

Students Set to Strike Against War Next Wednesday

The fall offensive against the Vietnam War, racism and repression continues next Wednesday with a nationwide "no business as usual" moratorium. Demonstrations, student strikes, work stoppages, and shoppers boycotts are scheduled in New York, Chicago, Boston, Houston, Seattle, and over 50 other cities across the land.

Students at the College are expected to boycott classes in large numbers to participate in demonstrations around the city.

While the administration has not yet begun to discuss what policy to take on sanctioning student participation in Moratorium Day, it is expected to repeat the policy of previous years to permit excused absences.

The major anti-war action on Wednesday will be a mass march at 5 PM on Broadway from 96th Street down to 72nd Street, asking people to sign a scroll demanding that President Nixon withdraw troops from Southeast Asia.

Late in the afternoon, there will be a labor rally at Herald Square, 36th Street and Sixth Avenue, from 4 to 7 PM.

In the Bronx, folksinger Pete Seeger will be featured at a demonstration outside the



Courthouse, 161st Street and the Grand Concourse. Borough President Robert Abrams has declared Wednesday as "Get the Bronx Out of the War Day."

The offensive began last Saturday, when several thousand people joined rallies and marches in a day of solidarity with the prisoners at Attica and all political prisoners.

About 400 people massed around Danbury State Prison, Connecticut, to support a declaration made by inmates at the outset of a hunger strike in early August. The prisoners had asked for reform of the parole system, the release of South Vietnamese political prisoners, the release of Dan Berrigan, who is very sick, and a parole hearing for Phil Berrigan. The Berrigan brothers are serving time for draft file destruction and are defendants in the Harrisburg Six federal bombing conspiracy.

The offensive will continue in Washington, D.C. for five days, Oct. 25-29, with non-violent demonstrations including an Attica Memorial service on the 26th, an end to the wage and prize freeze on the 27th, and a Nixon eviction notice on the 29th.

On November 6, mass marches and rallies will be staged in about 20 cities, including New York.

For more Vietnam stories, see Page 5.



observation post

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CITY COLLEGE

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What! You're still sitting on your ass? Join OP!

Hew

Presidential Committees Suggest Sweeping Departmental Changes

By Kenneth Winikoff with Peter Grad, Bruce Knoll & Arthur Volbert

Presidential Committees have suggested widespread revisions in four academic departments in the College of Liberal Arts.

The four committees were assigned by President Robert Marshak last Spring to evaluate individual departments at the College and submit proposals for future programs.

The committees, part of an entire project expected to take several years to complete, include various groups of outside experts and alumni of the College.

Edited versions of the reports have been released to the heads of the Sociology, Anthropology, History and Economics Departments. The unabridged versions were given only to Marshak and members of his staff.

Associate Provost for Academic Affairs Morton Kaplan

said, "These reports are going to be kept confidential. We don't want anyone to be hurt by the reports, as some strong personal accusations were made."

Marshak agreed that the full reports should not be released because complete disclosure would discourage outside experts from serving on future committees. He also implied that committees would be reluctant to criticize individual faculty members if unabridged reports were distributed.

However, Dean Robert Adams of the University of Chicago, who contributed to the Anthropology Evaluation Committee, expressed surprise over the withholding of the reports. "It was my impression that a copy would be distributed to students

at the same time as chairman and faculty." Describing the report as one of "tremendous potential" Adams said "I don't understand why the reports shouldn't be distributed."

Professor J. Lawrence Angel of the Smithsonian Institute, also a member of the Anthropology Evaluation Committee added, "There's nothing in our report that shouldn't have been released to everybody."

In an edited version of the Anthropology Department evaluation secured by Observation Post, no college faculty members are mentioned by name. The report, which was released on June 8, strongly recommends numerous changes in the Anthropology program at

(Continued on page 2)

Diane Sank May Go With Anthro Shake-up

The Administration has promised an evaluation of the problem-ridden Anthropology department which may lead to the dismissal of controversial Chairwoman Diane Sank.

Asked yesterday whether the replacement of Sank is being considered, Provost Saul Touster replied, "This is an implicit consideration in the evaluation of an ongoing difficulty in any department."

"The administration is evaluating the direction of the department in the light of difficulties of the past year and the report of the visiting committee," Touster said following a meeting with the Anthropology Collective.

A group of distinguished Anthropologists from other universities appointed by President Robert Marshak evaluated the department last term, and recommended several of the current demands of the Collective.

Touster met with the Anthropology Collective to reply to the group's 17 demands calling for vast changes in curriculum and departmental policy.

The Collective sat in Dr. Sank's office last term in an unsuccessful attempt to protest conditions in the department. Members of the Collective condemned undesired firing of teachers, difficulty in hiring new staff, overcrowded facilities and friction between Dr. Sank and students.

In an open letter published in the Collective's newsletter Wednesday, students demanded her resignation.

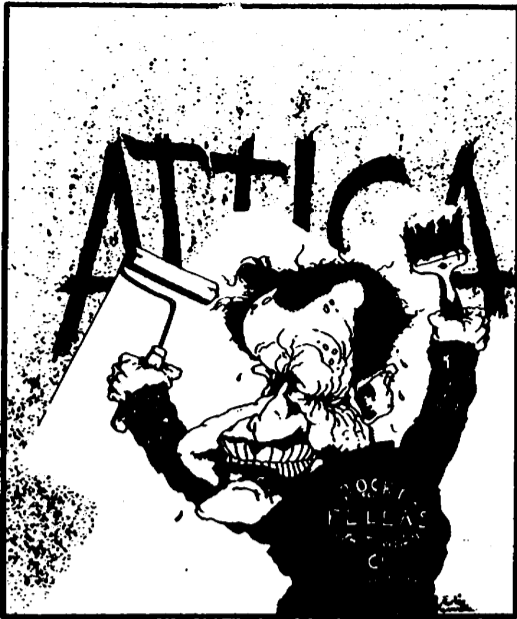
"We are no longer afraid to publicly say that the one individual who worked the most consistently at every turn to stifle

(Continued on page 12)



Professor Howard Adelson (History) was apparently the first victim of the studies being made by the visiting committees of outside experts. According to an informed source, Adelson resigned as department chairman—a post he won after the turmoil of spring 1969—the day after the History Evaluations Committee submitted its report to President Robert Marshak in May.

The report apparently cited alleged factionalism among the department's faculty and pinned part of the blame on Adelson. A long-time critic of the Open Admissions policy, he drew the ire of the administration last December when columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak used him as the basis of a critical column on the new University program.



Committees Ask Changes

(Continued from page 1)

the College.

"The present condition of the anthropology program has certain unfortunate features," the report states, "but we think the present organizational difficulties... in a department cramped terribly for space and facilities, can be overcome."

The report criticizes the department's lack of senior staff members, its isolation from other closely related fields, such as urban and ethnic studies.

The report also mentions that non-majors were not permitted to register for all courses described in the catalogue. The committee called for a balance between the needs of students majoring in Anthropology and those just wanting to "become acquainted" with the field.

Finally, the report cites the desperate need for more space and facilities. The report states, "the absence of adequate facilities (is) intolerable in a department committed to a broad approach to anthropology in all its aspects."

"Most Anthropology students and many of the faculty were highly critical of the department," Angel said yesterday. "However, the main point is the actual physical setup of classrooms and buildings. It's disastrous. This has had a large effect on the apparent lack of morale in the department." Chairman Diane Sank (Anthropology) refused to comment on the report.

Ted Brown, special assistant to

President Marshak, said that the reports "on the whole were serious, hard hitting, and honest evaluation with both negative and positive aspects."

But Professor Robert Martinson (Chairman, Sociology) said he was disappointed in the Sociology evaluation. "There is little to make use of in the report. And it was somewhat irrelevant to the real problems of the department."

Professor Morris Silver (Chairman, Economics), referring to the Economics evaluation stated, "We've only got an abbreviated version of the report. It was short and not too clear." He declined further comment until after an October 8th meeting with Dean Oscar Chavarria Aguilar (Liberal Arts and Sciences) to discuss the edited version.

Dean Doyle Bortner, head of the School of Education, said, "The basic thrust of the Education's Report is even closer relations to the community and the schools of the community." This will hopefully be achieved through more emphasis on field experience in neighborhood schools, according to Bortner.

The report also urged a "breakdown of the rigidity of curricular requirements and more emphasis on the development of competency and less on clock hours," Bortner added.

Most of the edited reports are now in the process of being released to the departmental faculties.

Dr. Hipocrates

Eugene Schoenfeld, M.D.

One of the greatest dangers associated with illegal drug use is the consumption of unknown or impure chemicals. Wherever samples of "street drugs" are collected and analyzed, the laboratory results usually differ markedly from claims made for them by local dealers. It is unlikely, for example, that more than a small fraction of those who have used "mescaline" have actually experienced the effects of that drug. Street drug analyses have been sporadically conducted in Washington, D.C., Detroit, New York and San Francisco. For the past year, a continuing street drug monitoring program has been underway in Holland.

During the summer of 1970, individuals associated with the University of Amsterdam Medical School began analyzing drug samples collected from popular distribution points such as the Paradiso, Melkweg and Cosmos rock halls. Since that time, over 900 samples have been analyzed by laboratory personnel of Wilhelmina Gasthuis, the University Hospital of Amsterdam. Responsible for collecting the drugs and publishing results is the Drug Information Foundation, comprised of two psychiatrists, two biochemists, one pharmacist and an intern.

On May 22, 1971, the British medical journal *Lancet* published results of 119 street drug samples recently analyzed by the Drug Information Foundation. Some individuals injecting themselves with "cocaine" were really using monosodium glutamate (MSG); no mescaline was found, except in peyote, nor was there any THC on the Amsterdam black market. Other findings were as follows: pure hash equalled 79% of collected samples; pure amphetamines equalled 51% of collected samples; pure LSD equalled 44% of collected samples.

Erik Fromberg, the Drug Information Foundation intern, explained their procedures to me at the headquarters of Aloha, Amsterdam's saucy biweekly underground newspaper. Anonymity is guaranteed by a coded number system and the program has the support of local police. Record sheets provide for collection of such exotic hashish samples as Afganistan, Kashmir, Ketama, Lebanon Red, Lebanon Yellow, Moroccan, Nepalese and Templehash as well as Turkish Kif, Colombia Weed, Congolese Weed and even Dutch Weed.

Twenty to thirty drug samples are presently collected and laboratory results broadcast weekly on a radio program popular with young Dutch people. Drug analysis information is also published in Aloha and mimeographed weekly in English and Dutch on 3600 Beursberichten sheets distributed free in areas of Amsterdam heavily frequented by drug users.

A recent Beursberichten contained the following information:

"There is some Moroccan (hashish) on the market which is mixed with morphine. You know this is a very addicting opiate and besides you may get a blackout, so there will be no fun at all."

The Canadian Commission of Inquiry Into the Nonmedical Use of Drug "strongly recommended the establishment of drug analysis facilities and wide dissemination of the results." Holland's Drug Information program *Lancet* report concluded, "Our program has convinced us of the value of the recommendations of the Canadian commission. In fact, we think analyses of illegal drugs are a medical necessity. Publication of the results can, in our opinion, reduce the dangers of drug abuse."

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your letters. Write to him at P.O. Box 372, Stinson Beach, California 94970.

