

Chairman Sank Gives Up Post In Surprise Move

Diane Sank resigned Monday as chairwoman of the Anthropology department effective Jan. 31, apparently under pressure from the administration.

While Provost Saul Touster refused to say whether Sank was asked to resign, his two-month-long evaluation of the department has now ended. Her decision, he said, "was motivated by what she understood to be the best interest of anthropology at the College."

Assistant Professor David Thomas was elected acting chairman for the spring term by nine faculty members attending a departmental meeting Monday. The faculty also voted to establish a search committee to recommend a new chairman from outside the College. Two of the department's full-time faculty—Sank and Julius Moshinsky—were not present.

Sank, who has headed the department since its creation two years ago, has been the target of numerous complaints by students and faculty. The student-run Anthropology Collective had demanded her resignation in an open letter this fall, citing an alleged lack of communication between her and students, the firings of popular teachers for personal reasons, and the continual harassment of both students and faculty as the principal reasons for disunity in the department.

After the collective presented 17 demands to the administration for changes in the department in October, Touster promised a thorough evaluation of the department that would have one of three possible results: 1) the status quo would prevail, 2) the leadership of the department would change, or



3) students would have to work within the department to try to bring about unity.

After two months of low-level meetings with faculty and students, recommendations were given to President Robert Marshak some time last week. "The overall evaluation was directed at what might be called the governance and structure of the department," Touster said.

"The main concern was the impasse in the department and I think it was solved," he commented after the resignation was submitted and accepted.

Reached at home late last night, Sank refused to elaborate on why she resigned. "Besides," she said, "my feeling towards OP has been that they are not accurate in their reportage. At this moment, I don't want to say anything because it's late and I have two kids to put to bed."

Although the administration refuses to say whether Sank resigned under fire, there had been no indications that she would freely do so. Highly placed sources indicate that Sank and Touster met the Wednesday before the resignation was submitted. The resignation was dated the following Sunday, December 5.

Touster's evaluation was the second time the department had been reviewed in recent months. As part of a college-wide evaluation of academic departments ordered by Marshak, a visiting committee of four distinguished anthropologists reviewed the department and offered recommendations about programs and space needs. Their report was not specific enough, and according to informed sources, additional reports were requested by the administration. The sources refuse to say whether these additional statements affected the second evaluation.

The committee that will search for a new chairman outside the College will include one student who will be chosen from among the departmental majors in a mail ballot, two faculty members, Robert Schuyler and Loretta Fowler, and two outside anthropologists who will be chosen by Marshak from a panel recommended by the faculty.

Humanistic Program

The experimental Humanistic Studies program is now accepting applications for the spring term. Forms and course descriptions will be available in Shepard 117 and Finley 104 until December 17.

The interdisciplinary courses planned for next term are "Growing Up Absurd," "End of Reality," "How to be a Survivor," "Alternate Life Styles," "Problems of the City," "Women's Revolution," and "Post-Industrial Society."

Each of the eight-credit courses is based on discussion seminars and individual or small group projects and meets for six hours a week. Enrollment is limited to 20 students.

Lingering Shadows Jolted by Jukebox

"You have to respect yourself, la de da" comes out of the jukebox. The one in the South Campus cafeteria. Before the workmen finish installing the machine, someone puts a quarter in and out come the Staple Singers.

An avalanche traveling at the speed of sound. Jolting every molecule in the room. Smashing the karma built with the blood and and arrest records of a generation of City College students.

It took only a fraction of a second for the wave to travel from the speaker to the rear wall of the cafeteria. Nothing could stand against its advance.

All pushed out. Forced out of room by the wave. The air of the cafeteria swept clean of any lingering shadows of the Commune.

The life style measured in keys and micrograms, shock troops and cannon fodder. The "revolutionary" forces of life. The despair of disillusionment and addiction.

Jeff, Mel, Ronnie Josh, Sandy, Jerilyn Adrian, Zanger, Stuie, Bruce, Phil and Margo. Cliff, Misty and a Lincoln figure standing in the background. Names on a forgotten alpha roster. The end of a game of Simon says.

Yellow quonset huts squat on the South Campus lawn, the ROTC office is now the reading center. Dow, ROTC, Open admissions, Gallego, Sohmer, and Burns guards. Struggle. Weathermen and Weatherwomen. And now a kindly physicist walks in Lincoln's shoes.

Soon someone employed by buildings and grounds will paint the walls of the cafeteria; Sergeant Sullivan of the 26th precinct will retire. And Klapper Hall will be torn down.

Only the New York Times Morgue and the FBI fingerprint file will remember.

Jamie Friar



Pakistani Relief Drive Extended; Fund-Raising Concert Is Planned

The College's committee to aid Pakistani refugees, called "Help," has decided to extend its three week long clothing drive until December 24. Since November 15, the group has collected over 60 boxes of clothing to aid the ten million Bangla Dsh refugees who fled to India after a bloody invasion by the Pakistani army.

On Monday, December 20, Help will also sponsor an all day concert in the Finley Grand Ballroom featuring Danny Kalb, Happy and Artie Traum, Tuli Kupferberg.

Members of Help man two tables at the College. One is located on the first floor Finley, and the other is located on the first floor of Shepard Hall. Both tables are open from 10 AM to 3 PM.

Pat Evans, a member of Help, noted that the response from the College has been overwhelming. "People have been very willing to help out the refugees."

Ayla Danon, a spokesman for Help, said, "All types of clothing are needed, especially clean blankets. Many students aren't aware that Pakistan has a cold climate and this is the beginning of their winter."

People with cars are needed who will volunteer to drive the clothing downtown to the major pickup areas. Students should leave their names and phone numbers in the Help mailbox in Room 152 Finley.



Kent State 21 Freed

KENT, Ohio (LNS)—"I haven't seen this place so happy in years!" said one woman on the staff of the Kent State student newspaper. She was referring to the wild jubilation on the Kent State University campus after John Hayward, the prosecuting attorney for the Kent 25, announced December 7 that all charges against the remaining 21 defendants would be dropped.

Ohio Attorney General Brown made the recommendation that charges be dropped because of lack of evidence. All charges stemmed from the May, 1970 rebellion on the Kent State campus which climaxed with the killing of four students by National Guardsmen.

The prosecution's announcement came right after Mary Helen Nicholas, the

fourth defendant to go on trial, was acquitted for lack of evidence.

Jerry Rupe, the first to be tried, was convicted November 29 for "interfering with a fireman". He was put on probation. Charges against Peter Bleik were dropped for lack of evidence and Larry Shub, the third student who pleaded guilty to first degree riot charges was also put on probation.

Defense support for the Kent 25 was highlighted by a petition circulated on campus which got 5,000 signatures; minor actions in the courtroom like throwing a marshmallow at the judge; and a Yippie curse placed on Judge Edwin Jones (who resigned two days later in the face of a pending defense attack on the grounds of bias).

A Stimulus

KENNETH WINIKOFF

Oh! So you couldn't bring OP home that week. Doesn't that say something about the lack of communication in your house? And you were afraid to open the paper while riding home on the train. Doesn't that say something about how insecure you are? And what did you say when your aunt asked you, "What's new in school?"

And we cry out for relevance and pertinence, without realizing that, once again, our hangups are staring us in the face. We are suffering the pains of an inability to communicate with those who do not share our intimacy. Of course, it's not our fault; we are plugged into a rigid system which, for the most part, prevents open and candid relationships. The result is that we have been forced underground, disguising our true feelings with ambiguities like "obscene" and "pornographic." And why did you become embarrassed when that woman at the bus stop notice OP sticking out from between your books?

The picture itself was not meant to present the aesthetics of sex, nor was it an esoteric joke directed against cardboard figures of authority and purity, whom we are forced to respect by sheer virtue of their narrowmindedness. The picture was not printed with the goal of giving your English teacher something to sound off about, nor was it meant, in any way, to discredit this institution or this newspaper. The picture was not meant to be "far out," brash or offensive to anyone.

The picture was, in fact, a stimulus to our sensitivities. We are faced with a critical breakdown in communication; we are more concerned about how others view us, than we are about remaining honest and open ourselves. We are the victims of our own repression.

The purpose of a newspaper is to reflect as well as to affect, and if the last issue failed to affect one person into recognizing this communication breakdown, it was a failure.

A Sex Pervert

ROBERT ROSEN

I'm not a prude. I have nothing against fucking. It's a lot of fun. Some of my best friends fuck people. I have nothing against pictures of people fucking, as long as it's in a pornography magazine. If I want to look at a couple of people fucking, I'll buy one. I did not expect to see two people fucking on the cover of that infamous issue of OP. I'm on the OP staff, and I didn't expect to see it. (Nobody tells me anything around here.)

The day that the issue came out, I picked up about ten copies in the OP office without bothering to look at the cover. This was the first issue that had a story with my byline on it, so I needed a lot of copies to hand out to the family (It's the kind of family that hits you with a couple of dollars whenever you do something well in school. A byline in a college paper is worth at least five dollars from everyone).

I went to my next class, sat down, and began to thumb through the paper. The first thing that hit me was that picture on the front page. "Hey," I thought to myself, "Those two people are fucking. No doubt about it, that's a picture of two people fucking."

It was at this time that the guy sitting to my right, also with a copy of OP, turned to me and said, "Did you see the cover of OP? Do you realize what those people are doing?"

"They're fucking," I informed him. "I know fucking when I see it, and this is definitely it."

It soon dawned on me what I had. I had ten pictures of people fucking. Who carries around ten pictures of people fucking? A sex pervert, that's who. Everybody's going to think that I'm a sex pervert. Fucking OP is giving me a bad name. Paranoia was quickly setting in. So was the realization of financial ruin.

