Faculty to Vote on New Registration Method

by arthur volbert

Faculty Senate will decide next month whether to institute a pre-registration system for Fall 1971 courses.

Speaking to the Senate Thursday, Provost Abraham Schwartz outlined a plan whereby students would register for their Fall 1971 classes next April and May. Schwartz said pre-registration would give department chairmen time to add extra sections of popular courses and thereby reduce the number of students who get closed out.

President Robert Marshak endorsed Schwartz's proposal, stating that Schwartz had been asked to find ways to revise the registration process. "I assume this plan will improve the situation," Marshak added.

According to Schwartz's proposal,

students will register at a rate of about 300 a day beginning in early April. A staff of four would be hired to conduct the registration. Presently, teachers in the various departments distribute the course cards.

Schwartz said that a late registration would have to be held in September. Students who had failed courses during the previous term, or who had changed their degree objective, would be allowed to revise their program, free of charge. However, any other students who wished to add or drop courses would have to pay a late registration fee.

In explaining why fewer students would be closed out of courses under the new system, Schwartz said that department chairmen who had to add new sections would be able to hire qualified instructors in the Spring. Few qualified teachers can be recruited immediately before the term starts.

Schwartz stated that students would also benefit from increased guidance, since counselors will be available during the registration period. Students presently have great difficulty seeing counselors during registration week.

Faculty Senate will hold a special meeting on January 14 to consider the preregistration plan. Schwartz said that he would have complete details ready for presentation at that time.

Registrar Peter Prehn, expressing reservations about the plan, said departments would not get their programs ready on time to accomodate the earlier registration date. In addition, he felt that too many students would want to change their program, and departments themselves might want to cancel courses in the period between pre-registration and the beginning of the term.

"We have extraordinary difficulty meeting our present deadline;" said Director of Admissions George Papoulas. Papoulas also stated that 50% to 70% of students at other schools with preregistration change their programs, while only 20-30% do so under the College's present registration system.

Several department chairmen expressed approval of the proposed registration procedure, and said that they would benefit by being able to hire additional qualified faculty to handle extra sections. They also believed they could complete their programs earlier in order to comply with the new system.





96 Respond on Day Care

Ninety-six students have expressed interest in utilizing the soon-tobe-established day care center.

Responding to a questionnaire sent to 2000 students by the administration last month, the students said they had 88 children under school age.

Most of those who returned the questionnaire favored the idea of starting an enrichment program or formal preschooling for their children. Forty per cent said they could offer some help in maintaining the center, which is now set to open in February in the Webb Room on the fifth floor of Shepard Hall.

The center will at first serve only students of the college, but its organizers hope it can expand to take in the children of community residents, staff and faculty as well.

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College Plans to Bring Charges Against Students in JDL Brawl

The administration is preparing to bring disciplinary charges against students involved in the brawling at a recent Jewish Defense League (JDL) rally.

"We are in the process of accumulating the relevant information," Ira Bloom, assistant to the Dean of Students, said yesterday. He would not discuss the nature of the charges or the number of persons who will be cited for violating the City University's disciplinaryregulations.

Bloom said letters notifying the accused students of the charges will be mailed within a week.

• College officials have already said that charges would be pressed against a purported JDE member who brandished a sword in the Finley Grand Ballroom before the meeting began.

Most likely, they will also name a number of radicals who heckled Rabbi Meir Kahane's speech, particularly those who unfurled a hand-made version of the Israeli flag with a swastika. Dean of Students Bernard Sohmer apparently has been given the names of students alleged to have created the disturbances by staff members of the Division of Student Activities (Student Personnel Services). In a vote last Tuesday, they urged the dean, who heads their department, to take disciplinary action against the persons "who participated in the disruptive and dangerous actions" at the JDL rally.

The staff members also approved a resolution in support of "the historical and traditional posture of the College which provides for both freedom of speech and the right to be heard" and called upon the Student Senate to take a similar stand. The Senate intended to conduct a hearing into the matter last Wednesday but cancelled it when JDL representatives failed to appear.

In filing the charges, the administration is expected to cite the fifth of the Henderson Rules, written by the University under state pressure a year ago:

"Members of the academic community and other persons on the college grounds shall not use language or take actions reasonably likely to provoke or encourage physical violence by demonstrators, those demonstrated against, or spectators." Among the suggested penalties are censure, suspension or ex-



a neighborhood brownstone. Applications for the day care center are available in the Student Senate office, Room 331 Finley. <u>-roberta sugar</u> bean of Students Be

Marshak Says He'll Call Police If PRSU Stops Classes Again

President Robert Marshak last week threatened to call in the police if supporters of the Puerto Rican Student Union (PRSU) try to block future classes of Gary Keller (Romance Languages).

"I have told the Puerto Rican students that the next time they do that, the police will be dragging them out by their hair," Marshak reported to Faculty Senate Thursday.

PRSU is continuing to demand Keller's dismissal and has called Marshak's mediation efforts "very non-productive."

About 25 students walked into two of Keller's classes December 8, contending a vocabulary list he had compiled was "denigrating" to Paerto Ricans.

A spokesman said the group had walked out of the meeting with Marshak last Wednesday, but would meet with him again today.

"This administration refuses to deal with the issues, to accept that its a serious matter. "We're making a request to the Board of Higher Education to intervene," said William Nieves.

Marshak said he was prepared to invoke the full powers of the Henderson Act, the state law which requires colleges to take disciplinary measures to quell campus unrest.

Marshak, however, said his main concern was to mediate the dispute to "try to work out some face-saving gesture." He stated that he had met with both sides in

efforts to work out a solution. "I have seen no prima facie evidence that Mr. Keller has done anything to merit expulsion or transfer," he asserted. "We've been trying to get a mutual apology from both sides."

Faculty Senate voted to establish a student-faculty committee to investigate the Keller dispute. Members have not as yet been named. Student Senate may appoint its representatives at its meeting Wednesday.

"We will not be intimidated by the Henderson Act," said Wilma Nunez of PRSU, in listing the group's demands. "There will be no apology to Keller,"

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Editorial

Winterlude

Now the multicolored autumn leaves have fallen, have been whooshed up by the sanitation trucks, and shapely six-sided snowflakes have taken their place on the streets-each flake from the same divinely-inspired mold, yet each as individualistic as a fingerprint.