Letters from the Editors

As a member of the *Observation Post* editorial board (whatever that may mean), I should like to disclaim any credit or affiliation with the first issue of this fall and any of its contents. (Ironically, the one item on which I collaborated had no byline, but I'm willing to overlook that transgression—it was such an innocuous piece that perhaps the editors-in-chief saw no merit in identifying its writers.)

My serious quarrel is, however, with the issue as a whole. I am referring in particular to the obscene, perverted and sick illustration accompanying a suggestive (albeit quite harmless and poetically touching) story about a boy and his horse. I have no particular objection to the story, but the drawing is entirely misleading, demented and uncalled for, and takes away what easy charm and value the story itself contains. Knowing the author, I was able to read the story more or less unbiased. If I were a casual O.P. reader—student or faculty member—I would surely have been too affected to appreciate the story in its true light.

The second item I am referring to is the rambling, static, irrelevant, four-letter-word studded, ineffectual centerfold story, the "Ice Cream Man Behind Bars," and the truly misleading quotes inserted between graphs—a dishonest attempt that makes the story look even worse on first glance, than it actually is, once again capitalizing upon its obscene elements, de-emphasizing its social comment, feeble as it is.

Although I respect the artists' free and individual expression, I as an individual and as a member of this newspaper, by no means have to subscribe to its depraved and pornographic contents. Nor does OP have to select any and all the materials it receives. I am not here merely to put forth my moral values and personal preferences or force my aesthetic sensibility upon either the readers or the staff members of OP. But I do maintain that a publication that makes an impression upon so many people by the materials it presents and the way in which it presents them, is not only the concern of several individuals, but the concern of all those involved in putting it out.

Repeatedly, the paper has been randomly thrown together by several individuals without the slightest intention or effort to consult other members whose names are associated with the paper. OP and other organizations on campus are funded by the College for the students, not for the satisfaction of the whims of one or two or three individuals who take it upon themselves to impose their values (perhaps minority values) upon many; the publication is essentially an outlet for many students. It is the responsibility of the members of OP to present something worthwhile. It is at least, therefore,

imperative that the staff and editorial board members get a chance to voice their opinions, and thereby allow the paper to be more selective in the materials it prints.

As an afterthought, I should like to add that I personally intend to resign and disassociate myself if OP continues its current binge on distasteful, childish and stupidly conceived editorial matter and to appeal to the vulgar and debased elements in our culture. It is only sad that people who call themselves college students, intellectuals and artists must descend to the level of *Screw* magazine in order to feel they are thereby making an impact (or a contribution to) upon our already pathetically demoralized society. The idea of exposing social ills through participation and enactment is an all too easy delusion to foster for people all too ready to give in to it. Those of us who firmly disagree will never descend to that level, even if the odds are a million to one.

Judith Furedi

I've been an editor of this newspaper for several years now, and I guess that you could validly say that we sometimes operate in a vacuum. Partly, it's our own fault. But our readership must share the blame. For we can only be sure of our effectiveness, or failure to reach people, if we get feedback. Strange it is, but now we find that our staff is the prime source of criticism. But that's fine. I agree with you that what OP produces has impact and that we have to give more thought to what we do.

I just don't agree with your criticisms of the last issue. To me, the cartoon which accompanied my short story, "A Boy and the Horse Who Loved Her," was an apt caricature of its characters. Maybe it was too ridiculous, but I can't agree with your view that it was "obscene, perverted and sick." My taste may be more expansive than yours, but that doesn't matter: there's no way I can convince you that my sense of taste is better than yours, or vice versa.

As for the centerfold, another short story about a weekend in a prison, I thought it was obscene: in the sense that the despairing lives those prisoners led were obscene. The story, particularly through its use of language and dramatic effects, had an emotional impact on me. Obviously for you, it didn't, and again I can't convince you otherwise.

But let's not quibble over matters of taste and judgment. It's too late to change the past, anyway. The major problem lies in the haphazard way in which decisions are made by the editors. And the only way to change that is to confront them with ideas vigorously. OP does not print all the material it receives, despite appearances, although, of course, we try not to discourage people who want to contribute. We need more of them, in fact.

—Steve Simon

observation post

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Jeff Fliesser

Kid Milked by Day-Care

Tyrone is one student who developed a habit at the College—and his mother's proud of it! Tyrone's mother struggles to fit him into his coat and hat as he gulps his stuff, leaving him with a milky moustache. As he breaks away to play with friends, his mother says that he never drinks milk at home.

The College's day care center, like four-year-old Tyrone, is still in its infancy and is growing. The center was begun last February by mothers who said such a service was needed to allow them to attend school. The administration agreed to their request after a series of discussions and set aside the Webb Room on the fifth floor of Shepard Hall. The facilities there were deemed inadequate by the parents and during the summer it moved to Finley Center. It's currently located in the Gate House, once the home of former President Buell G. Gallagher, and is now named after Jacob R. Schiff.

The center enables mothers attending the College to leave children between the ages of two and a half and five in a super-

vised, educational environment.

The 30 children now attending—there are 65 on a waiting list—are either in a morning or afternoon session: from 8:30 to 1 or from 1 to 5:30. They are led in such activities as calisthenics, dominoes, simple reading and arithmetic and outdoor play by Caroline Johnson, Rosa Blanco and Stanley Hirschberg, the center's salaried teachers. They stress in their methods a learning through play approach. The children also receive hot lunches daily.

"The students have a right to a day care center," asserts Blanco, who is director of the program, "and this one is not adequately funded to meet their needs."

At the beginning of the summer, the center received a \$30,000 one-year grant from the College's Jacob R. Schiff Fund. This figure is less than one-third of the amount that the City's Department of Social Services feels is necessary to run a day care center of this size for a year.

Some of the money has already been spent on renovating the Gate House and hiring the teaching staff, two requirements

that must be met before the city will certify the center and give it money.

To keep the center running, parents must also pay a \$15 registration fee, a \$5 weekly fee and must perform a minimum of three hours work per week. Parents, as well as volunteers, prepare menus, shop, cook, repair toys, act as teacher's aides and perform administrative duties.

Blanco hopes to help mothers organize for infant care, and offer a referral service to other day care and neighborhood babysitting facilities. But in order to do this and expand the present program, more money is needed.

—roberta sugar

Students Get Control Of Fees for Activities

By KENNETH WINIKOFF
Students at the City University, after years of agitation, finally have been given control over the funding of student activities and organizations.

But the new procedures have had no apparent effect at the College yet.

Last June, the Board of Higher Education adapted a new by-law giving student government the power to levy funds for all student-sponsored clubs, publications, social and cultural events, fraternities and house plan governing groups. This category represents approximately 25 per cent of the total \$6.8 million student activity fee collected by CUNY.

The remainder of the fee supports student athletics and general student services provided by the colleges.

In the past, the Student Senate here made allocations to student organizations, but the college president, through the Dean of Students, retained veto power over the student budget.

The Senate allocates roughly \$49,000 per term to clubs and is responsible for \$15,000 more earmarked to a big-name concert. Each student at the College pays a fee of four dollars which is turned over to the Senate.

Ilana Hirst, an official of Student Senate, claimed that the BHE ruling will go into effect at the College by the Spring term. "All that has to be done to comply

with the new by-law is to establish a Board of Directors comprised of members of Student Senate, the Graduate Student Council and Faculty. The purpose of this board will be to sign budgets through; since each activity group allocates its own budget," Hirst added. "Under the new provision, we'll have more flexibility so that if the Dean of Students doesn't approve our allocations, we can still provide funds for clubs and activities."

Assistant Professor Harry Meisel, (Student Personnel Services), who supervises the allocation of student activity funds, said he "knew little" about the BHE ruling. "I do know," he said, "that each college has been asked to handle student activity funds in a corporate-type structure. The activity fee would

For the student budget, see P. 11

be turned over to an independent corporation in which each student is a stockholder. This would insure complete independence from the Student Senate. But as yet, this is only a proposal. Right now, we're operating under the same procedure as in the past."

If the BHE resolution is put into effect at the College, Meisel's duties would be greatly diminished. "It's hard for me to tell exactly what my functions would be," Meisel said. "The new ruling doesn't affect me personally, but I hope to have more time for other projects."

Faculty Workload May Increase

By JUDITH FUREDI

Several plans to increase the workload of the faculty by ten per cent are now being weighed by each department at the College. The increase in faculty productivity is a result of a City University mandate established to meet this year's "austerity" budget.

Previous guidelines set by the administration as the ideal standard of productivity require that each full-time faculty member generate the equivalent of 25 credit hours per semester. This means that each faculty member must theoretically teach five courses that meet three times per week, each consisting of 15 students. The new mandate would have to reflect a ten per cent increase in that schedule.

Among the plans now being discussed is a ten per cent increase in the ideal class size from 15 to 16.5 students. Another possibility is teaching more class hours per week, raising the credit hour value per course. If a course was previously considered a three credit course, it would now become a four credit course, enabling students to acquire more credits in less time.

The Germanic and Slavic Languages department has adopted the policy of assigning day-time faculty members to evening session classes as part of their regular schedules. Because the demand for certain courses at the College is so small, the Germanic Languages department, as well as certain individuals in other departments, are being asked to fill out their workloads to the normal stan-

dards. The College will not hire, in those cases, adjunct professors to teach the evening courses.

Evaluations of the present output of productivity by each department are now proceeding and the results will be used as an indication of the measures necessary for each department chairman to undertake.

Associate Provost for Academic Affairs Morton

Kaplon, in an interview this week, expressed the inherent difficulty in measuring the productivity level of faculty. "I would find it very hard to define what a full-time teaching load is for anybody. It all depends largely on the department. Besides teaching duties include numerous administrative tasks, and therefore, it is hard to determine if a faculty member is doing an honest day's work."

Pre-Registration Plans Abandoned by College

College administrators said this week they have abandoned plans to revamp the registration system by using computers and advance course selections by students.

The officials cite the unpredictability of the University's annual budget to explain why a more expensive registration procedure cannot be introduced.

"The College has the money every year for the old registration," George Papoulas, director of admissions and records, said. "But for the new registration to come into existence, we have to know how much money is to be allotted because the new system will cost more."

Registrar Peter Prehn said last spring that he hoped that some type of pre-registration procedure would be ready by November. The system he favored would have moved registration forward by several months to ease the immense rush experienced during the week right before classes. Using pre-registration would also enable students to consult with faculty

members about course selections.

Prehn's system—which was vetoed by department chairmen in the spring—would call upon students to fill out eight alternate programs on computer cards in order of preference. The computer would then add or eliminate sections to satisfy student's wishes and try to give a program of their choice.

The week before a term began would then be used for late registration and program changes.

Speaking of this term's hectic registration, Prehn blamed the Chancellor's office for issuing a uniform calendar for all the City University campuses that forced the College to squeeze all registration into a four-day period. A pre-registration period was held in early August for 600 incoming students who, according to Prehn, "were incapable of registering because they were required to take more than two remedial courses and would end up getting their schedules wrong otherwise."

—jeff jacobs



Another Hut

Several members of the Jewish Student Union (JSU) slept Wednesday night in a grass-roof hut they had built that afternoon on the South Campus lawn.

The hut, or sukkah, is traditionally used during the current holiday of Sukkoth to commemorate the 40 years the Jews spent as refugees in the Sinai desert after fleeing Egypt.

