



observation post

VOL. 52, No. 1

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1972

Greetings from the First Family



Pat and George Looking For Votes

Sen. McGovern

By KEN WINIKOFF

The ballroom was a haze of cigar smoke and floodlights as the New York press gathered at the Americana Hotel last Thursday to question George McGovern about the uncertain future of his campaign—a campaign which, from all rumors, is on the verge of collapse. Occasionally, the names "Eagleton" and "Kennedy" were dropped, hinting perhaps that there was still some animosity and uncertainty over the vice-presidential candidate. But if there was any anxiety present, it was not reflected in the face of Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams, one of the early McGovern supporters, who stood at the door, smiling and shaking hands politely with reporters.

While the television cameras began covering the floor with their electric tentacles, a McGovern aide announced that the Senator had just entered the hotel and would be up within five minutes. The photographers raced each other for the door to get the first shots, clearing the television equipment like Olympic hurdlers. Twenty-five minutes later, a column of Secret Service men entered the already-packed ballroom, followed closely by Frank Mankiewicz, McGovern's campaign director, who looked as self-assured as anyone could be entering the lion's pit; Senator Edward Kennedy, solemn and uneasy; and McGovern himself, who at



Ted Kennedy and George McGovern speak at New York press conference last week.

least in appearance, was collected and calm.

The cameras whirred and the shutters clicked away incessantly as the candidate mounted the podium amidst shouts of "Down in front." The theatrics dominated the occasion, as one well-known television reporter forcibly pulled a photographer to the floor so that his crew could get a clear shot of McGovern.

Mrs. Nixon

By TOM McDONALD

Fred Perrotta is used to these things by now. In 1969, he ran for Comptroller with John Lindsay. The only problem was that he got the Republican nomination, and Lindsay didn't. Perrotta spent the rest of the campaign pretending how much he liked John Marchi, so he is used to smiling through bad scenes.

Last Saturday was no exception. Perrotta is now the New York co-ordinator of the Committee to Re-Elect the President and this was the first of his big days between now and November. The occasion was the grand opening of Nixon headquarters in Flushing, Queens, and Mrs. Pat Nixon, Governor Rockefeller, Senators Javits and Buckley were on hand to get things rolling.

So how could there be any problems? All this impressive talent to open up a storefront, a full orchestra with straw hats and red, white and blue vests, and a bevy of beauties called the "Nixonaires." The girls were really great. They had on white blouses and blue skirts with little red elephants on the pockets, and they would place their hands on the hips of the girls in front of them and proceed to bunny hop around while singing "Nixon Now, Nixon Now, more than ever Nixon Now." At the end of each chorus they would chant "Four More Years!"

Yet there was a trace of uneasiness on the faces of the officials. One of Perrotta's aides summed up the situation. "Jesus," he said, "we got a third of the crowd we expected and they're all lunatics."

News reports the following day estimated the crowd at about a thousand, but several hundred of them must have

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Lowe Denies 'Phony Degree' Charge

By L. J. LUMENICK

Associate Dean John Lowe (General Studies) last week stepped into the controversy arising out of the disclosure that he holds a Ph.D. from a non-accredited Bible school in Canada.

In interviews, Lowe and other College officials vehemently denied that he had used the doctorate to further himself academically at the College.

But Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer admitted that through an "administrative slip-up," the College had failed to request a waiver that would have been necessary for Lowe—without a valid doctorate—to be promoted to assistant professor in the Classics department earlier this year.

And Assemblyman Milton Jonas (R-Nassau), chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Higher Education, said he would name five City University faculty members holding degrees from the suspect institution at a press conference tomorrow. He vowed to "expose and eliminate every bogus degree

holder who uses phony credentials at the expense of our students."

Canadian College in Question

Lowe's degree was first publicized in a page-one article in the July 13 issue of The New York Times, which revealed that "a number of people in the fields of education and mental health" in the city held degrees from Philathea College in London, Ontario.

Philathea, founded in 1946, was rebuffed in its attempt to obtain degree-granting powers from an appropriate provincial authority earlier this year. The Times said. Its original charter only empowered it to grant "licentiate of theory."

As a result of the article, the Minister of Universities and Colleges opened an investigation into the school to determine if its charter should be revoked. The minister, George Kerr, referred to Philathea as "something of a joke."

Lowe was vacationing in Japan at the time of the article's publication, but

college spokesman Israel Levine admitted that the college "did have some questions" about Philathea, but "decided to ignore it and not take it into account as criteria for promotion."

Defends 'Diploma Mill'

Back at the College last week, Lowe reiterated Levine's stand and criticized the Times article. "If anybody characterizes (Philathea) as a diploma mill, that's an out-and-out lie," he declared.

"I was really shocked," he said of the article. "If this is true, then I've been taken in completely. But I doubt it."

Lowe said the article made Bishop Benjamin C. Eckardt, founder and head of the college "look like some kind of nut. He's a deeply religious man and has done tremendous social work in the community."

He said the school lacked accreditation because of its inadequate library, but said he hoped the school might receive it

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Clap Hands

EAST LANSING, Mich. (AP)—Holding hands is far more common than sexual intercourse among western Michigan teenagers and has been for years, two Michigan State University researchers report.

Among the 4,220 boys and girls interviewed for a study, 88.9 per cent said they held hands with someone of the opposite sex, while 19.3 per cent reported having had sexual intercourse.

In their study, social scientists Arthur H. Vener and Cyrus S. Stewart examined attitudes and reports of sexual experience by junior and senior high school pupils aged 13-17 in three western Michigan communities.



bobby attanasio

observation post

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Comeback

We had a lot of fears last spring that Observation Post would collapse forever from the weight of a term-long internecine battle. While four issues were produced, a lot of heat and bitterness was generated in an argument between two factions over how to organize the paper. That argument was never settled, and neither faction fared well in what became a contest of will power as staff activity declined to a new low.

We are pleased to report, however, that OP has been revived. Last term's warfare will not be continued, and we will try to set out on a new footing to provide the College with its most literate and yet outrageous newspaper. And as in the past, we will not limit our vision to the campus, which seems to have settled into a slow march towards the future.

This will be an important year for students, and OP intends to bring national issues to the forefront of its pages. Radical politics, which nurtured OP during the Sixties, also seems to have taken a vacation. But we cannot forget what we have learned, and that will be reflected in our pages.

One more point: if you've read this far, then maybe you're interested in this newspaper or in writing, too. In which case, we need you badly. More than anything else, we need an infusion of new blood, people who are articulate and friendly and conscientious.

Senate again

Even before officially taking office, the new Senate executives have begun to act in the same cavalier manner as their predecessors, wilfully disregarding the students they claim to represent. Of course, we should not be surprised, since they are only holdovers from last year's inept Senate.

