

# Wackenhut, Student Versions Conflict at Hearings

by ben ptashnik

Charges, countercharges and contradictory testimony highlighted the student-faculty committee hearings to investigate the February 2 confrontations between radical students and Wackenhut security guards.

Faculty ombudsman Dr. Julius Elias, student ombudsman Richard Rhoades and Professor Michael Guerriero (Education) headed the committee which tried last Wednesday and Friday to unravel the conflicting testimony describing the incidents in the South Campus Cafeteria and outside the Security Office (room 134 Finley).

Three students, Charles Dugan, Herb Michael, and

Charles Tate, all members of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) were apprehended after a scuffle with guards in the cafeteria, taken to the security office and then handed over to the police.

They were booked on charges of "harassment and interfering with government administration." Director of Security Albert Dandridge asserted that the students had illegally obstructed the food line in the cafeteria during their demonstration in support of fired cafeteria workers.

James Devor, a student bystander, followed the guards and the arrested students to the security office where he was involved in a scuffle with Sergeant Long after he

demanded to be admitted into the room where the students were being held. Devor was injured and taken to Knickerbocker Hospital where he received four stitches on his head. The Wackenhuts then took him to the 26th precinct, where he was charged with "invading a building" and with jumping Sgt. Long.

Wackenhut guards Barcene and Long were not present at the beginning of Wednesday's hearing. Bernard Sohmer explained that "it would not have been comfortable" to have the guards on "public display" at the hearing. It was preferable, said Sohmer, that the guards and students meet privately with Capt. Dandridge. Prof. Elias objected to the absence of the

The investigating committee's report to Pres. Marshak includes the following findings:

—"Devor's version more accurately described what took place concerning himself."

—"Devor did impede Sgt. Long in the execution of his duty but did not force his way into a building nor did he jump Sgt. Long as charged."

In the cafeteria incident the committee found that:

—"The episode took place in the dining room as testified by SDS and Progressive Labor Party members and other witnesses."

—"There was no blockage of the turnstile or the food line."

guards and demanded that they be brought to the meeting.

Guard Barcene was first to show up. He testified that during his period of duty in the South Campus Cafeteria the defendants had been picketing the food line and that "students couldn't buy food." At about 1 p.m. he walked over to the students who were "blocking the turnstiles," and asked the apparent leader (later identified as Larry Goldbetter) for his College I.D.

According to Barcene, Goldbetter produced the card after an argument but it was snatched back by a friend. Barcene said he was then jumped by the three defendants and an unidentified girl. Other guards quickly arrived and apprehended Tate,

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## observation post

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GETTING STRAIGHT

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1971



### Silence

About ten years ago it took very little to frighten the hell out of us. A few words did the trick. The Bomb. Cuban Missile Crisis. "Failsafe." "Dr. Strangelove." Back then we were bothered by the thought of nuclear war. The likelihood of such selfdestruction was, of course, small; none-the-less we sensed reason to be worried.

We don't scare that easily anymore.

This week Senators McGovern and Fulbright spoke of the possibility of "World War Three." America's invasion of Laos and the bombing of North Vietnam, they said, are tempting China to send troops into the War. President Nixon said he was "not going to place any limitation upon the use of air power. . . ."

We, the people, didn't say anything.

Tom Wicker of The New York Times reported that a million people were made refugees by America's invasion of Cambodia last spring. He said he didn't know the exact number of civilians killed so far in Laos. American and South Vietnamese deaths in the War last week were at the highest rate since early in 1970.

Even extreme right-wing leader Meir Kahane (Jewish Defense League), in a speech at the College, denounced the war in Southeast Asia as "a farce . . . which we should pull out of immediately." But the rest of us reacted with silence. We took no sides on the issue.

What will it take to frighten us now?

The petty political differences which have divided us, the trite excuses we have used over the years to remain inactive are beginning to look smaller and smaller. It has become perfectly clear that if we don't act against Nixon and the War no one will. We cannot continue our little quarrels and factional fights. We have no time to allow oppressed Jews to argue with oppressed blacks who speak against oppressed so on and so forths.

We are all oppressed. We have so much in common. We have a common enemy: the US Government. Kahane said his enemy is Nixon; the Panther's enemy is Nixon; our enemy is Nixon. We have so much to gain by working together.

We can have no self-respect if we do not act now against the much larger war America is moving towards in Southeast Asia. We must end our silence by speaking first to each other about our feelings against the War. We must keep protest alive among ourselves, the people, even if the President doesn't hear us now. It is us that we have to live with for the rest of our lives, not the President. It is us to whom we must prove our morality. If we trust ourselves we will be able to fight the President.

It may be naive to think that our speaking among people could have effect against the War; it is hopeless not to think it. We can ignore our silence as if there were nothing to shout about but if we want to live decently with each other—if we want to believe in the power of the people—we must take moral stands now. We cannot be indecisive or lazy about protesting war.

## Drug Committee Urges College To Suspend Users and Sellers

by steve simon

The use of police to rid the campus of all drug pushers has been endorsed by the Student-Faculty Committee on Drug Abuse, in its report to President Marshak. The report, submitted two weeks ago and made public Wednesday, also advocated suspensions for all students convicted of drug possession, including possession of marijuana and hashish.

But yesterday the steering committee of the College's Policy Council—a standing group which advises Marshak on major problems—recommended a softening of the hard line taken by the Student-Faculty Committee. It asked that students caught with "soft drugs" such as marijuana and hashish be referred to a psychological counseling program.

Students apprehended with "hard drugs," such as heroin, would be referred to an "appropriate treatment program" and reported to the Narcotics Addiction Control Commission, which is the college's legal obligation, the policy group stated.

