



observation post

VOL.52 NO.5

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1972

Senate Funds Saturday's Rally

By DAVID SOLET

The Student Senate executive committee voted last week to help fund the anti-war demonstration to be held in Lewisohn Stadium this Saturday. Senate President Tony Spencer announced that the Senate would contribute \$400 to the November 4 Coalition, the rally's organizers, to help pay the \$850 rental fee.

Citing the support of the College chapters of the Puerto Rican Students' Union and the Attica Brigade, Spencer said that enough student organizations are participating to permit the funds to be given. "As long as there is student participation, there is no problem," he stated.

The November 4 Coalition put down a \$425 deposit on the stadium yesterday, expecting the Senate money to come through without a hitch. But when the proper signatures were not obtained by the Senate for its check, the deadline for payment was extended.

The full Senate endorsed the mass Third World-led march and rally two weeks ago, but it left the decision on whether to fund the rally up to the executives. Treasurer David Wu was asked to check into the legality of using student money to fund a political demonstration, and after consulting with the city's legal office, he gave a favorable report.

Caps Three Marches

The Lewisohn rally, which will cap three feeder marches from points in the city, was called by the November 4 Coalition, a group of several Third World and white radical groups organizing around support for the National Liberation Front's seven-point peace plan, opposition to "attacks on working people," and fighting racial and national discrimination.

The organizers say this is a new kind of



See pages 5 through 8 for OUR PORTION OF HELL, a supplement on Fayette County, Tennessee.

anti-war action, one led by Third World and working people and organized around the related demands of the war abroad and the oppression of people at home.

The student contingent of the march will begin at 106th Street and Broadway at 1 P.M. and proceed to Lewisohn for the 3 P.M. rally. Other contingents will begin at 138th Street and Willis Avenue in the Bronx and 125th Street and Seventh Avenue in Manhattan.

Heading up the list of speakers for the rally will be Jesse Gray of the Harlem Tenants Union, Alan Hubbard of Vietnam

Faculty Strike Unlikely; Contract Talks Intensify

Thursday could be D-Day in the protracted negotiations for a new contract for City University's faculty.

The Professional Staff Congress (PSC) administrative council will meet to decide whether to call for a strike vote as a pressure tactic to hasten the slow-moving negotiations. The mediation efforts by the state Public Employee Relations Board (PERB) ended last Saturday with progress reported on only a couple of issues.

The contract talks with now move to the next stage, in which a PERB fact-finder, who is empowered to make only recommendations, enters the scene. The union, which had asked for a fact-finder all along, is expected to at least wait awhile before polling its membership on a "no-contract-no-work policy."

"The decision simply isn't made yet," commented Arnold Cantor, PSC's executive director. "At this point, we just don't know where we are. Every day brings the possibility of changes."

Chancellor Robert Kibbee, though, said that the CUNY administration is not

developing any contingency plans in the event of a job action by the faculty. "We don't believe there will be a teacher's strike," he flatly stated this week.

The chief issue settled in mediation was setting limits on the size of remedial classes at 15 students, freshman composition classes at 25, and all other classes at the prevailing 1971-72 levels. The union had asked for limits on class size to counter "overcrowded slum conditions at the University."

The negotiators for the Board of Higher Education (BHE) yielded to another union demand, agreeing to recommend that the BHE create teacher training and materials development programs at the Graduate Center for teachers of Open Admissions students.

Still on the bargaining table are a host of other issues, including the PSC demand that the power of college presidents to deny reappointment, tenure and promotion be curbed.

Also unresolved is the Board's proposal to abolish the automatic salary increments that professors have received with each year of service. The union is asking for a 10% overall salary increase.

Meanwhile, the University Student Senate has been denied a request that it be able to participate in the talks. Senate Chairman Alan Shark commented, "This spring, for the first time in the United States, Boston State College incorporated students in the collective bargaining process. It is true that Boston State is much smaller than CUNY, but we see from that example that it can be done."

And Ilana Hirst, a vice president of the University Student Senate, reported that "an unofficial concerted effort" is being made by faculty at different units of CUNY to request that students boycott classes in sympathy with the faculty

Berrigan Urges 'Self-Resurrection'

Rev. Daniel Berrigan yesterday urged people in the peace movement to follow the "self-resurrecting" example of the Vietnamese and "rid ourselves of the Machine."

Speaking in a calm and passionate voice to about 200 people in the Finley Grand Ballroom, the veteran antiwar activist, priest and poet belittled the Presidential election and the Vietnam peace negotiations.

"To think Richard Nixon could end anything is absurd. To think Richard Nixon could start anything is absurd," he remarked. "Only one with the right, gentle understanding can create something."

While he admitted that the movement is now in "a sad, atrocious state," he suggested that the current despair is a necessary phase before hope wins out: "You deal with it with one another. You have to level it out with each other... We have to keep re-building, like a bombed-out city... because what's really bombed out is ourselves."

He suggested that the Vietnamese are "the people of the future... men and women (who) are something more than a machine, something more beautiful, something more joyous, more precious—something most Americans have not been able to assert."

He later defined the "machine" as "the pressures of making it and the way that kind of ambition is codified... It's so brutal, it becomes the military machine."

Extensive excerpts from Berrigan's remarks appear on Page 4.

Berrigan's anti-war activities date back to 1965, when he and a group of clergymen bought an ad in a Catholic magazine denouncing the U.S. policy in Indochina. Two years later, he became one of the first Americans to visit North Vietnam as he journeyed to bring back the first pilots freed by the Vietnamese.

In May, 1968, he and eight other anti-war activists, including his older brother, the Rev. Philip Berrigan, entered the Selective Service headquarters in Catonsville,

Veterans Against the War, and Otis Hide of the Black Workers' Congress. Others include lawyer William Kunstler, who has defended the Chicago Eight and the Harlem Four; Carlos Feliciano of the Puerto Rican Nationalist Party; Eddie Bragg, vice president of Local 1199 of the Hospital Workers Union.

Other local schools which have supported and contributed money to the Coalition are: Manhattan Community College, \$400; Queens College, \$300; and the State University College at Westbury, \$150.

Md., where they proceeded to pour blood over the draft records in the 1-A files. "The Catonsville Nine," as they were known, were convicted of destroying government property, and Berrigan was sentenced to 3-1/2 years in prison.

For the next two years, Berrigan went underground, successfully evading FBI agents. Yet he managed to appear at several anti-war rallies throughout the country. He was finally captured in August, 1970 by two FBI agents posing as birdwatchers.

Berrigan began his sentence at Danbury Federal prison, where he joined his brother, also convicted on charges of destroying draft files. During his jail term,

Berrigan led a two-week hunger strike and was immediately transferred to a Missouri prison, where he finished 18 months of his term.

Since being paroled in February for poor health, Berrigan has been actively campaigning against the war, speaking at colleges and churches across the country.



Abzug Exhorts Students

Congresswoman Bella Abzug came to the College last week to speak on behalf of George McGovern, although less than a capacity crowd came to see her.

"You have to get out there, you have the energy and the ability, it's your future," she urged the late afternoon audience.

"You have to make it work."

Abzug is running for re-election in the 20th Congressional District against Priscilla Ryan, wife of the late Congressman William F. Ryan; Annette Levy, Harvey Michelmar and Joanna Misnik.

Meanwhile, 44 professors at the College endorsed her for re-election in a statement

also signed by faculty at 23 other local colleges.

"As a combination of lawyer and activist, Bella Abzug has been able to fuse her unique experience in mobilizing nationwide public opinion on important issues with her formal Congressional activities," it declared.

Among the faculty members who signed the statement were Professors Emanuel Chill (History), Julius Elias (Philosophy), Leo Eschmilian (English), Carolyn McLean (Student Personnel Services), Adrienne Rich (English), and Edward Sagarin (Sociology).

Beyond the Gates

by PETER GRAD



Peter Green/LNS

observation post

Voice of the Student Body, Conscience of the Administration
Watchdog of Human Rights, Keeper of the Sacred Flame,
Guardian of the Holy Grail, Defender of the Weak,
Protector of the Oppressed and Helper of the Poor
since 1947.

Bobby Attanasio, Bruce Berman, Piotr Bozewicz, Bill Bywater, Jeffrey Flisser, Peter Grad, Igor Graef, Jeanie Grumet, Barbara Jacksier, Tom McDonald, David Mendelsohn, Robert Neas, Larry Peebles, Bob Rosen, Gale Sigal, Steve Simon, David Solet, Barry Taylor, H. Edward Weberman, Kenneth Winikoff.

Special thanks to Dennis Ferrara and Sheila Zukowsky.

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Peace Now?

As we rapidly approach election eve, the smugness with which Richard Nixon has been conducting his campaign is intensifying. The Watergate affair, the IT&T scandal, and all the other contemptible tactics pale beside Nixon's latest effort to deceive the American public.

The latest hoax concerns the life of a nation, and the lives of the unknown thousands of human beings that the current administration has been toying with for the last four years. After four years of an unrelenting hail of bombs and untold damage to life and property Richard Nixon now says that there will be peace.

Because of the recent stepped-up negotiations between the U.S. and North Vietnam, peace is "just around the corner." After all the "secret plans" to end the war, Nixon has finally seen the light and decided to open "serious negotiations."

While we are all glad that these "serious talks" are taking place, we must keep in mind that this is the same man who promised us peace and escalated the destruction of the Vietnamese people, who promised prosperity and instituted a wage freeze that has driven the working American to the edge of privation; and who has manipulated and loaded our judiciary to unequalled extremes of repression and denial of basic individual liberties.

What could be the most critical juncture of the Vietnam epoch is now upon us. A week ago, it appeared that Nixon and Kissinger finally yielded their steadfast support of the South Vietnamese regime in exchange for their long-sought hope of "peace with honor." A cease-fire would be called, the captured American pilots would be returned, and B-52s could remain in Thailand and in the Gulf on Tonkin.

Amazingly, the North Vietnamese dropped their demand for Thieu's immediate replacement by a coalition government and accepted the idea of internationally-supervised elections in the South. With the fate of their own prisoners of war in limbo, their soldiers were to remain at their battlefield positions.

Both sides seemed to compromise, and both seemed able to claim victory—until the Nixon administration reneged on its own deadline for signing the agreement and asked that the talks be reopened.

But as if we ever needed to be told again, this episode has provided us with one more reason to vote for George McGovern. It is time now to come back to McGovern and forget the disappointments of his campaign. Essentially, we are being given the opportunity to hit Nixon where it hurts next Tuesday.

And even if McGovern's tottering candidacy fulfills the expectations of the pundits, we must not permit Nixon to enter a second term with the belief that we have submitted to his venality. McGovern is not our last best chance, but in the arena of traditional politics, there may not be another as progressive as he is for another 20 years.

McGovern, if elected, presents, at best only a partial solution to our country's problems. McGovern's tax reforms would give us a little more take home pay, and his defense cuts will go a long way towards "re-ordering our priorities," but they would still not change the dehumanizing way we are educated and employed.

In short, McGovern hopes to change a system that values profit over humanity. Nixon doesn't see the need for any changes, in fact, he would like to make it a world-wide system. That would be reason enough for turning him out of the White House on Tuesday.