The birds no longer chirp. The robins, whose red-breasted larynxes burst forth with song last spring, have all flown south, or passed to an undeserved end from consuming polluted worms. The bears are hibernating. The squirrels are snoozing. The groundhogs, down in their burrows, have set their alarms for Groundhog's Day, whence they will next arise.

Yesterday winter appeared in all its glory. Once more we can envision the joys of sleigh rides, and snowmen, and knocking the top hats off dignified oldsters as they pass by our fence, unaware of our faultless aim.

Winter. Again we may look forward to Christmas, and New Year's, and Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday, not to overlook the aforementioned Groundhog's Day. And the grey-coloured snow on the stone-cold sidewalk caps the resplendent perfection of it all.

Some people do not like winter. They say it's too cold. They say it's too dreary. They say the subways never run on time. To them we say, "Fooey, you spoilsport cocksuckers. You don't got no love for the finer things in life."

We enjoy winter. We revel in its delights and lust in its multifaceted charms. And we don't want none of you complaining, foul-mouthed motherfuckers spoiling it for us. So hail to thee, winter. Hail to thy snow, and hail to thy sleet, and hail to thy hail.

And by the way, all you out there in television land, since this is our last issue before the vacation, Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, and OPeace to the World.

P.S. Responsible spokesmen of opposing viewpoints will be given equal opportunity to express themselves.

To the Editor

Mastering the Draft

No Conscientious Objector should let himself become a political eunuch. The law does not call for such emasculation. Nevertheless, some C.O.'s feel compelled to hide their politics from the draft board. Although this inhibition may seem tactically sound, it is alien to the legal requirements for exemption.

The chief requirement (explained in this column a few weeks ago) is still "religious training and belief." The Selective Service Act requires that a CO's opposition to war in any form must exist "by reason of religious training and belief." Addording to the act, "religious training and belief" does not include 'essentially political, sociological or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code.'

The line was drawn on June 15 in Welsh v. United States. The government had argued (unsuccessfully) that Elliot Welsh held "essential political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code." To support this contention, the government belittled Welsh's system of ethics, his belief in the moral value of all human life, and, instead, emphasized a letter that Welsh once had the courage to send his draft board.

"I can only act," Welsh wrote, "according to what I am and what I see. And I see that the military complex wastes both human and material resources, that it fosters disregard for (what I consider a paramount concern) human needs and ends; I see that the means we employ to 'defend' our 'way of life' profoundly change that way of life. I see that in our failure to recognize the political, social, and economic realities of the world, we, as a nation, fail our responsibility as a nation."

The Supreme Court declined to fault Welsh for his strong expression of political and sociological views: "We certainly do not think that (Congress') exclusion of those persons with 'essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code should be read to exclude those who hold strong beliefs about our domestic and foreign affairs or even those whose conscientious objection to participation in all wars is founded to a substantial extent upon considerations of public policy." (Emphasis added). In fact, the Court recognized only two groups of registrants who obviously succumb to the Congressional exclusion. First come registrants

whose beliefs are not deeply held. These beliefs

John Striker and Andrew Shapiro

(upon which the conscientious objection is based) may be moral or ethical or religious in nature, but they must be deeply held with the strength of traditional religious conviction. Otherwise the beliefs do not function as a religion within the registrant's own scheme of things; and his board might be justified in concluding that his beliefs were excluded by Congress.

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The second group of excluded registrants are those "whose objection to war does not rest at all upon moral, ethical, or religious principles but instead rests solely upon considerations of policy, pragmatism, or expediency." (emphasis added). The Court's key words here are "at all" and "solely"; together they minimize enormously the exclusion that Congress enacted. There will rarely, if ever, be a C.O. whose objection does not rest "at all" (i.e., to the slightest degree whatsoever) upon so-called moral, ethical, or religious beliefs. Such a man would be a thoroughgoing pragmatist, whose objection rests "solely" (i.e., exclusively) upon the dictates of public policy and expediency.

Draft Director Curtis Tarr has failed to tell draft boards just how much Welsh really narrowed the scope of "essentially political, sociological, or philosophical views or a merely personal moral code." Instead, Tarr instructed the boards: "A registrant who is eligible for conscientious objection on the basis of moral, ethical, or religious beliefs is not excluded from the exemption simply because those beliefs may influence his views concerning the nation's domestic or foreign policies." (Local Board Memorandum N. 107, para. 11).

This inane truism avoids the real heart of Welsh. Certainly the Supreme Court never doubted that a "registrant's moral, ethical, or religious beliefs . . . may influence his views concerning the nation's domestic of foreign policies." Actually the Court was concerned with exactly the opposite situation; namely, the degree to which the registrant's pragmatic views can influence his ultimate beliefs. This latter problem was solved by Welsh in no uncertain terms-terms which, unfortunately, remain hidden from draft boards. Therefore, it is once again up to you to bring the supreme law of the land to your local "friends and neighbors."

We welcome your questions and comments about the draft law. Send them to "Mastering the Draft," suite 1202, 60 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017.

Dr. HipPocrates

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

I am 5 months pregnant and I have sniffed small amounts of heroin a couple of times during the last month. The reason I am writing this to you is to find out whether or not this would have any effect on my pregnancy or the child's condition. It is very important to me as I don't want to'do anything to hurt my baby.

Heroin addiction is often found in babies born to female junkies. Even if you haven't used enough smack to addict yourself or the fetus. each time you

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

recently heard that this can cause brain damage. Is this true?

Are there any other dangers? Are there any advantages?

Transcendental meditation has been known to produce measureable physiologic changes in the body, but brain damage is not among them. I don't know of any physical danger possible and you'd have to decide for yourself the spiritual hazards or benefits. Most people I know in the transcendental meditation movement began their search for spiritual enlightenment through the use of drugs before being convinced they could reach that goal through meditation alone.