The group endorsed the drug commission's call for police arrests of pushers on the campus, but departed from the previous reports recommendation that students found guilty of possessing drugs be automatically suspended from classes.

Instead, the committee of three students, two professors and two deans suggested a modified approach in which drug users would be aided through education and counseling rather than penalized summarily. Disciplinary procedures, leading to expulsion, would be invoked only after a student committed a third offense, they suggested. They did, however, ask that the college's security guards continue to apprehend both "dealers

in illegal drugs and turn them over to the police" and "groups of students publicly using illegal drugs."

The Student-Faculty Drug Commission, dominated by students selected by the Student Senate, was appointed by Marshak last fall in the wake of newspaper reports of widespread drug use and sales on the campus.

In confirming those reports, the commission adopted a hard line against "any and all illicit drug use" by students. Besides advising Marshak to call for police to make arrests "when the situation warrants," the group prescribed a one-year suspension from classes for any student found guilty of possessing illegal drugs other than marijuana or hashish.

First offenders convicted on marijuana or hashish charges would be suspended for a semester, with arrangements made for the student to complete course work while not attending classes.

Second offenders would be given one-year suspensions, and readmission in either case would be automatic.



Robert E. Marshak

In other recommendations, the commission calls for the college to establish an "out-reach" program that would educate and help drug users, as well as refer them to "off-campus detoxification and treatment centers."

Dr. Marshak said he would not adopt any recommendations until there had been "a much broader discussion and consensus" on the campus. The commission's report will be mailed in the next few days to the College's 20,000 students and 2,500 faculty members.

Both the Drug Commission's (Continued on page 3)

## Building Contract Signed

Within a day the College will sign a contract for the final architectural designs of the Master Plan, President Marshak announced yesterday.

The plans for the North Academic Complex will be drawn up by John Carl Warnecke, the firm which designed the Science and Physical Education Building and the most recent proposals for the Master Plan. The new complex will replace Lewisohn Stadium and Klapper Hall.

The Master Plan, which calls for spending \$190 million to rebuild the College, was approved last fall by Governor Rockefeller and the State Legislature. President Marshak expressed the hope that work on the first phase of the plan, renovating Baskerville and Wingate Halls, could begin within two years.

Before work can start on these buildings, the Science and Physical Education must be completed. Marshak said the building should be ready for occupancy next fall. Commenting on its appearance Marshak said he was "shocked by the aesthetics of it. Every time I come up the hill it looks like a big box."



## Drugged?

For the last four months, the commission on drug abuse has been trying to decide how to combat the drug traffic on campus. This week we found out what they've been doing. They were wasting their time. The report, which we will all receive in the mail soon, contains recommendations which are far too dangerous to be taken lightly.

Despite the fact that students comprised a majority of the committee, their report reflected a stance which we would have only expected to come from the administration.

The report calls for arresting and suspending any students found with drugs. Only after that does it call for counselling to help the student.

The report makes no attempt to explain its recommendations. It supports the status quo of our society which declares marijuana illegal and which turns the heroin addict into a criminal. The effect of these proposals is to remove the drug user from the College without ever truly dealing with the problem.

It is ludicrous to believe that the heroin addict will accept help kicking the habit from the same people who are sending him to jail. It is ludicrous to announce a policy that will be automatically applied in all cases as if there were single hard-and-fast rules determining why anyone takes drugs.

While the recommendations of the steering committee are clearly more acceptable than the commission report, they still maintain the basic orientation that all drug use is a discipline matter.

Heroin pushers should be arrested, as we would try to stop anyone who sought to murder us for profit.

We must make every effort to work with the addicts at the College, hopefully building a treatment program which can be expanded eventually into the community. But there is no reason for college students to accept and support the unjust laws of our society. The College should take the lead in organizing other colleges to support the legalization of those drugs which have never been "proven" harmless largely because too many of our elder leaders are emotionally set against them.

The state legislature has a bill before it which would legalize marijuana. It would end much of our drug "problems" and we fully support it.

What the College Drug Commission fails to see is that no problem can be ended by instituting a police state.

## Truth

Alas, people who walk barefoot shouldn't hang around with people in stone houses who insist on throwing glass. You can't run on bleeding feet. I climbed a mountain once upon a time not too quickly because it was a rather tall mountain and also steep. When I got to the top, I found god lounging in a shaft of sunlight on a rough hewn boulder throne, peeling an orange with a paring knife.

The rock sparkled where the sun touched it. "God," I asked softly, being somewhat timid, "is that gold you're sitting on?"

"No, kid, it ain't gold. It's iron pyrite."

"What is truth?"

"One question, one answer. Take that path down. It's easier, n'est pas?"

"Are you for real?"

"Are You?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"You made me in your own image, didn't you?"

"Actually, you look more like my father."

He cut himself with the knife and South Vietnam invaded Laos.

For further information, contact Observation Post.

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i can't believe that i have t hate anybody an when i do it will only be out of fear an i'll know it—bob dylan

## To the editor

### College Cops

to the editor

Don't let them fool you, this isn't really a college; it's really a prison factory. Can't you see the gates, don't you see the guards. This is a prison that the state and the city of New York have been abuilding for some time now, and they built it to machine and mill and mold and forge the raw material turned out by the city's high schools into spare parts for a falling apart society. And when you refuse to be machined and molded and melted down and cast into a shape not your own, they stomp on you with the hired boots of a rented cop.

It's really very logical. What academician would risk his professional reputation by actually doing something himself. We create thinkers here, not doers. Thinkers, you see, are really rather innocuous. You can think all you want, so long as you don't do anything. When you start trying to change the world around you, even on such a small scale as making the college a little more human, the jack-boots come down on your pitiful reaching fingers and they come down hard.