The Democrats' prospects of capturing a sizable portion of the new youth vote do not appear to be as bright as had once been expected. While both a Gallup and Yankelovich poll had shown a nearly even split among the national youth vote for McGovern and Nixon, it appears that McGovern's major youth backing will come from large city area colleges.

Although unofficial polls indicate a sizable leaning towards McGovern among City University colleges (80% for McGovern in City College), there seems to be little, if any, student activity to rally support for either candidate. Our counterparts on the West Coast show a bit more promising picture, although there too, McGovern will be facing some difficult territory.

At the University of California at Berkeley, a student poll showed 73% for McGovern to 18% for Nixon. A large percentage of the vote for Nixon comes mainly from the freshman and sophomore classes, a trend which has been seen nationwide. The Daily Californian, in an editorial, stated, "In deciding political issues, one must consider choosing between honesty and corruption, peace and war, freedom and repression, the people's needs and the vested interests. Clearly the 1972 election breaks down into deciding between two candidates whose actions and views reflect such polarities. Richard Nixon is the candidate of fear, smear and despotism; George McGovern is the candidate of hope, liberty and justice."

The Californian Aggie, student newspaper of the University of California at Davis, described McGovern supporters as "adamant and active." In a poll taken exclusively in the most conservative dormitory areas on campus, there was an even split of support between the two presidential candidates. "It's hard to be a Republican in Davis" said Gary Hector, editor of the Cal Aggie, the old and younger, new political factions has hindered the McGovern drive in the city of Davis.

At California State College in Los Angeles, with a student population of 27,000, the picture is quite different. The average student is 27 years old, self supporting, and commutes daily. Most are working class and about 25% are ex-GIs with families. There is not so much activity for the presidential campaign as there is for a series of local propositions. Among the propositions issues are the decriminalization of marijuana possession and cultivation, stricter enforcement of obscenity laws, tax reforms and a pro-ecology bill that would put

restrictions on construction. Although there is division over the presidential preferences, the College Times and many students are leaning toward a liberal position on the propositions.

The following editorial appeared in the UCLA Daily Bruin: "There is no guarantee that if McGovern is elected, he'll be able to implement all of his ideas, but his ideas represent the best direction for a better America. Nixon's policies can only increase the divisiveness between Americans. Sheldon Presser, editor of the Bruin, stated that his was a "McGovern campus" but admitted that there is much activity on the part of all the candidates, including third party American Independent Party candidate John Schmitz. Schmitz himself, Cesar Chavez, Ramsey Clark and James Buckley have all campaigned at the college.

There was no enthusiasm for McGovern at Laney College's Tower. There was less for Nixon. The college, through whose portals passed Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver, is predominantly black. "Although there are some staunch McGovern backers, most students feel that they don't want to vote at all" said Al Green, editor of the Tower. The paper will issue no endorsement but will concentrate mainly on local "material" issues such as financial cutbacks and school funding. "We'd rather not vote for the same person that will be kicking us in the ass for the next four years. . . it's a choice between the lesser of two evils." Green said. As to what he saw as the outcome on November 7th, Green replied "It doesn't matter".

"We're mainly a jock-type campus," said Steve Karman, editor of the newspaper at the University of San Diego. "We had military recruiters here this week and only 200 students showed up to protest. There should have been more. "It seems that football is more important here." A school survey taken by the Political Science department showed McGovern leading Nixon by 20%.

The most optimistic report came from the Santa Barbara Campus, where almost all of the college's 12,000 residents inhabit a square mile community known as Isla Vista. Mike Gordon of the Daily Nexus reported that massive registration drives for absentee ballots were "wildly successful." While McGovern supporters have been extremely active, there is almost no sign at all of any support for Nixon. County records show that less than 7% registered voters are Republicans. "We expect the county to carry McGovern with 93% of the vote.

"McGovern's gonna win big," added Gordon.

Dr. Hipocrates

A few months ago I read in a medical journal (the name of which I have forgotten) that daily and frequent marijuana smoking may cause edema of eyelids, papular-vesicular eruptions, seborrhea, stimulation of the sebaceous glands and dermatitis. I do not know what all of these things are but it sure sounds scary. Is there validity in any of these associations? Are you aware of other side effects? (For example, is your body zapped out of certain vitamins, enzymes, or any other life giving or sustaining things?)

everything causes cancer. Would six months of nursing really be that detrimental? F.B.

Are you sure that's what your doctor told you? If so, ask him for his source of information because it's news to me—and to my colleagues. You can get useful information about breast-feeding by writing to the La Leche League, 9606 Franklin Ave., Franklin Park, Illinois, 60131.

I heard a speaker from the Women's Clinic in Los Angeles suggest filling the vagina with natural unflavored yogurt to fight off "yeast infection." It sounded eminently reasonable—until I faced the problem of how to get the yogurt into the vagina! Someone else suggested liquid Vitamin E. But I'm wondering if Vitamin E can harm vaginal tissue—and if it can cure the condition. Is yeast infection ever psychosomatic?

Vitamin E has been touted as a cure for almost everything but I don't even know if individual testimonies claiming it cures yeast infections. Stuffing yogurt into the vagina may sound reasonable to some—replacing naturally occurring bacteria, etc.—but it's another unproven theory. Since many yeast infections do have a psychosomatic basis, belief in the cure often brings positive results. But why unflavored yogurt? Put some zing in your life with lemon, blueberry or spiced apple!

Many of the fad type diets claim that milk and its products cause mucus. Is there any truth to that theory? What does cause mucus and what is its purpose?

I don't know of any health benefits derived from so-called "mucus-free" diets. Mucus is necessary for many body functions including normal bowel movements and protection from bacteria. Some foods, like milk, seem to create a feeling of extra mucus secretions in the throat. Fear of normal mucus secretions is irrational.

None of the conditions you mention is commonly found in chronic users of marijuana. Rumors about marijuana draining the body of vitamins continue to circulate but they have no basis in fact. But people who wear contact lenses while using marijuana may suffer irritation due to redness of the eyes caused by enlarged blood vessels.

I'd like to know the source of your misinformation. Some medical journals seem willing to publish any article claiming harm from marijuana, even when no scientific information is presented.

One of my husband's testicles had to be removed during a serious operation and he would like some sort of a "replacement" to make his scrotum once again what it was in appearance.

We belong to a group—employment hospital plan. What department would we check with concerning this operation?

Replacing one or both testicles with a cosmetic prosthesis is very commonly done after surgery. I don't know whether your hospital plan covers such a procedure but it's relatively simple and inexpensive. Consult a urologist.

My doctor informed me, when I have my baby in February, I am not to nurse if it is a girl. He based this on the fact that my mother's mother had breast cancer and had surgery to remove one. My mother did not breast feed me.

I'm wondering if this is substantial information or another guess as to cause of cancer. Seems

Improvement Sought in Cafeteria Crisis

By ROBERT NESS

Will the College run its own cafeterias next fall or sell out to McDonald's?

The question may seem spurious, and the possibility quite remote, but the College is actually giving it some thought.

The administration has given its new Food Services director, Raymond Doersam, one term to reverse the trend of increasing cafeteria deficits before it decides whether to dump the present system altogether and find new ways to feed its students and faculty.

According to Vice President for Administrative Affairs John J. Canavan, net sales this year haven't improved much over last year despite the campaign against private street vendors. "If sales remain low or decrease, something will have to be done," he said recently, adding that an evaluation of the financial state of the cafeterias in Shepard and Finley halls will be made during the spring semester.

Considers Four Options

Indicating that he was anxious to obtain the views of students and faculty, he outlined four possible options for the College to take: a) maintaining the present system, b) ending all food services, c) bringing in a food caterer, or d) buying a franchise operation, such as McDonald's.

The goal of all college food administrators is simply to break even, not to make a profit. Profits, if there are any, are to be re-invested into the cafeteria for holding prices down, for purchasing new equipment, for renovating, or for a sinking fund for future use.

Poor management in the past, as well as rising food and labor costs, has been blamed for the decline of the College's cafeterias. Previous managers have put profits in the cafeterias' bank account, money that should have been spent on improving service.

Last spring, the College acted by dismissing Larry Bartolotto as cafeteria manager on grounds of improper management and inadequate fiscal training. In spring 1967, evidence of outright corruption came to light with an 11-count indictment against Bartolotto's predecessor, Joseph Korson, for allegedly receiving \$5,914 in kickbacks from suppliers.

The first thing one notices about Shepard cafeteria is its overall dinginess. The walls, ceilings, chairs and tables are



Jeff Filmer

not dirty, but worn and unattractive. The service is extraordinarily slow, and food lines are too long, particularly at the snack bar, during the rush hours.

In the summer, since it has no air conditioner and too few fans, the cafeteria is hot. In winter, it is chilly and a musty odor hangs in the air. These things alone are enough to discourage business. But high prices and unappetizing food play a greater role in decreasing sales.

Since his appointment, Doersam has tried to replace inferior products. Sandwiches are now made to order to insure freshness. A new assistant supervisor was hired. Plans are underway for a complete repainting of the cafeteria's walls. There are plans to serve pre-wrapped cold kosher sandwiches again.

Business Manager Richard Morley suggested that it may not be worth any major expenditures to improve the current cafeteria operation. He noted that a new cafeteria complex is scheduled to be built within the new North Academic Center, slated to be completed in five years on the site of Lewisohn Stadium. "This modern structure will be capable of serving all the food needs of all the students," he said. "It's foolish to invest money in new equipment for so short a time."

Shutdown Unlikely

If the administration decides to shut down all on-campus food facilities, students will have to rely upon other services, and, in the surrounding area, there are few such services. That fact would almost definitely rule out the second alternative.

Most schools that don't run their own food service employ caterers. City, Hunter and Queens are the only colleges within the City University that continue to maintain their own operation.

Contracted companies provide all the food and staff needed, using existing equipment. Canavan noted that our poor equipment makes caterers look elsewhere for business. They also view with disfavor the fact that due to the new North Academic Center, they cannot be given long term contracts.

Doersam also indicated that caterers are out to make a profit and have been known to install cold sandwich vending machines and to eliminate hot food to cut costs.

A Break Today?

Another intriguing possibility the College has yet to explore fully is a fast food chain franchise. The most important advantages of this kind of service are its quick service, uniform quality and low prices. In addition, it is quite profitable—in 1970, McDonald's net sales totaled close to \$587 million.

Such a unit might also attract members of the neighboring community to eat at the College, thereby increasing sales significantly. Although this suggestion has been presented to Morley, no word has yet been heard.

But the following problem arises: What if one dislikes this type of food? By situating the franchise in Shepard, the Finley cafeteria would be free to sell the usual garbage. If the franchise produced a profit, it could be used to upgrade the remaining troughs.

Rivera Raps Nixon Policies: McG—a Glimmer of Hope

"Victory is at hand" for the McGovern forces was the message Gerald Rivera delivered to a standing-room crowd in Buttenweiser Lounge on Monday.

The controversial television newsman drew an enthusiastic response as he lambasted President Nixon for perpetrating a "vicious, ugly, racist and colonial war" in Vietnam.

"There are so many reasons to vote against Nixon I could go on forever," he remarked, listing the charges of "corruption, sabotage, espionage and wiretapping" tacked to Nixon's operatives. "Do these things frighten you? They scare the shit out of me," he declared to understanding laughter.

Rivera characterized the apparent Vietnam peace agreement as both "an election ploy" and "a cynical and ugly move."