I started City College in September and it has changed radically in only 4 months. It has turned into a racist, sexist, pig-oriented shithouse. When we celebrate this \$mas recess, City College will ring in 1984, while the rest of Amerika follows suit. The school has been milltrated by FBI, CIA, Wackenhut & other low life; people who would sell their mothers and their souls. (if they have one) to the devil for a iollar or two There are the john pigs guarding the bathrooms. It seems you cannot do "your duty" without the Wack-off guards doing their duty of checking ID cards before entering the bathroom. Next they'll have one of these pigs at every urinal and booth, checking for shit. These money hungry sexless pigs seem to direct the traffic in the nalls. They tell you where to walk and where not to walk. The only way to end this bullshit is to destroy the whole fuckin' institution. The repression is only beginning and will get worse, but sit back and relax and talk about the radical things you have planned. The beginning of the road to peace is the destruction of City College. It must burn to the fuckin' ground.

observation post

Editors: Steve Simon, Arthur Volbert, Peter Grad, Fred Miller.

Steve Agin, Bobby Attanasio, Peter Bozewicz, Judith Furedi, Suzanne Grill, Allen Heimlich, Bruce Knoll, Zeev Kranzdorf, Allan Lovasz, Bob Lovinger, Jonny Neumann, Rebel Owen, Sandy Rahinowitz, Don Rosenfield, Roberta Sugar, Barry Taylor, and Kenneth Winikoff.

Room 336 Finley Center FO 8-7438-9 The City College, 133rd St. and Convent Ave., New York 10031

sniffed it, he was also narcotized. Moreover. heroin is frequently cut with quinine, a drug which could cause premature labor and delivery (but not abortions. despite popular belief). The chances are your baby remains healthy-keep it that way by stopping the use of all drugs during pregnancy.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

GZ

Your correspondent who needs a way to backpack menstrual supplies might find very useful the small collapsible plastic cups that fit within the vagina and have a triple leakproof seal. True, they are a little bulkier and trickier to use than tampons, but enough better to be worth the effort. A girl with a tight hymen might experience some pain expecially on removal, but it's my opinion that, if so, she ought to persevere or she'll have one helluva wedding night.

Of course, the manufacturer recommends flushing them away. But they aren't biodegradable and concern for our poor abused ocean led me to discover that they can be very easily and quickly washed and reinserted. They require changing only every 12 to 24 hours and so half a dozen of them should last our backpacker almost indefinitely. Check them out at a pharmacy or supermarket.

Female M.D.

Dear Dr. Hip Pocrates:

I am considering beginning transcendental meditation as taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. I

Filmmaker Bruce Conner stated recently that ten per cent of the films shown at San Francisco's First Erotic Film Festival were worth seeing. Conner. who was one of the three judges, believes this is about average for film festivals of any kind. If time alone were considered, the percentage would be even smaller. One of the best was a short impressionistic tilm with sound by Scott Bartlett, who has previously produced such prizewinning films as "Off-On" and "Moon 69." Scott believes the film he entered in the Erotic Film Festival (which also won a prize is best viewed at home. Asice from its other virtues, the film is a true aphrodisiac.

Another film worth noting was a standard boy-girl stag tilm but speeded up tremendously. "The Wuickie," which lasts but 100 seconds, is also tremendously (unny,

As the sponsors of the First International Erotic Film Festival wrote in their programs, eroticism has a place in films as in life. But so far the state of the art is imperfect.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at 2010 7th Street, Berkeley, California 34710.

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Change in the Weather: New Winds Blow

After two years of secrecy and underground communication, the Weather People have released the following statement. Well-known for their threats of violent revolution, their disrespect for anyone who is not "part of the solution," as well as their bomb factories and bombings, the Weather People attempt in this open letter to reach many of the people they feel they have alienated by their past actions. They admit to some mistakes they have made as human beings, and try to explain that they must continue their battle as honestly as they can. Dated December 6 and sent to Liberation News Service, the statement has not been covered by local media, with the exception of Rat, the underground newspaper.

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This communication does not accompany a bombing or a specific action. We want to express ourselves to the mass movement not as military leaders but as tribes at council. It has been nine months since the townhouse explosion. In that time, the future of our revolution has been changed decisively. A growing illegal organization of young women and men can live and fight and love inside Babylon. The FBI can't catch us; we've pierced their bullet-proof shield. But the townhouse forever destroyed our belief that armed struggle is the only real revolutionary struggle.

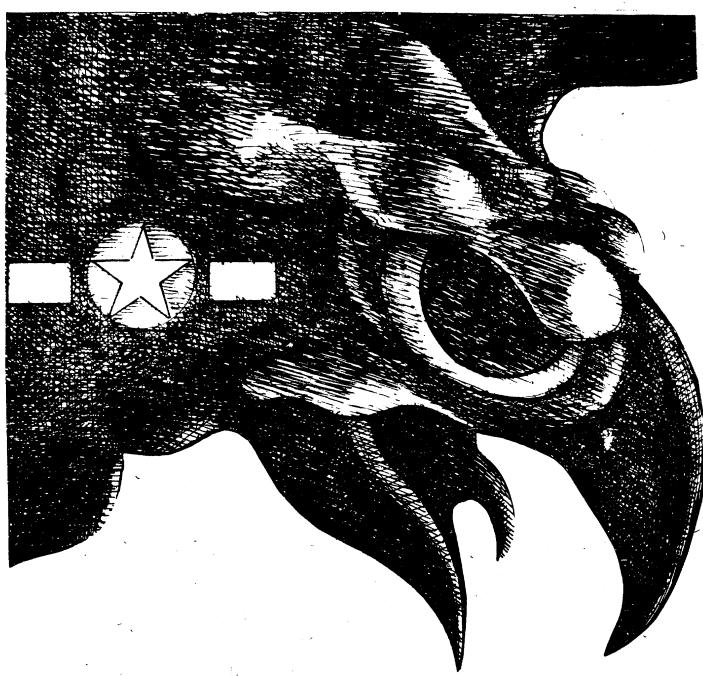
It is time for the movement to go out into the air, to organize, to risk calling rallies and demonstrations, to convince that mass actions against the war and in support of rebellions do make a difference. Only acting openly, denouncing Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell, and sharing our numbers and wisdom together with young sisters and brothers will blow away the fear of the students at Kent State, the smack of the Lower East Side and the national silence after the bombings of North Vietnam.