The JSU members kept their vigil in the sukkah to prevent it from being torn down by vandals, which they said happened last year. According to JSU Treasurer Fred Lisker, they have now received "full assurances" from the College's security guards that the sukkah will be protected for the full week it is scheduled to stand.

Bill Overier

Atrocities Continue at Attica State Prison

ATTICA(LNS)—"Sure I have relatives there—I have 2,999 brothers and one son," was Mrs. Georgia Hicks' response to a state trooper while she was waiting outside of Attica during the prisoners' takeover. She didn't get to see her son though—it wasn't until over two weeks later—on September 29 that prison officials allowed relatives to visit.

Over 50% of the inmates at Attica come from New York City which means that it's not very often that relatives can make the nine hour car or bus ride or afford the \$62 round trip plane fare. "Some of the men haven't seen their families in three or four years," said the wife of an Attica prisoner. The Prisoner Solidarity Committee chartered a bus from New York City.

But even then it wasn't so easy to get in. Families started arriving at eight in the morning. They had to stand in line waiting to go in where they were registered and fingerprinted. After that they came back out to wait their turn for the one hour visit with their husband, son, brother or father.

"How much can you talk or how much can you say in one hour's time," said Mrs. Vivienne Killebrew, who has a son inside.

Mrs. Hicks said she got inside the waiting room at about noon. But it wasn't until after two that her son, Clarence, finally came down—a guard had told her he was probably eating all that time.

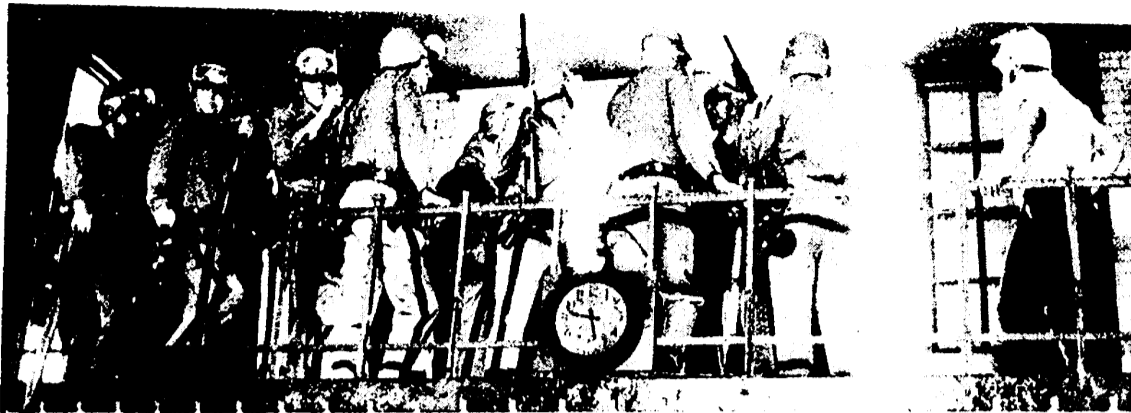
"What were you eating that was taking so long?" she asked him when he finally came down. He said he had only been notified. 15 minutes before. "I only had coffee and bread because I don't eat swine. The piece of bread even had swine laying on it. The soup had swine in it." Breakfast is the only meal where pork isn't served. A large number of Attica prisoners are Black Muslims who can't eat pork.

The first meal he sat down to eat after the rebellion, Wayne Trimmer told his mother Mrs. Dorothy Trimmer, "A guard spit in his soup and crushed his sandwich into a ball."

Mrs. Lee Paul was sobbing when she told reporters that her son Michael had lost 20 pounds and had gone without shoes since the uprising.

There were six guards in the visitors' room with the inmates and their relatives. "They made it their business to walk around and listen to what was said," Carmen Garrigia, whose husband, Joseph Walker is in Attica. Walker told his wife that Wednesday was the first day he had three meals. "All the guards there had no numbers on their badges visible, they were all taped," said Mrs. Hicks. "Constantly while I was there there were men with business suits and white shirts coming in and talking to different guards."

"They told newsmen that we would be able to hold hands. But that's untrue



because they saw us holding hands and they made us stop," said Mrs. Garrigia. There is a heavy mesh screen between the inmate and his visitor.

While Mrs. Hicks waited for her son to come down, she watched the other inmates come down to talk to their relatives: "The majority of them did not have shoelaces, socks or underwear. All the pants they had on were too large. My son has no underwear. He did have on shoes but no socks. His pants were all doubled over."

"You should have seen me before I came down, you would have laughed," he told her.

"He was raggedy and dirty. They gave them those clothes to come down to make an appearance in front of his visitor," related Mrs. Hicks.

"He never smiled—he had a far away look in his eye." When she asked about a clean spot on his head he didn't answer.

"Everytime I go to sleep at night I can see my brothers falling," he told her quietly. "I can see the blood, and I can hear gun shots going off."

All personal possessions were taken from the prisoners—law books, papers, photographs, artwork, wedding rings, watches, the crosses on their necks. Eyeglasses and dentures were stamped on and broken.

When the invading force came, the inmates were completely surprised, Mrs. Killebrew's 22 year old son told her. "They actually thought they were using blanks.

When they heard shots, they fell. This fellow fell on top of him and he could feel the blood from the fellow on top of him running down him. When he saw the blood, he realized they were real bullets."

When the troopers came in they started beating them with their sticks, she was told. "They beat their arms, legs, backs, any place they could find they were beating them." He has six buckshot wounds in his chest, one in his back and one bandage over his heart. "He tried to pull the bandage off and I saw it festering and he couldn't get the gauze away from the sore, so I said never mind."

"Ma," he told her, "I'll never forget this as long as I live. I want out of this country ... because we're not going to stay here and be massacred."

"They'd rather be sent over to North or South Vietnam and traded for American prisoners of war than to be in those horror houses," Mrs. Killebrew said.

Her son went to prison in 1969 for petty larceny—only \$15 or \$20. "I didn't have money to get a lawyer and he was sent away. He got from one to four years."

Another woman, who didn't want to give her name because she was scared about what would happen to her husband, said that as soon as the guardsmen, troopers and guards started firing he fell to the ground. A bullet hit him in the head—but not too badly. He crawled over to one of his friends who he thought had been shot. The friend said he wasn't, got up and started

across the yard when "they shot his head off."

Her husband moved a little forward and they shot him in the leg and the arm. "He just lay out there with the rest of them—some was hurt and some was dead. After it had quieted down, they carried him into the building where there were two guys who had already bled to death. They had my husband on a stretcher. They dumped him on a mattress with blankets and a pool of blood and he stayed there for 16 hours before a doctor came."

Before the doctor came, he told her two guards passed by and they looked at him and asked, "What is this nigger doing in here—is he dead? If he's not, let's kill him." The other guard said, "Don't bother, he's going to die anyway. He'll probably bleed to death."

"They took him to the hospital where he stayed for two days," his wife related. "They put a gauze over the wound—that was all. When he came down to see me he had a big bullet wound in his arm where the bullet went right through on the other side. The hole was about 1 1/2-2 inches in diameter and all they did was put a band-aid on it. He told me they were giving him no medical treatment whatever. The only thing he could do was wash around his wound the best he could."

As the families stood on line for their hour with their relatives, they watched a truck unloading ten boxes of 26 inch oak billy clubs.

Rocky Excuse

To explain why he would not leave his Pocantico Hills estate to meet with the civilian observers' committee at Attica, Governor Rockefeller said his presence would not contribute to a peaceful settlement.

The governor might have learned from a prisoner rebellion at the Patuxent Institution in Jessup, Md. on February 22. At that time, Governor Marvin Mandel personally persuaded ten maximum security inmates to release a guard they had been holding hostage under a death threat for some two hours.

Yet Mandel's predecessor, Spiro Agnew, who is now the Vice President, said after the invasion of Attica by the state troopers: "A governor of a state cannot allow himself to be peremptorily summoned into the presence of outlaws to meet their demands. Had (Rockefeller) gone, and still refused to surrender the state, the next demand might have been for the President of the United States to demean himself in their presence."

There will be "a massive public presence of outrage" against Rockefeller when he receives the Cerebral Palsy Association's Humanitarian Award next Thursday at 7:30 PM at the Hilton Hotel, on Sixth Avenue between 51st and 52nd Streets.

Soto Says, 'Tear Down Prisons'

"We're not for prison reform. We want to tear the prisons down," Tom Soto of the Prisoner's Solidarity Committee said in Harris Hall Auditorium last week. Soto, a former student at the College, was one of several civilians allowed to meet with the Attica prisoners while negotiations between the inmates and the observers' committee were still in progress.

While a student, Soto was a member of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community and played a major role in the two week occupation of the South Campus in the Spring of 1969.

Hassan Sharreif El-Shabazz, who was recently released on bail on charges stemming from the Auburn, New York prisoner rebellion last November, also spoke. He has served time in both the Attica and Auburn prisons.

Both decried the sub-human conditions and brutal treatment the inmates in prisons face daily.

Soto described the mood he sensed upon entering the liberated cell block D: "I have never seen in any demonstration or strike the unity these brothers exhibited

... they were strong and determined."

"The men were starved, there was no food, the water was cut off; their eyes were gray, lips chapped, skin dry and bruised—it made me think of a World War II Nazi concentration camp," he added.

"The prisoners felt that to maintain dignity they had to fight, Soto said. "Although physically strained, they were strong and united morally and politically. They were determined to stick together, fight together and die together."

"The 28 demands of the prisoners are very good but they do not spell freedom," El Shabazz said. "You can't live behind walls in an atmosphere pregnant with racism and learn to become civilized. Prisons are not conducive to rehabilitation—they must be torn down."

Soto explained that the list of 28 prisoner demands that the prison authorities released to the press was not the same as the prisoners' original list.

"State Corrections Commissioner Russell Oswald issued 28 demands that he tried to pass as the original ones," Soto charged. "The inmates knew it was not

what they wanted. They called it bullshit—and then the Black politicians turned grey, the Puerto Ricans turned white and I don't know what color the white politicians turned."

One instance Soto cited was the prisoners' specific demand for an improvement over the "gastronomically disastrous" food served to the inmates. They asked for water for each table and for permission to have as much bread and other food as they needed instead of the severely limited portions.

They also demanded an alternative to a daily diet of pork-meat or pork-saturated foods for those whose religion forbids pork consumption. Finally, Soto concluded, they wanted an end to unsanitary conditions like dirty trays, dirty utensils, stained drinking cups and an end to leaving food open on the table hours before eating time.

In the version released to the press, the demand read simply "Provide adequate food, water and shelter for all inmates."

—peter grad

The Reunion: The Years Change Us All

By TOM McDONALD

The darkness of another night was framed by a neon sign which simply said "Rheingold." There were two beers on the bar to share with an old friend. The people you know from your youth always seem to get lost somewhere. Many disappear to college, and then marriage and the job. Others seem doomed to a life of aimless wanderings. Still others end up in wars. All of them return, either in boxes, in pieces, or seemingly in one piece.

When old friends re-appear you look forward to your first meeting with an eager sense of anticipation. You're led to believe that it will be a meeting of rediscovery, punctuated with "do you remember the times?" Sadly, the years change us all, and old friends can become strangers.

So it was in this light that I spoke with an old friend, a Vietnam veteran who seemed to have made it home in one piece. We turned the usual round of accounts of what had happened in the missing years. Although he reluctantly held back at first, the discussion inevitably turned to his war experiences. It was then that the river of memories began to flow.