"Don't be fooled," he warned, "because you have no guarantee that the war won't continue on November 8? Why didn't he end it four years ago? The terms aren't any different now."

Nixon, he suggested, had erased "an intangible spunk" which had moved the United States in the early Sixties and replaced it with "a general malaise... We've turned inward," he complained. "President Nixon makes people feel bad."

For McGovern, Rivera had only kind words, calling him a "very honorable and honest guy"

Defending the Democrat against charges from the audience that he is "anti-working class" and weak on several major policy issues, the WABC-TV newscaster said, "If McGovern is something less than

perfect, he's still much better than what we have now... There's no such thing as absolutes in politics. You've got to recognize there's a good guy and a bad guy, and you've got to vote for the better man."

Rivera praised McGovern's positions in support of a national health insurance plan, the elimination of oil depletion and capital gains allowances, and self-determination for Puerto Rico.

He charged his fellow members of the press with "doing grave injustice to McGovern's campaign" by writing about personalities, rather than the issues—"including ABC, which is known by more than one person

as the Republican station."

After making several campaign appearances for McGovern, Rivera was forced to take a leave of absence from his WABC-TV post until after the election. He became well-known in New York for a prize-winning series of reports on the scandalous conditions in the Willowbrook State Hospital for retarded children. But his future status with the station is no longer certain.

"You can take my opinion and put it into your equation or throw it away or wipe your ass with it," he told the Buttenweiser throng. "But why shouldn't I have the same right to tell you how I feel as you tell me how you feel?"

Students Fail To Show For McG Meeting

Representatives from Young Jews for McGovern held their last meeting here before the election during last Thursday's club break. No one came.

Still, Sam Norich, national coordinator for the group, remained hopeful and predicted that at least 65 per cent of New York's Jewish population will support the Democratic candidate. "The great Jewish swing towards conservatism actually amounts to less than 30 per cent," he said.

Norich claimed that Nixon has put forward policies that are not in the best interests of Jews, citing in particular his refusal to sell Phantom jets to Israel during the first two years of his administration.

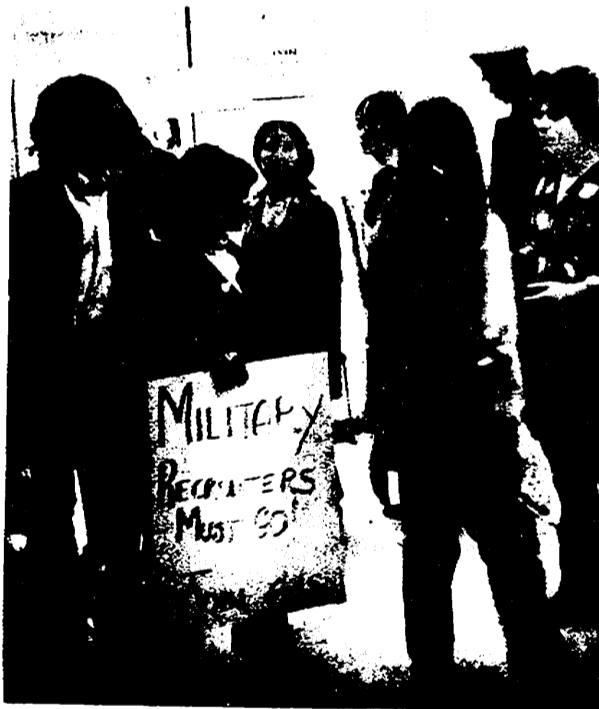
Norich also charged that Nixon hasn't taken a firm stand against

the oppression of Soviet Jews. "The 'wheat deal' with Russia could have afforded the President the chance, by applying pressure, to free these religious prisoners in exchange for farm products which Russia dearly needs," he stated.

McGovern has supported every bill to aid Israel since 1967, he added. "There are only 537 Jews in South Dakota, but in 1963, he introduced the first bill in Congress in support of Soviet Jewry."

Denying that the lack of a turnout at last Thursday's meeting was significant, he said that Young Jews for McGovern committees have opened offices throughout the city in colleges, yeshivas, rabbinical seminaries and storefronts.

Robert Ness



Recruiting Goes On

SDS and other radical student groups failed in their attempt to disrupt recruiting interviews by the Army Material Command in Room 333 Finley last Friday. Less than ten demonstrators appeared to form a picket line for an hour, chanting slogans, such as "Murderers Must Go." IFT's Avionics Division, which had been scheduled to appear, cancelled its visit, a decision hailed by SDS' Herb Michaels as "a victory."

Michaels conceded that the demonstration, "viewed in terms of disrupting the interviews, wasn't successful; but in terms of at least doing something, was better than nothing." He added that "a significantly greater number of people" are expected to protest on November 17.

Alumni to Hold Career Night

A "Career Advisory Conference" for liberal arts students is being sponsored by the School of Business Alumni Society on November 17 at 7 PM in Room 207 at the Graduate Student Center, 33 W. 42nd St.

A panel of six alumni will discuss job opportunities for college graduates in business

and health and welfare agencies. Some of the areas to be covered are: financial management, investments, insurance, computers, and employment in hospitals.

For additional information contact David Berger in the Alumni Office, Finley Center.

Berrigan: 'Short of Dispair, Hope is Only Illusion'

What follows are excerpts from yesterday's speech by Rev. Daniel Berrigan, in which he discusses the possible settlement of the Vietnam war and the current state of the Movement:

Now, speaking as I guess one who has been through the whole kind of ebb and flow in the last 10 years, it seems to me that this was bound to happen. There's a kind of iron-grip necessity about where we are. Because the iron grip machine brought us there. And what that has to do with is, I would think, a tremendous process of purification of really good people because the field had to be cleared for some real action, you know, and some real suffering, and some real change. It would never happen by huge masses of lost people who really didn't know they were lost, more than the whites in the South in the early 60s thought they were lost or in the wrong geography, or missing a point.

Now, out of that comes a deeper, deeper despair, but of course, despair is very important if anyone's going to get any real hope. Because short of despair, hope is only illusion, and till you've been through that power you don't know, have no idea, what is really out there, you know? So I certainly recognized elements of the tragic, the young people who have given up, but I also recognized that this was necessary in order that some might not give up. And what we've got to do is take rebuilding almost in the sense of the bombed out city. Because you know, what's really bombed out is one another, and our heads, and so you keep trying. And to have a few good people around you to keep something moving is about all we can really plan.

My brother Phillip, in Danbury, has groups of people he's working with that

wouldn't amount to maybe, oh, 40 at the most. Like every night there are these group meetings about, you know, prison and us, and the war. You know, everything. And, out of that has come work-strikes and fasts, and I guess you've followed some of the Danbury stuff up there; it's been very interesting, the change. It seems to me that this prison has sort of changed him into a Vietnamese, in the sense of a real human being, which is kind of rare. And he doesn't have any great dreams of a million people here or there or anywhere.

A week ago, a letter arrived from Hanoi, saying it was extremely urgent that about six or seven people in the peace movement



come immediately to Hanoi, and no reason was given. So we began immediately to apply to the parole board because I was invited. Tom Hayden and Dave Dellinger also were involved. They're under appeal in the Chicago case, and they immediately got a clearance to go through a circuit court in Chicago. There was no difficulty at all.

The parole board met under great duress on my case in Washington. They have to call these guys habitually in from the golf course when something like this comes up. That's called hardship cases. And Ramsey Clark was our attorney for getting my message to them about this trip. So, he got to them and presented several interesting aspects of this.

He said that first of all the possible release of prisoners was involved. That's probably what they want to talk about in case there's a signing (of a peace treaty). And the fact the parole board gave a very strong blessing which was kind of a strange trip by Jimmy Hoffa that almost came off, and they said, "Go, Jimmy, go." And then the courts, of course, had freed David and Tom immediately, so that was kind of an argument to let me go also.

So this was the interesting answer that came down within half an hour. The board, instead of representing the decision to me, called in Ramsey, and said he is not to go, and the reason is that things are in very delicate stage in Hanoi right now, in regard to our peace plan, and the presence of Father Berrigan can only further complicate things. Period. So Ramsey came back and said, "Well, we'll try again."

So he went back and said, "We think your reasoning is illegitimate. And you really have nothing to do with any State



Jeff Fliszar

Department material that's under confidence, but if you think that Father Berrigan's trip would sort of put off his rehabilitation, you ought to say so, because that's the only area in which you move. You are not the State Dept. And your concern is not the delicacy of what goes on in Hanoi." So they didn't take that very well, and that's where it was.

So I bring these matters up because they have a little bit to do with the lawlessness of a so-called public party in dealing with resisters against the war...

And next week (the election) is going to see another round of the same thing. And I wanted to suggest this afternoon that in a sense, whether or not Nixon signs the peace treaty, I would venture he's going to win. And that's where they give him a further four year in regard to the Indo-chinese people and with regard to ourselves. And that's a long time ahead to gamble with the bombs, and that's a long time to turn the screws domestically on people that are troublemakers.

And so we've got to think through if we want to remain conscientious at all, if we want to have any connection with anything beyond our own welfare, or our own survival, or our own selfishness. We've got to think through rather carefully where we're going to stand in the immediate future, and where he's going to try to make us slide down. And that's really not a matter of rhetoric. I don't believe in rhetoric. I never did. I believe that there's a lot of cold-turkey facts being stuffed down our throats, and we've gotta resist that as we would a prison, because it will destroy us just as sure as the bombs are destroying our friends.

Whether or not Nixon signs, his domestic problem is going to continue. The fact is that he is going to threaten our civil rights, limit the extent of free speech, of travel, of organizing, of helping one another get rid of everything that is keeping so many people down and under. So that in a sense, the Vietnamese fate is written very large across the billboard for us. And even though he can't quite do it as quickly and as definitively, and his solution has to be a little more indirect, the same business follows.

And the general thrust of people who understand that the Vietnamese solution is definitive for us too, is to try to think through how one survives. And that's not going to be a passive returning to the old structures, whether that be the university or the church, or the guaranteed income, or the tax situation. They change the taxes, and consume, and beget sons and daughters for the next war. And that old pattern of death...



One by One, the Answer Will Come

By TOM McDONALD

And so begins the task. As we enter the final days of the presidential campaign, we must finally come to grips with what seems to be plainly inevitable. A hobo raises the bottle of his forgotten and broken dreams to his lips and takes another slug before he hits the road. It's time to be on our way, my friends—George McGovern, R.I.P. 1972.

It seems like forever to the time when we all wondered when peace would come. Now that it is "at hand," there is no joy, no dancing in the streets; even peace ends up being a dirty double deal.

The past is only necessary to give an explanation of the present, and the present is only important in that it gives us clues as to what will be the future. What is over the horizon should be the most important thing on our minds right now. George McGovern will go down badly next Tuesday. Don't insist on swimming against the tide, only tomorrow counts.

It is disheartening to remember that at one time we looked to 1972 with an air of expectancy. More than half the country would be under 25, 18-year-olds would have the vote, and we would be the determining factor in the election. Yet we have failed miserably. The Democratic party was not responsive to the youth vote; they let us have our fun, the way the Republicans let Goldwater have his fun in 1964. They felt they weren't going anywhere in the mid-term of Nixon's reign, so what the hell, McGovern doesn't mean anything to them.