The new Senate president, Tony Spencer, set the stage for the next year by instructing two of the executives to attend a convention of the National Student Association (NSA) in Washington, D.C., last month, sign up as temporary members and vote for a friend of his who was running for NSA president. The Senate also funded a third delegate, a reporter from The Paper, and there would have been a fourth, but luckily Spencer failed to appear as he promised.

What makes this personal junket even more galling was that the students of City College deliberately removed themselves from NSA several years ago in the wake of revelations concerning its former ties with the Central Intelligence Agency. We did not favor withdrawal, but the issue was hotly debated and decided in a College-wide referendum, and there is no way to change that.

There is another point that deserves mention here. In the past, NSA delegates were elected as part of the major College-wide student vote in the spring. It was not left to the whim of a Senate president to choose whomever he wanted while no one was looking.

It would be nice to know that the Senate President could also adhere to the wishes of the general student body before he goes about spending its money arbitrarily. After the disastrous publicity surrounding a trip by three Senate executives to another questionable convention last March, a real student leader would have been careful before treading in this area again. Before this practice recurs, the Senate should name a special committee of non-Senators to examine the question and suggest specific procedures to be followed in the future. And the three junketeers could help salvage the Senate's reputation by offering to pay for their own expenses.

But once again, we are probably asking the Senate to use more intelligence than it has.

Whiplash turned ivy

STEVE SIMON

So here I am again, stuck in the mud of City College, looking for a clean place to put my shoes. You would think that there couldn't possibly be a place that I missed in my previous sojourns, but the authorities are not to be outdone. They have seen me coming, welcomed me with a bit of warmth and forgiveness, and are going to great lengths to beat me to the punch. They are rebuilding the North Campus and tearing down the South Campus, and when they officially open the new Science and Physical Education buildings next month, there will be a hidden glint in their eyes, naively indicating pleasure that neither Simon nor Kilroy, nor for that matter Taki 183, have been inside.

For the uninitiated and the ignoble, I should explain. I am not a graffiti master. I am a newspaper editor, and it was in that position that I gained some notoriety here. I have not really been gone very long, just a term in fact, and the absence has made the heart grow fonder. Not like Henry, but more like Peter and Jane, since I still feel part of the student underclass, a privilege that we often take for granted. But at City College, the feeling persists that most of our classmates have already submitted to the outer world and don't realize that there's still some time left.

To 27 of you, I owe some thanks for supporting my "radical" proposal for a new governance structure in the college-wide referendum last spring. I regret that I wasn't around to campaign for it. The three student newspapers, in an unprecedented action, had united behind the plan and run its full text. But we bungled the educational effort, and the College didn't help matters by sending out the ballots several weeks late. And with write-in votes, you have to take what you can get.

Still, we failed, partly because we had placed so much faith in the capacity of students to see that ours was the only alternative that recognized the power of students and their rights in a college community. The current system, which largely has been upheld by the referendum and President Marshak's interpretation of it, still places students in an aggrieved and powerless situation in which the only thing they are plainly free to do is listen to student politicians speak inanities.

In short, what we proposed was a merger of the Student and Faculty Senates, giving equal representation to each faction, placing both students and junior faculty on appointments committees, and giving students control of the Finley Student Center.

Perhaps, the cry for student power has faded so far into the past that no one can remember what it means: that in the decisions that directly have a bearing on the lives of students, they should not simply have a voice but a determinative voice; that it be acknowledged that they are partners in the liberally-couched dream of academia.

What disturbs me even more than this temporary setback is a fear that even students do not fully understand their potential, and are willing to permit this place to become even more boring and disharmonious.

If we let ourselves believe that the administration and faculty are more entitled to run this place than we are, then we are lost to the point of being reconciled to only issuing pleas when we want something.

To a degree, I can sympathize with those who feel burdened to the point where they can see no value in becoming involved in campus activities, and who are more concerned with the day-to-day struggle to survive. And I can particularly sympathize with those who are already involved in working for change in some activity off-campus.

Those are the people who probably would have become student leaders years ago—at least that's an explanation for the declining quality of those "leaders" we have today.

What I intend to do now through OP is write the kind of regular column I have wanted to do for a long time. Part humor, because there's no way I can separate myself from it, and a whole lot of seriousness, because it's about time I put my knowledge of this school's innards to work and started analyzing how and why it functions. I will always appreciate suggestions and criticisms. After all, I want to know that there are people reading what I write. If you disagree with something, send me a note. And if you agree, do the same, but enclose some money. God knows, I need it.

Lowe Denies 'Phony Degree' Charge

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through its new Computer Science program.

'Ecstasy in Religion'

He said he had originally become involved with Philathea because he was "mainly interested in finding a forum" for his research on "the Dionysian feeling of ecstasy in religion," the topic of his doctoral dissertation, which he says he is now trying to get published as a book.

While his main objective wasn't the degree, Lowe said, "I wasn't going to turn it down. I'm the graduate to whom they most point with pride."

They were so impressed with him, he said, that "they recognized the quality of my work and wanted to give me an honorary degree even before I finished my doctorate."

The work for his Ph.D. included "200-300 hours" of classroom work at Philathea, which he attended on "vacations, holidays and weekends," and outside reading over a two-year period. He received the degree in 1970, several months before his appointment as lecturer, Lowe said.

"But they're not accredited and there's no use pretending they are," Lowe said. "I didn't get my position here through fraud or misrepresentation. I got it on the basis of my work here."

"I work 18 hours a day. I well earn my pay here and I teach a couple of classes," the classical languages teacher said.

Named Dean by Copeland

A 1942 summa cum laude graduate of the College, Lowe was appointed an adjunct lecturer in evening session in 1946, after a four-year Navy stint.

He quickly became "deeply involved with SGS students," he says, "doing curricular guidance and a pretty good job too. I was sort of a dean of curricular guidance. Students with real problems were sent to me."

In 1970, he received full-time appointment as a lecturer in the Classical Languages department, and in acknowledgement of his unofficial position, Acting President Joseph

Copeland named him Assistant Dean of the School of General Studies.

According to Vice Provost Sohmer, the Philathea degree played no part in Lowe's appointment to the post.

Calling Lowe "a good teacher and administrator," he said that the doctorate was not considered in relation to his administrative appointment, since a Ph.D. is not required for such promotions.

At least two deans, Robert Young (SEK) and Assistant-Dean of Students Edmund Sarfaty, as well as Vice-President for Administrative Affairs John Canavan, do not possess advanced degrees.

Department Liked Thesis

As for Lowe's promotion to assistant professor, Sohmer said that was based "on the basis of teaching and everything else," including examination of Lowe's doctoral thesis by his departmental appointments committee, which he said considered it "a fine piece of scholarship."

He noted that the Presidential Review Committee, which passes on promotion recommendations for final approval to the Board of Education, had "slipped up" in not complying with a technicality in the appointment.

According to BHE bylaws, candidates for promotion to assistant professor "must... have obtained the Ph.D. degree, or an equivalent degree, in an accredited university..."