This is nothing new. There has always been friction on this campus between the rented cops and the students, but it hasn't been this bad before. Wackenhuts have a reputation as a real mean outfit and we've been getting reports since the beginning of their tenure here that they've been harassing students. A few times, there have been accusations that they've attacked female students. Strange, how these things are never heard about again.

One of the first rules of journalism is that the reporter should cultivate a disinterested attitude, because journalists are usually outspoken people, which means they should be neutralized. Well, we're not going to break tradition. We're not going to ask for a full scale investigation by a grand jury. Mainly because no one would listen to us. But, and this is very definitely a threat, if it happens one more time, we personally promise that the men responsible are going to be in court so fucking fast, the blood may not be dry on their fingers.

Be warned.

—Al Renlim

### PRSU Separatism

to the editor

When the Puerto Rican Student Union states that only a Puerto Rican teacher can "sensitively" teach the history of Puerto Rico, they are saying that only he is competent to teach the subject. What they are saying is that only if a person has a particular genetic make-up or cultural background, can he teach the history of that people and their culture. If this is true then only a French teacher can teach French history, only a Jewish teacher can teach Jewish history and only a Negro can teach Negro history.

This idea is a direct attack on the basis of all education. Education is based on the ability of man to transmit his knowledge to others. The P.R.S.U. is denying that knowledge can be transmitted. They

are saying that a non-Puerto Rican cannot learn and understand the history of Puerto Rico and teach it to others. This idea, taken to its logical conclusion, means that for us to learn a "meaningful" history of Ancient Rome, we would have to dig up some bones to teach the course. If this is so then all knowledge that man has gained through the years is worthless. Then right now, we should close City College and go home, since we are only capable of learning about our own culture, and only from a person in that culture.

If the P.R.S.U. was truly concerned with the quality of education, they'd fight to open up the possibilities for all qualified teachers to teach any course, instead of fighting to hire a Puerto Rican teacher. The P.R.S.U., in fighting for this goal, accepts the idea that a Puerto Rican teacher is only qualified to teach the history of his culture and nothing more. This means that Puerto Rican teachers will not be hired to teach math, science, or english.

The United Community Centers College Group disagrees with this idea. Our group is committed to an integrated education. This means both an integrated staff and student body. If racial, ethnic, or religious discrimination does exist, then our struggle must be to eliminate it. If racial, ethnic, or religious qualifications become the primary concern in hiring teachers while competence or ability becomes secondary, the possibility of educational excellence is in *serious danger!*

The United Community Centers College Group  
Finley 152

### Aesthetic Raunch

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

Enclosed in the following envelope are two poems of mine, divine creations if I must say so myself, inspired by the stars and heavens. Dig it, if you want raunch for your newspaper, here it is in "Oh" and "Ah." Why continue with weak news events and weaker stories when poetry has the answer to the English favorite, the daily rag?

Get hip and get with it, my poems are here to be printed. Thanx loads.

Sincerely, metaphysically,  
truly, unruly, naughtily and  
haughtily, costly and lusty,  
Robert Rosenbloom

"Oh"

Oh,  
Fuck you.

"Ah"

Ah,  
Fuck you.

## Dr. Hipocrates

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld:

This letter is in response to the woman with a vaginal yeast infection who is entering a group marriage.

We established a group marriage 2 1/2 years ago and the wives suffered from yeast infections for at least a year thereafter. My mother would suggest God was getting his revenge on us for being so sinful. At this time there seems to be no problem and so I believe we have all gotten used to each other's bugs.

But the head problems turned out to be a lot heavier than the body problems and we have spent a good deal of bread on therapy.

Dear Dr. Hipocrates:

I have just finished reading your book and think you are being entirely unfair in advising diabetics not to use marijuana.

I am a 28 year old juvenile diabetic using insulin for almost 10 years—am also a R.N. I have been smoking grass for about a year and have found that it neither increases or decreases the blood sugar.

But I believe you should tell all diabetics whether they are drinking alcohol, smoking grass or taking a psychedelic drug to make sure they have enough to eat and continue to eat during their high. I can't think of anything worse than a stoned diabetic in an insulin reaction—it would be impossible to recognize the symptoms.

I would encourage a diabetic to take precautions against an insulin reaction even to the point of overeating. I'd rather spill sugar in my urine than have an insulin reaction. The diabetic should also

make sure the brothers and sisters who they smoke with can recognize an insulin reaction.

Dear Dr. Schoenfeld,

Have you heard of the \$300 a day heroin habit? I have but can't understand it.

The price in my area for a balloon of smack is about \$15, depending on quality. That fix last about six hours, so if you fixed every six hours, it would total about \$50 a day.

This is all just approximate, but I am wondering if the \$300 a day habit is truth or fiction.

D.H.S.

ANSWER: Heroin is cut many times before it reaches the user. Even if street balloons contained a uniform amount (and this is untrue) the dose is gradually increased because of "tolerance." Tolerance to a drug is the necessity to take increasingly larger quantities in order to get the desired effect.

A \$300 a day habit would be unlikely only because few addicts can afford to pay that much a day for their smack. But it's not unusual for an addict to steal \$300 a day in marketable goods in order to support a sixty dollar a day habit.

Shared syringes and needles often transmit serum hepatitis and this witless practice can communicate other diseases as well. AMERICAN MEDICAL NEWS reports the case of a 20 year old man who contracted malaria, apparently by sharing "outfits" with servicemen returning from the Asian War. He had never traveled to a malaria area of the world in his life.

