

Impeach The Bum; Who'll Give A Shit?

By HERB FOX

I wasn't there, but I can imagine what it was like. It was 1986, and they called for a rally against the war. A few hundred timidly showed up and the speakers spoke hopefully, and the poets cried of the death. And it was time to stop talking to fellow activists, and it was time to talk to the American people, and you all felt that the war to end all wars was here again.

They murdered for at least seven more years.

I was there this time, I know what it was like. They called for a rally to demand the impeachment of our alleged president, Richard Nixon. And a few hundred showed up on a cold afternoon last Saturday. And the speakers spoke optimistically and the singers cried of freedom lost. And once more it was time to stop talking to movement people and start talking to the "real people." And all the speakers knew and said that impeachment must be a beginning, not an end. The crowd cheered "Right On!" and "One, Two, Three, Four, Fuck Nixon! Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Fuck Nixon!"

Don't we all really know how much longer they are going to rule?

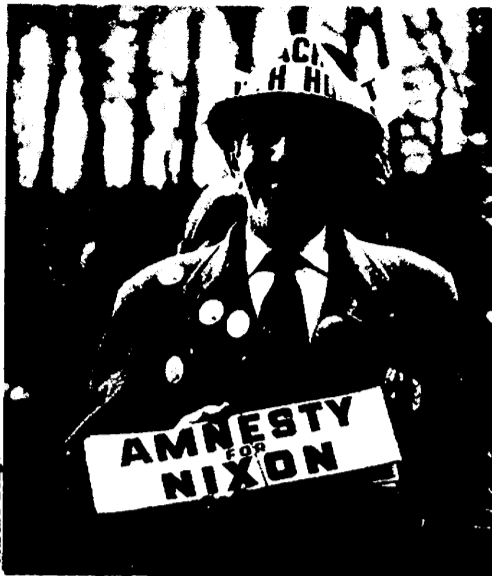
So most of you didn't show up. Maybe you didn't know about the rally (you don't read the Village Voice and you never open your eyes while on the campus). Maybe you had a luscious Bar Mitzvah to go to. Maybe you work on Saturdays. Maybe you actually like Nixon. Maybe, maybe, maybe...

Maybe you're a frisbee freak, and if you don't bother with politics, politics won't bother you. I know just how you feel. It's all bullshit.

Say, why don't we eat some cool, crisp scab lettuce and watch a child sweat in the fields? Or let's ignore the budget cuts and maybe it'll solve the crisis of overcrowding in the school. Or let's drive the car down to City and watch a rat eat a child as we cruise for a space.

He held the Rheingold tightly in his fist, took a long, gurgling quaff and said, "Sheet, there was nothing I could've done, man!" And the can swiftly tumbled past the window, whistled as it flew through the air, and hit the sidewalk with a sharp clink.

Maybe you're a Zionist. Yea, give 'em hell, Yisroel!



Miranda Langer

Nixon's a good friend of Israel. A good friend of the Jews. If it weren't for Nixonamerica, Israel would not survive.

Right. The most oppressed people in the history of the world is going to lay the trust of their future survival in the hands of a white man who massacred a small nation of yellow children, women, and men with steel and fire before he accepted a "peace plan" that those people had offered four years earlier. And he called it a victory for freedom. The Big Lie, volume II.

Maybe you're one of those disaffiliated women, for whom human life is really male life. Yea, don't worry about it too much (check your mascara) because you're a lady, and a lady is a lady, nothing more. No problem. Just wait around for your child to die from your own DDT and wonder if and when those men are going to stop the

killing.

I know. You winced terribly when you saw the picture of the peasant woman holding the dead infant in her arms.

Maybe you're a Socialist or Communist of some variety or other. Man your tables and tell us what you think. Wait for the tanks to appear in the streets and that'll definitely foment the Workers of the World to unite and die together.

Blame it on revisionism and print a new leaflet to proclaim it to the world.

Maybe, most of all, you didn't show up because it was just another demonstration. This is 1973 and street tactics are dead and gone. No one is threatened by them - least of all the government - because they've built up a strong immunization. And no one really cares; that you're there - least of all, the "masses" - because all the rally could be an endless replay of a thousand others.

So why did I go?

Maybe I went because the hate I feel for Nixon can only be matched by the hate I know he has for me. And the hate he has for life.

Maybe it's because the pile of human flesh at Dachau and My Lai is permanently impressed in my brain. And there is no punishment I can think of that the ones responsible don't deserve.

Maybe it's because for the first time in my life I wake up every morning wondering if Nixon's invoked emergency powers yet, and that scares me.