But the Review Committee can ask the BHE to waive the requirement, as was done for several teachers at the College, including Professors Stanley Feingold (Political Science) and Joseph Taffet (Economics), and many members of the art and music departments.

Sohmer said the committee had since sought to correct the situation, and that a request for a waiver was pending. He said that if the request was rejected, Lowe would in effect be demoted back to lecturer, but thought this was "highly unlikely."

As an assistant professor, Lowe would be eligible for tenure in five years.



Dog Days Are Here

Ugh! It's only the second week of school, and I've had it already. The price of food went up again in the cafeteria and Raymond the Bagelman is selling last year's prazels. In my gym class, the teacher said everyone with long hair will have to wear a shower cap in the pool. I really thought that my courses in the Canine Studies department would be in-

teresting, but my teacher for "Hydrants in History" is a bore, and the guy I have for "The Heritage of the Huskies" refuses to see the Eskimos as exploiters. To top it all off, I walked into this class and the teacher assigned us permanent seats. Now I have to sit between these two jerks for the rest of the semester.

Lyman Finds Niche After Being Fired

By L. J. LUMENICK

As anyone who follows the media knows, Shelby Lyman is doing very well these days.

The curly-haired chess master has parlayed his role as the first play-by-play commentator for the recent Bobby Fischer-Boris Spassky championship match into a television series, a round of lectures, a column and a few books.

And it all may be due to dear old City College. While Lyman never attended the Halls of Lavender, he taught here for 3 1/2 years. And was fired.

In fact, Lyman—who then called himself "Shelbourne"—was the subject of student demonstrations at the College, as radical students protested the non-reappointment of him and seven other Sociology teachers in Fall, 1970.

Known as the "Sociology Eight," the instructors were allegedly canned because of their sympathy for the black and Puerto Rican students who seized South Campus the previous spring.

Unlike the Other

Lyman was the least vocal and most obscure of the group, which led some observers to speculate that he may well have had nothing in common with his fired colleagues except that he was dismissed by his department the same time they were.

Two of the eight were eventually retained, a third won an out-of-court settlement

against the College a year later, and the others—including Lyman—drifted into obscurity.

Lyman seems to have given recent interviewers the impression he left the College of his own accord, but this is disputed by reliable sources who indicate that Lyman did indeed appeal his non-reappointment.

There are even hints that Lyman's interest in chess may have prevented him from pursuing his doctorate, which would have prejudiced his reappointment.

Unavailable for Comment

It was impossible to reach Lyman to get him to talk about the circumstances surrounding his departure, so we are left to guess whether Lyman in effect gave up teaching at the College to concentrate on chess or whether he turned to the game full-time to support himself after he lost his position here.

Either way, it worked out well for him.

As a full-time chess teacher, one of his students was a Channel 13 producer, to whom he suggested programs recreating the recent world chess championship matches in Reykjavik.

The educational station thought it was a good idea and promptly hired him as the first chess play-by-play man. He quickly built up a large and enthusiastic audience for the games, and on one Sunday afternoon out-rated every other TV show in town except the Mets game.

Spencer Is 'Regretful' After Latest Senate Trip

Visions of last term's controversy over a political junket to Gary, Indiana may soon come back to haunt the new Student Senate.

When eight students were sent to the National Black Political Convention in March with money from the Senate and President Marshak, the use of student funds for such trips became a major issue in the Senate election campaign.

The Senate appears to have gotten itself in a similar squabble by sending three people to the National Student Association (NSA) convention in Washington, D.C. last month. In a 1968 referendum, the College's students overwhelmingly voted to drop their membership in NSA partly because some of its activities were being funded by the Central Intelligence Agency.

Meeting at Catholic University from August 12-19, delegates from local student governments elected a national president, a position which pays a \$6,000 salary plus expenses, after a bitter floor fight.

Senate President Tony Spencer said he decided to send a delegation because a friend of his, Larry Friedman, a June graduate from Queens College, was

running for NSA president. Spencer felt that "Larry could turn the organization around, so we decided to help him get some votes."

Originally four students were to attend, but Spencer never showed up. Because of summer vacations, the only other Senate executives available to make the trip were Treasurer David Wu and Campus Affairs Vice President Debbie Kaplan. The third person who attended was Gwendolyn Dixon, a reporter from The Paper.

The three delegates spent \$155 for registration and board, and an additional \$58 apiece for air fare.

Spencer says that he wasn't aware that the College had pulled out of NSA until after the convention. However, Vice Provost Bernard Sohmer says that he informed Spencer to the contrary when Spencer first made the decision.

After three years of debate and referenda, the College officially pulled out of the generally liberal-oriented NSA in April, 1968. Disclosures the previous year that the CIA financially supported NSA's international activities were a major reason behind the withdrawal move, but there was also a feeling that NSA did nothing for the College.

Spencer termed the whole episode "regretful." He went on to say that "we're finished with NSA, and you'll never see us sending any delegates down there again."

In his campaign, Friedman falsely claimed that he was responsible for a

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Free Films

The Finley Program Agency will begin its fall series of free film showings this Friday with a trio of celluloid epics: The Trip, Head, starring the Monkees, and Salvador Dali's Un Chien Andalou. The films will be shown consecutively in the Grand Ballroom, Room 101 Finley, at 2 PM and 6 PM.



Chairwoman Chandler: 'Visible Symbol' in Academia

By JEANIE GRUMET

Professor Alice Chandler (English), newly-elected chairwoman of the Executive Committee of the Faculty Senate, sees herself as a "visible symbol" in an academic community where the invisibility of women has been the norm. But she doesn't expect to change the role of chief spokesman for faculty simply because she is a woman.

"There has been a habit of thinking only males fit certain jobs, but there is a growing awareness that it is not only the men who are qualified for the jobs," she said in an interview last week. Pointing to the fact that 17 of the 96 faculty senators are women, Chandler noted that this was a "tremendous increase which reflects the large influx of the number of women faculty members" since the Faculty Senate was created in 1969.

She says she has noticed a change in stated policy and attitudes towards women on the Senate, and she also remarked that President Marshak's administration has shown "a great deal of consciousness and a desire to hire women faculty."

Stresses Governance

Professor Chandler, a magna cum laude graduate of Barnard, previously taught at Barnard, Skidmore, and Hunter before joining the English Department here in 1961. While she is not well-known through the College, she has been active in the English Department, which elected her to the Faculty Senate in 1970. In 1971, the Senate elected her to its executive committee, and this past June, she agreed to serve as its chairwoman.

The chairwoman sees the governance proposal as the primary issue she will be dealing with this semester. She hopes to set up new ways in which faculty can have access to or enlarge its role in decision-making.

But she flatly said she opposes the plan to merge the Faculty and Student Senates, as was proposed last spring by the student newspapers, adding that she favored a separation of administration, faculty, and students in order to "maintain autonomy."