I couldn't show this issue to my family. My mother doesn't look kindly on pictures of people fucking. It might put my grandmother into cardiac arrest. "Shit," I thought. "\$50 shot to hell."

Meanwhile, the two sitting behind me were pointing to my stack of OP's and giggling. "Dirty sex pervert," they were probably thinking. "He probably can't wait to get home so he can lock himself in his room and look at them."

One of life's little pleasures is to be able to read a copy of OP coming home from school on the subway Friday afternoon. On that particular Friday, I was not able to indulge in this little pleasure. I had visions of some old lady eyeing the cover, turning crimson, pulling the emergency brake, and start screaming at the conductor to have the hippie with the dirty picture arrested. All I need is to get busted for public obscenity.

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Was Cover Really Obscene?

PETER GRAD

obscene—offensive to modesty or decency; not conforming to approved social standards

There was Maralyn's sister whom I bumped into on my first ride on the D train in two years, my car hopelessly and stubbornly immobile on the Riverside Drive, having stalled at 3 AM on the way home from the printer's.

"Why?" she said. "Why wasn't it run with a story? Was it a joke?"

The new people on the staff, whom we call candidates because cub reporters sounds too inane, standing and grinning asking if we've gotten any reaction yet and will we get sued.

Dean of Students Sohmer and other administrators enraged and ranting about what will happen when the College asks for much needed funds from Albany and the state legislators rise and point to the cover of the last issue of OP.

And my father, more of a radical than I, who pondered to what advantage political reactionaries will use this cover in manipulating the minds of their audience as they call for further infringements on personal liberties.

And undoubtedly, there will be Phil, who for ten months hasn't asked when I can set him up with the girl on the cover.

I can understand the disillusionment some people felt regarding the photograph of the nude couple which we ran on the front cover last issue. They didn't really mind the picture and they liked the idea of running the shot of the two women on the back cover. But somehow, they just expected something more. A story. Or maybe at least a "good porno piece" inside. Or an in-depth centerfold.

One plan originally considered was to run a centerfold or even an entire issue that dealt with the different concepts, morals and definitions of obscenity and pornography. But the wait became too much for some staff members and editors and the decision was made to run the photo without any accompanying caption, column, story or explanation.

I felt it was important to affirm the right to publish any word or photo which we deemed necessary to convey a point, but I thought in this case it could best be achieved by running columns dealing with the philosophy of obscenity in addition to the front cover photo. Despite claims by those in favor of running the picture without explanation, that the picture spoke for itself and that people would know that it was really a social comment, I disagreed. I wasn't so sure that our readers would assume that we really intended the picture as a serious social commentary rather than just as a joke. I thought that an explanation would insure our intentions being understood. However, I'm afraid people sooner believed that we ran the cover solely for its shock value and didn't really believe that

there was serious intent behind it.

The only clear positive point is that at least, the picture forced some people to think and maybe discuss what limitations if any should be imposed upon any or all forms of media.

But there are those who will maintain that obscenity is obscenity, regardless of what rationalizations or explanations might be offered—OP is wrong and all the editors of the paper should be hanged for a criminal offense. To all the decent, God-fearing people who decried the nature of our act, I'm sorry that we've caused you any pain.

But Observation Post, at least as I see it, does not exist to keep its readers happy, to mechanically sugar coat that which may antagonize, or to delete that which may offend.

Observation Post aims to be considered obscene. When we fail to provoke, fall into conformity, begin consenting to "approved social standards," then we will have lost our reason for being.

Why is it that it takes an act which is precious, positive and beautiful to stir a controversy on this campus and not any of the multitudes of barbarous acts committed daily right before your eyes?

Have you seen pictures of mountains of bodies lying dead and decayed one upon another? Did you cry obscene over Vietnam? Cambodia? Pakistan? Mississippi? Kent Atate? Attica?

Did you cry obscene when human beings crying for change and alternatives were shut out, battered down and gassed in the streets of Chicago in '68, exposing the presidential nominating convention as the fraud that it really is; when 10,000 were imprisoned last May for asking their government that priorities of human life be reconsidered, while Nixon, Agnew and Mitchell patriotically commended the DC police force for abrogating the constitutional rights of those 10,000 people?

Do you cry obscene for the 40,000-plus dead, hundreds of thousands maimed or wounded, the millions unemployed, starving, discriminated, incarcerated—those too poor or too sick to watch their president smiling assuredly his optimism of TV that things are getting better, war is over, employment up, prices down, etc.?

If the picture has truly disturbed you, you might wish to confront the real problem. The College offers many courses within the department of psychology that deal with the significance of childhood experiences and their role in the formation of behavioral patterns and personal values which extend into adulthood. They deal with learning and the causes of phobic reactions and obsessive-compulsive reactions—classifications which might help to explain why certain objects or acts may be sources of distress to particular individuals.

It is important to realize that regardless of your views, obscenity does not exist on paper, or in print. It is, rather, a state of mind and as such, is relative to each individual.

Student Papers Win Censorship Struggle

By PIOTR BOZEWICZ

The State Court of Appeals in a precedent-setting decision last week, ruled that student newspapers may not be prosecuted for printing criticisms of any "race, creed religion." The ruling apparently gives student newspapers the same rights as regular papers.

The decision came as a result of a suit brought against Richmond College and Staten Island Community College for separate articles printed in student newspapers which heavily criticized the Catholic Church. The suit was brought by outraged students and parents of students who are minors to prevent the student papers from criticizing or attacking any religion in print.

On June 25, 1969, Supreme Court Judge Vito J. Titone ruled in favor of the appellants, directing the colleges to review all articles in the newspapers before they went to press and to remove those that criticized any race, creed or religion.

Neither paper—The Richmond Times or Staten Island's Dolphin—was affected, however, since an appeal was filed, which automatically stayed the original decision. Last week's ruling overruled the Titone decision.

Sanford Freedman, the assistant corporation counsel who handled the appeal for the colleges, said that this was a classic case of freedom of worship (or not to worship) versus freedom of speech and that if the case had been in any other county in the city, it would never have gotten to the appeals stage. "The court is a little more conservative there," he said of Staten Island.

In the pro-newspaper decision last week, all five judges on the Appeals court concurred: "These newspapers have been established as a forum for the free expression of the ideas and

opinions of the students who attend these institutions of higher learning. It has repeatedly been held that, once having established such a forum, the authorities may not then place limitations upon its use which infringe upon the rights of the students to free expression as protected by the first amendment."

Freedman called it "the first clear and unequivocal statement by an appellate court that absent any interference in the education system, that the staff of school newspapers have the same rights as any other paper in the country."

The Richmond Times article was a reinterpretation of the life and death of Christ. It included such phrases as "Jesus Christ is reborn through the pussy of a black cat in the second floor bathroom of Richmond College" and "Father damn them, for they know what they are doing and they keep on doing it."

Four of the five judges agreed that the other paper involved, "The Dolphin," was less objectionable. Among the stronger comments in that story, titled "The Catholic Church—Cancer of Society," were phrases such as, "The established administration governing the church, the holy mafia, acts like a social leech sucking the precious blood of society—money" and "Suspensions exist among lay dissenters, that the hierarchy wants the masses to breed more benighted bourgeois Catholics to continue indefinitely the cycle of liturgical affluence."

While student newspapers seemed to have gained a victory against censorship in the Staten Island Case, their financial status is jeopardized by a suit brought against the Queens College paper, the "Phoenix."

Two students at Queens, both



This picture of stag show sponsored by the Interfraternity Council at Queens College led two students to sue the Queens student newspaper, "The Phoenix."

members of Young Americans for Freedom, have challenged the right of the school to use compulsory fee money to fund a newspaper which takes "Controversial stands on political issues, insults religions and on occasion has printed articles that could be labelled licentious. . . ."

Phoenix editor Barry Rothfield said, "The charges against the paper are either untrue or taken out of context." The suit was filed after the "Phoenix" reviewed a stag show held at the school by the Inter-Fraternity council in the Spring 1970. One of the two articles written on the event commented that the show represents a microcosm of our society "and that includes decay, lewdness, fingering, cunnilingus, and the

defilement, exploitation and total degradation of the female by the asinine males of America."

The two asked that students not be required to pay that part of the fee which is used for the "Phoenix" but the State Supreme Court ruled that students are not required to finance any school organizations or activities. Apparently, the plaintiffs were aware that all student clubs would be cut off but they felt justified in their action because too much of the fees are used to support politically oriented organizations.

The plaintiffs claimed that a statute which requires all instructional and non-instructional fees collected from City University students, must be paid

to the City University Construction Fund, actually makes all student activity fees illegal. The Board of Higher Education, which is also a defendant in the case, has countered in the appeal that it has the authority to collect a special fee for the clubs and organizations. The final decision from the Court of Appeals is expected early next year.

If the Queens College suit is upheld and the funds are taken from the "Phoenix" and the other organizations, observers note the possibility that the way will be cleared for any student or the parents of a student who is a minor, who disagree with student newspapers, to sue any of the Colleges in the City University to make the activities fee voluntary.

PIGSKIN PICK:

Mao To Grab Ball Away From Tricky Dick

The big game this year appears to be the U.S.-China match scheduled for February. Interest in the game has picked up again since U.S. player-coach T.D. (Tricky Dick) Nixon sent super-scout Hank "Doc" Kissinger to Peking to check out the Chinese squad first hand.

The game, to be played in Peking's spacious Anti-Imperialist Stadium, figures to break all attendance records. League Commissioner U Thant and a host of other luminaries are expected to be in the stands. The action will be telecast world-wide with the U.S. and China blacked out. ABC's Wild World of Sports however hopes to feature a tape of the game the following day.