# Drug Committee...

(Continued from page 1)

recommendations and the suggestions of the policy council steering committee will be reviewed March 9 by the entire Policy Council before Marshak declares the college's official drug policy.

In its introduction, the ten-member Student-Faculty commission states: "Certainly, the presence of drugs on campus makes the community vulnerable to those who would use this as a justification for increased oppression or as a rationalization for reduced funding. By doing nothing, we certainly leave our community vulnerable to those who prey on and exploit us."

The commission recommends,

however, that President Marshak should consult with a committee of "concerned and informed members of the campus community" before calling police onto the campus.

In addition, it suggests that a "racial mix" of police officers be assigned to make such arrests. The suggestion is an indirect criticism of the arrest of ten persons, nine of whom were non-white, in the student center last November on charges of selling dangerous drugs. The arrests were made by undercover detectives from a special unit of black and Puerto Rican men known as the Preventive Enforcement Patrol.

The commission, according to

one of its members, concluded that those arrests unfairly implied that white students were not responsible for the use of illicit drugs. "Our most recent data," the report states, "suggests that a higher percentage of white students when compared to Black

## Conflict at Hearings...

(Continued from page 1)

Dugan and Michael.

The witnesses and arrested students contradicted the guard's testimony. Goldbetter, according to their story, was sitting at a table eating when Barcene approached him and asked for his I.D.

and Puerto Rican students are involved with illicit substances."

Following those arrests, the use and sale of drugs on the campus appeared to decline drastically. The Wackenhut security guards continued, however, to apprehend students using drugs, turning heroin users over to the police and referring marijuana users to an assistant dean of students.

In the one-month period since

Jan. 13, the guards found seven students in possession of heroin or cocaine and 11 others with less dangerous drugs such as marijuana or hashish.

The commission estimated that one-half of all City College students have experimented with marijuana and one-third use it frequently or occasionally. The use of hard narcotics, primarily heroin, has increased from 4.4 per cent in 1969 to 8.1 per cent in 1970, it reported.

## Excerpts from Report on Drug Abuse

The following are excerpts from the Student-Faculty Commission on Drug Abuse, which was released Wednesday. Copies of the report will be mailed to all students shortly.

"...First, the Committee recognizes, as many medical and legal organizations do, that certain present legal penalties for drug abuse are harsh and excessive. But until effective legal means change the intent and effect of these laws, the College cannot countermand them.

"...All members of the college community are prohibited from selling, purchasing, possessing or using illegal drugs at the City College... Any member of the City College community engaged in illegal activity must bear full responsibility for his own actions.

"...Moreover, the College will attempt, where it seems appropriate and advisable to do so, to encourage drug users to seek professional help by referring them to counseling facilities provided by the College or by

other agencies, public or private.

"...Marijuana is the "drug of choice" among the drug-using students at the college. Considering that at least one-half of our students have experimented with this drug and about one-third report either regular, frequent or occasional use, it is apparent that marijuana use has become a major part of the ethos of the campus.

"...Our most recent data suggests that a higher percentage of white students when compared to Black and Puerto Rican students are involved with illicit substances.

"...Although marijuana is not addicting, great disagreement exists regarding its harmful effects. At the present time society enforces the view that these drugs are guilty until proven innocent.

"... From a legal point of view, the risks of amphetamine abuse are minimal. The social risks are maximal arising from the consequences of violent or otherwise unpredictable behavior.

"... Illicit opiate abuse

typically takes the form of heroin use. The drug is frankly addicting and relapse rates are extremely high

"... Social costs are extremely high. Our socio-legal situations in which addicts must operate tends to preclude the possibility of a socially productive life for most of them. In order to support their habits, most addicts must commit crimes against property and/or sell narcotics.

"... The consensus of the committee is that the President should take those measures necessary to remove pushers from the campus and to create an atmosphere which would discourage drug usage on the campus.

"... The President should, when the situation warrants, call for the use of police to deal with pushers on campus. Moreover, we advise the President to create a standing advisory committee consisting of concerned and informed members of the campus community to act as consultants with regard to any police action which might be taken to deal with campus drug usage.

# Kicking, Breathing, Shouting, Meditating in Goethals

by bob lovinger

The 25 members of the Karate class stood in rows in the middle of Goethals Gym, going through their preliminary exercises. They were flanked on both sides by two other noisy gym classes.

On a signal from instructor Carlos Molina, the martial artists straightened up and began thrusting straight-arms from side to front, accompanying themselves with screams so powerful that they must have come from the groin. Throughout the rest of the gym all activity stopped, all noise ceased, all eyes turned toward the karate students. When the exercise ended, just as suddenly all activity resumed. This series of events occurred again later in the period.

This class, 93.6R, is one of 12 karate sections which Molina and Daeshik Kim teach. It is coed, with a male-female ratio of three to one. The course began as an Introduction to Martial Arts, a little bit of karate, judo, etc., in the Spring of 1970. Last fall, that course was divided into individual sections.

Why sign up for karate rather than basketball or canoeing? One person said, "I've been interested in it since eighth grade.



The crowd I was in was oriented towards it. I can get more wrapped up in this than basketball, because I look at it as an art."

His only complaint was that there was no distinction between beginners and the more advanced students. "I went to karate school for a while, and I think I'd enjoy it more if the class were divided into two sections, with another teacher for the slower students."

Molina, a young, good-looking City College graduate with a

thick black belt tied around his karate garb, opens and closes the class with a meditation exercise. "I think it adds a certain amount of formality to the class, as does the bowing we do. It also builds up the student's attitude toward the art."

After meditation, the group goes through some calisthenics and kicking and breathing exercises.

