation is free to students and old people and for the rest of the population it's five centavos which is about five cents. Films are free in the countryside, certain restaurants are free. Children get free food.

There are so many things that just aren't explained. For instance people talk that food is rationed in Cuba. A housewife only gets so much for her family but people get food in many different kinds of ways; like children will get food in schools free and that is provided everyday, workers are fed in factories for free so actually the rationing only applies to weekends and evenings when people eat at home.

OP: Before we continue with the specifics of life in Cuba, I'd like to get more of the framework of your experience. We've gotten to Canada. You're on the boat now. First of all what was the boat ride like?

Jack: The Cubans organized all kinds of activities on the boat. We woke up at 6 and had breakfast 'til like 8:30 and sometimes there were things in the morning but not often, and then there would be lunch and in the afternoon there were films and in the evening there would be dances and/or films, usually both.

Sometimes the Cubans would speak with us about what was going to go on in Cuba. More or less on the way back it was the same thing, kind of talking and getting to know each other on the way down and the way back talking over the experience and talking about things we might be doing when we got back.

Dina: I'd like to talk about some of the problems we encountered on the boat which I think are very interesting, give some sort of insight into what North Americans are about and the way we interrelate.

What happened was really incredible. Everybody started caucusing all of a sudden and everybody was trying to work out some sort of framework or structure to relate to politically. This was all based on what Cuba was going to be like. This is a very typical thing for North Americans to do. I mean we had no idea (about Cuba) but already we had full-blown programs. The Cubans couldn't believe it. They figured we should just be enjoying ourselves and relaxing because we were gonna be working very hard.

This is the way we are taught to interact—bourgeois social relations are all based on suspicion and hostility. I mean there really is a tremendous lack of trust and the concept of collectivity.

We have to conceptualize everything before we can do it. I mean again it comes down to theory and practice. We can't conceive of just going into situations and trusting ourselves to react accordingly. We have to think everything through to the smallest detail and then maybe we'll go into it.

In Cuba, you are much more into just doing things all the time. It's a long day and there's a lot to get done and you didn't have that kind of time. And it was while you were doing it and after you were doing it that you start



talking about it to integrate into the next action.

Adrian: The trip going down was really pretty hard. You put a group of 400 Americans together and they don't know each other, they can't get together. But after we had been in Cuba two months, the trip going back was beautiful. Everybody was really together, everybody was really talking to each other, really getting things done, talking about what they were going to do when they got back. I got to know more people going back than I did the whole time I was in Cuba and going down.

As soon as we got on the boat in Canada, the lack of division between workers in Cuba became very clear. We saw all these Cuban people dishing out food for us, right? They worked in the mess hall and they served us the food. Our immediate reaction was to get up a petition and everybody who wanted to work in the kitchen signed this petition. Everybody wanted to help the Cubans out. This is what we're gonna do, we're going down to Cuba and we're going to help them work in the kitchen.

Our first reaction was, we gotta help these people out, stuck back there in the kitchen while we're out here on the boat. They didn't react like that at all. They said, this is

There were about five thousand people there to greet us; some people who were going to work with us in the camp and thousands of people from the street.

part of our work for the revolution. You are going to be working very hard in Cuba. You have many things to do on this boat, you have to get yourselves together.

Their reaction was really incredible to us. They were insulted. They said that every job in Cuba is a revolutionary job. There is no job in Cuba that's not productive, that's demeaning or debasing, even if it's somebody who cleans up, an old person maybe, who can't work in the fields any more will be given a job cleaning or giving out food to the workers or cooking or something like that and that is considered a revolutionary job.

OP: What was your arrival in Cuba like?

Dina: It was fantastic. Fantastic! The happiest day of my life.

Jack: We came into Havana. We came into the port and it took us about an hour to dock. It was noon. There were about five thousand people there to greet us; some people who were going to work with us in the camp and thousands of people from the street. It was just the most incredible thing.

Adrian: And when we walked off the boat we had to walk through a group of people, incredible, clapping for every single person, throwing flowers at you and asking questions. But afterwards, when we got to the Isle of Youth, I will never forget that in my whole life.

Dina: I want to say one more thing about the arrival in Havana which culturally is indicative of Cuba. That was the thing of music. We had a Cuban band on the boat, Latin music. When we came in they put up all kinds of flags and the band started playing and so everybody on the boat was dancing. And as we went by, people working along the docks stopped their work and started to dance too.

And then the people on the pier where we docked, They weren't just standing and waiting for us, they were

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dancing. They were all dancing. Some of the people in the brigade said the Cubans are freaks. In a lot of ways, I mean they're not hip, the way we think they're gonna be hip, into youth culture and stuff like that, but in their own way, they're so incredibly hip because they're so into life, into music and into flowers.

Jack: The energy and the life is just fabulous.

Adrian: We took a ferry from Cuba to the Isle of Youth, where we were going to work and got there about 2 AM. Now the Cuban workers get up at 5 AM to work in the fields. We got off this boat and we got the same reception that we got in Havana. Thousands and thousands of people met the ferry at two in the morning.

We drove to camp on trucks and I didn't see a single house that wasn't lit with people outside to wave to us.

OP: What was the Isle of Youth before the revolution?

Adrian: There was a prison on it but it was basically a resort, like Rockefeller had a huge estate on it. The prison was where political prisoners were kept, including Fidel, after his attack on the Moncada barrack. Other than that, it was a fantastic resort for rich Americans.

OP: What kind of structure was set up in camp?