Game Figures to be Quarterback Duel

The game is shaping up as a quarterback duel between Nixon and Chairman (give 'em Hell, man) Mao. Both boys are seasoned pros who have risen to challenges in the past. Tse-Tung has been calling the signals for the Big Red since 1949. He was at the helm the last time these two teams met. You may recall that was the hard fought 0-0 tie played in Korea.

Though it's been hinted that Mao may have lost a step or two with the years—he's still considered one of the game's superstars. Moreover the crafty veteran has a stronger team behind him than in 1953. He's a daring play caller, who's not afraid to try something new—witness his use of the Red Guard offense a few years back.

Nixon is more suspect under pressure than Mao. Although he's been the starting Q.B. for the Red, White and Blue since 1968 he has yet to prove himself. Nevertheless he's a dangerous broken field runner capable of executing 100% policy shifts that leave would-be tacklers clutching air.

A Look At Strategy

China has in the past relied on a strong ground attack to do the scoring. You can look for more of

the same come spring. Another plus for the Big Red is squad depth—their reserve strength is unequaled. Said one pundit last week, "They got guys playin' fifth string that'd be starters for any other team. That's now deep they are!"

Since the U.S. cannot match the ground game of the Chinese, look for them to strike through the air. Nixon has been heard to remark that the R.W.&B. played too cautiously in their last tussle with the Chinese. He's promised to "pull out all the stops" this time. "We'll leave 'em for dead" declared defensive coach Mel Laird in an interview last week. "We'll be playin' to win, 'cause a tie won't do us no good in the world standings."

Squad Morale A Factor

As the teams get ready for the game a factor to watch for will be squad morale. Both sides have been plagued by dissension in the past. Only last year Interior guard Wally Hicel of the U.S. demanded of Coach Nixon, "Play me or trade me." Nixon responded by asking Wally to turn in his uniform. For the Big Red right halfback Liu-Shao-Chi is playing out his option. Mao had benched Liu following the halfback's request to carry the ball more.

The Pick

Even the most casual observer knows that this game will probably decide the world championship and so it's certain that both teams will be up for the game. However it is possible that the U.S. might be caught looking ahead to its game a week later, with the Russians. The teams are in good shape physically, with only Chinese defensive stalwart Lin Piao not expected to suit up for the game.

In a game as close as this I've got to go with the home team. The Big Red have a rabid following and the partisan banners might well have a disconcerting effect on the U.S. squad. The pick: the Mao men by a touchdown.

—Fred Seaman



Letters

A HEALTHIER WOMAN

What a coincidence—a photograph of me in one of my gym classes coupled with the announcement of the Faculty Council's vote to limit students to one gym class per term (OP, November 4, 1971).

My first reaction was tempered with paranoia, "How did they know I was guilty?" Then I realized that I was not in fact guilty, because in fact, there had been no crime!

Yes, friend, two phys. ed. courses a week have changed my life. I'm now a healthier woman. I run a mile at least three times a week to keep up with my track and field class (PE 75.4). Instead of "pooping out," as it were, I find myself feeling less tired each time. In Tumbling and Apparatus (PE 74.2) I am training my body to more precisely coordinate with my mind.

I also study Tai Chi Chuan—a class once a week and exercise every day. Aside from taking nineteen other credits, I work three nights a week as a waitress. I don't feel "pooped out." On the contrary, I feel extremely involved.

Now the infamous "they" have made a law that restricts my conception of my education. Phys. Ed. majors take many more than four hours a week of Phys. Ed. classes and they never seemed "pooped out" to me.

In fact, the only thing that does seem "pooped out" to me is the attitude that "they" (faculty and administration) know what's best for us (students).

I would rather experience trauma on the chance of experience, thank you. I don't like to be told that I can't do something because there's a law. It makes me feel frustrated, which is a lot worse than pooped out.

If you can register for two courses in any other department, why not two phys. ed. courses? What's the message? Is the Master Plan the medium of the message?

And say, if you're not pooped out, how do you sleep?

Free All Prisoners,
Leslie Kagan

DOMINICANS RESPOND

Upon reading your account of the confrontation between the Dominican Student's Association and the Student Senate, (OP, November 19, 1971) I noticed a few statements needing elaboration, emphasis, or exposure.

To begin with, let us cite one of the said statements: "We are not here to compromise—we are not asking you to give us anything, your money comes from our pockets." The declaration is true, we reassert the contents therein, and we do not have any guilt feelings towards our 'no-compromise' attitude, such a stand is called for. Perhaps the general public feels that our behavior is somewhat contemptuous, and unfair at best; that we demand when we could ask, that we reject compromise where that is the only solution to a problem. Such views are a gross misinterpretation or misunderstanding of the reasons for our actions.

Our attitude was necessary once it became obvious that the Senate never had any intentions of giving the DSA the requested funds. This was quite clear right from the very first meeting of our Treasurer, Genaro Rosario, with the Senate's finance committee when, without even discussing the subject matter, the committee decided to shove us into non-existence. Mr. Rosario arrived at the conference only to find, to his greatest consternation, that Mr. Wu and associates had, beforehand and prior to hearing any arguments, already cancelled the written request. In our view such an action can only be classified as irresponsible, arbitrary and dictatorial.

But how did Mr. Wu legally justify his actions? He used two "bylaws" which say 1.) that no organization with less than one term existence can be financed, and 2.) that no budget request received after the deadline could or would be considered. According to President Lee Slonimsky, these are not 'laws' or 'rules' but Senate practices which can be changed whenever necessary. They are not 'constitutional laws' or 'Senate rules', just practices. We can safely assume then, that Mr. Wu could have approved, at least partly, the request without breaking any laws; all that was needed was urgent necessity on our part, and we had it.

The Senate's finance committee, then, had no reasons for not even considering our budget request, and it certainly cannot be said that they did not see our need for it in the second meeting, the one your paper covered, many of them admitted the seriousness of our situation. In fact, most of the Senators saw the urgency of our case. President Slonimsky, Senator Peter Grad, and Senator Tony Spencer, to mention just a few, clerally conceded not only our need but also our right to the requested money. Even Student Ombudsman Robert Grant, who was also present, managed to visualize our predicament. And yet, on that first meeting, the committee first made up its mind beforehand, and then refused to modify its position after hearing our arguments.

After the second meeting, however, (the first with the Student Senate at large) the situation changed somewhat. The week before it had been an arbitrary refusal by the finance committee, and then it became "possible consideration", it became the welcomed support of conscientious individuals like President Slonimsky, and Senators Grad, Spencer and Perez.

This turn of events was not achieved until determined



and continuous pressure, including some rather involved disputes, was effected. The pressure was needed, otherwise the matter would have never gone beyond Mr. Wu and his committee. But it reached the Senate, and the force and determination of our arguments compelled the Senators to do some hard thinking, something they would have never done ordinarily.

Most members of the Senate view beginning organizations as groups of kids out for fun at the expense of the College, and they may be right. But in so doing they stereotype everything, like proper bureaucrats that they happen to be, and refuse to analyze, or even observe the petitions of legitimate dedicated groups. 'They're all the same so don't bother,' that is their motto. Only by applying pressure, by assuming a 'no-compromise' stand can this attitude be confronted.

But even though the Senate has begun to consider our arguments, we don't think that change has yet arrived. The promises of help and support from a few whose interest may be at best academic, and may at any time be reversed by Mr. Wu and allies, are comforting but nothing else. We can not sit back and wait for the Senate to help us, because we know that most of them are definitely against us. They hope that the promises made by some of their concerned colleagues will calm us down, will give time an opportunity to sap our energy, will give them a respite in which to extricate themselves from the confusion that embraced them on November 17, when they didn't even know what to say. They hope that we'll go away, like the smoke of a dying fire, like the rays of a setting sun.

That is why we still maintain our somewhat obstinate stand: they are waiting for us to disappear, they stand ready to counter-attack. But such hopes will only lead to a terrible disillusionment on their part, for we shall continue to apply all the force we can muster; we shall bedevil their lives, haunt them to their very graves if necessary, until we get what is rightfully ours, until the sword of justice strikes down those with God complexes, those with group prejudices.

Now let us continue and let us quote a statement which presents an attitude of non-concern and irresponsibility towards the student body on the part of some members of a Senate which after all was elected by an always-voting group of students who, in the absence of any opposition, always manage to rule the campus: "If you can mobilize 900 students to do anything on this campus, you're welcome to do it."

The statement, made in reference to a threat by a DSA member concerning the possible ouster of the present Senate by a student vote, can only be classified as pompous. Nevertheless, we accept the challenge. In way of comment we can say that such self-assuredness amounts to sheer insolence on the part of a student representative

whose position depends on the desires of the student body. It also reaches such a level of vanity that any ability to think clearly disappears. The executive is so self-confident simply because he believes that we don't have the power to do anything, that we don't command 900 votes.

We do! Further, we command more than that, for all third world organizations and students who have suffered the consequences of a blind and deaf Senate shall unite and shall know how to defend their common interests, we shall see to that. We shall also expose, individually, those Senators with "I am the State" ideas, and we shall make sure that they never, ever, reach the Senate again. It is very simple, all that is needed is just a few votes to alter the balance of the elections, such is the great student support those SENATORS HAVE. We shall rid the Senate of all those self-loving misfits whose only interests in the office they hold is the ability to say in a Law School application that they were Senators, that they held positions of responsibility. We accept the challenge; few will be those who will not be sorry and even fewer the survivors.

And now I come to the end of my passionate commentary, passionate because of the injustice of the situation, a situation which puts a group of dedicated, hard-working students, at the mercy of a body that is apparently more intent in preserving itself and its favored groups than in upholding the reason for their existence: servicing, supporting, and helping the student.

Yours truly,
Angel Belle
Dominican Students' Association

As an interested Puerto Rican, I have carefully studied the problems of my Dominican brothers with the Senate, and I can only say that them six percenters are only acting in their old traditional fashion: like with blatant prejudice against us third world people.