Maybe I went because vengeance is a vain human reaction, but I didn't repress it this time.

Y'know, maybe you're all right. My going to that rally is not going to make one hell of a difference as to whether or not Nixon is impeached. And even if he is, Nixon didn't create the shit. The shit actually created Nixon. You're absolutely right.

But maybe I've been waiting around for so long, waiting for something to finally happen in this damned country, that one rally more or less doesn't bother me a bit.

And besides, somehow going there that cold Saturday afternoon made me feel better.



observation post

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Answer Man

Have you been struck down by the impersonal forces of the multiversity and the illogic of College regulations? Are you still trying to find that professor who gave you an incomplete two years ago? Are you having trouble changing your major for the eighth time? Are you wondering what happened to Brett Hall, or to Jasper Oval? Are you sick of getting the runaround in the Administration Building?

Here to the rescue comes the OP Answer Man, a man you can trust to solve your problems diligently and quickly, a man who has already had more school problems than the whole freshman class. Says the super-sleuth, "Pack up your problems and give them all to me. I know how to lose them."

All problems will be held in the strictest confidence. This is not a contest. We want this to become a regular feature. If you don't have a problem, use this as a sounding board for grievances.

Medical Office Accepts More Cases

By CAROL SCHAPIRO

Until recently, the College's Medical Office couldn't do anything more than dispense an aspirin, pat the hapless victim on the head and say, "There, there, now. Just see your physician in the next 24 hours and maybe you'll pull through."

Although the office did serve as an arm of the Public Health Service by tracking down contagious diseases, a Board of Higher Education ruling forbade the distribution of any drug save aspirin. Of late, the situation has changed, but not too drastically.

In the line of being more responsive to the needs of the people it serves, the Medical Office, located in Room 15 Science, is enlarging its one-shot services. As the College's chief physician, Charles Klein concedes, many students live apart from their parents and cannot afford medical services, and others have no personal physician they can see in an

emergency. He is well aware that the outpatient departments and emergency rooms of hospitals do not meet this need: "their fees are high and the waiting time burdensome."

So he will now provide, at no cost, single doses of certain medicines such as anti-diarrheals, anti-emetics, anti-asthmatics and anti-histamines, as well as "not refillable" prescriptions for 24 hours worth of medication for acute conditions. Should you be bitten by a vicious laboratory rat, you may opt for a tetanus booster.

A limited number of special medications, such as demerol, adrenalin, and hydrocortisone, will also be kept on hand for emergency injections. While the College's staff had dispensed these preparations from their own supplies in the past, the new policy allows them to be used more freely.

The office is staffed by seven part-time

physicians including a woman who specializes in gynecology and one registered nurse. Klein contends that since it is open from 8 AM to 11 PM on weekdays and for a few hours on Saturdays, rather than 24 hours a day, his office cannot offer ongoing treatment to students' ailments. Instead, it limits itself to an examination, diagnosis and referral.

Similar reasons were offered to explain why the College has hesitated to become involved in dispensing contraceptive devices or birth control pills. Such services are too expensive and time-consuming for the College to handle, Klein said, although many other colleges are known to have adopted the practice in recent years.

"In view of the expense involved, the frequency of complications that require continual monitoring, and the fact that students are here for a relatively short time, it should not be part of our function to dispense, prescribe, contraceptive medicines or insert devices," Klein wrote in a policy statement last summer.

According to Fred Kogut, assistant to the Vice Provost for Students, who had asked Klein for the clarification of policy, the possibility of dispensing contraceptives has been "discussed informally" in the past. "There's always the possibility that something could go wrong," he stated in explaining why Klein's view of the situation was adopted. "But we do want to expand our services."

The policy, he suggested, could come under scrutiny later this term when the College's medical facilities are evaluated by the American College Health Association.

In particular, Kogut said there are plans to create new courses in the Physical Education department that would teach student about symptoms of common diseases such as hypertension, heart disease, strokes, and kidney failures, which afflict young people.

See Impeachment as Aid to Nixon

The impeachment of President Nixon would be "a trick bag outlet" for the anger of his opponents, a law professor from Georgetown University told an evening session audience gathered in Battenwiser Lounge Monday night.

John Kramer, who gained popular attention as a jovial commentator during National Educational Television's coverage of the Watergate hearings last summer, offered a very pessimistic view for those anticipating Nixon's impeachment or resignation.

Kramer flatly predicted that Nixon would serve out his full term, whether Congress impeached him or not. He rejected the chances of a resignation because "it leaves him open for indictment."

In a breezy and forthright talk to about 75 people, he outlined a possible scenario of the impeachment process, which he

dismissed as "destructive" and "not a viable institutional mechanism."