The deaths of three friends ended our military conception of what we are doing. It took us weeks of careful talking to rediscover our roots, to remember that we had been turned on to the possibilities of revolution by denying the schools, the jobs, the death relationships we were "educated" for. We went back to how we had begun living with groups of friends and found that this revolution could leave intact the enslavement of women if women did not fight to end and change it, together.

And marijuana and LSD and little money and awakening to the black revolution, the people of the world. Unprogramming ourselves; relearning Amerikan history. The first demonstration we joined; the first time we tried to convince our friends. In the wake of the townhouse we found that we didn't know much about each others' pasts—our talents, our interests, our differences.

We had all come together around the militancy of young white people determined to reject racism and U.S. exploitation of the third world. Because we agreed that an underground must be built, we were able to disappear an entire organization within hours of the explosion. But it was clear that more had been wrong with our direction than technical inexperience (always install a safety switch so you can turn it off and on and a light to indicate if a short circuit exists.)

Diana, Teddy and Terry had been in SDS for years. Diana and Teddy had been teachers and both spent weeks with the Vietnamese in Cuba. Terry had been a community organizer in Cleveland and at Kent; Diana had worked in Guatamala. They fought in the Days of Rage in Chicago. Everyone was angered by the murder of Fred Hampton. Because their collective began to define armed struggle as the only legitimate form of revolutionary action, they did not believe that there was any revolutionary motion among white youth. It seemed like black and third world people were going up against



other collectives. We became aware that a group of outlaws who are isolated from the youth communities do not have a sense of what is going on, cannot develop strategies that grow to include large numbers of people, have become "us" and "them."

It was a question of revolutionary culture. Either you saw the youth culture that has been developing as bourgeois or decadent and therefore to be treated as the enemy of the revolution, or you saw it as the forces which produced us, a culture that we were a part of, a young and unformed society (nation).

In the past months we have had our minds blown by the possibilities that exist for all of us to develop the movement so that as revolutionaries we change and shape the cultural revolution. We are in a position to change it for the better. Men who are chauvinists can change and become revolutionaries who no longer embrace any part of the culture that stands in the way of the freedom of women. Hippies and students who fear black power should check out Rap Brown's Die Nigger and George Jackson's writings. We can continue to liberate and subvert attempts to rip off the culture. People become revolutionaries in the schools, in the army, in prisons, in communies, and on the streets. Not in an underground them, put out the leaflets, convince people that it is a priority. We are so used to feeling powerless that we believe pig propaganda about the death of the movement, or some bad politics about rallies being obsolete and bullshit. A year ago, when Bobby Seale was ripped off in Chicago and the movement didn't respond, it made it easier for the pigs to murder Fred Hampton. Now two Puerto Ricans have been killed by the pigs in the New York jails, in retaliation for the prisoner rebellion. What we do or don't do makes a difference.

It will require courage and close families of people to do this organizing. Twos and threes is not a good form for anything—it won't put out a newspaper, organize a conference on the war, or do an armed action without getting caught. Our power is that together we are mobile, decentralized, flexible and we come into every home where there are children who catch the music of freedom and life.

The women and men in jails are POWs held by the United States. When an Amerikan pilot is shot down while bombing North Vietnamese villages, he is often surrounded by thousands of people who have just seen their family and homes destroyed by the bombs he was delivering. Yet the man is not attacked and killed by the

Amerikan imperialism alone.

Two weeks before the townhouse explosion, tour members of this group had firebombed Judge Murtagh's house in New York as an action of support for the Panther 21, whose trial was just beginning. To many people this was a very good action. Within the group, however, the feeling developed that because this action had not done anything to hurt the pigs materially it wasn't very important. So within two weeks time, this group had moved from firebombing to anti-personnel bombs. Many people in the collective did not want to be involved in the large scale, almost random bombing offensive that was planned. But they struggled day and night and eventually, everyone agreed to do their part.

At the end, they believed and acted as if only those who die are proven revolutionaries. Many people had been argued into doing something they did not believe in, many had not slept for days. Personal relationships were full of guilt and fear. The group had spent so much time willing themselves to act that they had not dealt with the basic technological considerations of safety. They had not considered the future: either what to do with the bombs if it had not been possible to reach their targets, or what to do in the following days:

This tendency to consider only bombings or picking up the gun as revolutionary, with the glorification of the heavier the better, we've called the military error.

After the explosion, we called off all armed actions until such time as we felt the causes had been understood and acted upon. We found that the alternative direction already existed among us and had been developed within cell

Because we are fugitives, we could not go near the Movement. That proved to be a blessing because we've been everywhere else. We meet as many people as we can with our new identities; we've watched the TV news of our bombings with neighbors and friends who don't know that we're Weatherpeople. We are often afraid but we take our fear for granted now, not trying to act tough. What we once thought would have to be some zombie-like discipline has turned out to be a yoga of alertness, a heightened awareness of activities and vibrations around us—almost a new set of eyes and ears.

Even though we have not communicated about ourselves specifically before this, our actions have said much about where our heads are at. We have obviously not gone in for large scale material damage. Most of our actions have hurt the enemy on about the same military scale as a bee sting. But the political effect against the enemy has been devastating. The world knows that even the white youth of Babylon will resort to force to bring down imperialism.

The attacks on the Marin County Court House and the Long Island City Jail were because we believe that the resistance and political leadership that is growing within the prisons demands immediate and mass support from young people. For all the George Jacksons, Afeni Shakurs and potential revolutionaries in these jails, the movement is the lifeline. They rebelled expecting massive support from outside.

Demonstrations in support of prison revolts are a major responsibility of the movement, but someone must call for Vietnamese but is cared for as a prisoner. Nixon is now waging a last-ditch moral crusade around the treatment of those Amerikan war criminals to justify all his impending atrocities.