The only reason I see why the Dominican people won't get any bread from the Senate is because most of it—the bread—has been given away to them zionist organizations, to which most of the senators probably belong. While our organizations—PRSU, Spanish Club and African-American Students Union—rot in the mud of financial starvation, those senate dudes, including those traitors of black skin and spanish tongues who carry white souls, sit around drinking coffee and talking about pussies, and then proceed to give our dough to them middle class friends of theirs.

This is the very fucking last straw: not only do we have to stand being oppressed by them whites, but we also have to stand being robbed by them, through those six per-

(Continued on page 10)

Memories Of An Ex-City College Student

BY ROBERT F. CORBINO

When Pete and I were both in high school, we had a quiet friendship that was characterized by an unspoken awareness of each other as two very different types of people. Pete was tall, blond, Episcopalian, English, slow-moving, and quiet. I was short, dark, Catholic, Italian, quick, and noisy. I still am. But, even though we were different in so many ways, the two of us got along pretty well. It looked like a scene from *Mutt and Jeff*, but we respected each other and came to build a friendship on that respect.

Pete and I would spend most of our time after school playing basketball at the local outdoor court. Both of us were hampered when it came to this game. I am only 5'6" and therefore, when it came time to choose sides, I was always picked last. I tried very hard to overcome my "miserable short-comings," as Pete often referred to my lack of height. But I liked the idea of pitting my squat body against the more nimble neighborhood blacks and against Pete's giant hands.

Pete's feet, like his hands, were also enormous. I've never seen feet that seemed so susceptible to on-coming trucks. I guess most people can be described pretty easily by one outstanding feature. With Pete, it was his feet. Maybe because I'm short I notice people's feet, but after knowing Pete for seven years, I had realized they were not only his outstanding feature but also his weakness. The poetry of a fast-paced basketball game in mid-December, our chests burning with the winter air, was sometimes marred by Pete's fall-away jump shot. Pete, who was at least 6'4," really didn't have to use a jump shot at all. But he knew that he couldn't move laterally very well, so he tried to move vertically. Pete's fall-away jump shot was really that. His ankles were weak. He would rise on his toes, ballerina-like, and summon 200 pounds of strength to propel himself almost six inches off the ground. And then he would fall onto his back. He would return slowly to his feet; the corners of his mouth would be turned slightly upward, not really smiling, just showing the rest of us that he wasn't hurt. And then the game would resume.

The two of us went to City College after graduation from high school. We didn't go to the same high school though, because both of us moved to different parts of Yonkers during our senior year. Soon after I moved to South Yonkers from North Yonkers, Pete did the opposite. But Pete, who liked the kids he had grown up with, kept coming to the basketball court in his beat-up Chrysler, and then he'd travel ten miles to his home after the game was over. He would arrive at the court clutching a gym bag, and then pull monstrous sneakers from it. Chickie, one of the younger kids who played ball with us, had an innocent way of pestering Pete, asking him how he had gotten such huge sneakers into so small a gym bag. And Pete would answer in his dead-pan style, "It's got a false bottom." Chickie would then fall to the ground and roll around while babbling Pete's reply, interspersing hysterical laughter with the "false bottoms."

Pete and I started at City College in 1961. His goals were always very clear to him. He was a Liberal Arts student, majoring in English, and specializing in journalism. I was in the School of Engineering, floundering through the dry, robot-instructed math courses that would eventually cause me to leave school for five years. Pete knew what his strengths were: the written word and dealing with people. It took me until September of this year to realize that part of Pete had rubbed off on me. He was able to communicate on all levels with all people, and his example as a journalist allowed me to finally find a career. Maybe I felt an obligation to continue what he had started, but was not able to complete.

We had only one course at the College together: Phys. Ed. By some quirk of Great Hall registration, I was placed in Pete's wrestling class. Pete and I found ourselves as opponents in a bizarre contest, created by our being the left-over extremes of the weight groups present.



An American paratrooper walks through water-logged reeds in the pouring rain during a search operation in Vietnam.

The rest of the class would laugh at the mis-match. They would laugh at how Pete's feet came out from under him and how I scurried out of the way of his falling hulk. But Pete and I would not laugh. We both accepted this challenge of the opposites, and we had intensity in our efforts that only two competing friends could have.

Pete and I would ride the Broadway local from 242nd Street to 137th each day. On mornings when Pete had R.O.T.C. drill on the old Oval, now replaced by the modernistic Science building, he would wear his Army uniform. And his spit-shined shoes would glitter, so out of place on the morning subway. He was very proud of his shine, and very defensive of little old ladies racing to grab a seat. He would keep his attache case on the floor of the car, protecting his feet from the on-rushing women. Pete did not want to prevent them from getting seats, but he did want to prevent them from desecrating his sacred, spit-shined low quarters. I would watch him sometimes, as he maneuvered that protective attache case with his knees, and as he planned his strategy of escape from the subway car.

Pete must have excelled in his Military Science courses, especially in strategy. His unblemished shoes attested to his expertise.

In 1964 I left the college to enter the Air Force. Pete finished school in 1965. While he was at City College, his warmth and wit distinguished him from the average, over zealous journalism students who flocked through Professor Rosenthal's English 51 classes. His deep baritone voice was heard in Finley Lounge over the now defunct BBC, or Beaver Broadcasting Company, the forerunner of WCCR. His contributions as "stringer" for the New York Times distinguished him as a future Roger Mudd, whom Pete resembled not only in his dead-pan style of reporting but also physically, with a high, square forehead and almost too small eyes. Pete then went on to The Columbia University School of Journalism, and to copy-editing chores at the Yonkers Herald Statesman. Having taken R.O.T.C. as an undergraduate, Pete then faced a tour in the Army. He served with the 25th Infantry's Public Information Detachment in Vietnam.

In 1967, a week before Christmas, I came

home on leave from the Air Base at Plattsburgh, New York. It felt good to get away from the intellectual constipation that I faced every day while in the Air Force. I was home to relax and enjoy the luxury of family and friends again. But, because of a shortage of manpower at the Air Base, I had been called back to duty prematurely. It was that day after Christmas when I started back to Plattsburgh. My luggage was bulging through the plexiglass rear window of my Triumph Spitfire, and my radio was blaring the call letters of a Westchester radio station, WFAS. As I neared the Tappan Zee bridge toll station, with the station beginning to fade, I heard the names of those from Westchester who had been killed in Vietnam that past week. "First Lieutenant Peter B. Bushey, of Yonkers" was announced. The muscles in my neck tightened. My hands moved automatically—turning the steering wheel to bring the car to a stop, and then covering my eyes. When I arrived at Plattsburgh, I phoned back to Yonkers for confirmation of what I thought I had heard on that fading radio broadcast. It was true. On December 22, 1967. In Tay Ninh Province. By a sniper.

Vietnamese Women Play Major Role

The Tribune News Service

(Editor's note: The Tribune is published in Sydney, Australia.—

There used to be a saying in Vietnam that "a hundred girls aren't worth a single testicle."

Because pre-revolutionary Vietnam was basically a feudal society and one in which the men had strict power over their dependants, some particularly horrible customs persisted. Women were shoved into marriage without their consent, often becoming one of several wife-servants a man might own.

Throughout a woman's life she was bound by the "three allegiances and four virtues": allegiance to husband, father, and eldest son; and the virtues of nicety in housework, demeanor, speech and behavior—the same old feminine mystique.

How has the revolution affected the lives of women in North Vietnam? To begin with, out of a total population of 18 million (an inordinately large number of whom are children) more than four million women are members of the Women's Union.

The Women's Union is responsible for educating the women of every village about socialism, the war, and women's rights. They try to get women involved in socially important activities, to stand up for themselves at home and overcome

feelings of inferiority.

They set up schools and hold sessions on health and birth control. Abortion is legal in North Vietnam and contraception is free, although at this point not universally popular, especially among older women. Women are encouraged in the face of a long tradition of large families to limit their families to two or three children. This way they can more easily become active outside the home.

Child care services now exist for about half of the children over four months old, either in all day centers where the evening meal is provided or in six-day boarding centers. Other children are not necessarily with their mothers all the time. They often stay with relatives as families tend to be large and closely knit.

Women make up 70 per cent of the agricultural workforce and more than half of the industrial. They get more privileges in education than men and are encouraged to finish their training. In an attempt to rectify the old imbalance, if a man and a woman of equal talents apply for one school admission, the woman is supposed to get it.