On the other hand, you will be deceiving yourself if you think that the impending settlement is any kind of response on Nixon's part to our demands for peace. Nixon doesn't seek to draw votes away from his opposition, just neutralize them. During the first half of his administration, he neutralized the far right by getting tough on busing, and hanging in there in Vietnam by dropping more bombs and invading Cambodia and Laos. Then he turned around and neutralized the left by visiting Russia and China and going after a settlement in Asia. At no time was he trying to get our votes, he was only trying to make sure that our numbers didn't grow.

This total disregard for people is clearly

evident in the Nixon administration's attitude towards the peace settlement. After miles of propaganda about how he would "never betray our noble allies in Southeast Asia," it looks like we could be pulling out and leaving North Vietnamese armies in the South, and in addition, paying the North 7.5 billion for all the terrible things we did to them. As a further indication of how stupid the Government thinks the public is, it is trying to tell us that politics has nothing to do with the timing of the settlement. Offhandedly, it claims that the only reason peace is coming now is because the North has been beaten "or else this settlement could have been made five years ago when Lyndon Johnson was president."

"Peace is at hand" not because the North has been driven to its knees, not because of pressure at home, but because Richard Nixon doesn't need Viet Nam anymore.

Viet Nam has lost its importance because we have new-found worlds to conquer. The economy is in ruins and people are out of work but that doesn't matter. Nixon doesn't care about people like that; he only cares about his friends who make their profits off of wage freezes and grain deals with the Soviet Union. Viet Nam is no longer important because we now have all of China and Russia to turn to the wonders of American goods. It is no small coincidence that General Motors is now giving its executives courses in Chinese customs and manners. "Dear Mao, wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?"

You are only deluding yourself if you consider yourself a rebel, or "an outlaw in the eyes of America," as the song says, because America is Richard Nixon, and in his eyes you ain't shit. If you were anything other than shit, why would people lie, steal, spy and kill right in front of your eyes and smugly pass it off as the way things are.

So what lies ahead? Historically, when the Republicans get hold of the White House, they don't give it back for a while. Big business becomes predominant, as in the 20's when the Republican motto was "the business of America is business." We can also look to similar periods in the past and say that a new era of McCarthyism or

Palmer Raids is on its way. Perhaps they are, perhaps not. The important thing is what do we do if those sort of things occur? Do we sneak away and hide the way so many people did during the days of Joseph McCarthy, or do we stand and fight?

The answer to that question lies within ourselves. The reason why we are so disorganized and our efforts have proven to be futile is because our lives have been futile. We talk about a revolution that we have no conception of. We talk of our love for our brothers but have contempt for anyone who doesn't automatically agree with us. We deplore senseless death in Asia but smile at the news of Golda Meir's planes bombing another Arab town. We attend rallies for starving children and then have dreams of someday buying a \$10,000 Porsche. We put things into categories of "right on" and a "rip off" as if we memorized them from a list rather than having thought through their meanings and relevance in a careful manner.

The only revolution that will occur in this country will occur inside our heads. However, if revolution were to be waged by imitation, we could all simply read a book about Che and the world would be better tomorrow. Revolution is more than that, it is a careful reordering and evaluation of all our beliefs into what is truly important to our lives and what isn't. That reordering must be a slow process of careful analysis, and even agony, as we drop old beliefs and pick up new ones. This redefinition of our lives must cover everything, from whom we decide to work for, to where we shop and what we buy. Above all, it must be completely honest and sincere because only then will it succeed. In the past, that honesty and commitment were sorely lacking, or otherwise we would have won a long time ago. If people were honest and dedicated, there wouldn't have been a Viet Nam because no one would have participated.

Once we develop that honesty we will have no fear, and when we lose our fear, we will succeed. We have to remove the contradictions from our lives one at a time and one person at a time. We can't help others if we can't help ourselves. Peace will come one by one—so will the final solution.

'An Oral History of the Civil Rights Movement in Fayette County, Tennessee'

What appears on these four pages are excerpts from a book to be published next year by Links Books, "Our Portion of Hell: An Oral History of the Civil Rights Movement in Fayette County, Tennessee." It was conceived, compiled and edited by Assistant Professor Robert Hamburger (English), who also wrote the following introduction.

Fayette County is in the southeast corner of Tennessee, a 40-minute drive from Memphis. The Mississippi border is just 15 minutes from Somerville, the county seat. It is the third poorest county in America. About 60 per cent of the population is black, and most of these blacks are sharecroppers working on land owned by whites. In statistical terms, Fayette County is typical of severe poverty in the rural South. What makes this county unique and significant is the way blacks have changed their attitude toward themselves and America as a result of the Civil Rights Movement.

Fayette County did not wait for the Movement in the South to stimulate this new consciousness. They did not wait for the organized activism of SNCC or SCLC or any of the other groups that did so much to shake up the structure of life in the Deep South. Leadership and momentum came from the people themselves in 1959 after a black lawyer defended Burton Dodson, a 70-year-old black farmer accused of murdering a white man some 20 years before. This victory both amazed and inspired the blacks who had never seen a black man defended by one of his own people.

One man who saw the trial, John McFerren, did not want the victory to end with a single display of solidarity. If justice was possible within a courtroom, perhaps justice could also be secured for those on the outside who suffered oppression daily in the ordinary circumstances of their existence. Soon after the trial, McFerren and a few friends organized a voter registration drive. The Movement had begun in earnest.

Those who registered faced the wrath and fear of the white community. Terrorism, violence, and economic reprisals were directed at the blacks who were first to register. Scores of sharecropping families were kicked off land they had worked for years. But the white power structure was unable to crush the Movement.

McFerren and his group, The Fayette County Civic and Welfare League, did not buckle under pressure. A Tent City was hastily formed on a black farmer's land, and for almost two years scores of homeless sharecroppers lived there in conditions that were impoverished even by the standards of this impoverished community.

The situation attracted nation-wide attention. The New York Post and various radio stations raised truckloads of food and clothing for the families of Tent City. It was a time when Civil Rights was a pressing national issue. The media embraced the flood of triumphs and tragedies in the South. In their presidential campaigns, both Kennedy and Nixon were asked for their response to the events in Fayette County. In short, as the Sixties began many informed people knew Fayette County existed. Some people even responded actively to the situation.

That was 13 years ago. Fayette County still exists. The struggle continues. The power structure continues to use all the economic, legal, and physical means at its disposal to obstruct progress and destroy the Movement. People have died. Others have been shot and beaten. Still more have been thrown in jail, dismissed from jobs, and persecuted by the legal system that is supposed to protect them.

There have been some positive changes—schools and public facilities have been integrated; various federal



'Our Portion of Hell'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

assistance programs are operating—but none of these changes came about without bitter, painful struggle and all of these changes are continually subverted by the cynical operation of economic and legal power. And what makes the situation even more difficult, more desperate, is that the Movement has been virtually abandoned by those outside the South who once cared or were forced to care.

Under Nixon's Southern Strategy the Federal Government is no longer an aggressive ally of the Movement. During the Kennedy and Johnson administrations, McFerren could pick up his phone and speak directly to the Attorney General's Office. Today the Attorney General's Office does not appear to like to tie up its lines with such callers. And the media has also abandoned the Movement.

Needless to say, there has been quite a lot of news in the past 13 years. Many things besides the Civil Rights Movement demand our attention and commitment. But old issues do not disappear just because they are ignored as new issues arise. The struggle for Civil Rights in the South continues. It is still a cruel and difficult journey. And the lives of those who have embarked on this journey have a moral significance that we must not ignore.

That's why I'm doing this book, I first went to Fayette County in the Spring of 1965 to help build a community center. Over the years I returned when I could—not with any group, not with any goal in mind, but just to visit friends I made, people I loved. When I visited my friends in 1970, I felt torn apart with love and anger.

One man had just been tortured to death, John McFerren had almost been beaten to death in broad daylight on the steps of the county courthouse, school integration was being obstructed by astonishing abuse of black children, a 70 year old woman, her daughter and grandchild were clubbed and beaten by two rednecks. People were getting messed over as viciously as they ever were years ago when such events were "national news."

Through the summer of 1971 and early this year, I went back to conduct the interviews that appear here. I want to bring a book into existence so that people will

know such things still happen. A book exists as a real and tangible object. Perhaps the lives of these ignored people will regain a kind of reality to outsiders if a book, their book, exists.

John McFerren has led the movement in Fayette County since it began. He feels that the real struggle of his people is against economic oppression rather than racial prejudice. The white power structure of the county considers him their greatest enemy.

My name is John McFerren. I'm 46 years old. I'm a Negro, was born and raised in West Tennessee, the county of Fayette, District 1. My foreparents was brought here in covered wagons from North Carolina five years before the Civil War because the rumor got out among the slaveholders that West Tennessee was still goin' to be a slaveholdin' state. My people was brought over here and sold. And after the Civil War my people settled in West Tennessee.

Back in 1957 and '58 there was a Negro man accused of killin' a deputy sheriff. This was Burton Dodson. He was brought back after he'd been gone 20 years, brought back to trial. The stimulation from the trial got me interested in the way justice was bein' used. The only way to bring justice would be through the ballot box.

In 1959 we got out a charter called the Fayette County Civic and Welfare League. Fourteen of us started out in that charter. And on August 12, 1959, there was a small number of us that was able to register to vote. We tried to support a liberal candidate that was named L.T. Redfearn in the sheriff election and the local Democrat Party refused to let Negroes vote.

We brought a suit against the Democrat Party, and I went to Washington for a Civil Rights Hearing. Myself and our lawyer, E.F. Estes, and Harpman Jameson appeared before the Board. It took us 22 hours steady driving.

We sat out in the hall while they had a meeting inside the Attorney General's Office. And when they come out, they told us they was gonna indict the landowners. That night we were so poor with finance that three of us slept in one bed and four of us slept on the floor at a friend of ours

house up there 'cause we wasn't able to go to a hotel. And when we came back we drove a Chrysler non-stop 21 hours back to Memphis—only stopped for gas and oil check.

Just after that, in 1960, in January, 1000 Negroes lined up at the courthouse to register to vote. We started pourin' in with big numbers—in this county it was 72% Negroes in when we started to register to vote to change the situation. In the followin' September, an article came out in the editorial of the Fayette Falcon that they would evict 1000 Negroes off of the land. So in October and November they started puttin' 'em off of the land. And when they started puttin' 'em off the land—once you registered you had to move; once you registered they took your job—than after they done that, in November we had 300 people in tents. And when we started puttin' 'em in tents, than that's when the White Citizens Council and the Klu Klux Klan started shootin' in the tents to run us out.

The first store I went in after I come back from Washington—I had been tradin' there many years—was Farmer's Hardware. And I went in that day and went on back and done my buying. The colored fellow who's been there for years waited on me—and when I started out the door, the store owner called me and said, "John, come here." I went on back to the cash register. He says, "That mess you went to Washington on, you started. I can't sell you nothin'." I can't, I can't. I don't want you to come in my store anymore." I come on out.

They had a black list—once you registered and your name appeared on the registration books, your name would appear on the black list. And they had the list sent around to all merchants. Once you registered you couldn't buy for credit or cash.