The demonstrations and strikes following the rape of Indochina and the murders at Jackson and K. :t last May showed real power and made a strong difference. New people were reached and involved and the government was put on the defensive. This month the bombings could have touched off actions expressing our fury at doubletalking Laird and his crew-war research and school administrators and travelling politicians are within reach of our leaflet, our rallies, our rocks. Women's lib groups can find in Nguyen Thi Binh a sister for whom there is love and support here. Her proposals for peace must be explained and Bloody Dick's plans to use more bombers to replace the GIs who are refusing to fight exposed as the escalation and genocide it is. Vietnamization Indianization limited duration protective reaction suppressive fire horseshit. It seems that we sometimes forget that in Vietnam strong liberated women and men live and fight. Not as abstract guerilla fighters, slugging it out with U.S. imperialism in Southeast Asia, but as people with values and loves and parents and children and hopes for the future.

People like Thai, a fighter in the People's Liberation Armed Forces who was in Hue during Tet and at Hamburger Hill a year later, or Than Tra, an organizer in the mass women's organization and the students' movement in the cities, who had not seen her lover in nine years. (Continued on Page 8)

Prof Named UES Director, Press Anthro Tenure Fight Actions are continuing in three curriculum and staffing of the

Actions are continuing in three departments in which students have demanded reforms or condemned the firing of faculty members.

Professor Federico Aquino-Bermudez haş been appointed director of the Puerto Rican studies program in the Urban and Ethnic Studies (UES) department. Earlier this term the Puerto Rican Student Union had charged that the UES department "has not fulfilled the needs of Puerto Rican students" and had demanded a separate department of Puerto Rican studies.

Acquino-Bermudez will have the responsibility of making recommendations to Professor Osborne Scott (Chman., UES) on

Committee Plans Spring Concerts

Student Senate is forming a concert committee to plan for this spring's concerts at Lewisohn Stadium. The concerts will be funded by the one dollar fee increase approved last week by the University's Administrative Council.

The committee's main function will be to manage the \$16,000 dollars the fee increase will generate and to set up the mechanics of the concerts. Three sub-committees will be created to handle booking, financing, and technical problems.

The committee will include Campus Affairs Vice President Ed Lieberman, his assistant Elena Hurst, Paul Hoffman, Ellen Yankiver and Erland Suni. program. He has also been appointed chairman of a search committee to recommend a director of community affairs to promote ties with the Puerto Rican community.

Anthropology students will meet today with Provost Abraham Schwartz and Dean Sherburne Barber (Liberal Arts and Sciences) to demand that Philip Silverman, a lecturer in the department, be granted tenure. They will also press for a student voice in hiring and firing faculty. The meeting is 1 PM in Room 303 Administration Building.

Members of the Political Science Collective will meet with Professor Thomas Karis (Chmn., Poli. Sci.) at noon in Room 438 Finley to discuss the refusal of the appointments committee to rehire instructors Charles Doyle, Norma DeCandido and George Wiley. However, Karis stated yesterday that "as chairman, I am forbidden by directives of the Board of Higher Education from discussing the deliberations of the appointments committee in particular cases."

New Voters

A voter registration drive sponsored by the City University Student Senate will be held here starting January 4.

The drive is directed at registering 18 to 21 year olds who will be able to vote when a new federal law takes effect next year. It will be conducted by student registrars who will be paid \$3 per hour by the Board of Elections, 80 Varick St.

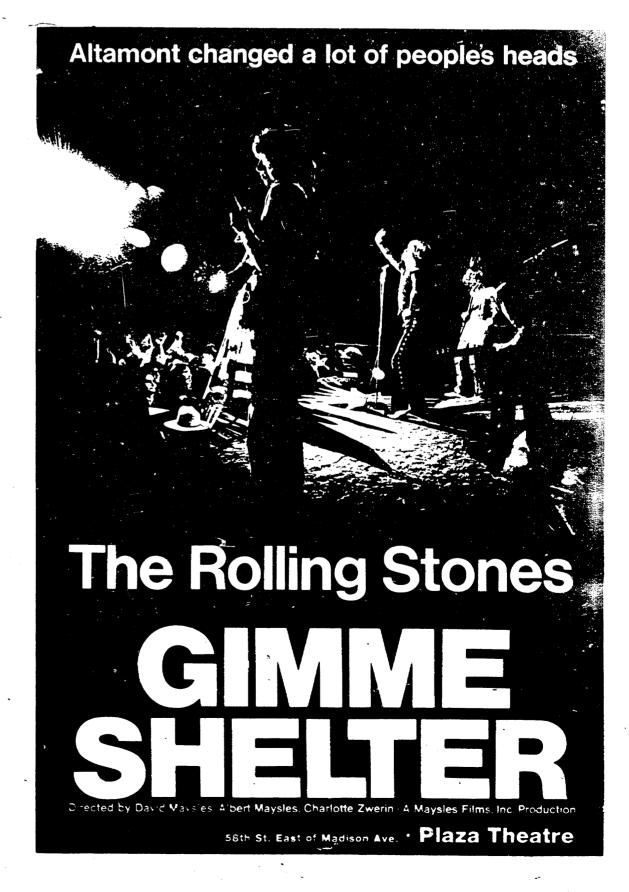


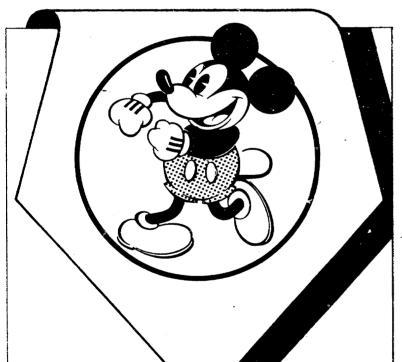
on the drug problem at CCNY will be held during the week of January 4, 1971 by the Committee on Drug Abuse of the City College.

All interested students, faculty, and organizations are to leave their names, addresses and phone numbers (and affiliation if any) in the office of the

DEAN OF STUDENTS, Shepard Hall 100 c/o Dean Bernard Sohmer

Before Wednesday, December 23, 1970 You will be notified of a time and place of appointment.





For six dollars, you can give yourself or a friend a 5½ in. wide, permanent press, Mickey Mouse tie.