The proceedings would begin in the House Judiciary Committee, which is now sifting through damaging evidence collected by other committees. It would then have to hold involved hearings on whether to bring charges against Nixon. Kramer said he didn't think its work could be completed until next summer.

The House, then, would have to vote on a committee recommendation to impeach, a sticky situation which would probably be put off until after the 1974 elections.

Kramer predicted that as many as 30 different charges could be brought against Nixon, including "one of the grandest cases of bribery—about 60 million dollars worth, although some of it may have been contributed legitimately in five or ten dollar amounts—about \$20 worth."

The impeachment trial in the Senate

could last one to one-and-a-half years, or until the middle of 1976, when a new presidential campaign would be in progress anyway. For that reason, Kramer argued that impeachment would work to Nixon's advantage since Congress would "waste three years of very valuable legislative time in which they couldn't solve the educational, health and welfare problems of the country. The President would imprison 100 Senators while he is free to impound."

"The crisis of Watergate," he concluded, "is a crisis of the poor and lower income groups."

Still, Kramer held out hope that Nixon would seek to quiet demands for impeachment by dealing with Congress over his domestic programs. The president's ego and pride, he speculated, would lead him "to silence some of the noise against him."

—Steve Simon

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Scrap the Election

The election of two student members on the executive committees of 20 departments was supposed to be an unparalleled opportunity to give students a meaningful role in shaping their education. Those committees are empowered to hire and fire faculty, to fix budgets and to plan curricula. While students could easily be outvoted in close deliberations, the two student seats could have been seen as a wedge in the door towards an eventual system in which students and faculty could run the college in a relationship of harmony and equality.

All of that has been thrown out the door by the bumbling and disconnected manner in which these elections have been conducted by the Vice Provost for Student Affairs. First of all, the elections should have been held last term to permit students time to acquaint themselves with the work of the committees. Secondly, the candidates for these seats should have been required to discuss their qualifications and attitudes towards department policies. They should at least have circulated position papers.

The only sign of an active campaign was in the posters taped by one Political Science candidate to garbage cans around the campus. He certainly picked up the tone of this election. It has been treated as though it holds no significance. If it had been deliberately designed to reinforce student apathy and cynicism, this election could not have done a better job. As bad as the Student Senate is, it and other student groups should have had the chance to rally interest in this vote.

As it stands, the students who will take these seats will be called upon immediately to take part in appointments decisions that must be made by December 1. No student will be ready for this task, a situation that will provide conservative faculty with a ready-made excuse to deride the experiment.

We will beat them to it. These elections should be vacated before the results are announced. We appeal to the Policy Council or whatever body that has jurisdiction to act decisively before insurmountable hurdles destroy the long-range goals of real student participation in the College's governance.

Care for Students

In describing its new and improved function in a statement of policy, the College's Medical Office uses rhetoric of social significance. Much is written of the exorbitant costs of hospitals and the hours wasted waiting for service, and seemingly this first-aid station will alleviate the situation.

But geared as it is for a single visit, the Medical Office hasn't the facilities or desire to maintain ongoing care. Although claiming to be committed to the "special problems of women students," a contraceptive service is deemed unnecessary. This consideration is made on the basis that doctors are not available around-the-clock in case of medical emergencies, that the population is a transient one and may get lost in the shuffle without proper attention, that there isn't time, there isn't money, etc. The reasons get more diffuse.

Money can be found and ought to be found for basic human necessities. This area of neglect becomes more ironic when the College's rush to create new medical programs and to import medical professors is taken into account.

Medical emergencies, should they occur, can be brought to a hospital. Besides, the transient population of women should know enough to tend to their bodies after they leave the confines of this institution of higher bureaucracies.

The "improved function" regards only the kind of emergencies that can occur during school hours. The College Medical Office is building the image of a service responsive to the needs of the students, while offering but marginal care.

The new Jewish student newspaper made its long-awaited debut last Friday, six months after it squeaked through a referendum by a handful of votes. On first look, *The Source* seemed to be predictable and somewhat tepid, with stories about the Mideast war and Soviet Jewry and filler material such as house ads, poems, a Smokey the Bear public service message and of all things, a box commanding readers, "Don't Cut Classes!"

There was very little about the College, but what there was, was enough—enough to make us wonder about the viability of this new paper. In an essay that begins on the front page, Professor Howard Adelson (History) deigns to speak up for "the Jewish student at City," a breed that is quickly vanishing and taking with it any chance of educational quality at the College, if we are to believe him.