"I guess I'd been over about eight months when it happened. We were out on patrol near the DMZ when the Cong pinned us down with mortar fire. The sargent got on the radio to call for help. Since it looked like a small enemy force, and they were only using mortar, headquarters decided to send a chopper to pick us up.

"We saw the bird coming out of the South and everybody was feeling good, you know man, like we were going to get away again, but those bastards are really sharp. They were sitting in the trees all that time with a rocket launcher, just waiting for a helicopter to show. About 40 feet off the ground the chopper took a dead shot and went right down.

"There were bodies all over the place, and within seconds she burst into flames. Somebody was still in there because we could hear him screaming. Some of the newer guys in the unit were looking at each other like they wanted to do something. The older guys just stayed put. When you've been there awhile, you learn that you don't do anything dangerous to yourself unless the man puts a gun to your head and makes you do it. Anyway, after a few minutes the guy didn't scream anymore.

"The shit got so furious for a while there that they finally had to send an air strike in to clear the area. Once the Cong fell back we started to put the dead into body bags. While we were doing that the sargent went into the helicopter to see about the one who had been screaming.

"When he came out he took me over to the side and told me that the guy is pretty bad and he doesn't want any of the young guys in the unit to see him. So he tells me to take a body bag and come with him.

"I don't know how to describe this well, but you know how a marshmallow gets when you toast it over a fire, yea man, all black and blistered. Well that's how this poor bastard's whole body was.

"He was in the pilot's section and the place is really blown up bad, so the Sarge said to lay the bag out in the loading section. Then he took his knife out and bent down and cleaned the eye sockets. After that he turned him over and cut the skin away from the base of the guy's spine so he could have two handles to hold on with. When he finished he picked the guy up over his head like a barbell, carried him to the loading section, and dumped him into the bag.

"After we put him with the rest of the dead I went into the woods and puked my guts out.

"I'll tell you something, man, I saw shit over there that I still dream about. One time this kid, about eighteen man, stepped on a landmine and lost both his legs. He was laying there going out of his mind and screaming for his mother, somebody finally kneeled down and held him like a little child. When he died he really thought he was with his mother, he even asked this dude when daddy was coming home."

When a river of bitterness and agony starts to flow there is no holding it back. There was so much I wanted to know about, a great deal that I was curious about. We talked about My Lai and the reports of American brutality, and the river flowed on.

"Yeah man, like to me the brutality aspect is the worst thing about the whole goddam war. The guys over there are not as political as people back home. The only thing that they could be considered militant on is their desire to get the hell out without getting their ass shot up. It's amazing how fast that place can change you though. The natives are just completely conditioned to war, they think

nothing of seeing mutilated bodies lying in the streets. It doesn't mean anything to cut the heads off of two Viet Cong and bring them home from Cambodia as a trophy.

"But I can't understand how we can get the same way in so little time. With leave and stuff a tour of duty over there is less than a year, but in that short a period of time some of our guys turn into complete savages. People think nothing of setting a guy on fire with gasoline just to watch him burn. I don't think that it's just the fear of getting hurt that makes a kid drop a grenade in the tent of his officer.

"Let me tell you this one though. One time in some village one of our guys made the mistake of taking a bottle of Coke from

a villager. About an hour later, he just dropped to the ground and started going bananas. The Cong ground glass up and put it in the Coke. It took about four hours for him to finally die.

"Well, a few men went back to the village and found the guy who gave him the Coke. Man, they could have just shot him on the spot but they tied him up and brought him back to where we were. This skinny little dude is just kneeling there on the ground with his arms tied behind his back. This cat had cold eyes man, there was no fear in them at all. The guys had the interpreter ask him who helped him grind the glass up. The guy's expression didn't change, and he didn't say a word. One guy walked around behind him and grabbed him by the side of the head and cut his ear off with a bayonet. Then he tells the interpreter to ask him again, but he tells him to ask him a little louder because he figures the guy can only hear half as good now. Everybody laughed.

"They got so pissed off with this guy not talking that they wanted to take him up in a helicopter and drop him out. Finally, the Captain told them to lay off, so they forgot about the helicopter and shot the guy.

"I really find it hard to put into words the way I feel. Sometimes it's outrage, other times it's just deep depression. Most times, though, I don't feel anything at all. I look back over the whole experience and I can't point to a single thing I did that could be considered decent or honorable, but I can point to an awful lot of bitterness and disappointment. Considering where I've been, I also find it futile to say I've been there and I oppose it all. You know that shit might be good for John Kerry, but it don't do nothing for what's inside me.

"But the thing that bothers me the most is that I can't find anything to do that makes me happy. I just feel so cold and hollow. Sometimes I wonder where this is all going to lead, what's going to become of me?"

We ordered another beer and stared out the window in stony silence. Neither one of us could think of an answer to the question.



GIs Missing in Action Haunt Living

WASHINGTON (LNS)—Four years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Beecher of Terre Haute, Ind., received a telegram from the Army:

"... Your son Warrant Officer Quentin R. Beecher has been missing in Vietnam since 11 June 1967..."

Two months later, the Beechers learned from the Army that their son's helicopter had crashed in the South China Sea. There wasn't any water-survival gear aboard. An extensive two-day rescue effort turned up nothing.

"It took us two tortuous years, but we finally confronted reality," Mrs. Beecher says. Her husband, an attorney and a licensed pilot, adds "I've crashed that helicopter a thousand times in my mind, and under those conditions there isn't any way Quentin could have made it."

But the Army won't drop Quentin Beecher from the list of 1,610 servicemen missing in the Indochina conflict—a list that U.S. government officials prefer to call the Vietnam "Prisoners of War/Missing in Action" (POW/MIA). Pointing to men who were declared dead in World War II and Korea but who later turned up alive, the Army, as well as the other military services, rules a Vietnam combatant missing and keeps him that way unless his body is discovered or an eyewitness is found.

The case of Quentin Beecher and his anguished parents typifies a development unheard of in previous U.S. wars. A growing number of families of the missing contend that the military should have mercifully declared their sons dead long ago. And some also accuse the federal government of coldly stringing them along for selfish political reasons. "I think

they're misleading us for their own purposes," Mrs. Beecher says.

These relatives concede that no man should be written off as dead when there is reasonable hope of finding him. But these families shake their heads in disbelief at U.S. policy, which was laid down in a June 1970 statement from the Defense Department. It said in part that "what we want from the enemy is a... full accounting of all who are missing."

Some wives and parents believe that top-level U.S. policy makers are being deliberately misleading when they denounce the North Vietnamese as liars because the Hanoi officials say they can't produce an accounting of anything like 1600 men. North Vietnam has produced a list of 339 men it says have been captured. These wives and parents suspect that Washington's demand for the accounting is just a throwaway bargaining ploy for the Vietnam negotiations in Paris.

Many of these feelings surfaced last week during a Washington meeting of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, the largest organization of its kind. Dissidents within the league picketed the White House and groaned over the remarks of at least one administration spokesman.

The Pentagon concedes that as far as hard evidence goes, only 463 of the men on the list are thought to have been captured—378 of them in North Vietnam, 82 in South Vietnam and three in Laos. Nonetheless, a figure of about 1600 continues to be used by the administration officials and members of Congress. On numerous occasions White House spokesmen, including Nixon, have used

the 1600 figure. When pressed for an explanation White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler recently replied, "It is important to apply the pressure to the other side—not here—to give the facts about the prisoners."

One of those who bitterly charged Washington with deliberately exploiting the bereaved for selfish political reasons is Mrs. Louis Jones. Her husband was lost over Laos and her brother was listed as missing and never returned from Korea. She insists that families of the missing are being misled to believe that maintenance of a residual U.S. force in Vietnam is the only way to get an accounting of the missing.

"They tell us we can't trust the Communists, that we must keep a residual force in Vietnam until they account for the missing..." She asserts that talk of a residual force for the sake of the missing is the administration's way of placating families, "of keeping us quiet."

Another is Mrs. Randolph Ford, whose husband, a Navy pilot, went down over North Vietnam in 1968 and who voted that same year for President Nixon. The Pentagon lists her husband as a prisoner, but Hanoi doesn't. "It shook me up when the administration made it appear we were there (in Vietnam) because of the POWs," she says angrily. "This is a bunch of bull. I resent using the POWs as an excuse to stay in Vietnam. Washington is just trying to save face."

Asserts Mrs. James Warner, whose son is a known prisoner and who headed the National League of Families in Michigan until she "resigned in disgust": "We've been used to drum up war sentiment."

Millhouse, A White Comedy

On Halloween Eve, 1968, an all-night vigil to protest the presidential election began in the Finley Grand Ballroom. That vigil lasted about a week and became known as The Sanctuary.

During that week, we provided sanctuary for Bill Brakefield, an AWOL soldier. On another level, October 31-November 7 served as the homestretch in the Nixon-Humphrey race for the presidency.

Emile de Antonio's documentary film, *Millhouse*, which opened last week at the New Yorker theatre, doesn't say much about the Sanctuary, but it says quite a bit about the fall and rise of Richard Nixon's political star.

The movie is a collage of films and tapes of Nixon speeches as well as incisive observation on Nixon by Jules Witcover (author of "The Resurrection of Richard Nixon") and Joe McGinniss (author of "The Selling of the President"). There are also some newsreel clips of Nixon in his red-baiting Congressional hearings into the case of Alger Hiss, an alleged Communist in the State Department.

The night after Nixon was elected, 171 people were arrested at the sanctuary. I wasn't there that night; I was home with a cold. But the Sanctuary remains my fondest memory of City College. Never before or after that did I feel such a sense of community at the College.

On the fourth morning, Brakefield's 30-day AWOL period ended, and he became classified as a deserter. I was standing next to that very gentle person when federal agents came into the Ballroom. They approached Brakefield, identified themselves and asked him to do the same, which he did. And they asked him if he would come along with them. He said no. When one of the agents grabbed Brakefield's right arm, some of us grabbed his left, and about a hundred of us sat down around Bill.

There was a short tug of war. Finally, the agent, surrounded by a sea of bodies, let go, choosing instead to handcuff himself to Brakefield. Some people were crying and a wonderful freak named Josh Chaikin began tossing cigarettes to us, telling us to calm down. Twenty minutes

later, a number of police from the Tactical Patrol Force, dressed in full battle gear, entered the Ballroom and surrounded us. The scene froze like that for a good ten minutes until all of a sudden, the agent unlocked the handcuffs, stepped over us, and left, the police following close behind.

We were all shocked. I had already prepared myself mentally for a day in jail. I figured out what I was going to tell my parents, and I was wondering what effect an arrest record would have on my future. It was all unnecessary. Smiles quickly broke out. And the realization dawned that we had won at least a small victory.

The Sanctuary was all that mattered to us. We had already decided that Nixon and Humphrey were the same and that the election was a farce. But amidst the communal happiness of the Sanctuary, some of us were depressed by Nixon's victory; maybe our protests against the War had gone to naught. The American people had just elected someone to the right of the Johnson administration.

The movie *Millhouse* brings to mind the days of the Sanctuary because it is an effective piece of propaganda which carries home the banality and cold-bloodedness of Nixon and men like him who laid the foundation of the Vietnam war.