These groups, she stated, "should be merged where interests coalesce, for example the students and faculty could

work together in the choice of curriculum," a job usually done on the departmental level.

Opposes Joint Bodies

On the question of whether students should have an active role in the hiring and firing of professors, Chandler said she prefers a separate Student Appointments Committee working "alongside but not with the faculty." She suggested that joint student-faculty bodies could not work because "the student's voice would be lost" among the faculty. A lot of problems, she said, would either not interest students or would be beyond their academic competence.

Chandler says that other issues the Faculty Senate will be involved in this semester include "the creation of more interdisciplinary curricula, and a greater involvement of faculty in the creation of new programs and institutes." She points out that "there has been more communication between the faculty, more awareness of new programs and a broader participation" in the first two years of the Marshak administration.



Alice Chandler
Praises Marshak Administration

Townshend's Next with Solo Album

Who Came First

an album by Pete Townshend

Close your eyes and let yourself drift back through time for a minute, and you may be able to picture the young Peter Townshend crouched in front of a tape recorder in his parents' garage, earphones on his head and a big Rickenbacker six string in his arms. He's laying down three or four simple tracks to some songs he's written—"My Generation," "Magic Bus," "I'm A Boy," and maybe "Substitute." He plans to impress his girlfriend with the tape and then play it for the guys in the group he is in. He got the idea from his hero, Eddie Cochran, who used to record albums in a similar way.

Townshend's homemade basement tapes have been notorious for some time. Supposedly, some were even superior to the versions recorded by The Who. Townshend mused at the idea of putting out an album of these tapes as a free bonus with a record by the group, but the idea, like many of The Who's schemes, never materialized. It is too bad that these tapes were never put into mass circulation, because as one who has heard some which have leaked out, I want you to know that they really are brilliant. Townshend has single handedly defined the familiar instrumental and vocal styles of Moon, Daltrey and Entwistle on these early recordings.

Unfortunately, an album made up of these tapes will probably never appear (not to belittle Entwistle, he has been making similar tapes since "Boris the Spider"), but we are now lucky to have the next best thing, *Who Came First*, Pete Townshend's solo album, made up of tapes in which he plays all the instruments in his home studio.

Dedicated to Meher Baba, the Indian mystic who Townshend has been a devotee of for the last few years, we get a glimpse of his sensitive side, heard only once previously on "Sunrise," but hinted at

POP

many times starting with Tommy. It is not what we have come to expect from Pete, but the album is still superb.

Side one opens with "Time Is Passing," where Townshend proves that he is the Renaissance rock man of the 70's, mixing guitars, piano, synthesizer, bass, drums, and vocals with precision. The song mixes acoustic guitar and a violin sounding synthesizer with a solid beat. "Heartache Following Me" is a Jim Reeves song, done because it was one of Baba's favorites. Peter Townshend doing C & W is almost too hard to believe, but it is a great treatment and the twangy guitar and tinkling piano isn't too far removed from rock and roll anyway.

"Sheraton Gibson" is a high-spirited song about travelling on the road ("Sitting in a Sheraton Gibson playing my Gibson/And boy do I wanna go home") and thinking about the things you are going to do when you get home. Like most of the songs on the album, it is done with an acoustic guitar. A synthesizer joins in, imitating a French horn, and then dissolves with a bubbly sound.

Next is "Content," which Townshend did on the Meher Baba birthday album, and that is followed by another spiritual song, "Parvardigar," the Master's Prayer of Baba put to music. Townshend gets in some familiar Who riffs on this song, which builds to a climax when he introduces his ARP synthesizer.

Side two starts with "Pure and Easy," a song which was done on their last American tour, and should have been on *Who's Next*, but was dropped. This song is the highlight of the album as Townshend outdoes himself, playing numerous instruments, various sorts of percussion, and overdubbing his voice three times. The lyrics are really good too—about



searching for the elusive eternal note—"There once was a note, pure and easy/Played so free like a breath rippling by./I listened and I heard, music in a word/The words when you played your guitar." This is followed by "Evolution," another song off the birthday album, written and sung by Ronnie Lane. I don't even know why this is included here, except that it has an additional instrumental passage with some great acoustic guitar work by Pete.

"Forever" by Billy Nichols is sung by Townshend in an unrecognizably high voice. The beat makes it a natural for a single.

The final track is the demo for "Let's See Action," in an extended version from the recent British single. Townshend lays back this time as he shuffles through the song, but gets in some good licks along the way, and even manages to throw in some lines about his enlightenment after Baba.

Who Came First is all that a solo album should be, overshadowing all previous attempts, including those by ex-Beatles, Grateful Dead, etc. It is unequivocally a modern masterpiece. —Barry Taylor

Christl-Greaser's Palace Isn't the Brooklyn Fox

Greaser's Palace

at the Fine Arts Theater

Greaser's Palace is not about the old Murray "The K" Brooklyn Fox rock extravaganza, nor is it about a custom-built Esso station or a reconditioned '57 Chevy. *Greaser's Palace* is a western that departs radically from any that has ever been captured on celluloid. The work of director Robert Downey (Putney Swope, *Chafed Elbows*, *Pound*), it explores with an absurd, yet often frighteningly serious tone, a variety of themes from the appearance of a strange Christ figure (Jessy) in a village consisting of cripples and killers, to the effort to transcend the constraints of power.

Greaser's Palace is a god-awful speck in the desert where Mr. Greaser, a bearded, black-suited, gun-draped satan, terrorizes the townfolk between attempts to move his rarely responsive bowels. He murders his son "Lamy" (lamey?), for causing a disturbance when someone extinguishes a cigar on the young man's bare chest. But when Jessy (Jesus) parachutes out of the sky one day, things begin to take on a new dimension.

Decked out in a pin-striped "zoot suit," lilac-colored shirt and huge pink hat, along with a white tie and gloves, and an outrageously electric head of hair, he announces that "I'm going to Jerusalem to become an actor-singer-dancer." Jessy struts around like a "bopper," but is able to cure the sick and raise the dead (If ya feel, ya heal"). Mr. Greaser and company are intrigued by these feats so a personal performance is requested. Jessy, of course, sings and dances his heart out in the saloon/house of worship/seat of government/theater. For a warm-up, Mr. Greaser's daughter, Cholera Greaser, throws some sparks at the male-dominated audience with a hot number of her own. She pulls down her pants.

After Jessy's performance, which was poorly received until he took off his gloves and acted out a crucifixion, he bops around in search of nourishment. When Jessy comes upon the door of a homosexual midget who takes a liking to the healer, innocent Jessy is dealt a punishing blow to the groin by the midget's admiring male wife, "Spitunia."

Throughout the film, in the midst of this organized chaos, a sub-plot is integrated. A family in a covered wagon (the same family that was inconspicuously in the frame when Jessy parachuted from above) is seen traveling. Later the father is heard speaking. His voice is inflected with a Mexican accent. He talks about

singing for "Senor Greaser" and about going back to Juarez.