Jack: We worked for four weeks on the Isle of Youth picking citrus fruit, planting and fertilizing citrus trees, building a day care center and a TV tower. They split the 405 of us into 15 brigades of about 28 North Americans and about 8 or 10 Cubans. The North American brigade was about half white and half third World and within the Third World, there were Black Americans, Asian-Americans, Chicano-Americans, Native Americans, that means Indians, and Puerto Ricans.

OP: Why do you use the overall term North Americans?

Jack: Because that's how we were addressed.

Adrian: Because everybody, Latin Americans, Cubans, are Americans too. It is our incredible North American chauvinism that we call ourselves Americans and everybody else is something else, we are the Americans.

Jack: For work, we woke up at 5 AM, had a light breakfast, went out to the fields at 6 AM, singing all the way to work. People always sing. Even in the fields people are talking and singing and that is indicative of the fact that you were enjoying what you were doing.

We worked from 6 a.m. to 11 a.m. during which we had a snack break of fifteen minutes. We came back to camp at 11 and had lunch and siesta until 3 p.m., and went into the fields again until 7 p.m. taking another break in the afternoon. We had activities in the camp seven nights a week.

Adrian: Which we all missed.

Jack: That's not true.

Adrian: I know I had a problem because the work was really hard and we were soft and a lot of times when we came back from work we'd just collapse on a bed. The Cubans never stop. They can work all day and they can dance all night, watch movies or listen to speakers.

Jack: I only missed them (the activities) once. There are lots of reasons why you have a lot more energy. Everything is more intense and everything is completely connected. The things we were learning in camp, we talked about, the movies that were shown, all dealt with what we were doing out in the fields. We weren't working in abstract ways.

Adrian: The Cubans were very interested in the movement here. They asked each group to prepare an evening presentation about what they were doing in the movement.

OP: Did you meet any people from Vietnam?

Jack: We met a delegation of Indo-Chinese people, with 40 Vietnamese, and delegations of Cambodians and Laotians. Three Vietnamese worked with each brigade.

OP: How did they react to you as Americans?

Adrian: When I first knew that the Vietnamese were in camp, I was a little bit hesitant about going up to them because I was thinking, we are decimating their country, we are killing their people, we're destroying their land. Their reaction to us was that we are with you, we know you are not the government and you are doing all you can to fight the government. Every attack you make on the government helps us. There was real solidarity. It was just beautiful.

They don't react to things the way Americans react. Americans hate everything they can and here were people we're killing and they were beautiful to us.

Jack: One thing that incredibly hits you is the nature of relationships among the Vietnamese, how incredibly

We started going "Cuba Si / Yankee No" and banging on the desks and the teacher was banging on the desk and people jumping up and down

together they are with themselves, with each other and with the people of the world. As you saw how beautifully they treated people, you saw how bullshit are the ways Americans treat each other.

Adrian: We kept referring to North Vietnam and South Vietnam and they insisted that there is only one country fighting a common enemy. The North Vietnam/South Vietnam line is a lie, drawn by the Americans.

Dina: Coming from New York, I pushed myself toward them (the Vietnamese) not knowing what to say. They asked what New York City is like. The only thing that came to mind was the subway and I described how horrible it is and I got so wrapped up in what I was saying I said, 'It's the most horrible thing you could ever imagine.' And then I realized that these people face bombs every day. But one said, 'No, that's right. When we act it may entail death but we know we have the whole country behind us. But you Americans have a much harder struggle, because convincing yourself to get up in the morning is such a struggle.' When I said goodbye to him I gave him a subway token.

OP: You described the attitude of the workers as very positive. I remember reading reports of a speech Castro made a few days ago in which he said the essential task of the Cuban people in 1971 was to raise the productivity of the individual worker. How does this compare with your own experience, in which people have tremendous energy?

Dina: I think because of the failure of the "ten million tons," (the attempted goal for last year's sugar harvest) though it was not really a failure because it was the biggest harvest ever, but even so, Cuba has economic problems and they hoped to pay off debts with the sale of sugar. Because they didn't reach ten million it was a setback. They weren't able to go through with planned renovation and consumer goods.

A lot of people who were putting a lot into "ten million tons" because they expected Cuba to be transformed by it, have suffered a morale problem. There is also a very big

problem with absenteeism, people not going to work. Another big problem is bureaucracy. Workers feel demoralized because bureaucratic experts won't let them act on what they understand. There is also a problem of Fidelismo, the feeling that Fidel knows everything and can do anything. That is why when we heard him speak at the Plaza de la Revolucion in September 22, he said 'we have to stop dreaming and start working.'

Jack: It (ten million tons) was a success because it enabled the government and workers to examine why it failed and to prevent it from happening again. While we were on the Isle of Youth, there was a conference in Havana and thousands of workers came to discuss absenteeism, and the failure of the harvest. That conference was an incredible step forward in the democratization of the country and the relation of workers and leadership.

Adrian: One thing, if you don't work in Cuba you still get your needs taken care of: you get food, clothing, rent. Cubans think the only basis for a person working should be a moral incentive. A lot of people who grew up under capitalism are now getting these things so they don't work. One of the hardest things to change is values that people have developed over 30 or 40 years of living. When we were in Cuba, there were meetings going on in every workplace to discuss how to deal with absenteeism. In the past, this problem has not been dealt with, but lately the workers have been getting angry about it and having decided that it must be dealt with in some way because the survival of Cuba depends on everybody working.

OP: You talked in terms of democratization. Is there a lack of free speech or press within the Cuban society?