Among the highlights of *Millhouse* are the 1962 press conference in which Nixon says the press won't be able to kick him around any more and the embarrassing (to the movie audience) "Checkers speech." Witcover and McGinniss tell of Nixon's use of TV in the 1968 campaign, including the Nixon team's obtaining a taped endorsement from Dwight Eisenhower in his deathbed.

"*Millhouse*" is advertised as "a white comedy." I laughed a lot. But as the movie ended and everyone filed out of the theatre onto Broadway, the realization hit hard and fast that Richard Milhous Nixon is the President. And there's nowhere you can go to take sanctuary from that.

—bob lovinger



Bill Brakefield is pulled away by police in the bust which ended his sanctuary and resulted in 171 arrests.

Miriam Boxer / LNS

QUICK ONES

SACCO AND VANZETTI

Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were two Italian immigrants arrested in May of 1920 and charged with the death of two guards in a payroll robbery in South Braintree, Massachusetts.

After seven years of appeals, Sacco and Vanzetti were executed not because of their alleged roles in the crime, but, according to their defenders, because they were philosophical anarchists. That tragic incident is now recalled in the new film, "Sacco and Vanzetti," which opened Wednesday at the Baronet Theatre.

The film attempts to cover a seven year span of complex legal proceedings and social history, but fails to pause long enough to develop characters. Director Giuliano Montaldo's characters are either totally evil or totally well-meaning caricatures of political good guys and bad guys. The bad guys are especially too cartoon-like: Geoffrey Keen as Judge Thayer and Cyril Cussack as the prosecuting attorney are soothingly evil and sharply defined figures as are all the witnesses, racist spectators, and jury members.

Yet in the midst of all these unbelievable characters, two emerge as genuine. Glan Marcia Volonte as Vanzetti and Riccardo Cucciola as Sacco save the film by showing us idiosyncracies—they managed by intelligent acting to achieve the individuality that the others did not. It becomes clear as the testimony is re-enacted that neither of them could be a murderer. With a wistful look in his eye, Vanzetti envisions a society of friendly, happy people who share their happiness with all around them. And Sacco's narration of the letters that he wrote to his son were both moving and poetic.

The movie is not good cinematically, however that does not mean that it is not a movie of value and worth—if for no other reason than "Sacco and Vanzetti" does focus our attention to a period in history that should not be forgotten.

Some of the statements from the trial had enormous current validity. The refusal by the Massachusetts governor to grant Sacco and Vanzetti clemency, knowing that it was the last thing that might have saved them, could easily be compared to the actions taken by Rockefeller on the Attica situation. They were both responsible for allowing innocent people to die.

Mary Zaslofsky

TEN YEARS AFTER

If nothing else, Ten Years After is finally heading in a positive direction with this, their first album for Columbia. A Space In Time. True, it is full of Alvin Lee gimmicks, one "Baby, Won't You Let Me Rock and Roll You" which is a poor Chuck Berry imitation (they were better off doing the real thing), pretentious lyrics ("There was a time when I'd sell my brother for a dollar/But I'd never sell my guitar, even if the strings are short."), and songs which are hardly distinguishable from each other when you think back on them. But the album is not as two

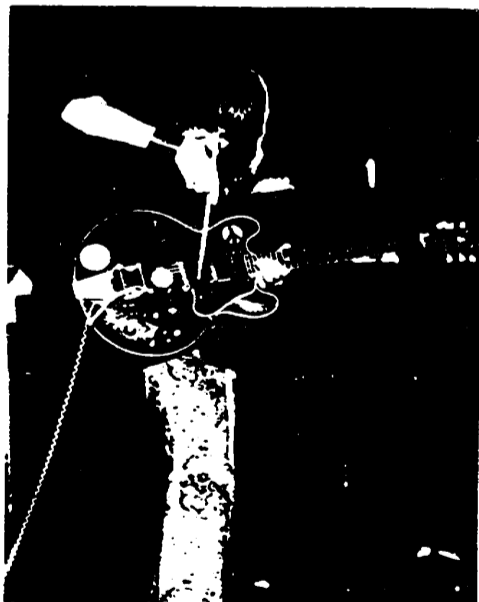
dimensional as some of the things they did for London Records. Alvin Lee's rambling solos are not as long as they used to be, and his singing is actually improving.

The best track on the album is the opener, "One of These Days." The guitar playing is crisp and not too excessive, and Chick Churchill, Leo Lyons, and Ric Lee provide a strong foundation on organ, bass, and drums.

"I'd Love to Change the World" is another good track, and it's good to hear an amplified acoustic guitar for a change.

The group's downfall is in the three or four guitar parts and solos in each song. If Churchill had some organ breaks, or used his instrument as more than an understated rhythm accompaniment like on their "Undead" album where they almost sounded like a good jazz group, or the 1:57 "Uncle Jam" on this album, they might be able to brighten up their dreary arrangements.

—barry taylor



BEACH BOYS

Until I saw that ten-year-old kid in the row behind me at Carnegie Hall two weeks ago, I was ready to dismiss both Brian Wilson and Leonard Bernstein for colossal misjudgment.

But that kid had come in his best sport coat with his mother and little sister to hear the Beach Boys sing "Surfin'." And throughout most of the second set of that concert, he stood on the armrests of his seat and bellowed out that one word incessantly. Now I'm not one prone to violence, but that kid's voice was killing my eardrums. What could you tell him? That kid was hardly alive, if at all, when the Beach Boys cut their first song. His exuberance was ridiculous, but so was that concert.

It was like listening to the 1964 album, *Beach Boys*

OPOP

Concert, with screams drowning out the old, fun-loving, swiftly-moving songs that launched the group: "Surfin' USA," "I Get Around," "Little Deuce Coupe," "Johnny B. Goode."

And even "Help Me, Rhonda," although they now play it in a slowed-down arrangement. But that's just what I find wrong with the Beach Boys and their new album, *Surf's Up*. I don't want to hear "Help Me, Rhonda" slowed down. I want to hear it the way it was recorded, the way it was meant to be heard. Faster even.

I understand how rock groups are afraid of remaining static and of playing to an audience's preconceptions; I even sympathize with the feeling because it makes sense. Everyone wants to feel as if he's growing and improving his work.

But the Beach Boys' new material just lacks that joyous punk spirit that made them great. They are still superb in live performances, but at Carnegie Hall they sparkled only when they gave in to the audience's pleas to bring back the old stuff.

The new album—and particularly its title track, which Bernstein dubbed the greatest rock song ever—just drifts in the background, as if it were meant for a movie soundtrack. The quadrophonic recording is technically precise, but the songs don't arouse, or even bother you, so you can go on eating while listening to it. After all the hype about Brian destroying the "Surf's Up" tape in the wake of Bernstein's fulsome praise and someone unearthing a copy years later, what we have here sounds like it was rejected for Smiley Smile. What the hell do those words mean, anyway? I don't care, I don't like the song.

Perhaps under the bad influences of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, whom the boys still love, they have put together an album full of messages which are either obvious or insubstantial.

The most powerful rocker (the only one), a rewritten version of the Coasters' "Riot in Cell Block #9," is Mike Love's "Student Demonstration Time." Consistent with his expressed attitude that meditating is better than demonstrating, he tells us to "stay away when there's a riot going on." But the song doesn't stop at saying you can get hurt in a dangerous situation, it seems to play into the cynicism that demonstrations or student action of any kind are useless. It's a strange position for the boys to take since they were the only major band with the courage to play at the Mayday actions in Washington last spring. As a matter of fact, the song would have been more topical had the original lyrics been preserved.

One more thing: I want to say something nice about Carl Wilson's "Long Promised Road."

—steve simon

CURTIS MAYFIELD

As lead singer with the Impressions, Curtis Mayfield wrote many beautiful songs and executed them with sensitivity and precision.

On "Live" (from the *Bitter End*), his second solo (Continued on page 12)

By ARTHUR VOLBERT

The promoters said it would be better than Woodstock. But the only thing the Satsop Riverfair and Tin Cup Races had over Woodstock was more mud.

The rock festival was held over the Labor Day Weekend on a farm outside the gloomily-named town of Satsop, Washington.

When I got to Satsop, early that Thursday afternoon, it was raining. It is always raining it in Satsop. One local resident told me that the town got 168 inches of rain a year. That's 14 feet, more than enough to drown in if it all came down at once. Sometimes, during the festival, it seemed like it did.

But the rain was not all that was wrong with the festival. Nor was the resultant mud which in places along the road was knee-deep.

The couple in the tent next to me had their knapsack stolen, with all their food in it, and they didn't have any bread with to buy more. I gave them a jar of peanut butter. That's the kind of festival it was.

The announcer, a dj from Los Angeles, liked to talk a lot and as they took about half an hour between groups to set up, he had plenty of opportunity. But some of the kids there didn't dig him. So on Saturday night someone in the audience threw a board up and hit him in the face.

And on Monday night, when the festival ended, kids began throwing rocks and bottles at the stage.

But not everything was bad. Friday in fact was pretty good. The water system wasn't working, but I had come prepared with a full gallon canteen. It was sunny, and early in the afternoon I found myself a place on the field pretty close to the stage, and sat down and waited for the music to start. I waited for a couple of hours, as they tried to fix the sound system, but there was plenty of good dope going around so I didn't mind it much. Then the music started—the Youngbloods, War and a new English group called Wishbone Ash—and everything was really groovy.

I was digging on watching this band, Flash Cadillac and the Continental Kids, a 1950's style Rock and Roll parody, when two guys come right in front of me and sit down on this two-foot high chest, completely blocking my vision. I'm really starting to get pissed off, when suddenly one calls out, "Anyone want to buy lids?" and they open the chest to reveal cellophane bags of grass piled to the top. A two-foot high, three-foot long, two-foot wide chest-full of grass.

Unfortunately, grass was not the only kind of dope going around the festival. The next day while digging the music, I noticed this photographer taking pictures of something right behind me. I figured that since he was taking so many pictures, it must be interesting, so I turned around and looked.

A big, fat black guy was sitting back, with a strange smile on his face, very spaced out, and with a spot of blood on his forehead. And next to him was this lean, bearded white kid, rubbing a swab of alcohol on his arm. At his side was a hypodermic needle full of clear white liquid.

Friday I was completely zonked, more zonked than I had ever been before, from grass I had been smoking since that afternoon, and then this kid turns me on to a joint of this home-grown stuff grown in the Washington rain forest, and it's super-super and I go flying off. Being there at a rock festival, on my cross-country trip, 3000 miles from home, with all those people, digging the music and hypnotized by the psychedelic light-show, the real seems unreal, the unreal, real.

I'm flying so high that I don't even mind it when all the lights go off and the music stops for 20 minutes right in the middle of the performance by Wishbone Ash, the best group, because the electric generator went dead. Some asshole had forgot to turn on its fuel pump. When they fed it fuel, it goes on again and so does the show.

I don't even mind much that we all have to stand, because the front of the field is a sea of mud, impossible to sit on, and people are standing there so the people in back of them have to stand, and the people in back of them, all the way back to the back of the field.

It really does seem like Woodstock when the announcer states that the traffic is backed up from here to Olympia, 35 miles away. Newspaper estimates of festival attendance said that it reached only 55,000 at peak, yet over 100,000 must have been there at its height. Promoters claim that 160,000 came during the festival's four days.