It is his basic belief that Jewish students automatically endow an institution with high quality, and apparently an overwhelming majority is needed to maintain those standards. They are chosen, and no one else matters. Furthermore, he seems to suggest that Jewish students are being forced to leave the College—"They have, in effect, been excluded on this campus from the great issues to be considered in Jewish life today." What is he talking about? Who's excluded them from what great issues?

His program to "reinvigorate Jewish life on this campus and restore the value of a City College education" revolves around the Jewish Studies department for what charitably can be called reasons of ethnocentrism. Yet what becomes more disturbing in reading Adelson's piece is his assumption that every Jew who enrolls at the College is necessarily going to take a course in the Jewish Studies department and then his implicit acknowledgment that only Jews would register for such courses. Are we really supposed to believe that Adelson's only concern is to provide "an outlet for the intellectual stimulation of Jewish students"? We wouldn't have a college; we'd have a Hebrew school, and for graduation, you don't recite the Ephebic Oath but the Haftorah.

Adelson's faith in the Jewish Studies department is boundless, as it would have to be if he really believes it holds the key to the College's salvation. The possibility, though, that the decline in enrollment in its courses, as well as those of "the formerly active Hebrew program" could be traced to a disenchantment with studying those areas does not occur to him.

Last spring, I almost took a Jewish Studies course on "Jews and the Left." As the instructor stamped my card with the section number, he casually asked how I felt about Students for a Democratic Society and student groups in general. Without indicating my background, I simply replied that I have strong sympathies with the student left. When he then encouraged me to join the class because I would be the only one who would defend that position, I chickened out, foreseeing a term of "them" against "me."

It was too reminiscent of another class a year before in the Classical Languages department, "Post-Biblical Hebrew Literature," where I sat frustrated (whenever I could gather the strength to show up) while the teacher, a man who had served on the faculty for decades, constantly ranted about the significance of the Jewish Defense League, how the Jews were unjustly held responsible for the Crucifixion, and how a famous Yiddish author had betrayed his people when he turned to Christological themes which he thought had great historical value. No one really tried to

challenge him, but if you did, you were considered a "self-hating" Jew. Such experiences make me question Adelson's contention that the Jewish student can "be heard advocating a superior and more demanding education."

I am willing to bet that there are Jews taking "gut" courses, cheating on exams, or handing in plagiarized papers right here on this campus. No people has a monopoly on virtue or intelligence. If my education has taught me anything, it has taught me that.

Adelson's views, as narrow-minded as they are, need to be repudiated lest anyone believe that they represent a sizeable segment of the student body or of the faculty. Adelson seems to see the historic mission of the College as a training ground for the Zionist movement, and without making a judgment on something which causes me great ambivalence, this view would appear to be just as dangerous as one that suggests the College must meet the demands of the business world by turning out lower-echelon professionals and workers.

Back when I first came to the College in 1966, Jews probably outnumbered everyone else by two to one. Even before I enrolled, I had heard the jokes about what C.C.N.Y. really stood for: "Catholic Church Now Yiddish," a reference perhaps to South Campus, which until 1955 had been owned by Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. Times have changed, but opening up the College to others does not make it worse.

Roughly estimated since there are no exact figures, the Jewish percentage has now dipped below 50 per cent, for perhaps the first time this century, to about 45 per cent, which still makes it the College's largest ethnic group. No one is chasing them away. If Jewish students choose to go to other CUNY units, it is probably for reasons of convenience more than anything else. Yet if someone were to research the pattern in Co-op City, the largely Jewish, middle-class development way out in the Bronx, the results might show that the College draws a lot of its students from there.

Some final words on Professor Adelson, who now restricts most of his teaching to the Graduate Center: it comes as no surprise, of course, that he should make the kind of appeal he did. He has long been a spokesman for conservative faculty and against Open Admissions. It took him only three months after the advent of this dramatic policy change in 1970 to announce to the nation through the syndicated Evans and Novak column, "There are indications that this college is finished as a learning institution."

He gained the chairmanship of the History department in the aftermath of the Black and Puerto Rican Student Community (BPRSC) takeover in 1969, and did his best to stagnate and divide the department for two years until he was forced to resign by a critical report issued by an outside evaluation team. And who could forget that pitiful attempt to win votes for Mario Procaccino by charging that two BPRSC leaders had been paid off by Mayor Lindsay when he didn't even know who the students were?

Professor Leonard Kriegel (English) may have known what he was saying when he once told me, "You don't know shit from shinola about being a Jew." But I think I know what it means to be human, and I think I understand how this college works and the meaninglessness of anyone imposing ill-defined standards of excellence. And it doesn't take much to realize that everyone loses in a contest that pits one group against another, groups that should be working together.