It was the most intense gym class I've ever seen. The range of emotions on the students' faces

as they went through their movements was amazing. One girl in the front row was obviously very absorbed in what she was doing, but at the same time, seemed uncertain about the way she was doing it. She stared ahead with her mouth open throughout.

Another female next to her also stared straight ahead, but she gritted her teeth, looking as if she would kill on command. One male in the back laughed silently in his frustration, and others

almost seemed to be afraid of what they were doing. Some tried whispering themselves into that all-important balance.

"I lose myself in it," the determined female said later. "It disciplines the mind and body and spirit."

Molina, who at moments reminded me of a Catskills hotel activity director, began teaching Introduction to Martial Arts as a part-time undergraduate here. When he graduated, the College hired him full-time. He tells his students that their uniform can be anything in which they feel loose. As a result, only one-third of the class was wearing the traditional karate dress.

How does Molina feel about using Karate as a weapon? "I do think karate is more self-defense oriented than something like judo (which he also teaches). When people leave my class, they're better equipped for self-defense."

Although there can be no traditional karate promotions in the class, Molina does recommend karate schools which do promote students who wish to go further.

Do things ever get too rough in the class? "Well, I build them up. By the end of the semester, they're grabbing and kicking."

## Little Trips

"Little Trips" is a cyclical performance in which the acting is a stimulus for intense audience reaction. It's not a play, it's a complete experience involving mind and body. One willingly surrenders to the magnetic force created by the interaction of actor and audience. Cassandra is in agony, she's trapped in the seemingly inflexible cycle. She has no hope of breaking out since all of our actions revolve around the semi-conscious effort to perpetuate her misery. But, there exists in our midst one who sees no sense in continuing the cycle. He reaches out to Cassandra and their eyes meet, he has pulled her out. So now the cycle has been destroyed... does this mean that the play is over? No! the seed has just been planted, it will grow and it will reproduce; it will be nourished by the rains of unlimited potential.

*The cycle is all ways  
the war goes on  
externals remain the same  
all change is within*

*Cassandra cries in vain  
she is tortured,  
raped,  
trapped by her tormentors*

*But here's a trembling hand  
reaching out from the madness  
offering her olive branches  
entreating her to fly with the doves*

*She is bathed in bright light  
she smiles radiantly  
she silently gives thanks to her savior  
she is free, her chains broken*

*The venomous cycle is smashed  
and now we drift unstructured,  
floating through endless space  
on a protoplasmic voyage*

*Some lunge forth  
searching for a box to be in,  
others thrive  
in the absence of rigidity*

*Amidst the confusion  
there arises another drama,  
one is beating his fists on the universe  
the other tries to cover the fury with calm*

*Now the group lifts him  
with soft words and gentle hands,  
from his lips come these words:  
"Touch me... give warmth..."*

— Jay Buchbinder

## Emotional Experience

It is easy to write a review of a play but it is not easy to write one of an emotional experience. *The Trial of Catonsville Nine* by Daniel Berrigan, S.J. at the Good Shepherd-Faith Church, transcends mere drama.

In May of 1968, a group of two priests, an ex-priest, an ex-nun and five other Catholic laymen, burned the draft files in Catonsville, Maryland. They were brought to trial that October, were found guilty, and received sentences ranging from two to three and one-half years' imprisonment.

The question at hand isn't the trial itself. True, it is against federal law to burn draft files and therefore the defendants were guilty. But the defense tells the jury what Andrew Hamilton said during the Peter Zenger case in the late eighteenth century, they should be guided by their consciences. The judge rules it out; he says the jury should stick to the law.

Father Dan Berrigan said that all the defendants once were like the audience, "spectators at events, crises, dramas, which we neither initiated nor carried forward."

For two hours I sat and watched a trial. I did not think of it in terms of it being a play. I forgot that these people were not the real defendants, judge, defense and prosecution, that the witnesses and marshalls were all actors. But I was not sitting in a courtroom. I was in a church and the jury was sitting in the pews.

I thought about all the times that I almost committed civil disobedience but never did because of the consequences; how all the marching and all those eggs, rocks, tomatoes, and bottles hurled at us never did a goddamn amount of good; how if twenty thousand guys would resist the draft another twenty thousand would be willing to go in. But you can't let your conscience guide you, the judge keeps repeating. It won't happen in his courtroom.

There is talk of how the defendants came to Catonsville. The United States is on trial, say the defendants. They tell stories of their experiences in other countries. Marjorie Melville speaks of going to Guatemala in the fifties. When she discovered that Americans weren't welcome, it was like finding out that Santa Claus did not exist and wasn't the person who brought the presents every year at Christmas time. She and her husband speak of the misery that the vast majority of the population live in. The United States gives money to Guatemala—two percent of the population ride around in brand new



The Nicolais Dance Theatre outshines Joshua's Lights.

## OPOP:

### Poetry, Dance, Music

American cars while the rest of the country starves. Do you remember almost a year ago how Richard Nixon showed us how much rice we captured from the enemy. Were we winning the war with rice? What were we winning anyway? Certainly not lives, certainly not admiration from other peoples or from ourselves.

But the jury cannot be ruled by their consciences. While the jury is out, deliberately the judge states that he agrees with the morality of the defendants but they have broken a federal law. This is the only issue, he says, not what the United States is doing in Africa, the Dominican Republic, or Indo-China. And when you break the law you have to take the consequences and go to court. But what if the President of the United States breaks the law, asks one of the defendants. The judge pauses momentarily and says you can vote him out of office.

The selective service files at Catonsville were burned with a home-made napalm—just like the real stuff used in Vietnam. But no lives were taken. Sure there was an inconvenience to the Catonsville induction board. Think of all those kids who were inconvenienced for a few weeks or months because their selective service records were ruined. Nine people are jailed for saving lives while a group of officers will sit around deliberating whether so and so should be given a medal or a court-martial (read or re-read a bible entitled *Catch 22*).