But one of the festival promoters comes on next to say that since they only collected \$4000 all Friday, the festival is broke, and it's obvious that almost everyone has sneaked in, and that therefore he's throwing the festival open for free to everyone and asking those who slipped in to make some contribution. It doesn't matter that the next day he changes his mind and starts charging admission again. It's still Friday, and we don't know that, and all is groovy.

On Saturday morning, the announcer called for volunteers to help keep the festival in working order. Since I dig helping out, and I dig being in the middle of things, and I was so high from the previous night, I decided to volunteer.

I was assigned to the garbage collection detail, but it turned out someone had forgot to bring in the garbage bags. So after searching for bags in vain for a couple of hours, I went back to listening to the music.

On Sunday, I volunteered for work again, and was assigned to stand guard at the main gate. With me were some other volunteers and two paid but non-

On Sunday, I volunteered for work again and was assigned to stand guard at the main gate. With me were



IRIS Team

some other volunteers and two paid but non-uniformed guards from Allied Security. Because I was at the gate, I did not get to personally witness some of the strange things that happened, but I heard about them as soon as they occurred.

Things at the festival really turned ugly. Maybe it was because it had rained all night, leaving the field a complete bog. Or maybe it was because Ike and Tina Turner decided not to show up because the festival promoters couldn't pay them the full fee.

First there was the bus problem. No cars were allowed on the road to the festival site, so buses were chartered to shuttle people to the town or the parking lot, each of which was about seven miles away. But the buses weren't running very well at first, and then they weren't running at all after one of them overturned.

I was told later that kids were hassling one of the drivers and caused the accident. There were all sorts of rumors that scores of people had been killed. But my most reliable source, a guy named Little Tom who was head of security volunteers, told me no one died and only a few were seriously injured.

But anyway, after the accident, the bus company pulled its vehicles off the road, and they didn't start running again until late that night, leaving kids no alternative but to walk the seven miles or so to town or the parking lot.

Then there was the big shootout. I first heard of it when the two professional security men helping me guard the gate ran into the site, shouting, "Someone's been shot! Don't let any vehicles come in!"

Then they quickly disappeared, leaving me to man the



gate alone, completely in the dark as to what was happening inside. I continued to let people and cars out but no cars in. About ten minutes later, this biker comes roaring out and I let him through like I'm supposed to. Then five seconds afterward, another guy came behind him yelling, "Stop him. He's the one who shot them."

Well, the biker is already past me and there wouldn't be much I could do anyway even if he wasn't so I scream at the top of my voice to the police at the head of the road to halt him. But either they don't hear me, or they're too slow or they don't want to cause an incident with so many people around, so the biker gets to the head of the road, turns left, and escapes.

But fortunately, the guy running after him had his license number, and so the police sent out an alarm, and the biker was caught further down the road.

Finally, the Allied Security men come back and I begin to piece together what happened. Apparently, this one biker wanted to ball this other biker's chick, and the other biker didn't dig it, so they pulled out guns and a couple of bikers got shot, and one stray bullet ripped through a tent nearby, hitting a girl inside. But again, while there were injuries, no one was killed.

Finally, there was the watermelon truck incident. What happened, according to Tom and several other witnesses, was that this large flatbed truck, loaded to the brim with watermelons, had driven down to the road in front of the stage, where no vehicles were supposed to go except ambulance. The driver was loudly honking his horn in an attempt to advertise his wares, thereby seriously disturbing the people trying to listen to music.

The announcer got to the microphone and told him to leave the area and that no one wanted to buy any watermelons. Then kids climbed onto the back of the truck and started ripping off watermelons and other kids jumped on the cab and started beating up the driver. The driver simply lost his cool. He stepped on the gas and drove his truck away, full-speed, 25 or 30 miles per hour, right through the middle of the sitting crowd. People scattered in every direction but some didn't get away fast enough. Again there were rumors of lots of deaths, but Tom told me that again, while there were several serious injuries, nobody died.

My direct contact with the incident came when they brought the truck back through the gate, with about 50 kids standing on the back, and then they handed the struggling driver over to the police at the head of the road. Then everyone helped themselves to the remainder of the produce. The driverless truck sat there in the middle of the road and kids would come out of the gate just to pick up their nice fresh free watermelons. A fine souvenir of the occasion.

It has been said before that the era of the rock festival is dead. It probably will be said again. There were a number of people who tried their hardest to make this one work. Like my friend Tom, who I've previously mentioned, who did not sleep for six straight nights in an effort to direct the security forces. His eyes glazed and his voice broken to a whisper, he stayed up on speed, even though the doctors at the open-door clinic told him he should already be dead.

But the people at the festival just weren't together. There were too many rip-offs, too much violence. And the promoters were something else again. Ignoring all the shit that took place, they called the festival a "people's success," despite their loss of \$300,000. I don't know where his head is at. Perhaps he sits on it.

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If you drive to school regularly and have not yet been overcome by the pleasures of daily living in New York City, the Parking Meter Maintenance Department has a surprise for you come October.

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Department officials gave a simple and direct explanation: "We want to make parking easier for the students... we want to stop the selfish person who parks all day long."

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8-0P-October 8, 1971

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have other ideas.

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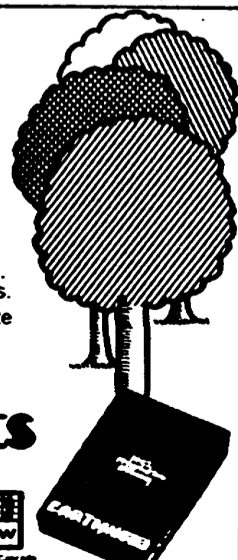
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BY PAUL WEILLS

There I was, a first term freshman, fresh off the 1967 summer of love (that ended with a be-in at Bronx Park where we sang Sergeant Pepper from beginning to end), sitting completely bored in Bittenweiser Lounge.

I was half awake and listening to WCCR, the College's very own closed-circuit radio station. Someone was doing a folk show and read a spot suggesting that people come up and join the station. Still pretty much dozing, I thought about the idea. When I was twelve years old, I had a radio station in my room which consisted of two turntables, a microphone, a mixer and a tape records. Since many enjoyable hours were spent at that set-up, I decide that it might be fun to do it again in a real radio station. So I got out of my chair and made my way up to Room 332 Finley which was, at that time, the office of WCCR.

When I walked in, I was impressed by the number of people in the room and by the good time they seemed to have running the station. The club officer approached me. In a very business-like manner, he collected my two dollars dues and made me a member. I was introduced to the chief announcer who signed me up for an announcer's

He collected my two dollars and made me a member.

training course. As a result, by the end of the semester I was given my own show, known as the Jazz Bag. In those days, the radio station played Broadway, folk, pop, jazz, classical and rock music, in that order! The rock record library consisted of thirty records; the station didn't even have a copy of Sergeant Pepper! In time, however, WCCR's rock library grew to displace all the others combined. By the fall of 1968, I was also doing a rock show.

During that school year, the presidency and vice-presidency of the station were held by a pair of self-admitted dictators whom I shall call Hand and Foot. Hand had but one redeeming quality: he could fanagle fantastic sums of money from the student government and various college officials. For example, WCCR doesn't own its Gates Yard II console; allocations for this essential piece of equipment came from sources outside the funds earmarked for the station. But such good haggling had its surcharge, and those officials who arranged the deal have been coddled and catered to ever since. Despot that he was, Hand actually did some good for the station by setting up new studios and procuring funds for equipment. Foot, on the other hand, would completely abuse his power. He'd suspend members for little or no cause and constantly pull rank on other "cabinet" members.

In one incident, Foot hid the station copy of "Hey Jude" because he didn't like the song (the number one record in the country at the time). Another time, Foot jumped off a table to make a record skip, on the air, during the show of a cabinet member he disliked. To be sure, Foot had a strange song and dance. Come election time, he always managed to win by making a lot of noise about his "professionalism," about how no one could do as good a job as he. Nevertheless, in the election held after the Spring 1969 term, after south campus had been occupied and WCCR thoroughly ransacked, this tactic no longer worked.

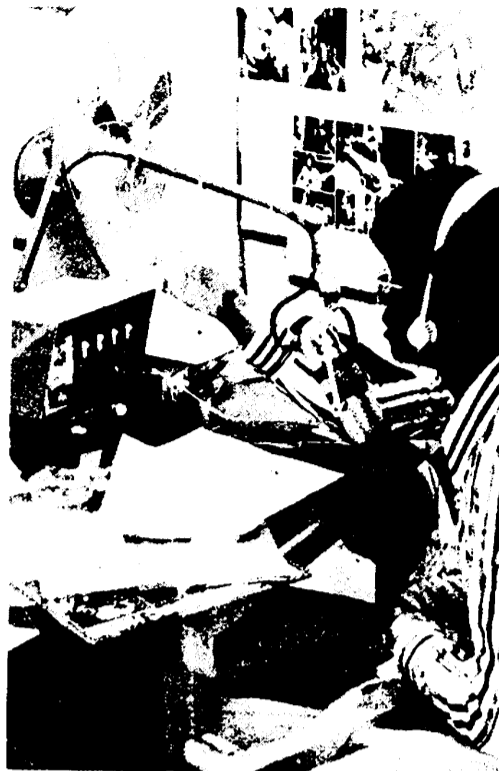
Several other station members joined forces in order to run a unified opposing slate. I ran for one of the cabinet positions, unopposed. At any rate, Foot lost by a landslide and never showed his face around the station again. Hand was narrowly deposed, but stuck around to accept an

Foot lost by a landslide and never showed his face around the station again.

appointed position during the following term.

The winners of the election ran the station fairly for one term. Euphemisms like "president" and "vice-president" gave way to such professional assignments as "station manager" and "assistant station manager." The next term, the two top officers ran against each other for the higher position; but the incumbent station manager won, and along with him, a new assistant station manager. That term I ran for chief announcer.

A funny thing happened on the way to being chief announcer: the election results were posted and I was defeated by three votes. I immediately asked for a recount and was present as the election committee, station members Amorphous, Ambiguous and Nebulous (names changed), went through the ballots. I watched as they counted, but noticed that on four of the ballots my name was checked, then crossed out with a different color pen, and a check in a different handwriting was made in my opponent's box. It's good to know you've got a friend, isn't it? Anyway, it turned out that Amorphous, Ambiguous and Nebulous had locked the ballots overnight in a drawer—to which several current and former station officers had keys. A list was quickly made and I picked out who I thought was the culprit: a WCCR member in good standing who I will refer to as Fred Rommel. Good old Fred, our new assistant station manager. A cabinet meeting was convened to decide what to do about the tampered ballots. As the meeting got underway, Fred



Hey, kid, you wanna join a radio station?

began to loudly deny any blame, having obviously been informed of the accusations I made in private to Amorphous, Ambiguous and Nebulous and to the station manager. His behavior only convinced me further of his guilt. In fact, Fred's guilt is known by the station manager then, the station manager of last year, and the current station manager! Yet Fred has been given positions of power in the station by these people and his dishonesty covered up by them.

And he hasn't changed his ways either, for I know him to be the possessor of illegally-made duplicates of all the WCCR keys. These I feel he has used to pilfer station property while letting the blame fall on other people who lock up the radio station on certain nights. I am presently blamed for the theft of some items that disappeared on the last night (last term) that I closed the station. Isn't it good to know that you have friends?