Letters to the editor

Your article concerning Ron McGuire may be an example why you are going out of business. You make this idiot out to be a hero. This is wrong, for he is far from being that. It is true that he was a campus activist, that is the only good quality in him. He is a criminal, and yet you glorify him.

Let me add that had it not been for his trespassing on college property he would not have gotten in so much trouble. Yet you make the whole thing look like it was the fault of the Wackenhuts and the Police. It is true that the police and the Wackenhuts are not allowed to beat people up, but I'm in doubt whether to believe this utter fool. What do you hope to accomplish with this article? It is certainly of no newsworthy purpose. It does not raise my intellectual background. What do you hope to accomplish?

A concerned reporter

Editor's Reply: McGuire's article served a legitimate purpose in informing the College of an incident which throws light on both an interesting character in the College's recent history and on the manner in which the security guards handle their jobs. We have no desire to make him into a hero for being caught loitering here after hours. Then and now we find it hard to make sense out of this trivial crime. But at the same time, we feel we feel we can

accept McGuire's word about what followed his arrest, and we see no reason to permit brutality performed in our name to go unrecorded.

I agree with Jayson Wechter's article on the passing of Garfield's Cafeteria. I think that these eateries did provide an atmosphere along with good food. This, taken together with the wide variety of ethnic foods, make up part of the unique character of N.Y.C.

It's well known that fast food chains are cutting into the business of these traditional food outlets. The biggest of these chains is McDonald's. Having already conquered the suburbs, they are now invading the city. Their techniques are omnipresence and a huge advertising budget. They offer standardized garbage food, served by underpaid young workers. They're run by two-bit entrepreneurs, and the company contributed heavily to Nixon in 1972. They cater to the "drive-in crowd," in a city already choked by cars.

If the trend continues, we will have only fast-food in ten years—no delis, no cafeterias no cuchifuitas, nothing but fast-food chains. Therefore, I urge everyone who enjoys this variety of food to avoid McDonald's.

Walter Fuldio

Leave Your Car Home You Won't Find A Spot

By VICTOR ROSCA

You wanna drive to school? Get up early. It's okay if your first class starts at 10 or 11 AM, and you arrive before 7 AM because then you can find a parking space. You can spend the time before your first class studying. You have time to read your novel for English, solve your Math or Physics problems, and read your Social Science text.

Carry lots of dimes with you, for you'll have to feed the five-hour parking meters, and that's the only thing these monstrous creatures eat.

Sitting in your car and waiting for your first class can be fun; besides studying you can listen to the radio, read the newspaper and smile when you see your frustrated comrades fruitlessly searching for a parking space, for they have committed the unpardonable sin of coming after 7 AM.

But why drive to school in the first place? Why not take the bus or the train? Some students don't have easy reach of public transportation, others can't get used to it or perhaps they don't want to.

Gregory Lundy, who drives to school every day, said the energy crisis will not make him cut down on his driving. "If I decided not to drive to school anymore, it would be because of the parking crisis rather than the energy crisis," he said.

Ashley Prouse, a freshman from Queens, drives to school every day. He usually arrives at 6:35 AM on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, and at 6:45 AM

on Tuesdays and Thursdays. He gets up as early as 5:40 AM to make it to school in time for an empty parking space.

"I drive to school to save time," he explained with a straight face. Even though he got a summons for parking near a broken meter three weeks ago, he has continued to commute by car every day.

According to Ashley, it is "very tough" to find parking on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, but the situation is somewhat better on Tuesdays and Thursdays. He suggested that parking space could be increased "if they would narrow the sidewalks" and institute diagonal parking.

Norman Shapiro, a junior from Queens, drives to school three or four days a week. "I drive to school when I'm pretty sure I'll get a parking space," he said.

The Big Clearout

He comes to school between 10 AM and Noon, depending on his schedule of classes. "If you come a few minutes before the hour," he said, "there are a few people leaving. There is a big clearout at 1 PM," he added.

Maintaining that he also drives to school to save time, Shapiro said that it would take him an hour-and-a-half by train, while it takes him only 25 minutes by car. "I leave school at 3 PM," he added, "and I'd be home at 4:30 if I'd take the train, and who feels like doing anything after riding the train for that long? For two years I used to leave my house at 6:30 in the morning to be here before seven, but it was tiring and I don't do it



Joe Loh

anymore," he said.

He has developed a system for locating parking spots without too much wandering. He keeps a record of the license plate numbers of cars that leave at a certain hour on a certain day. "Then," he said, "you can stand by and grab the spot when the car leaves."

"Another thing," he added, "would be to dispose of the alternate parking regulations on the streets around campus."