Cut: In the morning—it is a bright spring-like MORNING—his wife awakes to find her husband's and little child's throats split open. They are dead.

Between Jessy's wanderings and Greaser's atrocities and without the use of dialogue, we are periodically reintroduced to one woman's attempts to achieve her undefined destination. She is shot several times with bullets and arrows both imaginary and real. She squirms in the desert sand. She will not die.

Finally, when all one could possibly hope for the creature is the release of death, Jessy saves her with a drink of water from his fingertips.

Cut: The woman, revived, is fastening the man who saved her to a stake. Nails penetrate his hands and feet. The image, needless to say, is the most renowned in Western civilization.

Greaser's Palace, unlike the primitively logical and painfully competent melodramas that have flooded the screen since the realization of the commercial potential of "The Western," is fresh. Drawing, if not consciously, spiritually from such innovations as Fellini's *Satyricon* (image, characterization, packing) and Resnais' *Last Year at Marienbad* (plot presentation), as well as from the prose of satirist Donald Barthelme, *Greaser's Palace* is every bit a contemporary effort; a cinema that lends itself more readily to inference and intuition rather than linear logic.

Downey wrought *Greaser's Palace* with a rhythm inherently perfect for the texture of the film. By relying on a minimum of dialogue as a vehicle to progress the narrative from one image to the next, and thus creating a visually articulate tempo, subdued yet integral to the film's development, Downey has escaped many of the clichés that have brought "The Western" to be regarded as a cinematic joke.

Often while viewing *Greaser's Palace*, I was unaware of what was "exactly" taking place, yet the vehicle Downey created through careful, imaginative editing, *mise-en-scene* and the logically evasive and economical use of dialogue, formed an impetus to continue absorbing the film. *Greaser's Palace* is a civilization, a stage where cartoon characters perform and ideologies collide. Enlightening? Yes, Downey has truly rendered THE WEST, both the civilization and the era.

—Bruce M. Berman

Slade Alive Sets Feet to Stomping

Last Thursday afternoon, Slade held a press reception in midtown Manhattan to celebrate the beginning of their first American tour and to promote their new album, *Slade Alive*. In England they have had huge success—an album that has been high on the charts for four months, and five Number One singles in a row including their most recent, "Mama Weer All Crazee Now" which hit the top in just two weeks.

Slade is usually successful in rousing their audiences into a foot-stomping frenzy. "The kids in England have boring jobs. Here too they work 9-5, so they come to see us as an escape," said guitarist Dave Hill at the press conference, after being asked what his favorite medication for hemorrhoids is. "We try to give them a good time, and that can't be with long self-indulgent solos. We want to get the crowd involved with the music instead of having them just sit around smoking dope." Then after being asked how many girls they ball a week, and if they like Budweiser beer, they left in a huff.

Slade Alive is full of the kind of high energy that has led the British press to compare them to the early Stones and Who.

The album, recorded in front of a studio audience, starts with Alvin Lee's "Hear Me Calling," and it is high intensity right through to their encore, Mars Bonfire's



"Born To Be Wild." On the way, they did their first #1 hit, Little Richard's "Get Down and Get With It," and a good rock n' roll medley. Noddy Holder's powerful voice generates the group through this entire album, which is mostly good, but would have been better if there were some subtleties thrown in every once in a while.

The group fails miserably with John Sebastian's "Darling Be Home Soon," but everywhere else, they are exciting.

Slade's album, and a new single to us, "Take Me Back Home," are almost sure to make them big here by the end of this tour, even if they don't like Rheingold, so get down and get with it. —Barry Taylor

Pom-poms Keep Lunatic Fringe Away From Pat

(Continued from page 1)

been disguised as empty space.

Perrotta's aide was correct in calling the crowd "lunatics" in that anyone who disagrees with a Republican is either misinformed or deranged. This crowd had a little something for everyone. There was a group of blacks protesting a cut in funds for a methadone drug program, another group was remembering the Attica massacre, some Latins were calling on the President to invade Cuba, there were signs for Lieut. William Calley, a group for right-wing Presidential candidate John Schmitz wore plastic Nixon masks and carried signs that said "Nixon is a Liberal." Finally, there were a few kids who carried signs that said, "Hi! I'm Ming Li, Drop a Bomb on Me." A cop stared at a girl carrying one of these signs, and you could see the fire well up in his eyes. "Jew Bastard," he said to himself, somehow missing the large gold cross that was hanging from her neck.

Wandering through the crowd, I happened to notice two limos parked up a side street. Mrs. Nixon and friends were sitting in them. At the same time, the master of ceremonies was telling the crowd that Mrs. Nixon hadn't arrived yet, but she was expected at any moment. The band leader kept stealing glances over at Perrotta's people with a pleading look on his face. They would just shake their heads and signal him to keep playing. You could tell that the band was getting weary of "Nixon Now," but there was no way they were going to feed Pat to this crowd. Finally they couldn't wait any more, and the big four came bouncing up to the podium.

Workers from the local Republican clubs were in the first three rows. They cheered and waved their pom poms high in the air so Mrs. Nixon couldn't see the signs.

Javits spoke first and added to the long list of incredible contradictions in his political life. He called the President "the prescription for the ills of this country." Buckley called Queens "Nixon country" and said that "the opposition lives in a fantasy world and President Nixon will bring them back to reality." Both speeches



lasted no more than a few minutes. The crowd wasn't overwhelming, they would boo, or shout "Stop the bombing" or "Remember Attica," but it wasn't a crowd that you would want to stand up in front of for very long, so everyone was talking fast and leaving.

Rockefeller, doing a great imitation of David Frye, wasn't nearly as intimidated as Javits and Buckley. He really worked the crowd up by referring to Nixon as "a wonderful, beautiful human being."

Cutesy Pie Takes Bow

You would think that Rocky would have a little mercy but right after that incredible statement he introduced Pat.

Smiling as ever, wearing little cutesy pie pink dress, and holding some roses Pat approached the mike. The crowd was now at its peak of intensity. They screamed, they booed, they shouted, and waved their banners. They made so much noise that they drowned out Mrs. Nixon, who showed good judgment by speaking for little more than 30 seconds. She mumbled some words about the need to register in order to vote and how pretty Queens is and left.

What took place in Queens is reflective of what George McGovern is up against nationally, but particularly in New York State. From banks in Mexico and the pockets of Rockefeller, the Nixon machine can pour out the money for full orchestras

and "Nixonaires," they can fill the country with huge signs like the one that hangs on the front of the Queens headquarters, they can parade out big names and familiar faces, and produce endless commercials.