A new election for chief announcer was held and I was vindicated. Fred, as mentioned, became assistant station manager and together with his higher-up, the station manager, became another fine team in the Nixon and Agnew tradition. This WCCR station manager began a campaign to rid the radio station of, in his words, "freaks." After all, WCCR was to be a family radio station now like WINS. All bad news, all the time. Moreover, because of the faulty wiring job that our station chief perpetrated on the "cough boxes," the headphones (which announcers use to hear how they sound on the air) became inoperable. Being chief announcer, I requested that they be repaired. Mr. Station Manager informed me that they didn't use headphones in "professional" radio, so we wouldn't be using them at WCCR. I knew this to be a lie, but I replied that our announcers were not professional announcers and could learn only by hearing their mistakes.

To see how they felt about using headphones, I started to take a poll of my fellow announcers. In the middle of my show, Mr. Manager came into the studio to tell me that he would not re-install the headphones no matter what the poll showed and that if I didn't keep quiet I would be suspended.

That was round one. During that term, WCCR's money—which, by the way, is your money—was spent wisely on such items as an intercom system which cost \$45 a unit. WCCR purchased three. Having an intercom system at a radio station is a good thing, but the station already had a phone intercom system that worked with much greater clarity. The new ones were "professional" intercoms. After all, it just isn't worthwhile if it isn't professional.

During that Spring 1970 term, moreover, the overcrowding in Bittenweiser Lounge reached subway proportions. This time the "leadership" of WCCR met with Finley Student Center officials to arrange a two week WCCR shut-down enabling the Center officials to determine whether the dirt diminished along with the music. Three weeks passed without WCCR, but according to the Center official supposed to conduct the survey no reduction in filth was noticed by the men who cleaned the lounge every day. I would bring this up whenever I saw

either Fred or his boss.

The manager's opinion, as he stated several times, was that the people in the lounges were just a bunch of animals and as far as he was concerned, we might never broadcast into the lounges again. Besides, WCCR's audience were mainly those in the offices or those listening with portable radios around the campus. Of course, not too many students occupy offices at CCNY, but you can't please everybody, can you? Fred took a different approach. He took me to lunch in the South Campus cafeteria and explained that we had to go along with the experiment or face the wrath of the center officials. We couldn't anger the Gods now, could we? Fred assured me that we would

The people in the lounges were just a bunch of animals.

be back on the air in the lounges within a couple of days.

Nothing happened. I was wondering what I could do when I ran into the editor of the then Tech News and told him what was going on at WCCR. He took me up to his office and a reporter wrote down what I had told him. I told them no more than I've told you in this article. On Thursday, 5 March 1970, Tech News came out with an editorial entitled "CCR's Off-Filth Remains." When copies were brought up to Fred and the station manager, they got excited to say the least.

Fred stormed down to the Tech News office demanding to know where they got their information and a retraction of the editorial. Fred raised such a stink with the paper that they told him of my visit. He then suspended me for "gross insubordination and misrepresenting the radio station." Appealing my suspension at the next Friday night "cabinet" meeting, I was reinstated, but censured for my actions. I would have included some of the text of that meeting, which reads like the trial of the Marquis de Sade, but all records of the entire incident have somehow disappeared from the WCCR files.

Three letters appeared in the March 16 issue of Tech News. One written by a Finley Student Center official cited literature in industrial psychology full of such music-on, music-off experiments which have been responsible for Muzak being piped into factories, hospitals, etc. He felt that if certain kinds of music could soothe, other kinds could animate and excite. He accused Tech News' reporter of allowing his emotions to get in the way of his intellect. A second letter was written by the station manager himself stating that the editorial was inaccurate and defending such a high-level experiment. WCCR, he added, was now broadcasting in Lewisohn Lounge. Unfortunately, he didn't mention that the amplifier in Lewisohn was not working at the time. His letter ended with a plug for the station. These two letters were followed by a third letter signed by six other members of the station deploring my suspension and urging the Tech News to inform its readers of "this unjust action which is becoming all too typical of WCCR's mode of operation."

End of round two. They score a TKO. I do not come out for the third round. By the end of March, my nerves were shot. After Kent State, I completely went off and they literally had to carry me away. Go directly to summer vacation: do not pass school again till September; do not run again for office.

During the past school year (1970-71), all I did at WCCR were my shows and engineering Dave Schwartz's show. Station manager was George Rabies, assistant station manager was Ambiguous, and the program director (for one term) was good old Fred Rommel. During this time strange things would happen. Records would disappear during the night after we did our shows. Various other little items would be destroyed or discarded. We would receive calls at 7:30 the next morning from Rabies asking how and why.

Rabies was the best station manager I had seen at WCCR, but he wasn't much healthier. One of his final acts

(Continued on page 11)



Jeff Flisser

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Where Student Activity Fee Money Goes

The tentative Student Senate Fee Allocations for the Fall 1971 semester are published below. This is being printed to inform all students, as citizens of the College community of the disposition of their Student Activities Fees payments. It is also being printed to advise student organizations which requested funds of the decisions made by the Senate. If any organizations desire to appeal the actions of the Senate, a written request for a hearing must be submitted in Room 123 Finley, no later than Thursday, October 14, 1971. After this date, the Student Senate Finance Committee will schedule hearings with all appealing organizations.

ALLOCATIONS STUDENT ACTIVITY FEES FOR FALL 1971 SEMESTER

	Recommended	Total
Alpha Kappa Alpha		
Christmas Party for Children	50	
Thanksgiving Day Baskets	25	75
Amateur Radio Society		
Repairs and Equipment	15	
2 M Transceiver	125	
Microphones	20	
Speaker and Enclosure	15	175
American Meteorological Society		
Equipment and Maintenance	10	
Student Faculty Tea	25	35
Anthropology Society		
Student Faculty Picnic	35	
Student Faculty Dinner	35	
Stationery (letterhead)	20	90
Asian American Student Community		
Letterhead	2	
Tutorial Program	58	
American Studies	90	
Christmas Dance	45	
Orientation Program	85	292
Association for Computing Machinery		
Student Faculty Tea	35	35
Baskingville Chemical Society		
Introductory Tea	25	
Student Faculty Luncheon	35	60
Biology Society		
Student Faculty Tea	35	
Nucleus (Publication)	8	43
Biomedical Engineering Society		
Student Faculty Tea	25	25
Blood Bank Council		
Publicity	150	
Recruitment of new members	25	
Misc. Supplies	50	225
Snail B'Yith Hibel		
Open House	75	
Student Faculty Dinner	80	
Letterheads (electronic stencil)	2	
Freshman mailings	250	
Postage	30	
Sukkah (cultural program)	50	487
Chinese Students Association		
Introductory Tea	40	
Sports Program	30	
Cooking Lessons	250	
Exhibitions	250	
Community project	140	
Pre-college Counseling Program	100	
Newsletter	50	826
City College Community Center		
Orientation Weekend	350	
Finley Center Rental	125	
Folk Dance Instructor	75	
Program costs	90	640
City College Debate Society		
Partial coverage of tournament expenses	1500	1500
City College Club Football		
Publicity for referendum	200	200
Education Society		
Bulletin of College Resources	4	
Newsletter for education students	34	

Student Faculty Tea	30	
Stationery	20	
Community Service Project	35	125
Experimental College		
Publicity		
Course Supplies	200	
Office Supplies	300	
Film Makers Union	40	540
Misc. Photo Equipment (for purchase of cameras, to be detailed and kept in safe in Room 152, Finley and sign-out sheet developed each semester)		
Friends of Music	100	100
Concert Expenses		
City College Hockey Club	25	25
Game Ice Time		
Insurance		
Equipment		
Referees Fees		
Partial subsidy of \$1000 as recommended	1000	
House Plan Association		
Human Relations Program	2400	
Student Faculty Dinner	150	
Student Parent Programs	150	2900
Jewish Defense League		
Newsletters (electric stencils)		
Karate Club	20	20
League Fees		
Protective Equipment	200	
200	400	
Jewish Student Union		
Upan Remedial Hebrew	60	
Student Faculty Falafel Party	50	
Freshman Tea Party	35	
Newsletter	20	
Stationery (letterhead)	25	
Sukkah Building	100	290
Modern Dance Club		
Accompaniment		
Community Recitals		
Master Lesson		
Miscellaneous		
Recommended blanket allocation of	200	200
Medical Comedy Society		
Royalties	800	
Theater Rental		400
Set Material		100
1500		1500
* (Note: Allocation is large since expenses are incurred during Fall semester and tickets are sold in Spring. Small allocation is to be requested for Spring 1972 semester)		
Observation Post		5500
SEEK Student Government		
Freshman Welcome Dance	225	
SEEK Magazine (Electro-mimeo)	80	
Grievance Boxes	20	
Stationery (For letterhead)	20	
Advertising Expenses	200	
Student Faculty Soul Thanksgiving Dinner	200	745
Sigma Alpha Eta		
Student Faculty Tees	70	70
Stamp and Coin Club		
Books		
Student Council of Mt. Sinai School of Nursing	14	14
Freshman Welcome Tea	35	35
Theater of the Black Experience		
The total request which is largely for the booking of Black artists for presentations at The College is \$2709. It is felt that the group should use student talent and that the total recommended allocation of \$500. be used for supplies and publicity related to student productions. Professional talent is not to be paid.		
Tutorial Development Club		500
Trips for Children	25	
Books	25	
Publicity	15	
Parties for Children	15	
Supplies & Postage	15	95
United Community Centers College Group		
Supplies		10
W.C.C.R.		
Purchase of Equipment		1640
Tapes	200	
Records	200	
Repairs	500	
Knitite Line	75	
Arch. Line	75	
Health & Science Line	75	
CUNY Network	100	3045
West Indian Students Association		
Stationery	20	20

Wanna join a radio station?

(Continued from page 9)

at the station was to purchase two stop clocks for \$120 each. Now, that may seem to be a high price to pay for clocks, but these have foot controls. Of course, these clocks come more commonly as the stop watches that can fit into the palm of your hand and sell for \$5, but what's \$240? Especially when it's from your student funds. After all, the station had spent \$24 on record cleaners that are never used (called "dust bugs"), so what's another \$240?

The night after our last show, a typewriter valued at \$100 disappeared from the radio station. I was informed by the new station manager, Ambiguous, on the eve of his take-over, that "As long as I'm in power at this station, your services and David Schwartz's are no longer requested, nor will they be accepted." You may know this new station manager; he often sits at his desk with a play Army helmet on.

Well, I told him to have fun, because I wouldn't be back at WCCR this September. I am writing this from California and I'm looking for work as d.j. at some of the FM rock stations out here. I still like doing the shows,

even though I went through all kinds of shit at WCCR. Things have gotten so bad at WCCR that the new station manager and his assistant, as well as most of the other cabinet members, got into office without opposition. Most of the people have given up or gotten out while still sane. "Professionalism" has become the password among those with positions of power at the station. The old station kings keep their crowns and keys, dynastically approved by their successors.

It's time that WCCR became responsive to the needs of the students at City College. It's time to "throw all the Generals out on their asses." It's your school and it's your radio station. Join it, move into it, get candidates together, vote at its elections, and it might live again.

City College's radio station is run by someone who hates "long hairs;" its news department consists of an incoherent UPI ticker and reporters who speak out of the side of their mouths. Wanna join a radio station? The dues is three dollars a term and they can't refuse you if you're a CCNY student.