Cars Invade Lawn

The already precarious parking situation has further deteriorated with the closing of the streets on both ends of what used to be Lewisohn Stadium. And now even the South Campus Lawn has been encroached by automobiles belonging to faculty.

While there is a consensus among student drivers that some form of parking facilities should be built on campus, Governor Rockefeller's office has rejected earlier proposals for such facilities included in the College's Master Plan.

The school is studying the possibility of introducing High-rise parking on campus. "We have to give first attention to faculty, but we are considering student's problems as well," J.E. Levine, the College's public relations director. "If and when such parking facilities will be built, their cost will have to be largely covered by charging parking fees, and this would be uneconomical for students."

The faculty's parking problems may not be as acute as the students', nevertheless, teachers have parking problems of their own. There are close to 400 numbered parking spaces on the South Campus and St. Nicholas Terrace provided to the faculty on a seniority basis. Many spots are shared by two or more faculty with different class schedules.

Still, there are faculty who must scrounge for a spot like any student. Upon arriving late to a class last term, one teacher told his class that he would guarantee an "A" to any student who found him a regular parking space. No one could earn the grade.

Profs Expect Fed Grant To Study Earth Photos

The College may soon become the East Coast center for the study of satellite photographs of the Earth.

Six professors from the College are seeking a \$1.3 million grant from the National Space and Aeronautics Administration (NASA) to study the findings of the Earth Research Technology Satellite over a five-year period.

According to Assistant Professor William Rosenberg (Elec. Engineering), "NASA has been sending up research satellites which take pictures of land and sea areas as small as one acre. The only problem is that they've had very little opportunity to use this information. What we plan to do is develop a communications system between potential users and NASA."

By the use of infra-red rays, the satellite can locate diseased areas of crop formations and forests, detect new fishing grounds and mineral resources, and pinpoint the sources of pollution and indicate how fish, for example, are affected by water pollution.

The study could have specific value in the Northeast Megalopolis zone, suggested Associate Professor Stanley Wecker (Biology), who will also work on the project. He said that urban planners would be able to use satellite photos to gauge growth patterns and to save years of ground surveys of soil types which precede major highway construction.

"This is the kind of technology that gives hope for solutions to environmental problems," Wecker remarked, adding that normal aerial photographs are not large enough for this work.

The College itself would benefit in a few ways, particularly since grant money would be used to pay graduate assistants working on the project. The faculty sponsors, who would be trained in an advanced field, also hope that the College will gain a reputation which it can use in obtaining future research grants from agencies like NASA.

If NASA approves the grant, work will begin next spring. "NASA likes the idea, so the only thing left now is the actual signing of the contract," Rosenberg said.

The project will be headed by Professor Donald Schilling (Elec. Engineering), and besides Rosenberg and Wecker, he will be assisted by Associate Professors Irving Meth and Stephen Su (Elec. Eng.) and by Professor Hiram Hart (Physics).

—John Long



Professor William Rosenberg

Joe Loh

Gay Union To Convene

The Gay Academic Union will hold its first annual conference on "Universities and the Gay Experience" November 23 and 24 at John Jay College.

The conference will include a panel discussion of academics and the gay experience, and workshops dealing with the relationship of women's and gay studies programs, psychotherapy and gay oppression, education, literature and science. Task-oriented workshops will talk about effective ways to oppose discrimination within the university and the establishment of a national Gay Academic Union.

Registration fees are \$5 for students and unemployed, \$10 for others. For more information, write to GAU c/o Prof. Sherrill, Box 1479, Hunter College, NYC 10021 or call the Gay Switchboard at (212) 924-4036.

Think You're Telepathic? Could Be

By HERB FOX

The person sat in a chair in the center of the room. Set around him were four thermisters, extremely sensitive thermometers. As the experimenter called out an order—either "COLD" or "HOT" in a scientifically-controlled voice, "hot, cold, cold, hot" or "cold, hot, hot, cold"—the subject was given 45 seconds to concentrate on the thermister specified for that order.

And many more times than not, the thermisters registered a hundredth of a degree or so change in the direction ordered!

The experiment was conducted by Professor Gertrude Schmeidler (Psychology), who has been doing psychic research at the school since the late 1940's.

"Most of what I've been working in has been personality variables and ESP," (Extra-Sensory Perception), Schmeidler recently said. "That is, whether people in certain moods are more likely to rate highly on ESP scores or whether certain types of people are more likely to fail, and other types are more likely to succeed. My typical research has consisted of giving personality tests of one kind or another and ESP tests and seeing if the predicted relationship exists."