One day when they put the screws on us my brother just got tired of pressure. He was in business and he left in the first of 1960. And an old fella by the name of John Lewis, he was 83 years old at the time—he was very good support for myself and the other coordinators with me—he told me, he said, "John, whyn't you go in that store and put somethin' in there for us to buy cause they're puttin' the screws on us?" And I attempted.

I went into business the first of 1960 to supply the Negroes who could not buy for cash or for credit. Durin' that same time, the big oil companies put the national screws on us. I tri-d to buy from big, major oil companies all over America. They would not sell to me. The first shipment of gas I bought the deputy sheriff put the gun on the driver and made him carry the shipment of gas back. It was six months again before I could break the gasoline squeeze.

I had to haul everything I sold from other towns. I used to have to go into the city of Memphis 'bout every night and the Citizen's Council in the district chased me just about every night. I had a '55 Ford with a Thunderbird motor in it and two 4-barrelled carburetors on it. And it would run about 135. The sherrif told me one day, he says, "Every time we get after you, I just sees two balls of fire goin' over the hill. That's all I see."

One night I went out to Mr. L.T. Redfearn's house. He was a friend of ours. He was in a suit with us, when we filed a suit against the Democratic Committee for violatin' our rights to vote. The Klu Klux Klan was waitin' out there in the intersection of the road when I came out there from his house. They wasn't sure who I was 'til I slowed up at the stop sign at the highway. Then all those car lights flashed on to get after me. They chased me through the town runnin' 90 miles an hour.

They were lookin' for me to come home, but I made a right turn—I woulda kept straight on to come on home—and went a back way and come home behind my house. And the Deputy was in his car runnin' up and down the road lookin' for me with no license on his car. Reason I know it was the Deputy was the Dep's tail light broke out on the left side. I went in town the next day and looked at his car—his tail light was broke out on the left side.

I have been in business—soon will be 12 years. And I haven't closed a day since I opened. I open around 7 o'clock in the

(Continued on next page)

Our Portion of Hell...

(Continued from preceding page)

mornin' and close between 11 and 1 at night. One time when my baby was born, Harris, it was some time before he knew who his father was. I would leave in the mornin' before he got out the bed, and when I would come home at night he would be asleep. And I stayed away so long during the year—and he grew up so large as a small child—when I went home one day in the daytime, the little fellow run from me. He didn't know me.

I have to run my business long hours to catch all the business I can—to support my family. I had to support my family and make a livin' and also work in the Movement. It was very hard 50 miles every other night to pick up bread and milk and groceries for my store. When they run me outa all the nearby towns I had to run up as high as 150 miles to get certain items.

However, I think, I'm sure, that puttin' the pressure on us, it educated us in a short while. It educated us what to expect and what not to expect. It helped the Negroes. You take Negroes and you put 'em on a plantation—and he's born and raised on this plantation. He seems to become accustomed to this, and when you don't upstir him, he don't know nothin' else but that. Well, when you stir him up and put pressure on him to run him off, he finds other ways to make a living. And that has helped the Negroes to advance themself much more faster than just lettin' him come on on his own.

The Negro must get in the economic field—get in the businesses and get in the money stream. He must get independent to get his Civil Rights. A person cannot demand Civil Rights eating out of the other man's hand. . . . We do not have a doctor in this county and we do not have a practisin' Negro attorney in this county. And the only way we gonna get people of that category is raise our own people in that category.

We're not gonna be able to get people to come in from other places because, by being the third poorest county in the nation, there's no one that's used to livin' in high society that'll come in and live in a poor environment and poor society. Therefore you got to take your own people and send 'em out and get 'em trained and bring 'em back to change your society.

When the white man put on the economic squeeze 10 years ago, it began our great progress. Up until 10 years ago, a lotta people were sharecroppers livin' on the white man's place. The white man did his

thinkin'. But when he put the Negroes off the land, the Negro started thinkin' for hisself. The Negro is bein' trained under pressure that makes him think for hisself.

Viola McFerren's account shows us the cruel strain political activism places on one's personal life. Today she is an inspirational force in the struggles of her people, but thirteen years ago she struggled through her own private, paralyzing fears of the terrible results political protest might bring to her family.

I'm Viola McFerren. I am 39 years old. I've never been outside of the South, I suppose. Not so much anyway. There were twelve children. I am the eleventh of twelve children. We were a very poor family, but we had a loving mother and father. Much of the time we didn't have many things that were essential. We didn't have proper food and I understand that back about the time I was born and a couple of years afterward there were many times when we, along with so many other people in our community, had no food at all. We grew up in this rural community near the town of Michigan, Mississippi. That's in north Mississippi approximately 20 miles south of Somerville. We attended a one room rural school where you had one teacher with more than 100 children much of the time.

After finishing the eighth grade in this elementary school I went to Fayette County Training School. We roomed away from home and attended the school and just before graduation I was married to John McFerren. That was about December 1950. Upon completing 12th grade in 1951 I enrolled in a school of cosmetology. I'm a registered beautician, however I don't get to practice very much. In 1958 our first children came along—John and Jackie. And it was about this time that John had gotten involved into this community work of encouraging Negroes to register to vote—something we had not been able to do in Fayette County. I'll have to be frank to say that I was just scared to death and I did everything in the world I could to discourage him, because I was absolutely afraid—I was afraid of what would happen to him and what would happen to his family if he was to get involved in this kind of work. But nothing I said to him stopped him. He continued.

John had a lot more experience about some of the things that goes on in the world than I had. He had been fortunate enough to travel around a good bit. He had been in the military service and he got a lot of

experience in that, whereas I had only been to this little rural elementary school and then just across the land to this high school, and from there into marriage and I just hadn't seen too much.

We were farming at the time—eight acres of cotton and very little more than that of corn. And our earnings were very slim, but he always managed to hustle enough to keep two people going. He used to cut logs and haul timber where he could find it as a side-line. And I remember quite well he returned home one night and he said he'd been cutting some timber on a white man's farm in Mississippi. And he said that he didn't realize that there were black people who were practically uncivilized in this part of the country. And he went on to tell about the black people that came out to see him while he worked. And he said that they lined up and just stared at him, and if he looked around they would run behind trees and peep out at him as if he was not a human being. And he said that they just didn't, they looked like they were not civilized at all. And they reacted that way. And he came home and he told me that he just couldn't go over there any-

the first thing I knew he, along with Harpman Jameson, Houston Malone, and a number of other fellows had talked about this thing and they were getting a voters' registration drive going. In the meantime they talked with this black lawyer about organizing a civic organization to work with. Then they set out the Fayette County Civil and Welfare League Incorporated.

Things were so tough, each morning when John would leave home, I just knew that he wouldn't return. This is how I felt. When he would arrive at night I was always glad to see him, but I just knew, when the next morning came and he was off again that this was the last time I would see him. This is just how serious things were.

I had been too afraid to sleep at night cause I had always read about mobbing and lynching and had been told stories about what happened to Negroes when they do things that whites didn't approve of. I just waited for the time when this type of thing would happen to us. I had gotten so nervous over thinking about what was going to happen, until I wanted to sleep, but I certainly couldn't sleep at night. And

'I had been afraid to sleep at night cause I had always read about mobbing and lynching...'

more because he didn't know his own people were in that condition. He just couldn't afford to go back over there. He just couldn't take it.

Then, I don't remember the exact time, but pretty soon after that this Burton Dodson trial was being had here in Fayette County. This was a black man who had been gone from Fayette County for approximately 20 years after he had been accused of shooting a white deputy. Somehow he was found and they brought him back at the age of about 70. Everybody in Fayette County, it appeared, tried to attend that hearing and it was at this hearing that he was represented by a black lawyer. As they were trying to select a jury for this case, this black lawyer was questioning why weren't there Negroes as part of the jury and someone in some authority around the courthouse answered, "Because they were not registered citizens." And that's why they were not being placed on the jury.

And it was at that time that John came home and said he was going to do something about Negroes in Fayette County not even being registered to vote. And

during the day, after he had gone off, and I had prepared myself to get the news of his not being able to return home alive—I would work hard and get all my work done and get the babies to sleep and then I would get a nap during the day. But I couldn't sleep at night. I didn't want to sleep at night.

I could just see in my mind this mob, I could just hear the same kind o' mob that went out to kill Burton Dodson. Everybody, as I have been told, was shooting. This huge mob, and they were all shooting. From treetops. All the trees were covered and horses and everything else all around the house and everybody blazing away. I could just see that kind of mob coming to do us in at night. Finally, it almost got me down. Through the day there were just parades of cars driven by white people that would come past our house driving very, very, very slowly. Then at night they would drive into the drive and turn around on the gravel. You could hear them turning around and this was a constant thing. And this was something horrible to live with.

Then I just became so depressed. I just gave up. For a while I thought, when John



not here I'll go to somebody's house. But I found out that everybody is afraid and it seemed they felt better when we weren't around. That didn't leave many places for me to go. My parents were living in Mississippi which was too far to go. And the children were very small babies and I was a difficult thing to live with and yet I was afraid to be home. Finally I saw I couldn't get away from the thing. I had nowhere to go to get away. John had to be alone; I couldn't be with him every place he went.

I decided I would just pray about the situation and just leave it completely up to our Eternal Father. I just remember all times of the day and night when I would just get on my knees—whenever it came to me, whenever it dawned on me the conditions that was existing, I would just stop right then and there, regardless of what I was doing—whether I was putting diapers out on the line in back or if I was doing the laundry or whatever—I just stopped right then and I would pray. And I asked the Eternal Father to please remove the fear that I had because I couldn't live with it—it was about to get me down. And I was so sick and nervous. I couldn't eat anymore. And many of the people that I had thought were our black friends had turned against

us. Finally, all of the fear left. All of the fear of harm being done, of stayin' awake at night to listen, to hear what's coming upon you. All this left and I was able to go to sleep at night. And I was so tired. I just went to sleep at bedtime and I didn't worry anymore. I didn't feel tired, worried and ragged out again. I was able to go about my business. And it was at this time I decided regardless to what feel or say—this is right, there's no reason why people shouldn't be free; there's no reason why people shouldn't have an opportunity to register and vote. And this is not wrong, and even though whites is reacting in a way that is saying that you're wrong, they have had these privileges and someone has to take a step for the black people. And if our lives is going to make it better for all of the thousands of black lives in Fayette County, then what is it to lose five little lives? I was thinking in terms of my husband's life, the three children, and mine. So I just got a new determination and I've worked hard and I've done everything that I could possibly do to promote progress in the interests of the people here.

It took 11 years before Fayette County made its first gestures to comply with the Brown v. the Board of Education decision of 1954. Edward Gray was among the first small group of blacks to integrate the high



school. Only Edward and one close friend were able to withstand the brutal pressures of that first year.

My name is Edward Gray. I'm 23 years old. I started to work helping my father out around the farm real early, seven or eight years old, man. It was nothin' unusual to go to school in the mornin' and then come back home in the evenin' and go to the field.

You was part of the family and you was a part of the group and this was one of the ways the income was made and you was a part of it. Though you was goin' to school, you was also helpin' out at home also, right. This continued not only in the summertime, but in the fall when you started pickin' cotton and so forth. In many respects a whole lot of kids—they didn't go back to school, man.

The school started in September and they wouldn't get back to school 'til January—'til all the cotton or whatever got to be picked. It was harvested before they got back to school. Not only would they be behind, from that year, but this was a constant thing for every year. I mean every year was like this.