In 1967, when the Communist Party was trying to overcome its own tendency toward bureaucracy and to encourage democratic participation, new regulations were brought in to counteract the

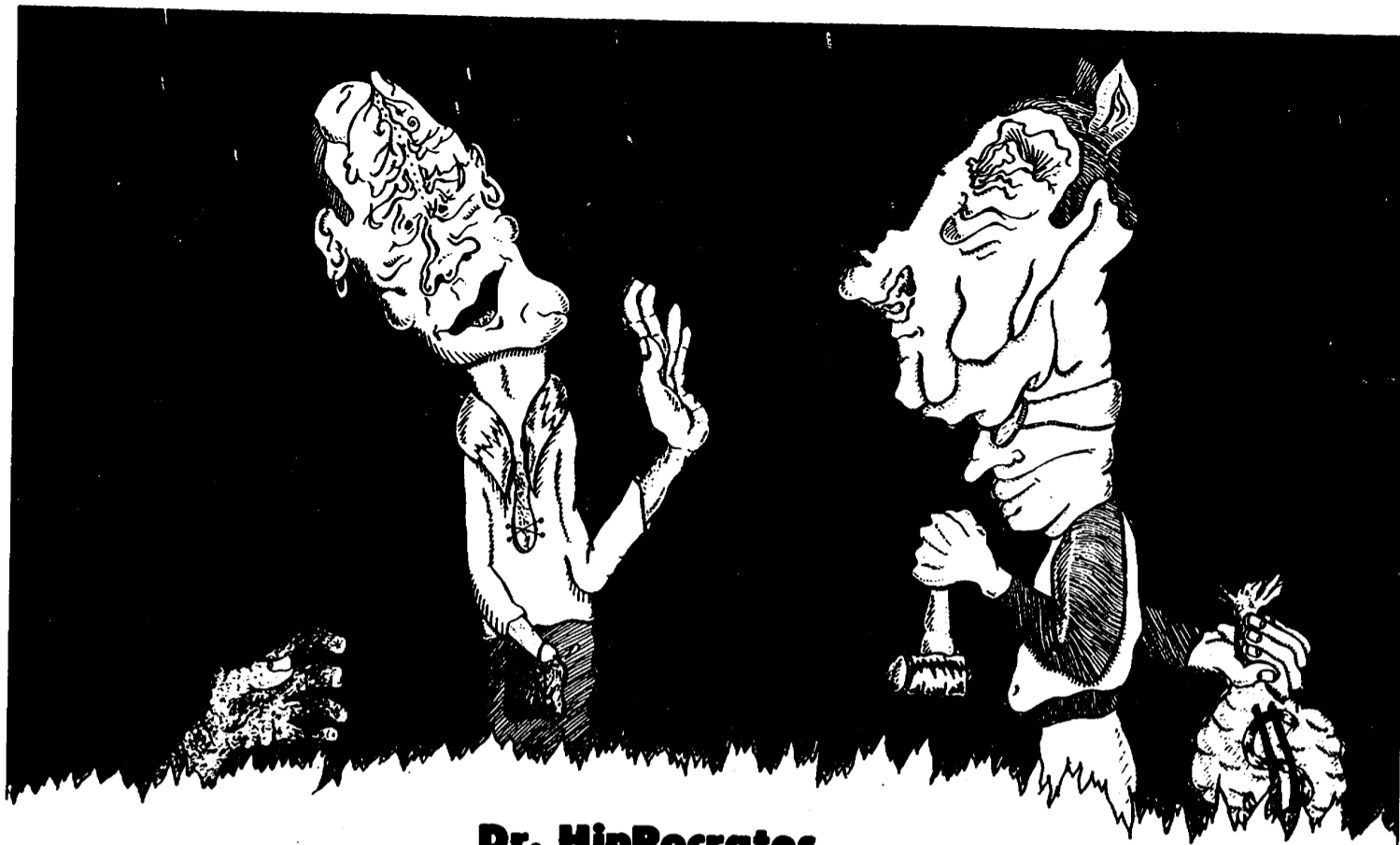
prejudices against women as leaders.

Since then, if an industrial unit or cooperative has 40 per cent women workers, a woman must be on its management committee; if women are 50 per cent, the assistant manager must be a woman; and when 70 per cent of the workers are women, the manager must be a woman.

It is the Women's Union again which makes sure that laws concerning women are implemented. Women get equal pay, paid maternity leave of about four months and special women's health care provisions—especially if they have just had babies. Women have full legal rights and obtaining a divorce is a simple matter.

Women are largely responsible for agricultural and industrial production, partly so that men can be freed to serve in the armed forces. Women play a major role in defense by providing the backbone of the militia, staying at home, and guarding against attack. At this point there is still a minority of women in the North Vietnamese army itself.

Women still fill most of the positions in the traditional women's fields like education and health, and some visitors to North Vietnam have expressed the fear that after the war is over, women will leave the heavier, more valued jobs to the men and fill their old roles.



Dr. Hippocrates

-Lobbyattansie-

We've been having a discussion about VD in the office. One woman stated that some parents objected to instruction on venereal disease which contained information about sexual intercourse being given to children in the schools.

When asked how else she thought VD was contracted, she implied it was from drinking glasses and toilet seats and that this is what children should be warned about! Wow! I couldn't believe it! We told her you could pick up "crabs" from toilet seats but that this is not considered a venereal disease. We also told her the chances of picking up a venereal disease from glasses and toilet seats were almost negligible.

Would you believe we're all in our 30's, 40's and 50's? Please set us straight about this.

Contracting VD in the bathroom is possible but very uncomfortable. Direct sexual contact accounts for 99.44% of venereal disease cases. Syphilis can be transmitted non-sexually when drug users share contaminated needles and syringes, or rarely through blood transfusions.

Sexual contact includes kissing. Mouth to mouth kissing is an unusual but known way of spreading VD.

Many thanks for blowing the whistle on the health food stores that con people into paying higher prices for "natural" vitamins than the identical synthetic substances.

However, olive oil is not a good source of vitamin E. The best food sources are the oils of wheat germ, soybean, cottonseed, safflower, corn and peanut.

Thomas H. Jukes
Professor of Medical Physics
University of California, Berkeley

I am an ex-speed freak. I shot crank (methamphetamine, ed.). Now I have a very good job and a good chance to enjoy life under new influences.

My problem is what to do about needle marks other than long sleeves. I am Black but my tracks are blacker.

P.S.F.

Dermatologists often recommend tattooing as a means of disguising scars from needles. A lighter pigment can obliterate the marks. Consult a dermatologist to learn whether he advises this way of covering your tracks.

Nice People here and there nicely offering me what to eat and often a salad and often in salad are mushroom pieces about which I am always asking, "Uhhh, is it safe to eat such uncooked matter...?" This always brings from the nice people good humored ridicule. Perusing a book recently I came across this passage:

"Most fungi, even the edible ones, contain poisonous substances which have in common the fact that they are destroyed by heat. Hence it is dangerous to eat any mushrooms raw, and may lead to digestive troubles, mental disturbances, and even to fainting. The danger

is worst for small children and old people." (Poisons: Bodin & Cheinesse, McGraw-Hill paperback, 1970, p. 163)

My question: Should I tell the nice people that I'm allergic to mushrooms or tell them the treatment of choice in the event that I succumb???

M.S.

Pass the uncooked mushrooms, please!

Whenever I park with my girl I get a quite embarrassing erection. It seems to be a type of reflex.

What I would like to know is whether it's caused by something in my head or if it's a physical natural reflex that must be "tamed"—and how? W.D.

It's a physical natural reflex caused by something in your head. And a very normal reaction given the circumstances. If you wish, you could reduce your "problem" by concentrating on something or someone that doesn't turn you on. For example, your least favorite politician.

I sweat profusely during sex. I have, of course, tried all commercially available antiperspirants, but to no avail.

So far, no one has seemed to care too much, but I still find it rather embarrassing. Can anything be done?

R.A.

Members of my research staff who sleep on overheated waterbeds have noticed the same "problem." Aside from referring you to the above letter I can tell you some people, male and female, just perspire more easily than others. Many couples purposely rub oils on their bodies to accomplish the same effect you produce naturally.

Since you've noticed no one seems to care too much why not just let things slide?

We're curious about something we heard and want you to verify it. Is it true that if you dip the fingers of a sleeping person into a warm cup of water that he'll empty his bladder right then and there?

T.A.K.

Not always, but often enough so that it's a common prank.

Is it possible to get V.D. from masturbation? I am a boy of 15 and have been masturbating since I was 13.

Very Worried

Masturbation can't give you V.D., rot your brain or cause hair to grow on the palms of your hands, so don't be concerned. The venereal diseases are called social diseases because they're almost always transmitted directly from one person to another.

Since I'm an older grandmother I try to keep up with today's generation by their letters to you.

recently you printed a question asking about cunnilingus during pregnancy.

I cannot find the word in my dictionaries. Will you please explain what cunnilingus means?

"licking of the vulva or clitoris"—Dorland's Medical Dictionary, 23rd edition. Assuming both parties are disease-free it's not harmful during pregnancy—or before. But in most states cunnilingus is a felony crime.

My problem is that I have very sweaty palms. No matter what I do, or where I am, my palms sweat. Sometimes I'm writing and when I lift my hand there's a small wet spot. Is there anything I can do about this? I wash my hands at every opportunity and try not to clasp my hands or hold them together.

R.E.

Excessive perspiration of the palms, underarms and soles is most often caused by anxiety. But there are specific medical problems which can also cause profuse sweating including hyperthyroidism and tuberculosis (night sweats). You should have a medical examination to rule out one of these diseases but the most likely source is something in your psyche.

Is it true that storing food (in a refrigerator) in metal containers such as tin cans can spoil the food and lead to ptomaine poisoning?

T.O.H.

According to nutritionists of the Berkeley Consumers Cooperative, opened tin cans containing acidic food tend to rust. The taste and appearance of the food are affected but food poisoning won't necessarily follow. They urge, though, that food be used as soon as possible to insure your getting the maximal nutritional benefits.

My boyfriend has a habit of adding huge amounts of salt to his food. He reaches for the salt shaker before tasting his meal. I know it's not just my cooking, he does it in restaurants also. When cooking dinner I try to use as much salt and spices as possible, but when I see him heaping more onto his food I get very concerned. He says salt is good for active people who exercise and perspire a lot.

The only exercise he gets is making love. Could a couple of hours a day of this kind of exercise make him perspire enough to require extra amounts of salt? Also could it be harmful over a long period of time?

W.C.

People who perspire a lot do need added salt in their diets. But too much salt may contribute to high blood pressure. Sounds as if your friend has a habit which might be detrimental to his health.

I mean the salt habit.

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

Dead Make It Home

Last Sunday night, WNEW-FM broadcasted the Grateful Dead concert live from the Felt Forum. The broadcasting of live concerts is a rare occurrence for New York radio stations, probably due to the fact it's such a good idea. As Bill Graham said Sunday night, from the Forum, live concerts satisfy all. The Dead can play to a small audience (that is if you call 5,000 people small), and yet everyone else can hear them at home.