Adrian: We had personal experience of this. You know that when you work in the United States you can't say a goddamn word to your boss or he'll throw you out. When we were working, every Saturday, we had a meeting to discuss production, relationships between people, and how our work was affected by this. The Cuban leadership asked us for criticism to help them, they don't stifle criticism. They want to know what problems the people are having so that they can eliminate them.

There are people living in Cuba who opposed the revolution but leadership doesn't have to oppose them because the leadership feels what they are doing is right and they can defend their position on its moral basis. The Cubans made no attempt to keep us from them, they felt we could judge right and wrong.

OP: Can you give us some sense of the tour that you went on when you were done with your work on the Isle of Youth?

Jack: We left the Isle of Youth and went back to the main island. The first day we went to the Plaza de la Revolucion in Havana and heard Fidel's speech. We stayed the night at a beach about fifty miles east of Havana and from there we went east and toured Camaguey and Oriente provinces. From there we went to the Escambray mountains and hiked three days to where Che had his hideout.

Adrian: We lived in the woods in hammocks. It was really rough.

Jack: It was very much kind of, though to a much lesser degree, living in guerilla conditions.

Adrian: One thing I want to add. The Moncada barracks (the site of Castro's first military action) in Oriente have been turned into an elementary school. Visiting it was an

(Continued on next page)

A Vietnamese Heroine

dina epstein (liberation news service)

La Thi Tam, National Heroine of Vietnam, visited our camp on the Isle of Youth. When I first heard of her I decided to find out who she was. I approached the first two Vietnamese women I saw and asked them where I could find Tam. One of the women who spoke English smiled and pointed to her friend who looked like she could be no more than 16 years old. That was Tam. To my amazement, Tam embraced me and introduced herself in Vietnamese as though I were an old friend. Then her companion told me Tam's story.

La Thi Tam, now 20, was the eighth child in a family of nine children. Her mother and father are farmers in Ha Tinh Province which is in central Vietnam. This province is so poor—the soil is very rocky—that every day is a struggle just to survive. In Tam's home town of Vinh Loc Can Loc they have a saying, "Chicken eat rocks, ducks eat grass." Under these conditions every person born is needed to help support the family. Therefore, when in 1966 Tam volunteered to work for the revolution, not only was she possibly sacrificing her life, but also her family was making a sacrifice.

Tam's task was to find the time bombs which were dropped by the U.S. planes and to pull out the pin which set off the bomb. This meant that she faced the possibility at any moment of being blown up, being buried alive, or napalmed. U.S. planes drop three different kinds of bombs in one flight mission, and the time bomb can be dropped either first, second or third. For this reason three people are usually assigned to this task so that they can complete the detonation more quickly and be out of the area when the next bomb drops. But Tam volunteered to do this work alone so that her other two comrades could fight at the front. In the four years she has been doing this work, Tam has displaced 700 time bombs singlehandedly. In four



years she has been buried 24 times, along with the time bomb that she was working on.

At this point Tam's companion, also a valiant fighter, interrupted the story and said, "Imagine, digging herself out of the earth while also detonating the bomb! For most of us we are willing to sacrifice our lives perhaps 3 times or maybe 4. But 700 times? This is truly a heroine."

In Cuba with the Venceremos Brigade

(Continued from previous page)

incredible experience. We broke up into groups of twos and threes and walked into classrooms.

Immediately the teacher stopped the class. We talked a bit about ourselves and the Venceremos brigade and all the kids started cheering and then they said 'We want to sing you a song.' So they sang a song. Then a little boy, about ten, got up and said he wanted to sing a song. And he sang the most beautiful song in a little high-pitched voice to us. The thing that really struck me about that was that when I went to school in this country any time a little boy might have gotten up in front of a classroom and sang a song he would have been laughed out of the room or sent for psychiatric help. All the kids cheered and clapped for him and then they asked us to sing a song.

We sang "We Shall Not Be Moved" and they clapped and cheered. Then the whole class and the teacher and us started going "Cuba Si/Yankee No" and banging on the desks and the teacher was banging on the desk and people were jumping up and down and it was just so free. Can you imagine any teacher you had banging on the desk and waving her fist in the air? They felt great that we were there and they wanted to express it and they did. It was incredible.

OP: How could you compare the experience of the Cuban college student with the college student in New York?

Adrian: One of the things about Americans that surprised Cubans is that they don't live at home and that they all get away from their parents as soon as they can. The Cuban family is very tight and most of the students, if they don't live in a dormitory, live at home.

Jack: After becoming incredibly conscious of how alienating the life of the American student is, I saw the Cuban student who is fundamentally tied to what is going on in workplaces and production because what the people are learning is stuff that they will use very concretely when they leave school. And the students spend time working while they are in school. They read books and then they go and participate in what they have been learning.

Dina: They can't understand the alienation of Americans. They have a saying 'Wherever the revolution needs me, that's where I will go.' Students are not stuck in careers. They understand where they are going and why.

A lot of Americans ask, 'Why don't the Cubans have a constitution,' especially people who are interested in giving Cuba a form of democracy. But what's the point of a Constitution if in five years the situation may be completely different and it no longer applies. In the United States, we have an elaborate electoral system and yet we don't have democracy.

OP: Let's get into something less heavy. What about Cuban ice cream?

Ann: It's great!

Jack: It's the most out-of-sight ice cream I've ever had.

Marie: There are ice cream palaces all over Cuba. There are 53 different flavors related to the geographic location.

OP: How many flavors did they have before socialism?

Jack: I don't know but I was told that Cubans spent seven years going all over the world to develop their ice cream. I'd believe it by tasting it. Like they have watermelon ice cream, with the seeds in it. The most incredible ice cream.