The government of the United States also believes in breaking laws to save lives. That's why there are kids running around Laos, Cambodia and probably Thailand and Burma. As Russell Baker wrote in *The New York Times* a few months ago, England will one day be thought of as northwest Asia.

There are still a lot of unanswered questions. What would have happened if the trial took place after the My Lai massacre was revealed, after the re-escalation of the war; if the judge had not struck from the record the defense's reference to the Zenger case?

But it's not a question of conscience. End with a paradox from Andre Malraux: *A human life is worth nothing, but nothing is worth a human life.*

NOTHING.



"Catonsville's" Brothers Berrigan

## If You Hate Dance ...

The Nicolais Dance Theatre, continuing its marathon at the Anta Theatre, is weird, freaky, strange, out of sight, funny, amusing, charming, etc. It is worth seeing if you absolutely hate dance and it makes the Joshua Light Show at the Fillmore look like a piece of crap.

It is a small company consisting of ten dancers. It is very three dimensional, involving the use of all kinds of props and lighting—stretchy things and outfits to make one look like an oriental pagoda, body sheets, and more stretchy thingies (*Divertissement I*). Then there are really weird light and shadow patterns (*Echo*), and portable proto-monkey bars (*Tower*)... There are electronic sound scores done by Mr. Alwin Nikolais himself, and the dancers actually talk when they are performing (yes they can talk, even to you and to me, they speak).

The Nicolais Dance Theatre is a freak show and because of its intensity, I would not advise the audience to be either stoned or tripping during performances. There's a thin line between genius and insanity you know, and Alwin Nikolais is on it.

## Yes, Yes, Yes

In England now, there are many groups with a great deal of talent which have never even been heard of in this country. One such group is Yes. Yes had an album about a year ago which was nothing short of excellent. When I played it to some people who depend mainly on FM stations to receive word of any new group with creativity, they were all surprised that it didn't receive more airplay, and most of these people wound up buying it and listening to the album as much as one might listen to a Beatle's album.

It was truly a pleasant surprise to find out that Yes had come out with a second album entitled *Time and a Word* (Atlantic 5D8273). This is an album that was receiving a great deal of promotion in England, but received absolutely no publicity here. Each song on this album is by itself a creative piece, each song might be said to represent a particular color and the song will cover all the shades of that color. The flowing aspect of the album represents the rainbow.

Yes don't achieve their excitement by playing notes fast, or by screaming and yelling. But like others such as Elton John or Cat Stevens, they use the element of beauty, an exciting beauty, to get to the listener. Tony Cox arranges the orchestra, which Yes uses as part of the group. The orchestra doesn't drown out the group, such as might be a criticism of the BeeGees, but Cox uses the orchestra to help enhance the content of Yes's songs. The arrangements are very clever. Only John Cale in his arrangements on the Nico albums could ever come close to the originality of Tony Cox.

The group does eight songs, two of which are probably familiar to you. No Opportunity Necessary, No Experience Needed, a Richie Havens number, and Everyday, a Steve Stills number. But the group doesn't simply give us a rehash of these numbers. They take the song and perform it in their own perspective, with additional melodic content which doesn't take away from the composer's original thoughts. I happen to think that their own compositions come off better. The vocal harmonies, aided by Jon Anderson's fine voice, only serve to make their songs more enjoyable still. Also to be noted are Tony Kaye on organ and piano, Bill Bruford on drums and vibes, Peter Bank on guitar, and Chris Squire on bass.

The group's last song and title cut, *Time and a Word*, is an optimistic song in which the time is NOW and the word is LOVE. It's been said before lyrically, but so rarely has it actually been said as musically. Even the name of the group, Yes, designates their optimistic view of life. I tend to be very pessimistic most of the time. But when I listen to Yes, I just can't feel that way. *Time and a Word* is an album you will love and which will become part of you.



# Celebrate The Zodiac Age?

by Suzanne Grill

One fine day about three years ago, the "American Tribal Love-Rock Musical" Hair came to Broadway. It arrived with the song "Aquarius" as one of its most valuable possessions. And things just haven't been the same ever since. From the moment the song was made popular by the Fifth Dimension, ours has become what I choose to call a "zodiac-happy" society.

The zodiac rage caught on like the Los Angeles brush fires. At this time, there is probably not one member of the entire under-thirty population who doesn't know that this is the Age of Aquarius in which we're living, or what ensues when "the Moon is in the seventh house and Jupiter aligns with Mars." And I have yet to meet one single, solitary soul who doesn't know under what sign he or she was born. In short, the "zodiac-freaks" of the world have united and the results fall just slightly short of a coup d'etat. A major takeover.

Zodiac mania can be observed almost everywhere. The very first words out of many mouths nowadays are "what sign are you?" A number of girls have even given up that age-old

symbol of love and fidelity, the ankle bracelet, in favor of a small disc to be worn around the neck, containing theirs and their boyfriend's zodiac signs.

And Eureka!—there is now an astro-dating service where one can find his or her astrologically-ideal mate for a nominal fee.

As if all of this isn't bad enough, let us not overlook the graffiti on the bathroom walls. In approximately one out of every three women's bathrooms in City College (I really can't speak about the men's), there can be found the words "I'm a Pisces and he's a Libra, and we're in love," or at least something to that effect. It makes for fascinating reading material, take my word. And then there are the Supremes, who also tried (in vain, however) to cash on "zodiacism" with a song that said "no matter what sign you are, you're gonna be mine you are."