The people who handled the technical end of the event did an excellent job. Only Scott Muni, WNEW disc jockey covering the concert, ruined things with his AM-radio voice. Listening with headphones was fantastic. Sound-wise, I could almost believe I was there. At home though, you lose all the electricity in the air that exists between the group's playing and the audience's reaction.

Listening at home, has its advantages, the refrigerator and bathroom being so accessible. I certainly took the Dead's suggestion to get something to eat while they tuned up for the next song.

I saw them Tuesday night at the Forum, the last of a four-night stand. They were

incredible. Then again, I am extremely biased, since I don't think the Dead could ever play a bad song.

Though their new album leaves something to be desired, they sang from it both nights—"Me and My Uncle," "Playing in the Band," "Going Down the Road Feeling Bad," and "Not Fade Away." Luckily they played them with the long breaks in which you forget exactly what it was they'd started out playing in the beginning. Pig Pen seemed in much better form Tuesday night than Sunday. "Big Boss Man" had the real tough and gritty Pig Pen spirit. As a matter of fact, in the second half of the concert, the Dead played a lot of good loving music. They also did a beautiful job with "Brokedown Palace," singing it soft and sweet.

It's a shame that they held the concert in the Felt Forum. Due to union laws it's always a problem when a group wants to play longer and can't. At about 1:30 a.m. the Dead went off, but came back to play "Saturday Night."

Somehow the Forum looks too new to be comfortable. I guess they need some more Dead concerts to break in the seats.

—Anne Mendlowitz



Allmans Rock On

The Allman Brothers. A month ago the mention of their name would bring to mind one of rock's most talented groups. Then the death of Duane Allman. Immediately, a cloud of doubt surrounds them. They have disintegrated in the eyes of pessimistic fans. However, their Thanksgiving night performance at Carnegie Hall proved that great bands can remain great bands even when they suffer the loss of a fine musician.

Like many others, I went to the concert wondering how the void left by Duane's death would be filled. For weeks, rumors were spread of Eric Clapton as the replacement. Therefore, it was no surprise, when the Allman Brothers appeared on stage, to see people feverishly searching for Clapton. But, he wasn't there. In fact, there was no sign of any additional musician. Bassist Berry Oakley walked up to the microphone and quietly tries to speak, but he couldn't overcome the cheering audience. He explained that Duane was looking forward to playing at this concert, and they felt obliged to go through with the performance. And then the set began.

They started with "Statesboro Blues," a song ordinarily filled with Duane's high bottle-neck. Dicky Betts handled the lead, playing slide guitar a register lower than the original riff. It sounded strange, and that sensation coupled with the awkward space left between Greg Allman and Betts made it difficult for me to watch them. But Betts' interpretation was too strong to be ignored. In "Done Somebody Wrong," he again played bottle-neck and my uneasiness slowly diminished. However, these two songs were the only pieces in which he played bottle-neck that night.

Suddenly, a man clad in a green Western shirt, denim bells and carrying a guitar, appeared on stage and shared the lead with Betts in "Stormy Monday." No announcements were made, so throughout the number his identity was unknown to most. He played too good to be a unknown, yet appeared to be an obscure musician. A rather stoic newspaper critic seated in front of us knew who he was, and with mild intolerance informed us it was J. Geils. At the song's finish, Geils left, and the group quickly went into "You Don't Love Me." "Hot Lanta" and "In Memory of Elizabeth Reed" followed, and the concert appeared over. Again Berry attempted to speak but he was repeatedly interrupted



Duane Allman

with shouts of "more," so the group returned and performed a memorable encore of "Whipping Post."

The Allman Brothers Band has survived despite the death of their lead guitarist, and hopefully will continue to do so because they possess something so few groups can boast—talent. Collectively they are great because individually they are exceptional musicians. Few bass players can match the imaginative work of Berry Oakley. Jai Johanny Johanson and Butch Trucks play with the precision many lone drummers have trouble perfecting. Greg Allman rises far above those heavy organists, and Dicky Betts has shown his ability as a strong lead guitarist.

Obviously, the death of Duane Allman has had a tremendous effect on their music and our reaction to it. But, anyone at that concert could see that they are far from being a dissolved group. They arose from Fillmore third-billed obscurity to musical prominence. Duane will be sorely missed, but don't underestimate the future of the group. They are alive and well.

Anne Mancuso

REXLED FUNK MAC MITCH LITTLE

ELECTRIC WARRIOR—T Rex

LED ZEPPELIN—Led Zeppelin

In England, rock and roll is being revived in concerts by T Rex, Led Zeppelin, and The Who.

T Rex is one of the most written about groups in the British musical press. Their popularity is even being likened to The Beatles. They have had three #1 singles in a row, with the last one, "Get It On," selling half a million copies after two weeks in England alone. On stage they are greeted by screaming teenies and afterwards, their hotel rooms have to be guarded. But on their last U.S. tour, they couldn't even get a call for an encore at the Fillmore East by a Mountain crazed audience.

The new album which contains "Get It On" and the new single, "Jeepster" is very simple 1950ish rock and roll, only much louder and funkier. "Lean Love" is like one of Fats Domino's screaming ballads, and two songs, "Planet Queen" and "Cosmic Dancer" are done acoustically, backed by a forty piece orchestra which does not deter from the group's essence.

Marc Bolan has a basic knowledge of the rock and a successful formula working for him—take an antique of a guitar gagger on three chords, a vibrato voice with a touch of echo added to simple bass and



T Rex

percussive beats, and you get some good rock and roll.

The lyrics may be bad, but they are undeniably a lot of fun:

"Beneath the bebop moon,
I want to croon with you.
Beneath the mambo sun,
I got to be the one with you."

—Mambo Sun

"Just like a car
You're pleasing to behold
I'll call you Jaguar
If I may be so bold."

—Jeepster

Led Zeppelin's new album is at least more listenable than II or III, so I guess you could call it an improvement. It definitely does not feature their best

playing and the songs do not have any unforgettable riffs like on their first album or on "Whole Lotta Love," but the album is more of a promise of better things to come.

The opening cut, "Black Dog," starts like "Young Man Blues" and you anxiously wait 4:55 for the whole group to rock into the heart of the song, but it never comes. "Rock and Roll" is just that, with a sloppy Jimmy Page solo which probably would have been sharper in his Yardbird-days. "The Battle of Evermore" is a Robert Plant-Sandy Denny duet with mandolins and acoustic guitars. "Stairway to Heaven" and "Misty Mountain Hop" are two of the best cuts on the album. "Stairway" begins acoustically and builds perfectly until you hear the full roar of the group blasting away with syncopated beats, and "Mt. Hop" has a driving Stones "Live With Me" beat, with organ, bass, drums, and guitar playing off each other.

E PLURIBUS FUNK—Grand Funk Railroad

Grand Funk Railroad has put out another dire collection of songs in another dismal album cover, but I'm sure that is no surprise. Mel Schacher and Don Brewer have yet to improve on bass and drums, and Mark Farner, after numerous appearances with Humble Pie has begun stealing riffs from Steve Marriott.

Farner's seven songs are a study in poor poetry. Besides, we just don't need him to tell us to "Save the Land," or "People Let's Stop the War,"—we've all heard it before.

The real surprise of the album is the symphony orchestra which pops up on the last track. They're also too late for classical-rock fusions. It has failed in every previous attempt, and "Loneliness" is no exception.

FUTURE GAMES

Fleetwood Mac (Reprise)

You have to give Fleetwood Mac credit for coming out with an album like this, without too much change in their sound after two schizophrenic guitarists left them. First, the group's founder, Peter Green, decided to become religious. He quit the group and gave away all his money and is reportedly working at a non-musical nine to five job. Then last April, Jeremy Spencer left the hotel to buy a book and was found four days later in a "friends of Jesus" troupe.

The ability to convey a feeling of restraint while they are actually hammering away at their instruments is what makes their new album so successful. This is particularly evident in the title cut, "Future Games" and "2,000 Woman." Danny Kirwan, the last of their original

guitarists, and Bob Welch, new L.A. guitarist, combine to recreate some of the group's old harmonies.

When they recently played a set at the Felt Forum of mostly new album cuts, Allison Steele interrupted them in the middle of Mick Fleetwood's drum solo and politely told them to get off the stage—their time was up. She tried to explain that they already did their encore, but the audience let out a violent disapproval, led on by Fleetwood who had a conga strapped over his shoulder and was carrying on like a stoned Ricky Ricardo.

That is the kind of spunky attitude that you find on this album which makes it worth listening to.

THE KING OF ROCK AND ROLL—Little Richard

DETROIT—Mitch Ryder and Detroit

Little Richard is back again with a new album of rock and roll. Most of the songs, though are covers of hits made popular by groups that (as he would quickly point out) he influenced. It appears that his days of writing classics are over. The only originality here is in the form of his Don Rickles-type sense of humor:

"Elvis Presley have you heard the news,
I'm gonna walk all over your blue suede shoes.

Aretha Franklin is the Queen of Soul
But who wants to be queen,
when you're the King of Rock and Roll.
Gonna sing and shout it,
Ain't no doubt about it.
I'm the King of Rock and Roll."—King of Rock and Roll.

Between cuts we get a taste of his late night talk show jive ("The beauty is still on duty," "Shut up! I'm the star") with a lot of "right on" brothers and sisters agreeing with him, but all in all it is a good record. His voice is strong and the band is tight. "Brown Sugar" finally makes some sense, "Joy to the World" and "Born on the Bayou" are inspired, and some older songs, "Midnight Special," "Dancing in the Streets," and "The Way You Do the Things You Do" are given some good arrangements.