OP: To what extent are drugs used in Cuba?

Dina: Before the revolution Cuba was a paradise for rich people. The whole society, aside from growing sugar, was geared to pleasing them. One aspect of this was tremendous usage of all kinds of drugs and the people who lived off tourism almost all dealt drugs. This was a way of pacifying people and reaping huge profits.

But now that they are struggling toward socialism they want to get closer to reality and anything that is going to limit their functioning in struggle is negative.

This is a point about Americans. We always think that what we are doing is the best way and everybody else should do it the same way. So while drugs may be liberating here, in Cuba they are an oppressive thing and the Cubans can't relate to them at all.

OP: Does Cuba have a racial problem?

Adrian: The Cubans see everybody as Cuban. They don't make distinctions between blacks and whites. They were dominated by the United States for so long that there still are traces of North American influence. For example, their standards of beauty are very Western. A lot of times on billboards and posters you will see faces of European white women, not always even Cuban white women. The black people on the brigade were very critical of the Cubans for these attitudes, and this is something that the Cubans are going to have to deal with.

Jack: Throughout the history of Cuba the blood of the people has been mixed. You can't really consider a Cuban black or white.

OP: What about the role of women?

Adrian: We have to be careful not to impose our attitudes of what is important. Their first concentration must be economic, building the country. So the cultural revolution is starting very slowly. It's something you can only do after you have food.

Dina: Before the revolution women didn't go out to



work. The Cubans have abolished institutionalized oppression of women by encouraging them to work and providing free day-care centers for children.

Machismo (the Latin concept of masculinity) shouldn't be seen as totally negative. In the kind of pre-revolutionary society where a man can't provide for his family, he had to get his strength from somewhere. These are the objective conditions whether you like it or not. If he is able to feel that he is strong and this gives him strength to struggle, I think it is important even if it is at the expense of the women.

We have to see it as problematical. It does have to be dealt with but it's just now becoming archaic.

OP: What is the position of homosexuals in Cuba?

Jack: There is a very strong anti-gay attitude. This stems from before the revolution when they were limited to little work, prostitution and the arts and they are therefore perceived as being unproductive. Gay people are now barred from dealing with children or belonging to the communist party.

OP: What about birth control?

Adrian: Birth control is available to all women who want it. Pills are not available because the Cubans don't feel they're safe, but all other kinds of birth control are.

Dina: Here one again needs a historical perspective. In an underdeveloped society, people can't afford such a thing as birth control. Anything which inhibits the growth of the population will be looked at with suspicion. A society which cannot deal with birth control cannot deal with homosexuality because that is in a sense an alternate form of birth control. Also gay people in the arts were involved with decadent tendencies and culturally they couldn't relate to the revolution.

The concept of the family there is different, the nuclear family as we know it doesn't really exist. The woman is not dependent on the male for support. Children will be fed clothed and educated for free by the state and so the concept of the family is different.

OP: What about the New Man?

Jack: That's a fundamental part of the revolution; the development of new people and of new ways that people relate. On the boat we talked about how up-tight we were and how fear-based all relationships among Americans are. But when we were in Cuba, we saw how this didn't have to be the way of thing. We got an incredibly warm reception and we saw the way Cubans related to each other; no fear. Because the people understand that they are all struggling for the same thing it breaks down competition and a lot of fear.

OP: Can you somehow illustrate that?

Dina: One thing is the snack served in the fields as a break from work. It was usually very sweet and very good. Everyone would drop what they were doing and we would run because we were hungry and thirsty and looking for a break. We'd hustle on line and claw each other in a joking way but we were really damn serious. We found that we would get on line for seconds as we were still eating our firsts. The Cubans would sit down and relax and they weren't worried or rushed. It was a whole different mentality. They knew the food was going to be there. They knew they needn't kill anyone to get it.

OP: How did the trip affect you?

Adrian: The thing that was important to me was that in a lot of ways the revolution in this country was something far away, something that maybe we feel we can work for in the future, but sometimes we wonder if we are being too idealistic. We saw it for real. What we saw were the things we were talking about. There they were and people are doing them. We can have a beautiful society based on people's needs. It's not a dream, there it was and we were in it and it just gave me a whole new shot of life, I mean the revolution just became part of me.

The First Electric Western

ZACHARIAH

ABC Pictures Corp. presents A George England Production

Zachariah starring John Robinson, Pat Quinn, Don Johnson, co-starring Country Joe and The Fish, The James Gang, Doug Kershaw, The New York Rock Ensemble, White Lightnin', William Challee as the Old Man and introducing Elvin Jones as 'Jab Cui' Written by Joe Muro and Philip Austin, Peter Bergman, David Quance, Philip Proctor. Screenplay by Lawrence Sanders. Co-Produced by Lawrence Sanders. Produced and Directed by George England

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WORLD PREMIERE ENGAGEMENT **SUNDAY, JAN. 24**

ON THE WEST SIDE **LITTLE CARNEGIE** ON THE EAST SIDE **JULET**

5th St. East of 7th St. - 3rd St. 3rd St. East of 7th St. - 3rd St.

by jonny neumann

In a ridiculous dream I learned absolutely nothing to help steer us from our ecological morass. Not that I ever thought I might find answers or solutions, but in this dream I become confused at figuring what was our problem. You see, although I knew that science and technology could save us, I also saw that we were allowing them to destroy us as people. No giant discovery was mine—but then, neither is our present crisis anything new. In fact, our dilemma is quite old and simple, though, well, I have become muddled about this whole situation since my dream. But many things which appeared very clear before are not so clear any longer. All I know for sure is that we are still alive and that is what is important. We are alive. But see for yourself if my dream makes any sense.