On the other hand, McGovern is no match. The overwhelming majority of the people who attended the rally were there because they are pissed off at Richard Nixon, yet most of them also hate each other. Six months ago, it looked pretty good for the Democrats. It seemed as though there was a potential for a broad base of discontent, but a coalition of the disenchanted has never materialized. McGovern had all the pieces, but the puzzle just wouldn't fall into place.

Now his campaign has seemed to run down and go flat. There is a political axiom that you start late, never say the same things twice, and roll into Election Day with your momentum on the upswing. McGovern has been on the campaign trail for two years. He had no choice because he was so far behind, but in doing so he has over-exposed himself. He has saturated the public with his face and voice to the point that many are numbed to the words. In a very real sense, McGovern shot his load in getting the nomination. On what should have been his biggest night, he was totally upstaged by Ted Kennedy in Miami Beach.

When Bill Ryan died Sunday, we lost another from the handful of politicians who are concerned with humanity and decency. If you live in the 14th C.D. in Brooklyn, you have a chance today to send Allard Lowenstein, a man with the same purpose and vision, back to Congress.

Robert Kennedy once said that George McGovern was the most decent man in the Senate. Now he flounders around, leaning more and more on Ted Kennedy to help him rediscover the vitality and enthusiasm that carried him to the nomination. The days are getting short towards November and it will be hard. However, Richard "B-52" Nixon will only be re-elected if people vote for him.

"Four more years?" "Four more years?" Only if you say yes.

McGovern Survives Strafing by N.Y. Reporters

(Continued from page 1)

declining position in the polls." The McGovern smile returned to his face, and he shot back at the press: "Does Senator Kennedy look like a crutch to you?"

Kennedy Takes the Stand

But the reporters were unsatisfied. They wanted to hear Teddy Kennedy's reasons for suddenly joining the campaign in a high-intensity swing through several states. Kennedy took the podium dutifully: "They said John Kennedy was behind in 1960 also. No pollster can look George McGovern in the eye and predict the outcome of this election." He cited the one million orphans left homeless because of the war and the 350,000 civilians killed because of the war, and that brought home what this whole campaign was about.

That senseless, seemingly endless war is destroying America and it is the prime reason that McGovern is challenging the incumbent for the Presidency. And it was McGovern's sincerity, his conviction that the war could end tomorrow, that should have dispelled the cynics, yet the pettiness of the reporters persevered. "Do you too have a secret plan to end the war too?" laughed one bellicose reporter. McGovern fired back, "No! I never said there was a secret plan, but I'm confident that if I'm elected I will have all our soldiers and the prisoners home within 90 days." This led to a barrage of nit-picking questions about "who will move first" and "how do you know Hanoi will agree to your proposal?"

But it was all quite simple. "Representatives of North Vietnam have flatly stated that the war will end when we get out. And the prisoners will be released as soon as we get out. That's how war has gone for centuries. This time is no different," McGovern said, trying hard to counter the clouds of confusion created by the rhetoric of Richard Nixon, a rhetoric

which has kept negotiations in Paris at a standstill for three years.

One short-sighted but long-winded reporter accused McGovern of not having enough direct contact with the people of New York. He wanted to know why McGovern wasn't out walking the streets, shaking hands and kissing babies that day. But it was only a few short months ago that George McGovern was walking on the streets of the South Bronx, inspecting the horrendous social damage done in places that Richard Nixon would not dare visit, even in his chauffeured limousine. "We've been out among the people from the beginning. I've walked the streets of New York before and I'll walk them again," he answered. Later on, a campaign aide indicated McGovern would be back later this week for active campaigning.

In His Guts

Yet the cynicism kept falling, like the endless bombers which strafe Vietnamese schools, spitting out napalm on little girls. The banality of the New York press corps achieved its height when the ubiquitous Gabe Pressman asked, "Do you feel you will win the election? Do you have a gut feeling? Do you feel it in your guts?" McGovern appeared undaunted, chuckled and replied, "Yes, I do." I sympathized with McGovern, who in the midst of a surely hectic week, had to force an hour into his schedule so that he could be questioned about his guts.

If there was any depression at the lack of support reflected by the polls, McGovern did not share that feeling. He said that there was no doubt that the gap between his relative popularity and that of the President's was narrowing. He seemed buoyant and positive that he would win in November because he had overcome the cynics and the pollwatchers once before. "The only poll that counts is the one on

November 7," McGovern remarked. And now as he stood before hundreds of reporters, it seemed that his campaign was fueled only by the indefatigable positive spirit.

The inanity of the press conference was so profound that there was no longer a need to take notes. Suddenly, a McGovern aide stepped forth and announced that the news conference had to be ended because the Senator was running behind schedule. The questions ceased and the press thanked McGovern for his time. McGovern and Kennedy descended from the podium to shake hands with admirers until the Secret Service ushered them out. The conference lasted less than 20 minutes, but the press had ample time to fire away at the candidate about the

weaknesses of the McGovern campaign. The Senator from South Dakota could only respond to their barbed queries with simplicity and honesty. Perhaps this baffled the veteran correspondents who, after years of press conferences and interviews, are more attuned to the double entendres and hidden meanings of politicians' quotes.

George McGovern, on the other hand, is sincere, and he can be believed. Despite intransigence of George Meany and the cynicism of New York's reporters—and despite all of you who never bothered to register because "the system is corrupt anyway"—there are a lot of people out there who know that George McGovern may not be America's best hope of salvation, but that he is a far better start than his opponent.

Faculty Seeks New Contract

Faculty members of the City University have reached an impasse in contract negotiations with the Board of Higher Education. However, union spokesmen maintain that the possibility of any job action is remote at this time.

The Professional Staff Congress (PSC), which represents the 16,000 professors and other professionals at the 20 CUNY campuses, staged a demonstration at BHE headquarters last Wednesday, demanding the Board declare its intentions to resume serious negotiations. Picket lines were also set up outside Shepard Hall the next day.

In a telegram from PSC President Belle Zeller, the union demanded a face-to-face confrontation with the BHE's Collective Bargaining Committee. "We want to know whether your negotiators are truly carrying out your wishes in their

bargaining intransigence and in their debasing contract proposals."

One of the central issues in the dispute involves the overcrowded facilities of the university. The union says the BHE refuses to reduce the student-faculty ratio, which it says is the highest in the state, and to improve the "slum conditions" of the CUNY physical plant.

Aaron Alexander, PSC public relations director, said, "The BHE is demanding more productivity from the faculty. We must convince the BHE that there is no connection between quality and quantity." The PSC, Alexander explained, is demanding a limit on class size of 15 students in each remedial class, 20 freshmen in each introductory class and 30 students in other classes. "Our idea of productivity involves reduction of class size, not enlargement," Alexander said.

Students Lose Out in Governance Vote

By PIOTR BOZEWICZ

A controversial plan which would have given students an effective voice in hiring faculty members was watered down by the administration because of a lack of support from both students and faculty.