On Mitch Ryder's new album, he says, "I could never be the best singer in rock and roll. Little Richard is." Little Richard has to be put in a category by himself, but Mitch Ryder has absorbed a lot of his energy, and has just come out of the Motor City with a great new band in the tradition of his old Detroit Wheels. His days of doing "What Now My Love" with a slick soul revue are past, and Mitch is testing his tonsils to Chuck Berry's "Let It Rock," Lou Reed's "Rock and Roll," Ron Davies' "It Ain't Easy," and some biting originals like "Long Neck Goose" and "Is It You."

—Barry Taylor

Malik Describes Auburn Revolt

Abdul Malik, a former inmate at the Auburn Correctional Facility, described the prisoner rebellion of Nov. 4, 1970, when 40 hostages were taken and later released, in a talk at the College last Thursday.

He spoke in the Finley Grand Ballroom under the auspices of the Organization for the Release of Angela Davis.

Before the uprising, Malik said, the inmates had circulated petitions demanding better food and winter clothing, educational opportunities, and religious freedom, among other things. He said that although the authorities could not legally prohibit the petition, they took action against the signers anyway. "If you were caught with a petition," he said, "you were locked in your cell for 90 days."

The rebellion ended without force after 9 1/2 hours as the hostages were returned amid pledges of no reprisals. Two hundred fifty inmates were, however, confined to their cells or put in solitary. Eighty were subjected to criminal and institutional action. Malik himself

was put in solitary confinement for the last five months of his five-year term as a result of the rebellion.

For those last five months Malik said, a week didn't go by without one or two of those 250 inmates being beaten. Men were hosed, down, beaten with sticks, and had pencils stuck in their ears. Thirteen tried to commit suicide. One of them, the only "white boy" locked up, wrote a letter to the warden in his own blood, Malik said, before killing himself.

Furthermore, many of the inmates were moved to other facilities. He said that of the 32 inmates killed at Attica that have been identified so far, 24 were transferred there from Auburn after its disturbance.

The chain of events that led up to the disturbance at Auburn began with an officially-approved work stoppage that was requested by about 500 inmates to observe Black Solidarity Day on Nov. 2, so that they could air their grievances.

However, he said that on the morning of Nov. 4, the prisoners found out that 13 prisoners had

been placed in solitary confinement for no apparent reason. So, at 8 a.m., the inmates took hostages in the hope of exchanging them for those prisoners' freedom and improved conditions.

— Claude Ethe

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Who said citizen action is futile? Populism in the nineteenth century left an indelible mark on the nation. Citizen action won the vote for women in 1920 and brought the abolition of child labor. The labor movement, the civil rights movement, the peace movement, the conservation movement — all began with concerned citizens. If we had waited for the government or Congress or the parties to initiate any of them, we'd still be waiting. Try to think of a significant movement in our national life that was initiated by the bureaucracy. Or by Congress. Or by the parties.

For a while, we lost confidence in our capacity to act as citizens, but the citizen is getting back to his feet. And citizen action is taking on a tough minded professional edge it never had before. Never has our society needed more desperately the life-giving spark of citizen action. We must make our instruments of self-government work. We must halt the abuse of the public interest by self-seeking special interests.

The special interests buy favor through campaign gifts. What flows back is literally scores of billions of dollars in tax breaks, in lucrative defense contracts, in favored treatment of certain regulated industries, in tolerance of monopolistic practices. And the taxpayer foots the bill.

To combat such pervasive corruption, we must strike at the two instruments of corruption in public life—money and secrecy.

To combat the corrupting power of money, we must control campaign spending and lobbying, and require full disclosure of conflict of interest on the part of public officials.

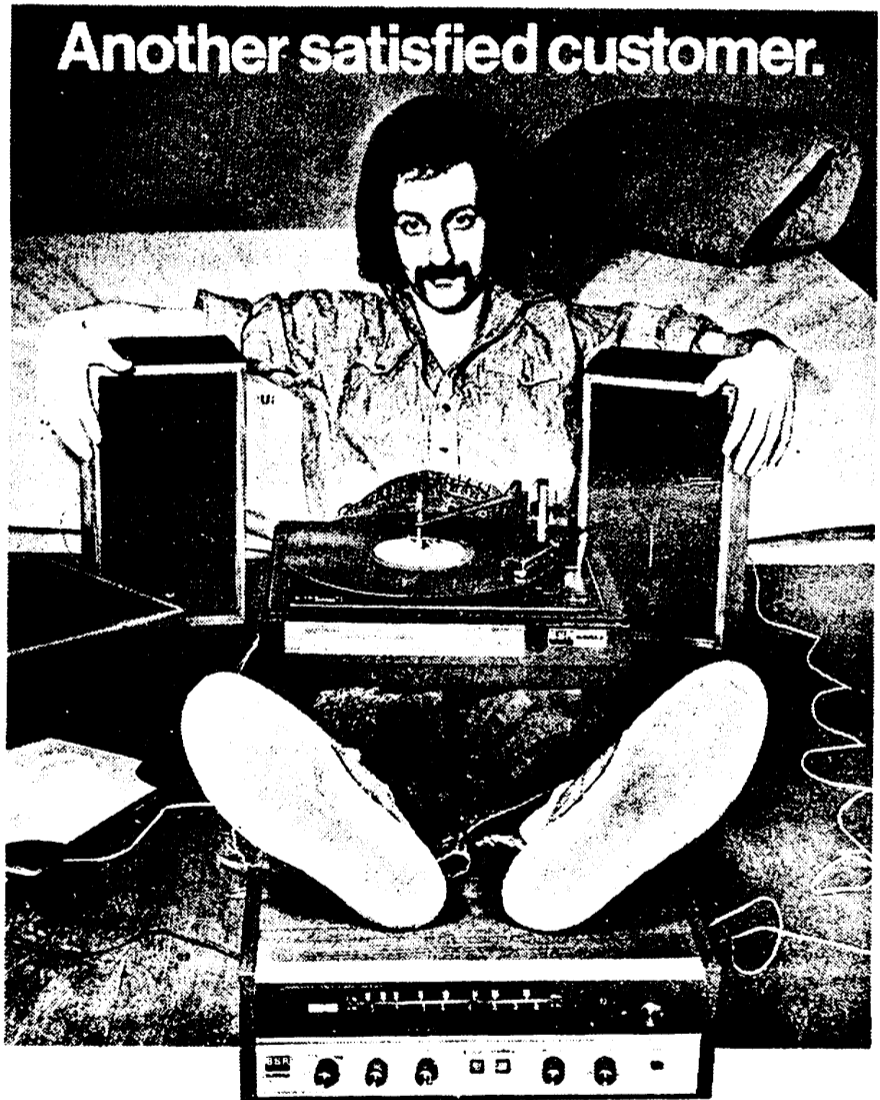
To tear away the veil of secrecy, we must enact "freedom of information" or "right to know" statutes which require that the public business be done publicly. And that's only a beginning. We can regain command of our instruments of self-government.

To accomplish this, each citizen must become an activist, especially the college student with his newly acquired right to vote. He must make his voice heard. Common Cause, a national citizens' lobby, was created to accomplish just that. It hoped to enroll 100,000 members in its first year, and got that number in 23 weeks! On its first anniversary, it had 200,000 members.

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- It brought the first real challenge in a generation to the tyrannical seniority system in Congress.
- It helped bring the House of Representatives to its first recorded vote on the Vietnam War.
- It has sued the major parties to enjoin them from violating the campaign spending laws.

There is much more to do. And the time to do it is now. The American people are tired of being bilked and manipulated. It's time to give this country back to its people. For additional information, write Common Cause, Box 220, Washington, D.C. 20044.

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Paul Hillyer

The President had not been the same ever since his California White House had slipped into the sea along with California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and parts of Utah. He sat nervously in his study with the fireplace going, the air conditioner going and the closed circuit television tuned to the United Nations meeting. He had stopped for a pickle and vaseline sandwich when the FBI monitoring men had interrupted the transmission for a word from Remington Arms.

The Red China delegate was searching through the pile of dirty laundry the other delegates had given him; he was looking for the anticipated announcement for the United States to get out of America, but could not seem to find it since the CIA had lifted it from him earlier in an attempt to delay the inevitable.

When we were in fifth grade we were told that when World War III came, it would be the U.S. and Russia against Red China. With this in mind the President had taken courageous action in opening relations with China and getting it seated on the U.N. The CIA had warned him that such action at that time would polarize the Chinese faction, cause internal upheaval and probably result in a global war, but the President merely snickered and demagogically played chopsticks on his piano.

Master strategist, Thos, God of War, had plotted the moves, showing how, when the Head of Defense is a Navy man, tactics tends towards large scale deterrents of massive missiles and bombings instead of the ground troops tactics of a McNamara. The President's man was Navy.

But the President had not been the same since Tricia was found brutally raped by twelve jackhammers wielded by a coven of construction workers (local 809) who had finally seen the light after watching "All In The Family" and realizing that they were, indeed, uptight individuals. The worst part came out in testimony when five hundred thirty seven eye witnesses verified that Tricia's last words before passing out with the jackhammer spewing noise pollution (well above the accepted levels) into her ever-sweetening honeypot were, in fact:

"Golly."

The Chinese had something to be chagrined by, too. The official reports had finally been released that Chairman Mao Tse Tung had been devoured by a huge dragon while taking his daily twenty-seven mile swim up stream at 4:25 Eastern Standard, but actually they had discovered and executed the impostor, Andy Warhol (on special assignment for the CIA) who has been posing as the Chairman ever since Mao had slipped on a bar of soap in his hotel suite eight years earlier and had died instantaneously.