The dream began just about where we are now. A brilliant team of scientists told the world—on prime time national television—that we have no more than one year to live. The oxygen supply, they said, was that close to being totally consumed; the pollutants, they were certain, were that close to overwhelming and killing; there was not enough food for everyone; the atmosphere was so clogged, they concluded, that very soon the rays of the sun would no longer be able to penetrate it to reach green plants and when that happened all photosynthesis would stop, the Earth's biocycle would be ended: all life would end. Unless, of course, the entire economic priorities of the country and world were redirected.

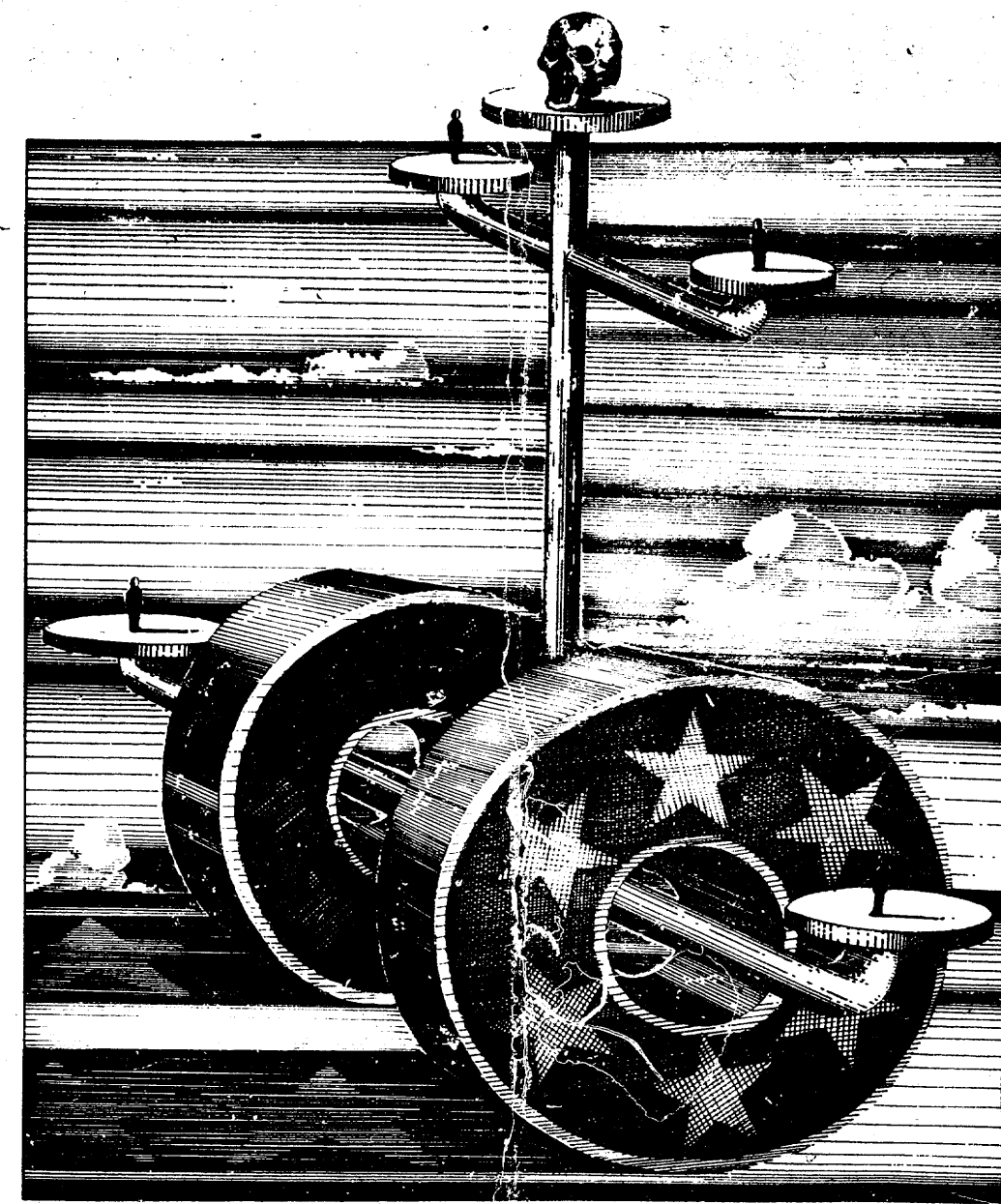
no one could understand

The average American responded by becoming even more involved in his own little or big business. No one, naturally, could believe or understand that the scientists were completely serious. "The World Is Coming To An End By December" read a Peanuts Poster selling for \$25 dollars. ("Why save your money now," said the poster vendor in Central Park. "What good will it do you next year?") "Look especially beautiful on your last day..." began a radio commercial for Revlon's New "Final Beauty Cream." Ford had a better idea. "We want you to ride in comfort to the funeral," a sincere and humble grey-haired man said to the television audience. "It may be too late to save the world," he whispered in sympathetic tones, "but we at Ford want to make these last few days pleasurable for you and your loved ones." To make the end seem a bit easier ("To take the guessing out of death"), General Motors decided not to bother putting a steering shaft or brakes in all new cars. Following suit, Standard Oil came forth with a new "no nonsense" image. "We have decided to stop with our past hypocrisy and monopolistic exploitation, while also helping to end the over-population problem," read an open letter in the New York Times Sunday section Four. "We will no longer pretend to work in the public interest. From now on we will burn to death one million poor workers or slaves (depending on which part of the world we are in) in our own oil refineries."