The administration was left with the responsibility for approving a governance plan for the College after a mail ballot sent to students and faculty last spring received a very poor response. The ballot was not validated by the administration because it failed to achieve the 30 percent response required by the Board of Higher Education.

The most controversial part of the governance plan was a provision which would have included two students with voting rights on the important departmental appointments committees. Each committee, under the original plan, would have consisted of five faculty members and two students. The governance charter which was finally approved by President Robert Marshak in August included a plan which gives each department a choice of two plans which would include students in

the vital appointments decisions.

One of the two plans would include two students with voting privileges on the appointments committee with five to nine faculty, the number of faculty depending on the size of the department. The other plan would set up a committee of five students which would act in an advisory capacity to the appointments committee and evaluate the teaching effectiveness of faculty.

It is not expected that many of the departments will opt to have students on

the appointments committee, if only because of the extremely poor student response to the ballot.

Except for the appointments committee, the governance charter approved by the administration remained essentially the same as the original plan drawn up by the College's Policy Council. Each department will be expected to implement provisions of the plan by spring of next year, except for the appointments committee choice which will be instituted by the summer of next year.

Senate Takes Another Trip

(Continued from page 3)

coalition which saved the City University from state tuition, and that through his efforts, Queens College had a teacher evaluation handbook last term.

After the first ballot, three candidates remained; Friedman, May Jiminson, a black student from Iowa, and Tim Higgins from Wisconsin. Friedman then announced that he was throwing his support

to Jiminson.

On the next ballot, Higgins was elected by an overwhelming majority. Tempers flared when a handful of blacks rushed the stage and knocked Higgins to the floor. A walkout of Third World delegates followed, and the tension reached such a point that the police had to be called. Although they never entered the convention hall, the police were on the campus in case of any future violence.

Joseph Papp
the producer of
"HAIR"

to
The New York Times

"FANTASTIC PROBE"

TO THE EDITOR:

"Greaser's Palace" knocked me for a loop. I have never seen a film in which the creator ventured so deeply into his soul. The statement is intensely personal and so uninhibited that it reaches into the universal, into myths, into the primitive and subconscious. What a fantastic probe into the American psyche! Robert Downey has fearlessly descended into the nether-world and come up with a laughing nightmare.

Like all works of art, "Greaser's Palace" will touch the most human of us, those unafraid of deep experiences. The uptights will gasp for breath and run for the popcorn. Downey's extraordinary film is that beautiful co-existence of great art and great fun. See it and live.

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board hearings, etc. The many
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extend their graduation date may
be in jeopardy of losing their IIS
and should seek counseling.
Students with lottery numbers
over 95 can escape the draft this
year and should visit the draft
office for information as to the
best procedure to follow.

The office is Room 412 Finley;
hours are 9-5 daily, Tuesday until
8 p.m.

'Crafts Faire' Planned

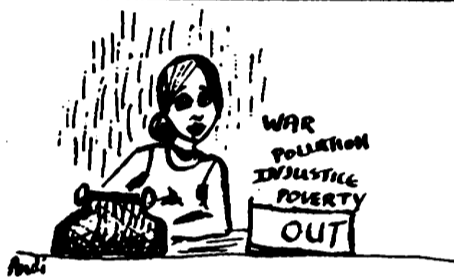
Potters, silversmiths, weavers,
candlemakers, needle-crafters
and bakers will be given the
chance to display and sell their
wares at a "winter crafts faire"
now being organized by the
Finley Program Agency's crafts
committee.

The faire, which will be held in
the Finley Gallroom on
December 7-8, is an attempt to
bring together "a community of
craftspeople" at the College. It
will combine arts and crafts
booths, musical entertainment,
and refreshments.

Anyone who has a knack for
baking is also invited to sell
cookies, cakes, breads and
candies.

Individual craftsmen, as well
as school clubs and groups, can
participate by leaving a note in
the crafts committee's mailbox
in Room 152 Finley.

OP Transactions
Reactivated Steve Simon from the
retirement list. Traded Peter Grad to the
Student Senate for future draft picks. Op-
tioned Judy Furedi to the Tacoma farm
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Asked waivers on Claude Elbe following
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ASD to Expand Chinatown Services

The College is branching out to
Chinatown.

With \$25,000 from the Field
Foundation, the Asian Studies
department is undertaking
several projects this term
designed to serve Asian-
Americans in general and
Chinatown residents in par-
ticular. Seven faculty members
will coordinate the projects with
the aid of students registered in
the department.

According to Professor Te
Kong Tong (Chairman, Asian
Studies), one important project
will be a "survival-language"
course for Asian immigrants to
Chinatown to help them learn at
least enough English to be able to
acquire basic services and
employment.

Seeing these courses as
essential to Asian-Americans,
Tong says they will be offered
free of charge. "They will be the
cheapest language courses in the
city," he said. To help the im-
migrants obtain jobs, Tong plans
to issue a certificate to the
students indicating that they
have completed the course and

have a proficiency in speaking
and writing English.

The department also hopes to
establish a health care program
in Chinatown. "According to
official estimates," Tong said,
"the rate of diseases such as TB
is very high there. The people are
often too poor to get medical help,
and it is hard for them to go to a
public clinic because of the
language barrier." Tong said
that he would like to recruit pre-
medical students to conduct
simple medical examinations.

The College group has already
served the Chinatown community
by running a free day-care center
over the summer for about 50
children. Several students
participating in the project are
now writing papers as part of
what Tong calls "living education
at City College."

The group is also preparing an
Asian-American resource center
for bilingual publications and
library services. This project
involves collecting Asian-
American publications and
newspapers, both in Chinese and
English.

Dave Solet

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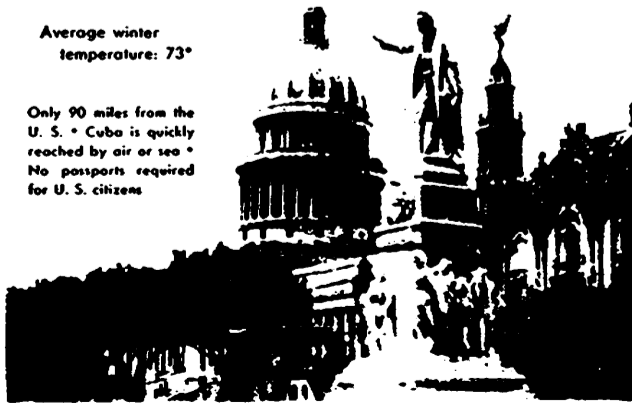
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By MARK BOBICK

The piece of two-lane, black-top highway looks as unimpressive as any of the thousands like it in countries throughout the world. Yet this particular highway is different from all others. This highway has been closed to Westerners since 1949. The Bamboo Curtain crosses this highway—the gateway to China. Joseph Lei and 14 other Asian-Americans walked down this highway last summer. The unseen, yet impenetrable, curtain rolled aside, let them in, and then swallowed them for 38 days, after which it again rolled aside for them to leave.