The President did not expect any help from the USSR. Russia had been in bad spirits ever since the Jewish Defense League had assassinated the top 53 members of the cell system and their families and had added castor oil to 6,000 carts of caviar headed for Moscow. They had escalated their support to the Arabs who did not want or know what to do with the weapons but had to accept them or pay for the Aswan High Dam by themselves. The 600,000 troops the President had been secretarily training in Arizona since '68 had been airlifted into Pakistan to fight their way through to Egypt, but over half of them deserted after J. Edgar Hoover had deported all Hare Krishna people as foreign undesirables.

Despite all this, the President had no fears about the fate of Americans. After that silly bout of existentialism in the late fifties (the only reason for the 1960 fiasco) America had wised up and regained The Faith. Jesus Christ had been on Dick Cavett being asked what he thought about astrology, sermonettes and Riverdale. The Condon Report from the University of Colorado on flying saucers had been re-released to quell the foolish flap of sightings which had plagued the country. Nostradamus had predicted that '72 would be the beginning of the end and although the President knew it was hogwash, it had succeeded in scaring people into once again believing in a Supreme Being. Unfortunately ever since the Times had reported that a cloud of swamp gas had descended on the World Trade Center after having made off with Mayor Lindsay and was now holding off attacks from the National Guard, Bantam Press had refused to publish the Condon Report except under fiction. Even there there were problems. A near-sighted typesetter had mistakenly put an "m" at the end of Condon, instead of an "n" and the book became an instant bestseller but had to be recalled. Ever since the corrected editions came out, not one copy has been bought.

The Red China delegate has just fatally shot his interpreter after delivering his Declaration of War in Chinese, but hearing the interpreter (also a CIA agent) substitute the lyrics to a popular song. It just so happened that the Red China delegate spoke fluent English, French, German and Latvian all along and no one was the wiser.

That was the last trick up the President's sleeve. He knew what he must do and with a hissing scream of "So long, Suckers!" he presses the tiny button on his desk releasing tons of acid anhydride into the nation's drinking water, killing the entire United States populace in a gruesome and horrible, but instantaneous death. The country is safe from Communism, Inflation and Pollution, and it rained most of the afternoon and well into the night.

English Department Issues

Stiffer Rules for Seminars

The English department is imposing stiffer regulations upon students wishing to pursue independent study through individual and group tutorials, and to take part in upper-level seminars.

The plan, initiated by Professor Arthur Waldhorn, is a response to complaints by some English faculty that students participating in these programs were not doing enough work.

"These programs are the best that the department has to of-

fer," Waldhorn said, "Let's make students qualify for them."

mentation from the course instructor. Seminars are offered as regular courses through the department and admit about 12 students each.

The stricter rules will make it more difficult for non-English majors to take the special course, and some members of the department have charged that the plan is elitist.

"Elitism, in a sense, it is," Waldhorn conceded, "although we are not attempting to be exclusive. We are hoping to make (the courses) available to those who show the necessary skills for an upper-level course."

Among the topics in individual tutorials to be offered "The Imagist Tradition in 20th Century Poetry," "Virginia Woolf," "Greek Literature," "Short Story Writing," and the "Novel."

There will be a group tutorial on Leroi Jones and one on the Harlem Renaissance, admitting four to five students each.

The deadline for applications for individual and group tutorials and for upper-level seminars is next Wednesday. All interested students must submit their applications to Waldhorn, in Room 957 Mott, Hut #4.

—Judith Furedi



Arthur Waldhorn

fer," Waldhorn said, "Let's make students qualify for them."

Individual and group tutorials (English 300 and 300.1) allow students to work with a faculty mentor on a topic not available through regular courses. In the past, students only needed to find a mentor before taking a tutorial.

According to the new regulations, students admitted to tutorials must have completed at least 12 elective credits with an average of B or better. Two letters of recommendation are also required, one from the proposed mentor and the second from another department member. No more than one tutorial may be taken in any semester.

As many as four credits will be allowed for tutorials, depending upon the amount of work done by the student.

Students in upper-level seminars will also be required to have at least 12 elective credits with an average of B or better, as well as a letter of recom-

Women to Meet On Prostitution

A "Woman's Conference on Prostitution" will be held December 11 and 12 at Charles Evans Hughes High School, 351 West 12th St. The conference is sponsored by the New York Radical Feminists, the New Women Lawyers, the Feminists, and the New Democratic Coalition—Women's Rights Committee. The conference will discuss taking anti-prostitute laws off the books, and stricter enforcement of laws against male patronage.

Sheila Michaels, a spokeswoman for the conference explains "There are laws against prostitutes and the solicitors of prostitutes, but the solicitors are never arrested. Prostitutes get police records which will be harmful to them for the rest of their lives."

The donation is \$3.00 for both days. Child care is provided. A limited number of men will be admitted to Saturday's morning program only.

—Gale Sigal

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Letters...

(Continued from page 4)

centers.

I have never been very close to the Dominican guys, but when somebody so unjustly becomes a victim of the senate bastards I fully support them. Something has to be done to correct the situation, and right now I'm gettin' high on the simple thought of impeachment, dig! Especially when it comes to those fucking traitors who forgot who they were when they got to the Senate. Power to the people; Puerto Rican Power. Fuck the Senate!

Cautiously Yours,
Jose Rodriguez.

POLITICAL POT

This past Thursday, I was riding the train home, when I glanced over and caught the front page of the Post for a minute. It said two tons of marijuana (worth 1.7 million dollars) were seized in a warehouse. Then I read that the three men arrested could receive a maximum sentence of five years in jail for possession with intent to distribute.

Like a flash, I thought of John Sinclair and that he was serving 10 years in jail for possession of two joints. Justice in the Amerikan way strikes again! Soon I began to wonder who will be next. Political prisoners have been arrested on ridiculous charges and sentenced to do ex-

tensive time in rotten jails. After all of the political people have been put in jail who will be left? Us!!! The people who live their lives for what they believe in but don't shout about it too much we are still well known and well disliked.

These incidents haven't affected the common person yet, but we must begin our struggles anew. We must not wait for them to come after us. We must tear down the prison walls and free all prisoners, because every prisoner is a political prisoner.

Michael Canzoneri

STUDENT REPRESENTATION

Perhaps you would permit me who has retired from City College but retains deep interest in it to comment on the proposal put forward by Professor Ted Gross to have a representative student as a voting member of department Appointments' Committees.

I believe I am familiar with all the principal arguments against the proposal including the fact that the student body is transitory, there is danger that student representatives, out of passionate convictions often characteristic of young people, may be more prone than faculty to accept ideological tests of fitness, and students lack capacity to judge scholarly competence. But on balance I think that the arguments for effective student participation outweigh the dangers. For one thing, the typical student representative will, I believe, limit himself to forming a judgment about the ability of the teacher to communicate and establish rapport with his classes; and in respect to these his judgment may be as

acute or more acute than that of faculty. For another, it is likely to be a rare student who will reject the criterion of competence of the candidate in favor of ideological commitment; and if he did so, I would presume that the faculty members of the committee would outvote him. (It is noteworthy that some of the most conservative teachers at City College and elsewhere are often rated by students, who disagree with their politics, as among the ablest.)

I would make one more important point. At a time when the whole tenure system is under the most vigorous and far reaching attack based, in part, in my opinion, on a rampant anti-intellectualism and a desire to impose greater conformity, its best defense is to increase the assurance that those who are appointed in the first instance are likely to be effective teachers as well as make scholarly contributions. I believe that student participation in the appointment process on the minimal basis suggested by Professor Gross would increase that prospect and strengthen the case for the continuance of tenure which, in turn, seems to me essential for the preservation of academic freedom.

Sincerely yours,

Samuel Hendel, Chairman
Political Science Department
Trinity College
Hartford, Conn.

The writer was formerly a political science professor and the Faculty Ombudsman at City College. He is at present chairman of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union.

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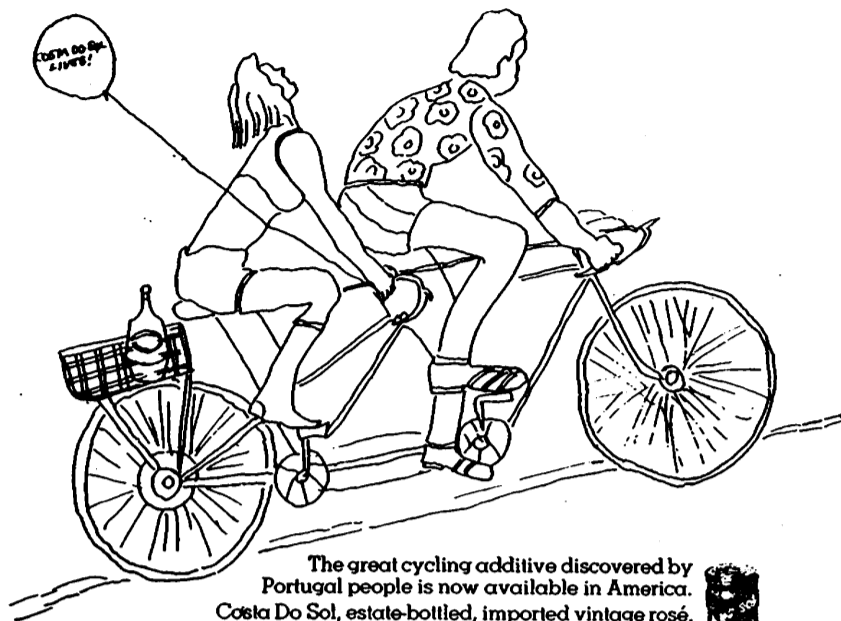
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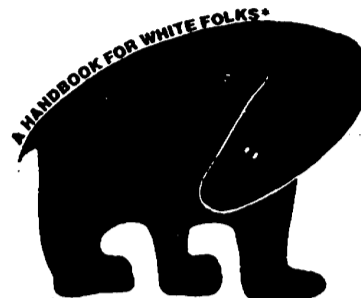


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