Such was the typical reaction of America's business class.

idealistic young minds

For those who were concerned, those idealistic young minds who wanted to do something to change the ecological disaster, for the scientists, there was another road. All the biologists and geologists of the world united to work day and night figuring out how to save Life. Engineers, chemists, physicists agreed the solution was very possible if only they had the money. All the funds in the world, of course, were tied up in the wars in Vietnam, Israel and South America. ("With only one year to clear up these trouble spots," came a joint communique from the White House and the Kremlin, "we must work full time to end each war.") So the dedicated men and women of the sciences were left completely on their own. They gave every breathing second to the problems of the salvation of Earth. But, unfortunately they became so absorbed with saving life that they forgot to take care of themselves and... well,



if it brings you down it's only castles burning

they all died of ulcers, heart attacks and cancer.

So all the concerned people of the world had died for their concern, in concern.

Leaving only the poor, the estranged and the alienated youth, who neither jumped at the great business opportunity of the world's end, or died worrying about dying. From these people, a solution did not appear to be developing either. For when the great scientists of the world announced the Earth's imminent death, the common response among the abused minorities was: "So what?" Let the world end, was the message these people had; what good is there in letting it continue?

Thus, come what may seem to be the end of my dream, everyone in the world died. How sad? No, for I forgot to tell you something. I lived. Not only did I alone survive, but remember: this was only a dream. When I would awake, everyone would still be alive. So maybe it wasn't so sad.

There I was, sitting alone on a street corner, 125th Street and Lenox Avenue. Don't ask me why I chose that horrible filthy block; I don't think the reason matters. I sat, tossing about an empty beer can and ripped out old muffler. I asked myself, first: is it worth asking myself anything in this hopeless situation? and: What should I ask myself? and: If I come up with any idea, who will be here to hear them, anyway? Basically, I guess, I realized the utter futility of thinking, and, especially of worrying, because, what good could crying do?

But what harm could it do? "Why," was my first question, "why did I live, and no one else?" I thought about that question for two hundred and eighty seven years until I realized that the answer did not matter. By then I forgot who I was, anyway. So I asked myself what we could do. I called myself "we." "I guess we'll have to clean up the city, clean up the country, and start all over again." No, I concluded, where would that bring us but back to where we just ended. I realized I was going to have to take a new approach, a well thought out plan which would not lead to our final self-destruction. But how could I do that—after centuries of mankind struggling for ways to survive—how could

we, in such a short time, think of anything new?

First I looked to the scientists in me. The biologists and botanists were careful in trying to avoid the same mistakes we made before. "First of all, we must not do anything to largely contradict nature. All technology must be of the simplest level so as not to disturb the natural biosphere any more than is necessary. We must maintain a natural balance; distribute all of our food equally among everyone; conserve our power and energy; limit our population..." But the engineers and physicists inside me now argued that "such rationing of products and of natural energy would be no problem as technology and nuclear power can handle large needs if we are willing to pay the money." In fact, a group of experts even showed me a series of blue prints for sewage treatment centers, and for "giant, efficient, economical 'super-factories' which would combine all our resources," and for nuclear power plants—all of which, they assured me, would preserve natural valuable fossil fuels, reduce all waste production and conspicuous consumption, and also keep pollution at a safe minimum.

hasty technology

But the scientists in me argued against such hasty technology. "How can we know what effect these plants will have on us in, say, ten years? Can we be certain..."

"Hold on here," interrupted the historian in me. "Have we not learned anything from our past? We are fighting now, even before we have begun. Why, we seem to be suffering from overcrowding of ideas already, and there is just one of us. Can we not come to some rational agreement?"

"What we have here," now spoke the philosopher inside me, "is a classical case of a dilemma."

Thus spoke all major sides of the issue in me. And we were left, as we are now, on the horns of the philosophers' dilemma. Where could we go from there; with so many valid ideas coming from the scientists, but still sensible plans coming from the engineers, and what of our place in history... this all became very complicated and actually too much for one

person to handle, and so, well, one person, I, did not attempt to handle it. And suddenly, unexpectedly, I discovered an area of humanity I had left out of consideration: me. I stepped away from we, become me, and looked at what was happening. And also looked at the people—the scientists, engineers, historians—who were in me. And then a strange thing happened and I didn't know if I was in the same dream anymore.

alone on bank of river

I found myself alone sitting upon the bank of a small river in the base of a deep green valley. Looking to the right and left I could see huge redwoods completely surrounding this little valley. As far as I could see—which was only to the top of the valley—trunks and branches reached in every direction, straight up for miles, and out to every side forever, it seemed. I looked down into the water, at the funny little red crawdad floating slowly over the clear white mud beneath the water; at a tiny root peeking out from the ground on the other side of the river, causing the same ripples in the water as it rolled over and under this twig again and again. I sat there silently for a long time; I watched as leaves turned from green to red to brown, and endless sunny days turned to cool nights and rainy weeks, and the rough stone below me in the river lost its edges and was smoothed by the water's patient flow. Now again I called to the scientists and engineers and historians inside me.

"Hey," I said, "we have been very silly. Can you see that now, we have been ridiculous. I wonder, who have we been trying to fool? It is all so simple. Look around us. Where do we see blueprints or speeches or answers? Look around at the rivers and trees, or at the streets and buildings. What kind of game are we playing? We are nothing; tiny, small, weak, restless nothings."