Joseph, a 20-year-old student at Columbia University, recalled crossing the no-man's-land between the British Crown Colony Hong Kong and the People's Republic of China in an interview last week. "It was very weird," he said, "on one side was a British flag and on the other side was a Chinese flag. We all felt very strange."

When the delegation finished the formalities of entering the country, it went to its first stop in China, the port city of Canton. There, while visiting a deaf-mute school, Joseph and his companions got their first indication of the spirit of the Chinese people that they would have confirmed again and again during the journey.

"One of the women teachers impressed all of us," Joseph remarked. "She portrayed so much enthusiasm for what she was doing—getting these children to speak. She asked the children what they liked to do most of all and they responded, 'I like to swim,' or 'I like to play ball.' You could tell that there was a good relationship between the teacher and her students. It became quite obvious to us how these kids are able to advance. You could see how glad she was when one of the kids was able to accomplish speaking."

Saw Mao's Country Villa

After spending a few more days touring some of Canton's other places of interest, the delegation moved on to the historic province of Hunnan, where the ideological leader of 800,000,000 people, China's living legend, Mao Tse-Tung, was born and now lives. Although the group had been denied its request for an audience with Mao, they did observe his home from afar. It is a modest-sized villa overlooking a quiet valley in the country.

The group posed together for a snapshot with the villa in the background, and then hopped a train for neighboring Kiang Shi province. "Almost all of our traveling was done via train," Joseph mentioned, "That way we really got to see the countryside, what China really looked like."

Kiang Shi was as famous before and during the Revolution as Hunnan and was the home of the first base of the Chinese Communist Party. The delegation visited the base, and then traveled to the principal city in the area, Nanking.

In a short recitation of the history of the city, Joseph mentioned that the city had been the capital of Chiang Kai-Shek's Kourmintang Nationalist Chinese Party until its defeat and flight to the island of Taiwan in 1949. Going back further, Joseph related that Nanking had been the home of the man who had been, in the words of the Chinese proverb, "prepared to face death by a thousand cuts, and dared to unhorse the emperor." Sun Yat-Sen, hero of both Nationalists and Communists, is buried in a small tomb outside of the city.

Unexpected Sight

Nanking also held a surprise family reunion for one member of the delegation who met his grandmother. In a private discussion with her grandson, Joseph, and a few of the other young Asian-Americans, the old woman revealed something about new China. "She told us," recalled Joseph, "that if this were Old China she would have been dead by now. Nobody would have taken care of her once she became too old to work. She said that she owes her existence to new China. The Chinese don't abandon the old people," Joseph added, "but they also acknowledge how important children are to the future of China. They praise youth."



Joseph Lei

Visit to China

'Mao Provides for All the People As They Prosper'

Joseph gave high praise of his own to some of the children he met in Nanking. They were the performers in a troupe known as "The Little Red Guards." The delegation attended one of their performances of revolutionary songs and dances. "The spirit was really there," Joseph recalled. "They sang the songs so fully and bravely, it showed the strength of the people's spirit. Their final song was 'The People of the World Will Surely Win,' which is the most popular children's song in China. Afterwards, we lined up, and they lined up, and I went along shaking each one's hand. I kept on trying to thank them, but they insisted on thanking us. I really felt good about shaking these children's hands."

Outside Nanking, the group visited a coal mine "where Chairman Mao did some of his first investigation and study of the workers. We talked to two of the veteran coal miners. They were amazing. One was 90 years old and the other was 82."

"They told us about the first time they had seen Chairman Mao, as a student, before the Revolution, when he had come to study the conditions of the workers. They remembered that nobody had trusted him at first because he wasn't one of them, a worker. But then, they explained how he had won them over when they saw how sincere and concerned he was about them."

"Those two sat for two hours and talked with us. They remembered when Mao appeared with a column of the Red Army as it was starting on the Long March. They said they had been left behind, and told us all about how they

hid in the woods when the Kourmintang came through."

Shanghai Cleaned Up

The next week, the delegation spent studying communes and factories in and around what was once one of the most infamous ports of the Far East: Shanghai. Joseph noted that although "all of the decadent aspects of old Shanghai are gone, the people are more cosmopolitan than in any other part of China, except for Peking. They have been able to retain and add to the industries that were started there when Shanghai was the seat of the imperialists."

The highlight of the delegation's journey inside China was their two-week stop-over in Peking, the old Imperial capital. Joseph recollected that the group began its longest stay in any one Chinese city by visiting "a lot of tourist places, like the Great Wall and the floating gardens of the Imperial Summer Palace. We also saw the tourist attractions of new China, such as the first petrochemical plant in China and the May 7th Cadre People's Liberation Army Camp."

"At the camp," Joseph continued, "the cadres are given physical labor such as working in the fields where they grow their own food, but they also study Marxism-Leninism. In 1968, Chairman Mao called on those cadres which had drifted away from the masses of the people to do these tasks. It's a way of fighting revisionism."

Joined Peasants in Fields

The American visitors spent two-and-a-half days working the fields on a commune just outside Peking. "We had to struggle to get those two days," Joseph emphasized. "Our purpose was not to be tourists. We wanted to see and feel what the life is really like. Afterwards, most of the people of the delegation really appreciated the work the peasant has to do. I really felt the muscles in my back for the first time. I realized that when you do something like that, something that seems so simple beforehand, it gains a meaning. It's hard, but the peasants don't complain. Their object is to help people, to help China."

Back in Peking, Joseph took a look at some of the stores. "We went to see the amount and type of goods available to the people. There was a great variety, but many of these were luxury items which the average worker could not obtain without saving up his wages for a while. However," Joseph was quick to note, "the necessities like bread, other food, shoes and clothes were very cheap. Anyone could purchase them easily."

Discusses Purposes of Trip

Back in Columbia, Joseph summed up the delegation's purposes and revealed some of the emotions and impressions which the journey inside China had formed inside him.

"We went to China with three purposes in mind," he said, "to see socialist construction at work, to see how the people use dialectic materialism in their everyday life, and to bring home information about China to the American people."

Joseph said that he was personally impressed by "how real China is. An idealistic notion I once had was that everything in China was going so smoothly. I found out, instead, that China is really an underdeveloped country that is struggling for development. There is struggle. There are areas that are really poor, although everybody is fed and clothed. China's agriculture is able to feed the Chinese people. Furthermore, China is sending food to other countries that are still struggling, such as the developing nations in Africa, and North Vietnam."

"This is the Chinese commitment to the world. China is sacrificing her gains for these other places. I was so glad to see people working toward this goal, unified under the Chinese Communist Party. People no longer just think of themselves. Only when everybody else is taken care of, then you take care of yourself."

"Another thing," Joseph concluded, "is that China is so green. Everywhere there is life. Even though it is in a state of struggle, life advances."