And one of the factors I can see—they were stayin' on a white man's place and he said that they had to have this cotton out the field if they wanted to stay on his farm. And there's no other way for the farmer to get it out unless he has the help of his children. And he knows if he don't get it out he's gonna have to have to move somewhere.

As far as sacrifices are concerned, I know my mother and father made extreme sacrifices for me and my brother to go to

school. If I went to school and it rained hard while I was at school, I knowed—we lived off the road like—that I was gonna get wet as a dog goin' home. 'Cause I was gonna have to walk across this little bridge if the bridge was still there. Water maybe washed it away. And if I went around to the other road I couldn't go across that way cause that's where water was comin' down under the bridge. So I knowed there was gonna be water any way I went.

So the best thing I could hope to do was get through the water, keep my books from gettin' wet—because if you lost a book man, you wouldn't get another book—you'd be charged with that book. You done just lost a book. The best thing you could do was try to keep your books from gettin' wet and hope to get home before you got pneumonia.

In line of sacrifices—if it rained at home that day—durin' the wintertime it was real cold—if my father didn't bring us to the road on his truck, he'd bring us on his tractor, or else we had a wagon and he'd bring us in the wagon, or we'd ride the horse. He and my grandfather used to bring us when the water was as high as we was. I would say I was 8 or 9 years old. He would meet me there in the mornin' or the evenin' when the water was up and he would take me and put me on his shoulder—walkin' through the water his self, and I'm on his shoulder, to keep me from gettin' wet. That's right. And if it rained hard I just knowed there'd be somebody waitin' on me to take me across that water in the evenin'. Cause man if I went across I'da gotten drowned. The water was just too deep.

As far as school is concerned—when they integrated it—there's so many things I can tell you about that. It was 1965 when the first integration program in Fayette County began. The Freshman and Senior class went to the previously all-white school. There was about 500-530 students and I think there was about 16 blacks.

That first day man, it was just like—it's hard to describe. It was a rough day. Like the teachers—you could get the sense that they didn't want you up there—"Man, we got these niggers comin' in our school and we don't want 'em there." But a whole lotta teachers, you could see that they would try to act nice to try to hope that maybe you'd be satisfied and after this year you'd go on back to the nigger school and not worry about this no more.

Back to that first day again though. On the bus you had a special place to sit. It wasn't at the back, it was at the front, but it might as well have been at the back because you was isolated—there wasn't anybody else up there with you. They'd always try to figure a way where they'd have a seat between you and the other white kids sittin' behind. They were always causin' harassment. Like it was nothin' for you to get thumped beside the head, or slapped beside the head, or throwin' coins—this guy done got on with a pot full of coins that night and he got on and throwed coins from the time you got on the bus 'til you get to school.

And a whole lotta times the bus driver's see it and just ignore it. They acted like they didn't even see it, you know. A whole lotta times it'd be their children or their grandchildren'd be doin' it, you see. Or their next door neighbor, you know. And they were whites like they were. It didn't mean nothin' to them. The only reason he's drivin' the bus is for the salary, for the money. So he didn't give a damn. So he didn't want you on there nowhere.

Well, back to that first day. We got to school—I can speak of my situation—I went in there that day and, man they looked at me like I was a guy that walked in from Mars. You see, I was the only black student in my homeroom. Man, they treated me like I was a—they didn't have nothin' to say to me. That's number one. The only one that said anything to me was my homeroom instructor. My homeroom was where this lady taught Latin. So they got up there this first day and recited the Pledge of Allegiance in Latin. And that was the first time I had even been in a classroom where Latin was taught.

It was that day. That's right, it was that day. That's right. I stood up—that's about all I did on that day, cause I didn't know

(Continued on next page)



Our Portion of Hell...

(Continued from preceding page)

nothin' about no Latin whatsoever. When the teachers had us stand up and introduce our name and all that stuff, when I stood up man they'd "huh-huh-huh-huh-huh-huh-huh—they got a nigger standin' up here." Guy who's chair was next to mine, he moved his chair all the way almost out middle ways of the floor to get away from me, you know. It was a hell of a thing.

You know you wasn't part of the group, see. There wasn't no doubt about that. You knew you wasn't part of the group. But you develop a sense of hate. Well not necessarily for them, but you'd hate you was in the situation. But yet and still—I tried to keep this point in mind—I knew that I was doin' somethin' was gonna help somebody else, see. Because I knowed that this wasn't somethin' that was gonna last but one year and be all over with.

OK, now they had us separated so that some of us would eat one time, some of us would eat another time, some of us would eat no time, and they had it set up so that you would seldom run into anybody—another black student during the course of changing classes. Only time you might see 'em would be in lunch time and then you'd be gettin' showered by pennies—they'd throw pennies at you the whole 30-40 minutes before the next class. It wasn't nothing for you to be able to collect your lunch money for the next day off of the floor—nickles and pennies—we didn't get many dimes and quarters, but we got our share of nickles and pennies.

This was a thing that didn't let up. This went on for nine months, this kinda stuff. It wasn't nothin' for a guy to talk to ya in the hall and call you a nigger. You get to the point in two or three months where you didn't pay that much attention. Guys would hit you—they'd hit you in the stomach. You'd walk down the hall and somebody's hit you on the side of your head with a piece of chalk, or stuff like this. Or they'd walk up to you in the corner and elbow you or somethin' like that. That wasn't nothin'. You was accustomed to every pressure.

You wasn't studyin' at school—that was just a place you made an appearance for the sake of it. You wasn't studyin', you wasn't learnin'. That's one of the reasons I think a whole lotta the black students didn't make it, see, because when you got home at night they had other things to do. I worked when I got home. I didn't drop down at no desk and start studyin'. I got home and worked 'til 7 o'clock at whatever I had to do and went to bed around 8. My Senior year in high school I didn't watch no t.v. If you asked me what come on t.v. after 8 o'clock durin' the week I couldn't tell you. I didn't know cause I'd go to bed around 8 o'clock and I'd sleep 'til 1:30 or 2. Then I'd be done got up to study.

It's hard to describe. You'd wake up and make a fire to study cause the house is cold. You woke up, you're damn right, cause when you hit that cold floor you sure woke up. But the thing about it was tryin' to make yourself to stay on up to study. That was a hard thing. Once I was up I didn't go back to bed. Around 2:15 I'd be hittin' the books and I wouldn't go back to sleep. Then in the mornin' we had to pick okra around 6 o'clock.

My mother called us around 7:15 to get us ready for school and while we'd get ready for school my father would come on over from the okra field to take us on down in the truck to the bus line so we wouldn't be late.

If you went down in the okra field and you picked two crates of okra by the time you left for school—at that time okra, I think, was selling for three cents a pound and a crate of okra was about 28 pounds. Ok, then you picked about 56 pounds while you was down there. Then 3 times 56—see, you done earned a couple of dollars. Say, for example, if there's five of y'all and you picked that much. That's a nice little chip in the pot. And the longer it stays in the field the larger it gets and the lower the price. You had to be there to do your little



share. It might not seem like much at the time—to you—but you was doin' your share. When you're poor everything counts.

After years of nationwide attention and federal commitment, the South has been left to Southern justice once again. Maggie Mae Horton is disgusted by all this and unafraid to speak out.

Law and order. We got the best laws in Tennessee. I don't think they got no better in Washington. But we don't go by them. We don't enforce them. I don't fight the law, I fight the white crackers and the white church goin' people. We don't only have a problem with our law enforcement, we have a problem with our best citizens—both black and white. "We won't talk we won't say anything bout what's happenin'. Regardless if they kill me, I don't wanta get involved." Well my goodness, you're already involved—you live here in Fayette County. That's the biggest problem we have here—of gettin' involved.

We have a lot of Negroes who feel that "I'm gonna wait on Jesus." God don't fix it. God give you two plus two and man I'm tellin' you, you do what you wanta do yourself. You already made. You ain't gonna come into a damn thing from him. All the peace that's gonna be made is gonna be through you and me and all of us. God ain't gonna come in here and make any peace. Even the ministers, they wanta stay out of this. They say, "We gonna stay here and pray 'til Shiloh come." Hell, Shiloh here. Anytime a white man can beat you up and do what he want—come to your house, kick you outside—Shiloh hasn't got here? To me, I ain't waitin', Jesus ain't doin' nothin' for me. He give me my hands and knowledge to do it. All I need is just give me the strength and I do the thing myself. That's what we gonna work forward to—to knowledge trying to get people to quit waitin' for God to come do something for them.

You know, we ain't afraid as we used to be, but we have a custom of what have been taught us all our lives that God gonna feed you. We don't have enough knowledge to know the crop's already picked. All we have to do is get up and git it. That is what we'll be workin' on from now on—to engineer somethin' or design somethin' that will destroy what our folks' parents

have just nailed into us. The most of the 60 and 70 year old peoples, they're goin' by what they was taught, and you can't change this. We haven't taught our kids that. We taught them—yes, there's a living God. I believe there is. But I don't believe he gonna do a damn thing for me. I believe he give me my hand and things to do it with. I'm gonna have to do it and that's what I teach my children—to get up off your stool and do somethin' for yourself or ain't anything'll get done. But most of the older ones are waiting for that great day God come in and fix everything. That's why the movement has sagged awhile. And it's a misunderstandin'.

Yes, I'll go along with what God gonna help me do. But the misunderstandin' is that we wait for him to come here and do it for us. And I pointed out what it means to groups of people—God didn't fix it so we could vote; he didn't come down here and go up there and make those white people let us vote. We gonna have to the same thing we did then—to put our bodies up there and speak up and say what we want and what we don't want. There aren't too many religious peoples that think for themselves.

And, my God, if I said "damn" around them it'd scare them to death—I'm goin' to hell. I'm already in hell. This is it. This is hell here. This is all I expect to go to. Well I've had my portion of it. I'm not gonna wait around I don't think—it's not up to me—but I don't think I'll wait around for all this peace and happiness to come. I'm gonna raise all the hell I can to move some of this away.

Now I'm non-violent. This is true. I fight the hell out of you, but I don't believe in goin' out there burnin' up things. This is not my way in the movement. But I'm gonna tell you this and this is a fact—I wouldn't give a damn if they'd go down there and just tear up everything in Rossville. I wouldn't say just one word. No, I wouldn't do it, but I sure wouldn't try to stop it because I believe the police department, the mayor of the town, and all the good church goin' folks created the problem. So let them cope with it.

Negroes been here 80 or 90 years and they don't even counted. They don't even know we here. The Civil Rights Commissioner, he was here and askin' me about things in Fayette County.

He said, "How do the Negroes stand?"

I said, "Don't nobody know they're here but you and we Negroes."

He said, "What do you mean?"

"Your white folks don't even know we exist."

And he said, "I can't believe that. I think you should concentrate on what you're sayin' cause we want the truth."

I said, "Mister, this is true, the white peoples don't know we exist. If you think they do you got the jobs what they got. Go in there and see how many Negroes you find. And when you get outa there go in all the stores—all the various places where Whites are employed for better than \$1.25 an hour. See how many Negroes you find there. And you come back and tell me if we exist in Fayette county."

He said, "Well, if you put it that way, I have to agree with you."

I said, "No, that's what you should be investigatin'. Not lettin' me tell you what's happenin'. You can see. Go out there and look for yourself. See, it's not covered up. We don't have jobs."