"Now look at me, us. We are nothing and we should not be ashamed. Why play such a melodrama with our predictions of 'eternal doom.' We know too much. We say too much, make too much 'news.' Why spend all our time advertising our death while we are still alive. We are simple and we are nothing—and let us love what we are—and let's stay and be ourselves, myself."

feelings "unrealistic"

So I spoke, and, of course, our scientists immediately, sympathetically rejected my feelings as "unrealistic." And the engineers laughed at my "plan" as "unpractical." And the historians bemoaned by "innocence" and warned of hard times ahead gained with "knowledge." I sat at the river for another four hundred years trying to shake off my "realistic, practical and knowledgeable" parts, but finally, when I stood up, they were still with me. I decided to climb the valley to see what new things I could find.

The climbing was rough. The terrain was well grown and thick, a small jungle-like intertwining of brush and thorns and nettles had grown in. I very slowly, carefully weaved my way through the sticky vines, hoping not to scratch and tear my skin too badly. But my whole body was immediately pricked and stung by the sharp stems and poison leaves everywhere. The pain was not very intense, but I had not felt pain in so many years and I cried. I stopped crying quickly, and when the season changed to spring I decided to run straight up through the brush. "To hell with these tiny thorns," I said, "when I get to the top where the forest begins and the path is clear and soft, I will rest till I no longer ache." I started running, kicking thorns and leaves and roots out of the ground; they stuck in my toes, on my hip, all over my arms. They irritated me at first—as I clearly felt each small thorn enter my flesh like a needle stabbing me; as the poison oak and ivy rubbed its message onto my body, stinging and rashing, warning me to stay away next time. But very quickly my body grew accustomed to these minor attacks, and soon I actually enjoyed running through these vines. I cannot tell you why, but the sting upon sting upon sting of each of these plants—so many on me now I could not tell where or when they hit—these little prickles gave me some sort of sensual joy,

(Continued on page 11)

To the Editor

I am writing in reference to Gary Keller's downgrading list of words. As a Spanish-speaking person, I felt very insulted. I might not agree with the demand of the PRSU which asks for the expulsion of Mr. Keller, but I do think that Mr. Keller should stop teaching the present course Spanish 51 or Spanish, for that matter, and teach something else. Mr. Keller obviously has a poor knowledge of the Spanish language. I don't know how conscientiously racist he is, for I am not a student of his, but when I saw the list and read only the lowest terms that usually one segment of the population uses, headed as "typically Puerto Rican"; I did not think of anything else but racism. Why, out of a few hundred terms or slangs that are typically Puerto Rican, did Mr. Keller chose the lowest and most vulgar? It makes me wonder that Mr. Keller if not racist, then, is he ignorant or insidious?

I don't blame Mr. Keller's students who out of the confusion came out siding with him. Obviously they, for the most, are English-speaking and have no knowledge of the Spanish language. Otherwise, they as well as any Spanish-speaking student would have reacted to the downgrading list. Before bringing this to an end, I would like to say that, although I am not Puerto Rican, I am also from the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic. I have taken some courses in the Romance Language department and several times I have been indiscriminated against by teachers in the department. There were several times when my Spanish composition was correct, but I would not get the deserved grade because certain words I used which the teacher referred to as "Caribbean Spanish or slangs." Those words were "Guagua"—bus and "Carro"—car. At the beginning, the teacher thought that I was Puerto Rican, so he told me that guagua, carro . . . etc., were Puerto Rican Spanish but when I let him know that I was Dominican, then he referred to it as "Caribbean Spanish." When I saw Mr. Keller's list, I looked for guagua and Carro but instead I got maricon, platanero, etc.

Thanks to PRSU lots of things in that department has been and will be uncovered, because I think that this is only the beginning. I would suggest that PRSU continue their searching in the Romance Language department. Check out teachers, books, courses, etc. I think that every student in CCNY, especially romance language majors, should support PRSU.

Thanks to PRSU the Romance Language department has been uncovered, and it better start serving the people.

Lots of luck to PRSU
from
Their Dominican Sister
Ana Guerra

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Untrue Confession

Bob Lovinger

The Moscow Trials of the '30s and the Prague Trials of the '50s shocked a lot of people. Top Communist Party leaders, men who had built the revolution, spending much of their early lives in counter-revolutionary jails, were charged with espionage for America and assassination attempts on Stalin and others. What was most shocking, especially to those sympathetic to the Soviet Union, was that these men confessed to the crimes which they did not commit in public "show" trials.

The new Costa-Gavras-Yves Montand film, "The Confession," deals with the true story of Artur London, a Czechoslovak party official who is purged and brought to trial in 1952 at the urging of the Czech government's "Soviet advisors." Montand gives a brilliant performance as Gerard (London) from arrest, through prison ordeal, to the trial. Simone Signoret is also very good as Gerard's wife (Lise London). But the movie is a letdown.

As most reviewers of this movie have done, I must turn to Arthur Koestler's 1942 novel, "Darkness at Noon" for comparison. The book, a synthesis of the lives of many real men, is the story of N.S. Rubashov, a commissar of the People, who is arrested and admits to non-existent crimes at the Moscow Trials.

There are many parallels between this book and "The Confession": types of crimes alleged, methods of interrogation, and the trial itself.

Throughout "Darkness at Noon," we gain insight into the workings of Rubashov's mind. He flashes back to his earlier life as a party official when "I destroyed people whom I was fond of, and gave power to others I did not like." There is none of this in "The Confession." Surely, to get where he did in the structure, London must have stepped on people's toes, not to mention their lives.