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In Search of the Man Inside the Walrus

by peter grad

Johnnie Lennon. He was the boy who in the early sixties sang about being the kind of guy who never used to cry. Remember, back when love was as simple as holding your hand, whispering in her ear, buying a diamond ring—calling you on the phone so you'll come running home.

But despite the rapid accumulation of millions, beneath the four smiling faces, who through magnetic harmonies, a half dozen chords and a lot of hair seemed to epitomize all there was to happiness and love, John Lennon tried to tell us that he, like anyone, could hurt.

Songs like "I'l! Cry Instead," "Misery," "I'm A Loser," "You Can't Do That," "Help" and "Hide Your Love Away" expressed feelings of being shy and helpless in a world without love, of fear of people staring and laughing in his face.

Relief came briefly in the period just following "Rubber Soul." Out of his experiences with LSD, the Maharishi and other trips, came his declaration that "nothing is real" and he mentally blocked out all negative feelings. There was nothing to get hung about.

"I Am the Walrus," a conglomeration of unrelated lyrics lost in their own meaninglessness, sophistication and brilliance, best represented where John was at.

Reality once again touched upon Lennon, in his first truly personal song, "Yer Blues" on the double album, as he expressed his desperation. The futile cycle—tough childhood, emergence to fame, money, films, gold records, more money, drugs, flight from reality, mind expansion and back to reality—all only to find that no answer had been found, is realized:

"I feel so suicidal, even hate my rock and roll."

The roots of John's dissatisfaction apparently lay in his realization that as much as he put himself into the Beatle's music, the music was only a partial reflection of himslef, being at the same time a product of three other individuals. Perhaps the Beatles split was not so much the destruction of a rock music phenomenon but the preservation of four individual entities.

I don't know what the purpose of the few albums that John put out in the last couple years with Yoko Ono was. However, John's Plastic Ono Band singles, released between his John-Yoko productions, were all excellent. John was alone for the first time and in charge of his own backup band. Christ, you know it ain't easy, but the stage had finally been set.

Now we have John Lennon, in his own write, his own album John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band, (Apple SW 3372)—a statement set to music which may be recognized as the most significant and honest production in the last decade of rock music. The accent is not so much on the music as on the lyrics, although his supporting musicians, Ringo doing his best drum workout and Klaus Voorman on bass, give sharp flawless performances.

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school

They hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool

Till you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules

A working class hero is something to be

The album's impact stems from the amazingly candid thoughts and revelations of John's lyrics. In a recent interview, John summed up the album simply: "It's about me, you know. I can probably just express myself better and simpler now." He also spoke of pain, "Men hurt. Pain is what we're frightened of. If you hurt, why not show it?"

John shows no inhibition on his first solo album, neither



minor key progression sound like early Bob Dylan. The song is beautiful. Lennon sings firmly behind his acoustic guitar and a chilling effect is maintained throughout the song. He's talking about society. About being tortured and frightened through school till "you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules." About religion, sex and T.V. He's on the outside, afraid, but wise and confident.

"If you want to be a hero well just follow me."

But to remind you that he wishes no part in being a leader or spokesman, he shows his humanness, his innocence while portraying a lonely child of the universe:

"People say we've got it made, don't they know we're so afraid/ Just a boy and a little girl trying to change the whole wide world./ We're afraid of everyone. Afraid of the sun."

He acknowledges fear but comes out strong in one refrain, lashing out:

"I don't expect you to understand

After you've caused so much pain .

But then again you're not to blame

You're just a human, a victim of the insane."

"Remémber" reminds me of "Any Time At All." Melodically it has a similar descending counterpoint line and a similar overall strong, sad mood. Lennon says "Don't feel sorry bout the way it's gone, don't worry bout what you've done" but he grits his teeth on "gone" as though a momentary reflection of an agonizing past came to the surface just at that point. Lennon claimed that there are no messages on the album that don't appear printed on the jacket. But as Paul knows that's not true. The exploding last line in "Remember" is a souvenir for those of you who are into hidden messages, mysticism and playing records half speed, backwards or inside out. "Love" and "Look At Me" are two of John's most beautiful songs. "Love" projects an image of a lonely piano and John sitting beside it, reaching out, trying to get a message across. Rarely has love been defined as meaningfuliy as in John's "Love." In "Look At Me" John questions himself in a Kafkaesque manner.

In the appropriately titled track, "God" John, in the first of three movements in the song, twice defines his interpretation of the meaning of God. He starts by defining his subject.

"God is a concept by which we measure our pain"

He follows that with a procession of dramatic denials of faith putting down the bible, magic, Jesus, Kennedy and concluding

- "I don't believe in Elvis
- I don't believe in Zimmerman
- I don't believe in Beatles...
- I just believe in me."

It's all so simple, "I just believe in me" the simple concept that so few of us have realized in ourselves. "And that's reality" he continues.

- "The dream is over
- What can I say
- I was the dreamweaver
- But now I'm reborn
- I as the walrus

But now I'm John"

The album closes with a minute long song titled "My Mummy's Dead." John terms it "a painful thing." He

in words nor expression.

"Mother, you had me but I never had you

I wanted you but you didn't want me

So I got to tell you goodbye, goodbye.

Father, you left me but I never left you

I needed you but you didn't need me

So I just got to tell you goodbye, goodbye."

Once before, John sang about his mother. In "Julia," she is an oceanchild, morning moon and silent cloud; his recollections warm and delicate. Now, in "Mother" his bitterness comes through as he asks if he ever really possessed mother and doubts his father's need for him. However, by the end of the song, they are forgiven. Lennon screams the last two lines over and over again as though he earnestly believes he and his parents might be reunited.

"Mama don't go, daddy come home!"

But, of course, they won't. His father's whereabouts are not known. His mother died when John was 14.

"Hold On John" is a simple, offenseless piece that says essentially "it's genna be all right, just hold on."

-On the third cut, "I Found Out" John sounds a bit like Elvis. Behind a tough bass line and excellent drumming, John knocks everything from freaks to Jesus, masturbation to Hare Krishna. It took him so long to find out "Don't let them fool you with dope and cocaine. No one can harm you—feel your own pain," but he found out.