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11-09-October 8, 1971



Sank...

(Continued from page 1)

every notion of change we have struggled for and at the same time created an atmosphere of total disunity and fear in the department is the chairwoman, Dr. Sank," the letter asserted. "... We do not look at Dr. Sank's dismissal as a panacea of social change but it is a first necessary step toward making the City College Anthropology department an organization that is prepared to deal with the problems of its constituency and its surrounding environment," it added. "It is with this in mind that we further demand that Dr. Sank be replaced with someone who sees as the prime objects of his or her job to deal with the needs of an urban university in a Black Ghetto and a student body with an overwhelmingly cultural outlook. This term we will settle for no less." —plotr bozewicz

Anthropology Recommendations

What follows is the set of "specific observations and recommendations" made by the special committee named by President Marshak to evaluate the Anthropology department:

(a) It ought to be possible for students to obtain credit for work in other departments, toward their concentration in anthropology, if such work is part of their desired focus. It is difficult to see how anthropology can play its proper part in the development of urban and ethnic studies, or of such subdisciplines as linguistics, unless this is arranged.

(b) Students should be able to obtain more credit than now appears possible for tutorial work. Such an arrangement would allow for the most effective and responsive use of the talents and interests of the staff and students. Given large class sizes and heavy teaching loads, it is probably unreasonable to expect substantial increases in tutorial course offerings until more equitable ways are found to assign teaching credit for such courses.

(c) Special attention should be given to ethnographic method and comparative analysis, as the leading contributions that cultural anthropology can make to urban and ethnic studies.

(d) The College ought to envision the development of an M.A. program on its own campus. The successful program at Hunter would indicate that this is feasible. Such a program could go far to improving the relations between the College program and the program at the Graduate Center, and would make the College that much more attractive to the sort of staff it would like to have. There might also be a beneficial effect in terms of the availability of graduate students for assistance in the undergraduate teaching program. An undergraduate honors thesis (B.A.) program with special honors examination at the full M.A. level might also be feasible so that honors students could go on directly to graduate work for their Ph.D.

(e) Although the problem almost certainly is not confined to Anthropology, we are disturbed over the Department's apparent isolation from closely related, indeed overlapping, fields. Curriculum planning, for example, seems to take place in parallel, non-communicating channels in each department, whose independence from one another is preserved by insistence on departmentally-organized introductory courses as prerequisites for virtually all topically-

oriented offerings. Particularly when there is an announced urban emphasis to the institution at large, this substitutes a number of narrow disciplinary focuses for what is really needed at the undergraduate level—a broad orientation toward urban needs, potentialities and problems. Probably it also is wasteful of scarce resources of faculty time.

(f) While we have no tabulation available of courses actually given during 1970-71, we were repeatedly informed of substantial discrepancies between courses listed in the catalogue and courses for which students were permitted to register. At least part of the difficulty seems to stem from the somewhat opposed demands of majors in the field and of others not desiring to specialize. The Chairman indicates that there are about 150 of the former, while "at the same time, we must 'service' about 1350 students almost all of whose only interest is to become 'acquainted' with the subject and area of Anthropology." Obviously a balance must be struck somehow between the needs of the students majoring in Anthropology and the demand for basic introductory courses by students in other fields. It is our impression, however, that the present balance may aim too much in the direction of maximizing gross student enrollment, at the expense of the quality of more advanced training offered both to majors and to students in closely related fields. The situation might be materially improved if there were a large lecture hall available to the Department, permitting a consolidation of some of the numerous, separately-taught sections into which the introductory courses currently are divided.

(g) The need for a functional and relaxing space where students and faculty can meet—perhaps combined or adjacent to a departmental library, as well as the need for laboratory space, particularly in physical anthropology, archaeology, and linguistics, have been sharply and repeatedly called to our attention. We are insufficiently well informed of the current and prospective situation to offer specific recommendations, but must flatly describe the absence of adequate facilities as intolerable in a Department committed to a broad approach to Anthropology in all its aspects.

Respectfully submitted, R. McC. Adams
J. Lawrence Angel
H. C. Conklin
D. H. Hymes

OPOP:

(Continued from page 6)

album, Mayfield's light, melodic voice just seems to drift, now that it is not backed by the fine voices of the other two Impressions harmonizing behind him. His new band is a tight unit composed of guitar, bass, drums, and congas, but they do not supply the kind of backing for the old material on "Live!" that can be found on the original versions.

The album is divided between the Impressions hits like "We're A Winner," "Gypsy Woman," "Mighty, Mighty," "People Get Ready" which is just a shade of the original version, and the new tunes which are for the most part, political.

The rhythms are nice to listen to, but the words in Curtis Mayfield's songs are supposed to be more important. It's good to hear his voice again, but it's too bad that the new songs do not stand out, or appear to be as significant as the old ones.

LIVE FREE

Free was a tuff band. They were so tuff last Spring that they split up during a world tour when people were rioting to get into their shows in Australia.

Now there is a real tuff album that was recorded live with all their tuffest songs. It starts with "Allright Now" which was always as good as "Honky Tonk Woman," and now the live version is even better, with different accents and beats twisted out. Free was once likened to a "poor man's Rolling Stones" (now that's tuff) and you can see why after listening to Paul Rodgers' tuff vocal. He used to come dancing up to the mike with a top hat on, and his hands on his hips like Mick Jagger. Only he wouldn't toss his hat aside, it would inevitably fall off. Paul Kossoff is so tuff on this song that his guitar cord gets pulled out of the amp and Andy Fraser has to push the rhythm along with his bass. And that is just the first song.

Each succeeding song was a high point in their show, "I'm A Mover," "Fire and Water," "Be My Friend," "Riding On A Pony," and "Mr. Big" with tuff lyrics and a wall of sound effect built by Kossoff. The last song, "The Hunter," though not their own, is so tuff that it sounds original.

It's too bad that they split up just as they were beginning to make it after three years and five albums, but three new tuff bands are guaranteed to us. —barry taylor

MINI ALBUMS

United Artists Records will soon be introducing "mini-albums" on the market from two English groups: Cochine and Groundhogs.

Mini-albums are seven inch records (the size of the 45) that will contain approximately 20 minutes of music, about one side of an album, for half the price of an L.P. U.A. is just experimenting with these minis, and may even end up sending them free to anyone who writes them and pays for the shipping.

Not to be confused with the EP (or maxi-singles), the minis will have some of the group's best materials, with U.A. hoping that the consumer will become interested enough in the group to buy the album. Like an album, they are played at 33 1/3 r.p.m.

Cochise and Groundhogs are just two of the many groups that are relatively unknown here, but very big in England. If the minis are successful, their L.P.s will probably begin to sell, too. They should. The Cochine disc is a lot better than most of the albums from new groups around now. Among the 5 tracks, they do a great rave-up version of Buddy Holly's "Love's Made a Fool of You," and an outstanding original "Why I Sing the Blues" with a super-dynamic chorus boosted by Steve Marriott.

As the very extensive liner notes on Groundhogs' "Split" explain, lead guitarist, T.S. McPhee, has been around for a long time, and even came close to replacing Eric Clapton in the Bluesbreakers. This mini shows off the group's dynamics, maybe a little too heavy on the guitar, but nevertheless, they are four good cuts.

—barry taylor

TRITON

Triton, the group that was making all that noise in Bottenweiser Lounge two Wednesdays ago has lined up an appearance for themselves at Town Hall for November 1st.

Determined that the time was right for their type of music, they rented the hall for themselves for two shows, and are printing and selling their own tickets.

As you will remember, they are a three-piece group using keyboards, bass and percussion to get a synthesis of jazz, rock, and classical sounds much like Emerson, Lake, and Palmer. After their concert here, which was their first public appearance, they were approached by Motown Records to sign a contract, and have been in touch with Columbia.

Instead of waiting for the conventional way to be discovered, they will be promoting themselves with the help of some friends, and hope to book a tour come January.

Meanwhile, they have formed their own corporation, and Town Hall will be just their second public performance. Tickets are \$4 and \$5.

Book Review

TIGHTROPE MINOR, by Tom Topor. Doubleday, 200pp. \$5.98.

Charlie Minor keeps telling himself that 41 is not old. Oh, he admits that 41 is mature, and that mature means too old to jerk off in front of a television screen, but not too old to fall in love, go to the beach with a girl, be foolish on April Fool's Day, or even become a hero. Charlie Minor, Korean War veteran, ex-movie usher, once upon a time librarian lover, Late Late Show addict, wants to climb out of what he calls the "shitpile of my own cheap pathos," but he doesn't quite know how to do it.

Minor is the guardian of the men's room in Riverside

Park, proprietor of urinals, wash basins and squat pots, curator of conclusion-covered walls. He is the shit man, the protagonist of Tom Topor's very funny novel, *Tightrope Minor*.

Charlie's antagonist is Rosenthal, also known as Roch, FBI man, pederast, child molester and voyeur. Rosenthal knows that Charlie was once Michael Graves, member of the American Communist Party and uses that information to buy Charlie's silence while he uses the stalls in Charlie's comfort station to "interrogate" his juvenile suspects. Charlie wants to kill Rosenthal but when his head says stick, his knees say give, and his knees keep winning. Charlie's friend, Harold, wants him to kill the intrusive agent, is willing to help, and plays the role of Charlie's anarchistic conscience until he becomes the innocent bystander in someone else's suicide attempt. O'Malley, the Irish Irish cop on the Park beat, wants Charlie to testify against the FBI man, whom he can then run in for impairing the morals of minors. Polly, Charlie's ex-lover, wants to do it again. Charlotte, Charlie's current lover (she operates the women's room opposite his men's room) wants to find out what's going on.

What's going on is nothing, because Charlie is a tightrope, being pulled by equal and opposing forces, being walked over by friends and enemies, and a tightrope walker, skittering along a greased thread of life without any purpose beyond existence. Charlie came home from his war, took a look at the world and, not liking the scenery, joined the Party to make change. The Party, in its wisdom, taught him to hide, hide, hide, until hiding became a reflex. Charlie, the man who was going to change the world, lives in a room with a view of a wall, works in a modern-day cave, sells his soul to the lowest bidder, sleeps in fear of his dreams, and lives only when he's in front of his television screen. Like so many of us, Charlie is a voyeur, a watcher of the world. He is always wearing the faces of his favorite actors, Bogart for toughness, Newman for seductions.

When reality forces its way into Charlie's life, it comes as Poppo, comrade from the old days, revolutionary for the hell of it, gun runner, killer-anarchist. He is the breaking strain on Charlie's tightrope. The climax of the novel takes place in Charlie's men's room, fittingly enough, and Charlie survives it, but not without being changed. In the end, Charlie is saved, because Charlie is off the dime, back on the track and running.

The novel moves swiftly, events are sketched with strong, casual strokes, but there are little touches throughout that more than make up for the sparseness. Pay particular attention to Prof. Jefferies and his four color pencil and see how long it takes until you can spot his perversion. Listen for echoes from your own life when Charlie the man wonders what happened to Charlie the boy.

If Richard Farina's Gnossos Papadopoulos was the prototypical student-freak of the Sixties, then Charlie Minor is the prototype of the revolutionary after the revolution doesn't happen. Perhaps we'll all end up facing blank walls, or up against them, when in our foolish short-sightedness, we allow death to run rampant while we fumble for plastic images of life.

—alan miller