Through excerpts from Rubashov's diary and his interrogation, we learn that the main party doctrine is that "the collective aim justifies all means." "The party follows every thought to its final consequence and acts accordingly," Rubashov relates. "We punish wrong ideas as others punish crimes: with death. The Party is right, no matter what."

Except for an occasional "Your only hope is total submission to the Party," there is no real attempt in "The Confession" to deal with the principles underlying party doctrine, or the justification for imprisoning these men.

How does Gerard feel about his guards and interrogators? Even here we find little substance. In "Darkness at Noon," Rubashov reacts very emotionally to them, calling them Neanderthals, the first generation of the revolution, with no roots in the past. What have we produced?, he asks himself. There is none of this self-criticism in "The Confession."

Admittedly, I went into the theatre expecting a great movie. "Z," Costa-Gavras' last movie, was a fine political film. Its main values were the tension sustained throughout, and the tremendous feeling of injustice I felt at the end. There is little in "The Confession" to keep one at the edge of his seat.

I don't know how I would feel about "The Confession" if I had seen it without having read "Darkness at Noon." But having seen what Costa-Gavras and Montand did with "Z," I expected an even better movie that explored the Political-philosophical questions underlying the political show trials. "The Confession" is only a surface treatment.

it's only castles burning

(Continued from page 9)

some physical feeling of power which I had not felt in quite some time. I ran even faster. I uprooted and dragged more and more little plants. I could no longer feel the bushes I was tearing apart with my legs. Finally, almost at the top of the hill, I jumped to the foot of a giant redwood and lay on the soft leaves which made wonderful natural pillow for me. Out of breath, I looked at my body, covered with thorns and rashes. Then I looked down to the river at the bottom of the valley, and at the path I had mashed out and at all the small plants I had trampled. "It's too bad," I thought, "but I'm sure glad I left that place. It was getting very boring down there."

I picked myself up and began trying to clean the thorns from my body. After a few years I realized it was simply too long and difficult a task to remove all the vines I had collected. So I decided to leave them on. In a crazy way, I even like them. I have to admit they made me feel tough, they gave me strength. So I started now to walk the final few feet up the valley to the beginning of the redwood forest. The path was easy and when I reached the summit I took in a deep breath and sighed in accomplishment. I looked straight ahead at the forest. The land was not as flat and pleasant as I had expected. It dipped a bit, here and there. There were no trees. Only carved out rough dirt roads, tractors, giant power saws, immense and ugly logging trucks, and chopped down logs,

dead fallen trees bound by chain to the mile-long trailer beds attached to the cabs. As far as I could see I saw dry brown dirt. Millions of army tank-like machines with their webbed wheels to tear the land apart. Hundreds of electric chain saws to pierce the bark and slice the tank of a 500 dollar piece of timber. Small piles of lumber lying to dry for use in furnaces . . . but, of course, they were still now. I, my body lost in thorns, stared at this scene, until I turned around, when, well—

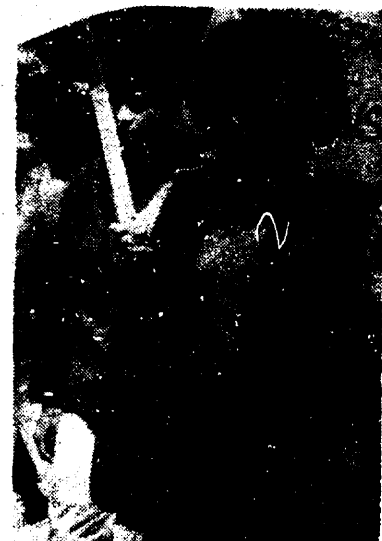
I opened my eyes and jumped from the bed in my small apartment and ran to the window—to look at all the people walking on 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. I looked the other way to the dear old filthy Hudson River and New Jersey, and then I stared again at the people ten stories below me.

"Stop, everyone, Look at what we're doing," I wanted to say. "Oh, but you're all alive still and you don't even know; it's better that you don't know. You were with me just before . . . it could have been so simple, so . . . But I still love you, all of you. Oh, we are still alive."

Then my roommate awoke and asked me who the hell I was talking to. I told him I wasn't talking to anyone, but I just awoke from a really crazy dream. He said sarcastically, "Oh, another one of your dreams . . . ?" And I answered, "Yes, just another one of my dreams."

"Go back to sleep," he said.

I went outside for a walk and loved the New York City morning air.



A benefit concert to "Free Angela Davis" will be held tomorrow from 4PM to 8PM in the Finley Grand Ballroom. Contribution is one dollar.

Among the performers will be Barbara Dane, the La Roque Bey Dancers, the Moja Logo Dance Troup of Harlem Tech, and Matt Jones. Speakers will include Charlene Mitchell, co-chairman of the N.Y. Free Angela Davis Committee.

OP News Editor Mugged in Finley

Arthur Volbert, News Editor of Observation Post, was mugged while walking down a stairway in Finley Center late Friday afternoon.

"It was on the stairs near the elevator, which aren't used very much," Volbert said. "These two guys come up and grab me and knock me down. One asks me softly to be quiet and give him my money, and then the other starts beating me on the forehead with his fist when I won't."

"The guy who asked me softly is reaching for my wallet, while the guy beating me is using his other arm to hold me from behind around the neck," Volbert continued. "But I'm squirming and yelling and in about ten seconds I break free and run down the stairs and they don't get anything. Then they run up the stairs and escape."

"The two guys were black, of medium build and one was about six-foot and the other six-three," Volbert stated. Volbert, himself, is five-six.

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