"Working Class Hero" is something to hear. Just John and his guitar. The simple guitar strum, wrice and the Look at me Who am I supposed to be? , Who am I supposed to be? Here I am What am I supposed to do? What am I supposed to do? Who am I Nobody knows but me Nobody knows but me

There's no one theme uniting all the songs. But perhaps one song, "God" explains Lennon's ultimate belief, a belief significant to the full comprehension of the album. explained that it's important to be able to personalize things, to say "My mummy's dead" rather than "my mother died."

"Some things are too painful to feel. We have the ability to block feelings and that's what we do most of the time. So now these feelings are coming out of me. . . "Mother" (the song) is a realization and "My Mummy's Dead" is a realization manifest."

Recently John admitted "We're all (the Beatles) feeling the freedom. I think we'll go in such different directions that I can't see us really performing together again. McCartney's still into love songs, Ringo is going Western, and George with his Eastern influences is in direct conflict with John's philosophy. George claims that you'll be happy in just "chanting the name of the lord" but John doesn't believe it.

So the dream is over. But a new one has begun.

When Rolling Stone presents its third annual record of the year award to the new John Lennon album, it will have been well deserved. It's an album that hits us with reality, with pain and awareness of the human condition. It's a record that almost makes a classic album like Dylan's "New Morning" seem as personal as the morning edition of the New York Times. It's honest. And beautiful.

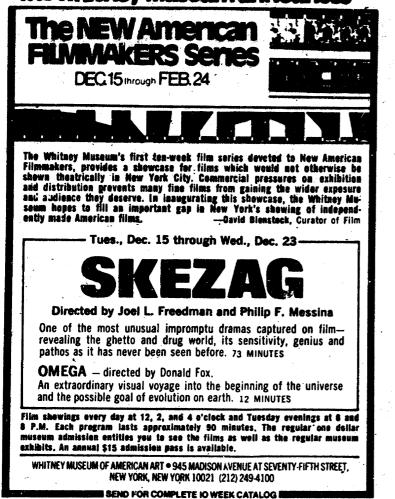
"Don't wanna cry when there's people there

I get shy when they start to stare

- I'm gonna hide myself away
- But I'll come back again some day." The dream is over. He's back. And that's reality.
- P-December 22, 1970







Get Gil soon, well. Even if you do live on the upper east side. opeople.

Hello, I'm Johnny Cash. I want to tell you about the sound of the Hohner harmonica.



It's a sound that's as much a part of America as the lonesome wail of a freight train in the night.

A sound that was first heard back in the 1850's when Hohner harmonicas soothed restless mountain men, homesick sailors and weary plantation workers. During the Civil War, the

sound was Johnny Reb playing "Dixie" at Shiloh and Lookout Mountain. Where across the lines Union soldiers played "John Brown's Body."

Cowboys broke the prairie stillness with Hohners. Railroad men kept them in their overalls as the great iron beast pushed west. Wichita, Pocatello, Sacramento.

The sound went with boatmen up from New Orleans. Lumber jacks in Coos Bay. Miners in Cripple Creek. Farmers in Dvess, the little town in Arkansas where I grew up.

I remember hearing it back then. Good times or bad, the humble harmonica has been in America's hip pocket as we grew up.



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---winikoff

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What actually happened was that on August 13, 1968, Farinas, at that time a Progressive Labor Party member, reported for induction as ordered with leaflets explaining that he was against the war and that he and those like him had the right to organize against the war, inside the Army as well as outside. When a Sergeant asked if he intended to refuse induction, Farinas answered that he did not. He proceded to hand out the leaflets and was bodily thrown out.

On December 10, the trial began as 100 people demonstrated on his behalf outside the courthouse, including students from campuses all over the city, and the Workers League, a Trotskyist organization with which Farinas has worked in recent years.

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The committee needs contributions and all other possible aid to continue its fight. At the College, tables will be set up every Tuesday at Finley Center's. trophy lounge from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M.

College Institutes Seminars To Help Small Contractors

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You can get the same sound I do by getting a Hohner harmonica today. At your campus bookstore or wherever musical instruments are sold

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

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SCF the Student Christian Fellowship

of CCNY Finley Student Center room 345

Isaiah, the Prophet 9:6

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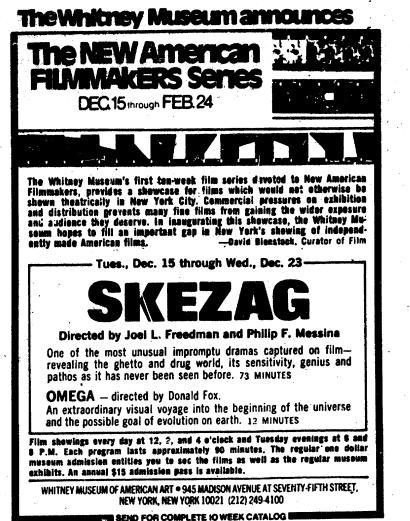
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jose reyes

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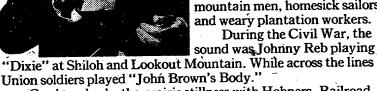
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(Continued from Page 3)

They travelled for a month to come to Cuba to meet with us, to sing and dance and explain how it is in Vietnam. There is nothing brutal or macho about guns and bombs in their hands.

We can't help thinking that if more people knew about them, the anti-war movement would never have allowed Nixon and Agnew to travel to so many cities during the past election with only the freaks at Kansas State and the people of San Jose to make our anger at his racism known to the world.

The hearts of our people are in a good place. Over the past months, freaks and hippies and a lot of people in the movement have begun to dig in for a long winter. Kent and Augusta and Jackson brought to all of us a coming of age, a seriousness about how hard it will be to fight in Amerika and how long it will take us to win. We are all beginning to figure out what the Cubans meant when they told us about the need for new men and new women.

People have been experimenting with everything about their lives, fierce against the ways of the white man. They have learned how to survive together in the poisoned cities and how to live on the road and the land. They've moved to the country and found new ways to bring up free wild children. People have purified themselves with organic food, fought for sexual liberation, grown long hair.