But if anybody thinks our society's zodiac-consciousness ends here, he or she must stand corrected. Let the record show that zodiac ash trays, birthday cards, calendars, cocktail napkins, dishes, handkerchiefs, matches, notebooks, pocket-books, posters, shopping bags,

table clothes, and underwear are in existence, and readily available to all.

So people, enjoy—enjoy all these fantastic items while you still can, because you may not be able to have them for very much longer. This is the Year of the Pig, you know, and there is a vicious rumor that on February 31 at exactly midnight, all zodiac items will be magically transformed into either bacon or ham.

## WE'RE ALL BABIES

A baby's life is based upon looking at everything honestly and simply as it is at a particular moment. For satisfying crying binges and hunger and being alone and wet pants FOR FEAR OF . . . Big people are babies without childish pureness.

—Steven Sher

# Nu? A Princess?

Once upon a time, in a mythical land called Pelham Parkway, located on the vast, mysterious continent of the Bronx, there lived a Jewish-American Princess. Needless to say, this princess got just about everything she wanted from her parents, the King and Queen. She had all the culottes the palatial closet could hold, knee socks to match every outfit, six pairs of Weejuns (of the penny AND tassel variety), and a lifetime supply of black shiny eyeliner, to name just a few of the more important royal possessions.

Despite her impressive title, and all the regal things that went with it, this princess was quite the average, everyday type chick with precisely the same interests as the other girls in the kingdom. She attended Columbus High, located just two blocks from home, went to all the basketball games, and never missed the annual "Shower of Stars" talent show. And last, but not least, she grabbed her friends each Friday night, hitting every City College fraternity and houseplan north, south, east, and west of Hamilton Terrace.

"I've never seen so many princes in my life," the Princess thought, as she got ready for bed one Friday night after the usual outing. "City College is definitely the place for me!" And, using these exact words, she broke the news to the King and Queen, the next morning.

"Harlem? A princess going to school in Harlem? A princess doesn't go to school in Harlem . . . Boston, Rhode Island maybe . . . but not Harlem!" The Queen turned a nauseating green as she spat out these words.

Her daughter however didn't see it this way, proceeding to throw a royal tantrum.

"Don't worry," she said, in between sobs, "there'll be plenty of princes to walk me to and from the train station everyday. Please, please, oh please?"

Not wanting to deny their daughter happiness, the royal couple finally agreed, and the princess, overjoyed, skipped off to fill out her application. "With this average and these SAT scores, I should have no trouble," she thought gleefully, checking the College as her first choice, signing the application, and sending it off. For weeks after, she kept a vigil by the mailbox, until one day, when the magic postcard came, giving the Princess her answer. But, alas and alas, it wasn't the one she'd been hoping for. "Lehman College! Ugh!" she disappointedly cried over and over, moping around the palace for days, wondering how life was going to be livable in any institution but City. Then suddenly it dawned on her. "Transfer! Yes, that's it! I'll just work my little ass off, so I'll be able to transfer!" And she lived happily ever after, looking forward to the day when she too could be one of the lucky people who attend City College.

Now, almost three years later, what has become of our little princess? I am happy to report that she got smart—she abdicated, relinquishing her title, getting a job, so hopefully she'll be able to split from the kingdom, trading in her culottes for dungarees, her Weejuns for old sneakers, and her black shiny eyeliner for a pair of clean, clear eyes, through which she now views the College, where she is completing her first term, after attending Lehman College for two years.

As the former princess, two Colleges exist for me. There is the College I see in comparison to Lehman (Hunter-Uptown, for those of you who are lucky enough to have never heard of it), and there is the College that stands alone. The latter represents a superstructure—a mass of buildings which constitute the home of the unknown—the home of thousands of different activities and goings-on and doings which I can't possibly ever hope to find out about, so why even try?; the home of wooden people over whom I fall and practically break my neck, because they just don't move for anyone except lovers or close relatives; the home of thousands upon thousands of blank, indifferent faces who, without opening their mouths, seem to say "I don't care;" the home of people who know how to take care of themselves, because if one doesn't know how to do that at City, he or she is a goner. In short, I've abandoned the rose-colored glasses I wore as a princess, and I see that this school is, as my grandmother would say, "no picnic." And that's putting it mildly.

But there is also the College as compared to Lehman College—two words in the English language which are enough to wipe out any rotten characteristics that the College may possess. If the College is a superstructure of the unknown, then Lehman is a microcosm of coziness and togetherness. Or to put it another way, it makes one feel like a rat caught up in a maze.

After just two weeks, I knew every lounge, every hiding place. I knew which people I was going to see turning which corner at what time. I knew what tables in which cafeteria I was allowed to sit at. For two years, attending a haven for the academically inclined Jewish-American princess, I was bombarded with incessant chatter of engagement rings and Leonard's of Great Neck weddings.

By the time my sentence was commuted, I felt like stale meat loaf in a Tupperware dish—no air, no other meat loaf, no nothing. I just sat there waiting for the lid to be unsnapped. Not that the fate awaiting me when this happened was going to be too much better, but it was going to be something different—something bigger, something roomier. And that's something to be grateful for.

—Suzanne Grill

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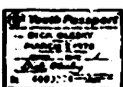


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# All Come to Look for America

When you're on the road, crossing the flatness which is the middle of the American continent, you can see the clouds darkening the horizon long before the first raindrops hit the windshield. You're driving westward at seventy or eighty miles an hour and the storm is moving eastward at thirty or forty miles and hour. You know you're going to catch it but there isn't a damn thing you can do about it except keep on trucking down route 66 (which is also interstate 44 in some places) until you and the storm meet up. Then, if you're halfway sane, you reduce speed, turn on your windshield wipers and headlights and tighten the seat belt around your waist, because those storms are killers out there on the southern route.