Schmeidler's experiments have made use of Rorschach tests to indicate the "degree of penetration" of an individual, that is, whether the person builds

emotional walls around himself, or is more "open." Her hypothesis that persons with less barriers will have higher ESP scores was borne out.

ESP is pretty much a common codeword for the whole range of psychic phenomenon that exists, such as Psychokinesis (PK), which is the physical movement of matter by the mind, telepathy, precognition (knowing the future), and just the experience of knowing something that you just should not know according to the reality system that most of us accept.

Schmeidler is fairly well-versed and respected in her field. She is a charter member and twice has been president of the scientific organization for psychic phenomenon, the Parapsychological Association, and she is a member of the board of trustees of the American Association for Psychical Research. She is also currently teaching a seminar in the Psychology department on ESP.

Probably the most surprising aspect of Schmeidler's work is the premise that she works under—that psychic phenomena really exist. But she declines to openly speculate on why it does.

"I don't think anybody knows anything, basically, about psychology. There's been an awful lot of research on learning. The typical set-up for learning would be that you'd get a subject, present him with a new stimulation, you take it away, you ask him to respond, and he responds ac-

curately to it.

"Now, what happened in the learning? Presumably there's some changes going on in his nervous system. What changes? Nobody knows. And ESP and PK are the same kind of a mystery, only more so."

For the first time in the department, a course in ESP is being taught this term. "The course is there because of student interest, because a lot of people signed a petition saying that they wanted the course," she recalled. "The thrust of the course is in terms of experimental evidence, statistical evaluation of the evidence...So the course turns off a lot of people who are just interested in assuming that it occurs and then trying to explore the humanistic possibilities."

Schmeidler believes that being psychic is not a special circumstance. Don't think that none of this applies to you because you think that you can't read minds. "In a general sense you can say everybody can see, so I'd say everybody has ESP. Now, some people are born blind. Maybe some people are born without any of this ability, but I don't think that would be typical."

So the next time you swear that you know what is going to happen next, or you inadvertently know what your best friend is going to tell you because you were just thinking of the same thing, don't be too fast to brush it off as coincidence. It may be something inside of you that you don't even know exists. Yet.

Meditation

The Students International Meditation Society will present free introductory lectures on Transcendental Meditation tomorrow at 12:30 PM in Room 307 Finley.

As taught by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, transcendental meditation is a simple procedure that one practices for a few minutes morning and evening. During the practice an individual experiences "increasingly refined states of thought," and mind and body enjoy a profound state of "restful alertness," according to Rick Rindel, the society's president.

Look! Up on the balcony, is it Jesus, is it Mao, is it Mick Jagger? No, it's Harold, more powerful and inspiring than them all!

By JAYSON WECHTER

We have all, at one time or another, wished we were outrageously famous, wished to be the idol of millions, to have surging crowds yell our name. Few people, aside from a few political leaders, big rock stars, or prophets, ever attain such a high position. And with people becoming continuously more skeptical and apathetic, even the most charismatic political personality, rock star, or prophet has to work mighty hard to become such a dynamic figure.

Political demonstrations have disintegrated into reunions of hard-core activists and FBI infiltrators, who have become close friends over the years and together lament the current political apathy, which makes both their jobs unexciting and uneventful. Rock stars no longer possess the overwhelming momentum of a Elvis or a Dylan. And so-called "spiritual leaders" have become the likes of Sat Guru Maharaj Ji, the 15-year-old perfect brat, with an ignorant smile making you think he's going to ask you for spare change any minute. No, the chances of anyone becoming a true hero of the masses are pretty dim nowadays. But it can and does happen to ordinary people, even you and me, as the following story shall reveal.

It was one of those typical Tuesday nights last year at the State University at Stony Brook, where I used to go to school. By 12:30 AM, most people were settled down, studying for a midterm or two. I was reading Jefferson's ideas on the

rights of revolution, when I perceived a loud commotion coming from across the quad. "Probably someone's birthday party," I reflected, and went back to my reading. But the commotion grew louder, with people chanting and playing crude musical instruments. I wondered whether the Hare Krishna people had come, begging for alms. They had certainly come to the wrong place—Stony Brook students are infamous for their stinginess. Or maybe the Attica Brigade was trying to drum up support for a march on the President's house, or the computer center, or the county courthouse. No, the shouting seemed too excited and lively for anything like that. Were the Grateful Dead coming to Stony Brook? Had the marijuana crop been harvested? Wracked with curiosity, I pulled on my boots and rushed out into the night.