People have reached out to each other and learned that grass and organic consciousness-expanding drugs are weapons of the revolution. Not mandatory for everyone, not a gut-check, but a tool —a Yacqui way of knowledge. But while we sing of drugs the enemy knows how great a threat our youth culture is to their rule, and they employ their allies—the killer-drugs (smack and speed) — to pacify and destroy young people. No revolution can succeed without the youth, and we face that possibility if we don't meet this threat.

People are forming new families. Collectives have sprung up from Seattle to Atlanta, Buffalo to Vermont, and they are units of people to trust each other both to live together and to organize and fight together. The revolution involves our whole lives; we aren't part-time soldiers or secret revolutionaries. It is our closeness and the integration of our personal lives with our revolutionary work that will make it hard for undercover pigs to infiltrate our collectives. It's one thing for pigs to go to a few meetings, even meetings of a secret cell. It's much harder for them to live in a family for long without being detected.

One of the most important things that has changed since people began working in collectives is the idea of what leadership is. People—and especially groups of sisters don't want to follow academic ideologues or authoritarians. From Fidel's speeches and Ho's poems we've understood how leaders grow out of being deeply in touch with movements. From Crazy Horse and other great Indian chiefs we've learned that the people who respect their tribe and its needs are followed freely and with love. The Lakotas laughed at the whites' appointing one man to be chief of all the Lakota tribes, as if people wouldn't still go with whichever leader they thought was doing the right thing!

Many of these changes have been pushed forward by women both in collectives with men and in all-women's collectives. The enormous energy of sisters working together has not only transformed the movement internally, but when it moves out it is a movement that confuses and terrifies Amerika. When asked about the sincerity of Mme. Binh's proposals, Ky says, "Never trust a woman in politics." The pigs refuse to believe that women can write a statement or build a sophisticated explosive device or fight in the streets. But while we have seen the potential strength of thousands of women man ching, it is now up to revolutionary women to take the lead to call militant demonstrations, to organize young women, to carry the Viet Cong flag, to make it hard for Nixon and Ky to travel around the country ranting about POWs the same day that hundreds of women are being tortured in the prisons of South Vietnam. It's up to us to tell women in Amerika about Mme. Binh in Paris; about Pham Thi Quyen, fighter in the Saigon underground and wife of Nguyen Van Troi; about Mme. Nguyen Thi Dinh, leader of the first South Vietnamese Peoples' Liberation Armed Forces unit uprising in Ben Tre in 1961: about Celia Sanchez and Haydee Santamaria who fought at Moncada and in the Havana underground; about Bernadette Devlin and Leila Khaled and Lolita Lebron; and about Joan Bird and Afeni Shakur and Mary Moylan here. We can't wait to organize people until we get ourselves together any more than we can act without being together. They must go on at the same time. None of these changes that people are going through are rules and principles. We are in many different regions of the country and are building different kinds of leaders and organizations. It's not coming together into one organization, or paper structure, or paper structure of factions or coalitions. It's a New Nation that will grow out of the struggles of the next vear.

God and Man at Moody Blues

I am living connected. God has made one blood all nations of man to dwell as one, on all the face of the earth. Acts 17.

All God's children got faith, it's true, yet I can't actually blame anyone if their first reaction to these words is "bullshit"—that was mine, also. Wishful thinking, nothing more. My faith, however, has been restored, thanks to the Moody Blues concert at Carnegie Hall a week ago yesterday. For one hour and twenty-five minutes, I experienced the joy of escaping from a world infested with war, poverty, bigotry, and the rest. What I found in this new, temporary world, was beautiful.

Being present at the concert was like experiencing death—finally, after what seemed to be a lifetime of struggle, the burden was eased, and I was led to the gates of heaven by a band of angels named the Moody Blues. Five immortal spirits, bathed in pink, orange, green and purple light.

Of course, before being able to be happy, one must suffer just a little. It felt like an eternity, but finally an English group named Trapeze finished its last deafening number, and skinny, blonde archangel Justin Hayward came on stage with the other members of the "order," Graeme Edge, John Lodge, Mike Pinder, and Ray

Thomas. Merlin cast his spell, and as the group began playing, a womb was gradually created. Listening to the Moody Blues, there was no awareness of an outside world. Instead, oblivion—oblivion to any existence beyond the walls of Carnegie Hall which, Monday night, served as my soul nourishment. I fed upon four walls of pure sound, pure good vibration.

Coming in from the cold and wet, I was immersed in a warmth, afterwards intensified ten times by the songs which the Moodys did. Among them were "Questions," "Tuesday Afternoon," "Nights In White Satin," "Melancholy Man," and "Are You Sitting Comfortably?" The most charming and distinctive effect of these numbers was the sound of the flute against the heavy guitars, drums, and organ. It was like lighting a match—first the flaming orange, then the warm blue.

I seemed to be sitting and listening to them for only a few minutes, when I heard Hayward say something about finishing up the set. Before I could grasp what was happening, the group had finished "Legend of a Mind" thanked the audience, flashed the peace sign, and then were gone. Apparently all the stomping, screaming, and applauding wasn't in vain. Perhaps the most beautiful part of the night came when the magical red lights of the amplifiers lit up again, for two encores. But all things must pass, and the Moody Blues very appropriately finished up with just the thing everyone wanted to happen—"Never Comes the Day."

Death is said to be the great equalizer, because no matter who a person is, be he black, white, red, or yellow, and no matter how that person has lived, he still meets the same ultimate end as the next one. Death now has a contender for its infamous title. Monday night, the Moody Blues were the great equalizer. The waif-like, braless, blond-haired girl, and the middle-aged lady with the teased black hair both screamed, both cried, upon hearing "Nights In White Satin." There was in the end, a rapport, a communication. There was established in Carnegie Hall, in just a matter of minutes, the one-to-one relationship that the outside world had still not achieved. We were, for a short period of time, "living connected," "one blood," dwelling "as one." Maybe, because the orgastic music of the Moody Blues inspired us to "give just a little bit more, take a little bit less, from each other," that night.

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Weather Underground

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Bernardine Dohrn

(The Communique ended with a fingerprint underneath Bernardine's signature.)