The strange thing is the calmness that precedes the deluge. Depending upon your life-style, you've been smoking cigarettes and/or dope, dropping pills, snorting meth, guzzling beer, pulling hits from a bottle or maybe banging on the dashboard in time to the c and w coming out of the tiny car speakers. And when you come out of the storm on the other side, you feel refreshed as the country around you looks—clean; purged by the rain. Sometimes you forget that rain water isn't pure any more, that maybe somebody died out there in that storm because his luck didn't hold out, because he met someone who had drunk or smoked or shot or snorted or dropped too much of something to slow down and turn on the windshield wipers and headlights before losing control of the two thousand pounds of machinery he's driving and plowing into someone else's two thousand pounds of machinery.

You pass an accident, slowing down to merge into a single lane that crawls through the carnage... wreckers pulling still-

steaming heaps off the road, meat wagons taking off for the nearest hospital, filled with the blood-dripping broken bodies of the victims, red-yellow warning lights flashing in your face, and also into the faces of the state troopers who all of a sudden are not the enemy after all... and you look at each other, cap the bottles and kill the joints. One of the cars was a Volkswagen bus, just like the one you're riding in, with peace symbols painted on the crushed metal and the incongruous American flag decaled on the wing window. And you look at each other, but nobody says, "That could have been us" because you all know it.

And finally you arrive in Los Angeles, the illogical end of all illogical journeys, and you park behind the sheriff's office and you ask each other: "What was your fucking hurry?" But you don't have to ask, because you know. You speed across thirty-five hundred miles of America, but not because you're in a hurry to get where you're going, because where you're going is the ninth circle of America's hell. You drive thirty-five hundred miles in two days and a half because you are afraid of something. You're afraid of the prowl car that follows you to the Texas New Mexico border and blinks its headlights into your rear view mirror before turning around. You're afraid because of the way the deputy looks at you when you stop for gas in New Mexico, and because the cops in California carry .357 magnum revolvers, instead of the good old .38 police specials that the cops back home wear.

You drive scared through the American night because there was a time when a stranger was just a friend you hadn't met, but that time isn't any more. Will Rogers is long dead, and so is his vision of America.

You get the same feeling when you walk the grounds of a college campus, where our generation cleaves to useless knowledge the way infants hang upon their mothers' breasts. It hangs like a hazy shroud of dope-smoke above children sitting in circles and passing the pipe, looking more like Indian raiding parties than the progeny of American technocracy.

They were talking about the weather recently. They were saying that if it hadn't been so fucking cold, all hell would have broken out over the Laos thing, or the cafeteria firings, or the way the rented cops around here beat up on students. They were talking about what's going to happen come spring, when the revolution is revived. There's talk about the memorial being planned for the dead and wounded of Kent State. There's a secret action that's supposed to happen in February. Someone has called for another march on Washington. Who, I wonder? Who is in the driver's seat these days, and what drug is he strung out on? "What's the buzz, tell me what's happening?" An outsider walking these halls might chant those words to every revolutionary he met and get a different answer from each one.

Each year I see it happen and each year I am surprised. We don't seem to learn from our mistakes. Where are the best minds of our generation?

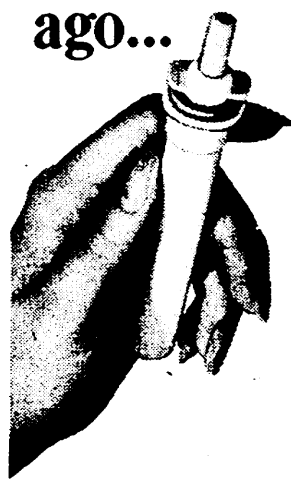
We keep on playing games by their rules, and we keep on losing. They choose the time and the place, and we come and get slaughtered. We attack their strength with our weakness, and we do it over and over again. Maybe we should recruit some returning war veterans. They know how to fight a war at least. And the stupidest of them knows you don't fight a war except to win it.

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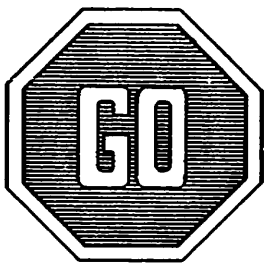
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7-OP-February 25, 1971

# **RECOMMENDED CHANGES OF THE DRUG REPORT**

The College recognizes that the primary victim of drug abuse is the drug abuser himself. Therefore The College acknowledges that it has the responsibility to help its students who are drug abusers through education, counseling and referral to appropriate agencies and programs.

On the other hand, the dealer in illegal drugs harms other people and the institution. Similarly, groups of students using illegal drugs or abusing legal drugs publicly on College property affect others. The College has the responsibility to its students, their parents and the public to insure that The College does not become a sanctuary for pushers and that non-users of drugs may use all the facilities of The College freely and comfortably.

*Therefore:*

1. The College security force will be directed to apprehend dealers in illegal drugs and turn them over to the Police.
2. The College security force will be directed to apprehend groups of students publicly using illegal drugs.
3. Students apprehended for use of "hard" drugs will be referred to an appropriate treatment program. Such cases will be reported to the Narcotics Addiction Control Commission, which must be done by law. The Commission is an independent agency, and by law may not release any of its information to civil authorities, and is essentially a research agency of the State of New York.
4. Students apprehended for use of soft drugs will be referred to a counseling program.
5. Students apprehended for the third time will be subject to disciplinary procedures leading to expulsion.

*Please send all comments to  
Dean Bernard Sohmer in Shepard Hall, room 100*