Right now I think Negroes are like this. You know you can just peck on somethin' and peck on it, long as you don't hurt it too much. But now Negroes are against the wall—a stone wall. We can't go backwards and forwards. We're being detained and we gotta get out. We don't give a damn what it takes to get me outta here. I've been sweatin' so much, I've been humiliated so. And how it ends—I don't give a damn. If it's to cut out, knock out, shoot out, break out—anyway I have to get out. I'm coming out. I don't care who I have to fight. I don't care who it is—we gonna fight him. We breakin' out.

They say that in the cities that Negroes are being deprived and how they're being detained—there's no rules. They're gonna break out. And when they break out all hell's gonna break out. You can get the National Guard, you can get the Army, you can get whoever in hell you want, but when Negroes break out it's gonna be worse than the Vietnam war. It's gonna be like a Sunday School to what these Negroes gonna do. And I'm gonna be right there too. It's not gonna be long. We are non-violent, but that's gonna end. None of us have witnessed what we been witnessin' the past two years.

I just wouldn't want to comment on a man like Nixon. You know, I can't find words to say about him. I don't understand him and I never will. I don't even know what his angle is. Things have really gotten worse since he became President. They really have. Cause he has really showed the whites that all the work that all of the best thinkin' peoples have done, all of the civil rights workers that have did—he has assured them, "Hell, baby, I'm gonna put you back in the driver's seat. And most whites feel that."

I'd rather have George Wallace than have Nixon. At least I know how the man thinks. But here's Nixon sittin' in the White House talkin' out o' both sides of his mouth and there's nothin' to it. You don't know what the hell the man means. He'll talk for Negroes at night and go in the country next day and talk against 'em. He'll make some kind o' plan for Negroes this afternoon and take it away from 'em before nine o'clock tonight. So we don't know what Nixon's doin'. We don't even know the man. Wallace, we know he hates the hell out o' us. We coulda' lived with Wallace. And Goldwater, he just wanted the job anyway. He didn't hate us as bad as they said he was. He was just makin' a promise. We'd been somewhere if we'd a had him.

But you don't know how to work with no Nixon—hell he'd have you down in chains and bust your hide open before you know it. Hundreds and hundreds of people on food stamps in Fayette County gonna be off because of this damn thing he signed a few months ago. I don't know anything about him. He's at war within himself. I don't think the man knows one thing from another. I don't think Nixon thinks for himself nohow. I think somebody tells him what to do. I think Nixon holds the chair and somebody else does the plannin' and say what's on. It's just like our police in Rossville. He's the police, but the man that hires him is the policeman. He's bein' used. That's what I think about our country.

Bridge Continues To Air His Views

By PAULA J. MILLER

The First Amendment is being weakened . . . for the first time in American history reporters were told they could not print articles embarrassing to the government, and that they must disclose their sources. It is in plain defiance of the Constitution.

—George McGovern
in a televised speech last Wednesday.

Candidate McGovern's warning was a reference to the Pentagon Papers case and the Supreme Court's ruling last June that journalists have to reveal their sources and confidential material before a grand jury.

This latter decision was reached after Earl Caldwell, a reporter for the New York Times, refused to answer questions by a California grand jury concerning his knowledge of the Black Panthers.

"From now on," Caldwell wrote in the Saturday Review, "no newspaper can hope to cover effectively an organization such as the Panthers."

The first victim of the anti-press rulings became Peter Bridge, a reporter for the defunct Newark Evening News, who spent 20 days in jail for his refusal to answer five questions before the Essex County grand jury investigating possible corruption in the Newark Housing Authority. He was released on October 24 when the grand jury was dismissed.

Bridge was subpoenaed to testify about an article he wrote last May, in which he described an alleged attempt to bribe Mrs. Pearl Beatty, a member of the Newark Housing Commission. The article quoted her as saying that an unidentified man had offered her \$10,000 for her vote for a new Housing Authority executive director.

Bridge answered over 50 questions for the grand jury on the content of his article, but refused on constitutional grounds to answer questions relating to information not published in the

story. Bridge argued that the New Jersey courts denied his First Amendment guarantee of freedom of the press. New Jersey law provides that a reporter does not have to reveal the "source, author, means, agency or person from or through whom any information was obtained." However, it says that a reporter waives that privilege if he discloses any part of the confidential information.

In writing about his case, Bridge wrote, "Reporters have a profound responsibility to conceal the identity of their sources.



THE FIRST AMENDMENT (AMENDED)

This responsibility is felt so deeply by good reporters that they are willing to protect those sources at all costs, even jail. What reporters need is legal support to carry out that responsibility."

Prison Experiences

While Bridge was in jail, he received \$500 in contributions towards his legal expenses from news organizations. The National Observer, where Bridge had been a stringer, sent out an unofficial appeal to its staff to take up collections for the Bridge family. The appeal explained that Bridge lost his job when the Newark News folded, is unable to collect unemployment insurance or seek employment while in prison, and that his wife is to give birth to their third child any day.

In prison Bridge was awakened

early, ate the incredibly bad meals, and worked in the prison pharmacy. He was visited every day by his wife and reporters. Bridge sent two dispatches from jail to the New York Times through the regular mail, describing his routines and experiences:

"Almost every inmate in this section has spent at least two hours in a bull session with me. I'm learning a great deal. One of the important things I'm learning is that not one of these men blames anyone but himself for his predicament. 'Society' as the fountain-head of fault, doesn't exist for them."

Bridge was released from the Essex County Jail on October 24, when the grand jury was dismissed. That evening Bridge, Ramsey Clark, and Anthony Lewis spoke at the New York Times at a fund-raising rally for Bridge and other reporters involved in First Amendment cases, at the Village Gate. They were applauded by a crowd of more than 200 people, mostly journalists.

Remains Adamant

"There's going to be more of me," Bridge said after his release. "They have attacked our basic rights: the need to know, and the freedom of information. The only way I can operate as a newsman is to have confidentiality of sources, especially in government."

When asked what he would do if he saw a crime committed, he replied, "If I witnessed a crime, I would act like any other citizen,

but I can't see any situation where I would reveal a confidential source."

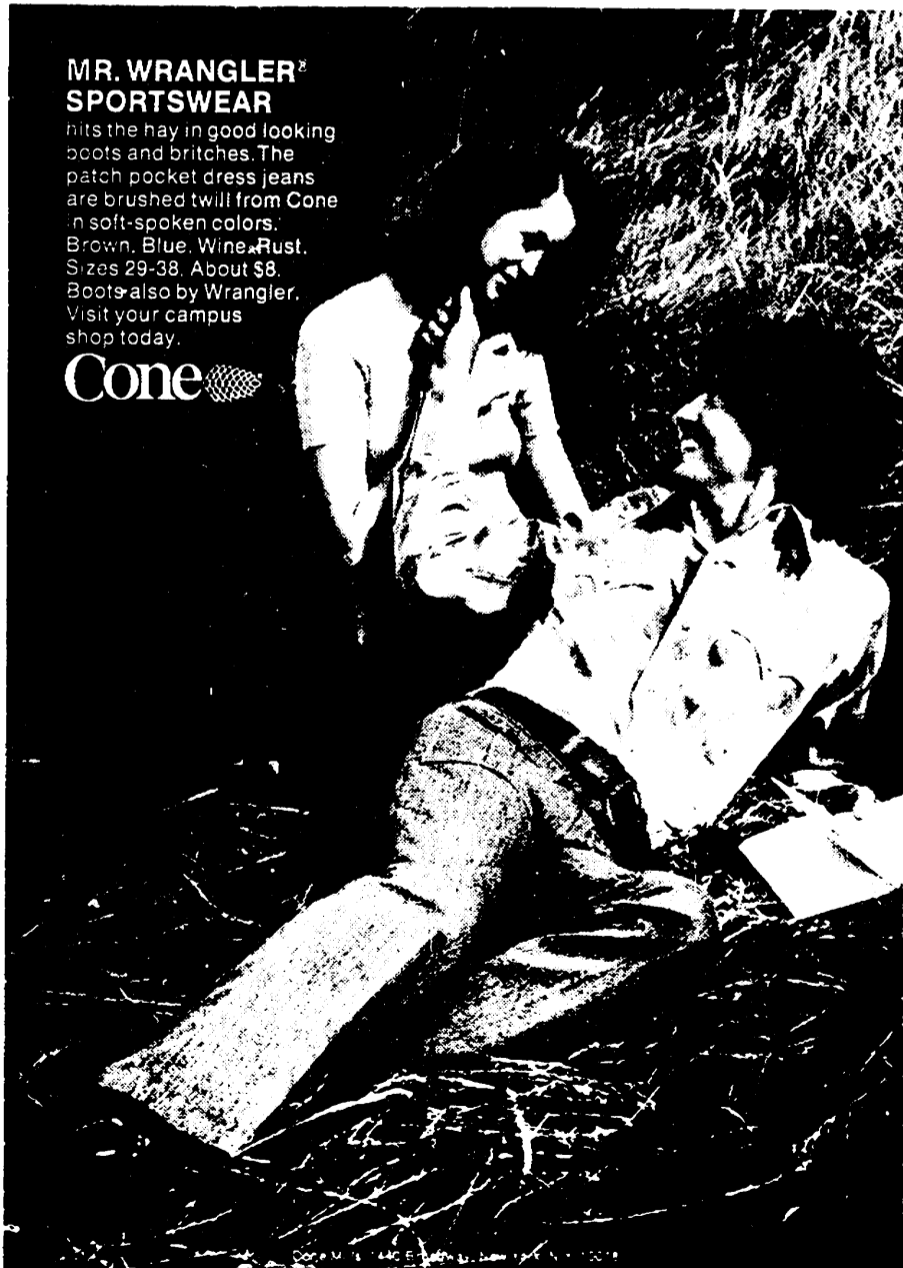
Peter Bridge also spoke about the grand jury. "I think the grand jury has been changed in purpose. It used to protect innocent people. Now the prosecutor uses the grand jury to his purpose."

Other newsmen, including Caldwell, are still facing imprisonment. Joseph Weiler, a reporter for the Memphis Commercial Appeal, was cited for contempt for refusing to reveal his sources of an expose on abuses in a state-run home for retarded children.

Paul Bransburg, a former Louisville Courier-Journal reporter, was sentenced to six months in jail for contempt of court for refusing to tell a grand jury the identity of two men he observed making hashish in 1969. During an appeal, Bransburg went to Detroit where he is presently a reporter for the Detroit Free Press. The prosecutor, Edwin Schroering Jr., is looking for loopholes in the extradition laws.

The American Civil Liberties Union has been arguing that the confidentiality of journalists' sources should be protected from governmental inquiry by legislation. More than 20 bills on the subject were submitted before Congress in recent months, but none passed before its adjournment.

But for the present, as Caldwell has said, "the government can now put (the reporter) in jail and keep him there."




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Token Paranoia and Arrests

By BOB ROSEN

If you know Marie Inslach you could not believe that she is capable of committing a crime heinous enough to warrant a police stake-out to capture her. In reality, she did nothing of the sort, but nonetheless, three New York police detectives set a careful trap for her in a subway station near her Brooklyn home two weeks ago.

Marie is a college student on a limited budget, and to save a few dollars each week, she decided not to use subway tokens. As an alternative, she obtained a quantity of slugs at a much lower price. The slug vendor assured her that he had been using them for the past year, and that nothing had ever happened.

She used the slugs for four days, and just as the vendor assured her that he had been using them for tokens. On the fifth day, as she deposited the slugs, something went wrong. As she later recalled:

"I walked into the train station that morning with my usual feelings of paranoia about getting caught with the slugs. I looked around to make sure there were no cops hanging out, walked up to a vacant turnstile and deposited the slug. The turnstile was jammed, and I rapidly got a sick feeling in my stomach. As I was about to walk over to the next turnstile and put in a real token, this guy walked up to the first one, stuck something in the slot and pulled out the slug.

"This second guy came up behind me, grabbed my arm and more or less dragged me over in the corner. A third one was just standing there smiling at me. The guy who grabbed me pulled a badge out of his breast pocket just like they do on 'Dragnet'

and said he was a police officer.

"I realized just then what had happened. The police told me they were waiting in the station just for me to deposit the slug. I noticed that the turnstiles were jamming for everybody. They had rigged the turnstiles so that nothing would drop through, not even a token. Everybody who was taking the trains that morning was inconvenienced just because of four lousy slugs."

It was around 10:30 AM when the police caught up with their criminal. They had probably been waiting there since 7 AM. That means, if a policeman makes \$7 an hour, it cost more than \$60 in wages to catch somebody who used four slugs.

Marie avoided being booked at the precinct station because she had identification with her. "If I didn't have an ID with me, they would have arrested me like some criminal or something," she reflected. As it is, she was given a \$10 summons, and has to appear in Criminal Court later this month, as the judicial process runs its course.

"I'm going to plead not guilty," she decided. "even if I lose, the cop will still have to come to court and testify. It'll cost whoever is paying his salary some more money. I want to get my money's worth out of these slugs."

Through Marie's harrowing adventure, it is not known what method the police employ to catch slug users. Some very simple advice to those of you who use slugs is just to make sure that somebody goes in front of you before you go through a turnstile. Then again, a lot of people might like the idea of having someplace staked out by police for the purpose of capturing them. It's sort of exciting.

bobby attanasio

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College Opens To Senior Citizens

Senior citizens will be able to enter the City University under open admissions, according to a new policy adopted by the Board of Higher Education last week. Starting next spring, New York

City residents who are 65 years and older will be permitted to enroll tuition-free in undergraduate credit-bearing courses at any unit of CUNY on a space-available basis.

strongly believe that continued intellectual involvement is important for the physical and mental health of our senior citizens. The stimulation provided on the college campus should be a most enriching experience."

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Senior citizens enrolling under this program will be classified as non-matriculants unless they fulfill the requirements for matriculation.

The proposal for free tuition college courses for senior citizens was initiated by Assemblyman Stephen Solarz (D.—Brooklyn). The City University now has nearly 150 senior citizens enrolled in various college programs, including some 20 graduate students.

"The university must be responsive to the needs of all the people of New York City, and senior citizens comprise 12% of the city's population," said Chancellor Robert Kibbee. "I

It was part of the birth of a nation.



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Fellini's Roma: A Feast for The Imagination

Fellini's Roma
at the Ziegfeld Theatre

Activity. Sensuality. Roma. For director Federico Fellini in his 15th major film release, these words wax as synonymous as meat balls, spaghetti, pasta, and wine. Fellini's Roma as the film is so aptly titled, is a retrospective, and at the same time, immediate vision of considerably more than the eminent Italian capital. It is the director's musings on civilization, history, change, cities, his youth, and more, reproduced with the characteristic Fellini flair for image and insanity.

For Fellini, modern Rome is frantically different from the city he discovered as a youth in 1938, and yet, without being overly abstract the same. The pre-war, Fascist dominated city for young Fellini (played by 22-year-old Texan, Peter Gonzales) was much like present-day Rome is: a barrage of images and contradictions, grotesque and brutal, while seductive and fascinating. With Fellini one gets the distinct impression that one is on a surreal, yet very "real" autobiographical excursion; carefully mapped out trip.

As a small boy in northern Rimini, Fellini saw distant Rome through an image of Mussolini crowned with a battle helmet in a framed photograph hovering over his class at school, and the famous wolf nursing Romulus and Remus, as well as Frascati wine and decadent Julius Caesar. When he finally arrived by train, the city he had always held in his dreams was a teeming marketplace of madness. Fascist troops patrolling the streets, oppressive humidity thickening the air, men in undershirts, women nursing babies. The restrained atmosphere of his native northern province and the shy, unworldly

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creature that he was, were in powerful contrast with the "City Life" Roma heaped on him.

Sumptuous feasts are recalled, oral(aural) orgies reaped in sidewalk "tattorias" where lamb's heads, tripe, intestine, and goat's eyes were devoured by the natives with a cannibalistic fervor that escaped the young rustic. Shouting, perspiring, profoundly real, these Roman beings set the already sizzling pre-war streets afire with their latin presence, and made Fellini's callow head turn cart-wheels from within.

For further diversion, when not eating, there was the Jovenilli, a "celebrated vaudeville temple." Here Romans of the period were treated to bawdy dances, comic sketches, syrupy songs, and other acts, all for a small fee. But when something wasn't quite right everyone knew about it, especially the feeble entertainer on stage. The atmosphere in this theatre was charged with the same soulful vibration that Harlem's Apollo Theatre harbors today.

The Jovenelli audience often reacted to the unimpressive showman with boos and shouts, and once in the film, even flung a dead cat at a lame-looking dancer. The dancer, much to everyone's surprise (and delight), heaved the furry carcass right back into the laps of the audience. In Fellini's Roma as in Julian Beck's "Living Theatre," the show is rarely confined to the stage.

Fellini feels this vaudevillian period,

Latin Poetry

The Latin American Area Studies Program and the Latin American Student Association will celebrate the 479th anniversary of the discovery of Puerto Rico on November 16 with a poetry contest. Students should submit their entries immediately to Professor Diana Ramirez in Room 105 Downer. They should be typed with double spacing, and a brief biographical sketch of the author should be attached.



both theatrically and actually, was supplanted by at least one contemporary and often unacknowledged parallel; an intensity called the Raccordo Anulare, a long road "encircling Rome like a ring around Saturn." Here the epitome of Roma is on perpetual exhibit. An electric ambience exists on this byway as in the train station where young Fellini arrived in 1938, only new dimensions, unique chaos, are added. Reminiscent of scenes from Godard's Weekend, Fellini's Raccordo Anulare is cluttered with many of the images that comprise our age.

The assembly line architecture of automobiles; spewn between these noise bellowing, smoke issuing monstrosities are live horses, prostitutes, garrish billboards, and hitch hiking hippies. When the camera suddenly comes upon an accident, one expects a maimed human body or two layed out on the asphalt. Instead, we are treated to a view of mutilated jackasses. Images... image... image...

To a great extent this is Fellini's Roma. It is, with little argument, a gestalt alien to the one he experienced as a youth in the pre-war Capital. A more sophisticated madness. In several scenes Fellini depicts the bordellos of old Roma as efficiently managed market places of flesh, where men could purchase the sin of their desire,

although "everywhere the sound of bells followed us." In contrast, the "morally unbound" hippies of Rome's Piazza di Spagna (Spanish Steps), are rendered by the Italian master-director in a somewhat more sympathetic light. He senses that they are not in need of those emotionless auction houses that Fellini and many of his contemporaries resorted to for their adolescent pleasures.

But all considered, only after the structurally relevant components of "Roma" are exhausted (the bordello scenes, childhood encounters, etc.), does the film's most dynamic spectacle reveal itself. "The Ecclesiastical Fashion Show," a parade of priestly garb staged for The Cardinal complete with bouncy music and intricate choreography is truly an experience to behold. Behind aviator sun glasses The Cardinal views the various neon ornamented robes as someone astutely whispers: "The world must learn to follow The Church, not the other way around." When a curtain parts revealing The Pope himself—who has been viewing the production all along—the screen audience must actually flinch and blink their eyes due to the extreme whiteness that emanates from His Eminence's trappings. "Painful purity?" It is almost like gazing into a noon high sun (or the flames of hell.)

By the process of adding more printed words to this page one could, of course, go on recreating the striking images contained in Fellini's Roma. But to proceed in this fashion without some restraint would be of little value. The singularity of Fellini's more recent work (# 1/2, Juliet of the Spirits, Toby Dammit, Satyricon, The Clowns) lies in the conveyance of evocatively dreamlike visual images (in some ways a directorial style that has come to border on a cliché in terms of his personal oeuvre.) The fact that these are specifically screen images, renders reproduction (or transmutation) in the form of written symbols (words) almost worthless and certainly uncharacteristic of the medium's inherent "essence." (This is why film "reviews" are generally such sorry affairs.)

For example, during the film's concluding spectacle (I hesitate to call it a "finale" or a "climax") what might be looked upon as a "circus scene," similar to the ones found in # 1/2 and The Clowns was presented. Here a large group of motorcyclists circle the fountain of a magnificent, renaissance styled plaza like bees around a hive. The motors of their machines buzz, lights flash. Around and around. The camera documents contrasts, similarities. Motorcycle to historical plaza, modern technology to art/artifice, new to old to new. It's all the same? Different? After completing several circles the group and their machines turn out of the plaza and, passing by the infamous colosseum, unto a long road leading out of Rome.

The compulsion of Fellini's Roma, in spite of however conscientiously one attempts to translate it to the written page, must ultimately be comprehended in its own dialect of visual language. The film can be experienced from a number of perspectives: as a carefully researched PERSONAL newsreel (newsREAL) or as autobiographical excerpts of Fellini's life and the partial biography of an ageless city. But however digested, it is certain to achieve the greatest justice from a receptive viewer in front of a screen. To illuminate any film, by way of a linear and rhetorical "review", especially if it is the particularly visual work of Fellini, is unrealistic. Like the annual Italian Feast of Saint Anthony, Fellini's Roma is best experienced with a receptive mouth and an open heart; in the true spirit from which it was wrought. Bruce M. Berman

Women For McG Turn On Garden



Mary Travers

For the first time since elementary school I found myself among the ranks of thousands singing "America the Beautiful." What gave me this sudden burst of patriotism? The prospect that McGovern might win! I had just sat through the performance of the Star Spangled Women for McGovern-Shriver.

Shirley MacLaine, the producer and Mistress of Ceremonies, put on a show that shone with organization and burst with enthusiasm. Heading the line-up was Dionne Warwick followed by Marlo Thomas, Judy Collins, Tina Turner and the Ikettes, Melina Mercouri, Mary Travers, Chita Rivera, Cass Elliot, Gwen Vernon, Linda Hopkins, Rose Kennedy, and Eleanor McGovern.

The climax of the evening was when Linda Hopkins sang "I Believe that McGovern Can Win" to which we all cried YEAH over and over with building enthusiasm. I had never before been amidst an audience that so totally lost itself in a show, filled with a sense of hope that it might all work out.

As Marlo Thomas so eloquently said to the music of "Love Story":

"What do you say about a 196 year old democracy that might die. . . ."

How do you explain to your children that you stood by and watched. . . ."

That you said a man was to run for President. . . ."

Voting for McGovern means never having to say you're sorry."

Phyllis Blattstain



Linda Hopkins