What I discovered was amazing. Throngs of people were clapping and dancing, while those on the balconies above banged pots and pans together. Rolls of toilet paper were hurled through the air like huge streamers. Stereo speakers were placed in windows and turned on full blast. "What's going on?" I asked one reveler. "It's Harold," he shouted back before rushing away to catch a sailing roll of toilet paper and hurl it skywards. Who was Harold? No one seemed to know, but at various intervals they broke into chants of "We want Harold," "Long live Harold" and "We Love You Harold," with the pots and pans keeping rhythm. To the best of my knowledge, there were no rock stars,



current political leaders, or other heroes of youth named Harold, but whoever he was, he seemed to have quite a following. Soon over 100 students had come down to investigate these strange goings on, and once pulled away from their studies, they joined in, and soon a huge crowd was singing, dancing, and extolling the virtues of this mysterious Harold. After about half an hour of such merrymaking, and after every available roll of toilet paper found its place in the branches of nearby trees, the enthusiasm seemed to be dying down. But then three young men, clad only in their underwear, proposed that we bring the festivities to the students at Tabler Quad, about a half-mile down the road. So with pots and pans in hand, we moved off to Tabler, frightening late night motorists who hurriedly changed direction to avoid us.

In Tabler we ran through the dorms, causing much confusion and wonderment on the part of the residents, who stood in their doorways half-dressed, stunned by the presence of 100 shouting students rampaging through their halls for no apparent reason.

"What's going on?" one half-amused, half-shocked girl asked me as I banged two Budweiser cans together in rhythm with the frying pan behind me. "It's Harold," we chimed, and she just stared at us in amazement and disbelief. That was all we could say. Either you joined the Harold Movement or were a non-believer. There was no middle ground. Fifty Tabler residents joined our ranks, and we continued on our way, into Roth Quad, around the pond, to the annoyance of Boris, the Roth pond duck, who had seen a lot in his days as the resident Stony Brook duck, but never anything like this. We converged on G&H Quads, where our numbers reached well over 300.

We had made contact with all the dorms in the university, so there was scarcely a person around who did not wonder, "Who is Harold, and why are all these people shouting his name?" To be honest about it, almost none of us had any idea who Harold was, but we soon found out. Heading back home to Kelly Quad, tired and weak of voice, we were greeted by Harold, who stood on a terrace with the letters "H-A-R-O-L-D" hastily scrawled in pencil below him. Harold was not at all imposing in appearance or overwhelming in speech. He addressed us: "Make no mistake about it. I AM HAROLD." The crowd went wild.

And so, just how, you may wonder, did Harold Greenfield, an unassuming, unimposing math major, come to inspire the biggest spontaneous demonstration in Stony Brook's history? How could he do what countless political activists, professional organizers, and seasoned radicals could not?

It had all begun when three of Harold's friends, clad only in their underwear, had gone up to the roof to fix their TV antenna. Unable to do so, they called down for Harold to come up and help them. Harold, engrossed in studying for a topology midterm, did not answer their call, so they began shouting "We want Harold" over and over again. The sight of three men in their underwear on the roof shouting "We want Harold" was no doubt an amusing one, and soon more people joined in, shouting in unison, and the pots and pans were soon added as percussion instruments, and as more and more people came out to see what was going on, the Harold Movement grew, while all the while Harold studied in his room, until the very end, when he came out to address his fans.

The multitudes soon went home, and soon things were back to their usual, unexciting pace at Stony Brook U. But the legend of Harold is even now spoken of with a certain awe and respect, and throughout Stony Brook history. Harold's name will be remembered not for what he was, or what he did, or what he stood for, but for the events which made him an instant hero. And somewhere out there, there may be other Harolds, studying for math tests, reading this paper, now, unknown, but someday...

A Painful Way To Earn A Credit

By BOB ROSEN

There comes a time in every New Yorker's life when he gets fed up with being mugged and ripped off by variations on the mugging theme. There are a number of things he can do to prevent this. People have been known to acquire concealed weapons, such as sword canes and instruments that shoot mace. These things are illegal, and the police will not hesitate to bust you if you are found in possession of something along these lines.

You can lock yourself in your apartment and never set foot outside. This is a drag, impractical, and on top of this, thieves can come into your house and rip you off.

Another thing you can do is learn how to defend yourself. This is what I decided to do. I wasn't about to spend a couple of hundred dollars at a professional martial arts school, so I did the next best thing. I registered for Physical Education 86.5, a judo class.

The first thing you get to do in judo gym after your cards have been collected is to sit down on a big foam mat in Wingate Gym and make friends with your classmates. As the instructor, Carlos Molina, explained, "You're going to be involved in violent physical activity with each other all term. It's best that you get to know each other before you kill each other."

The class breaks up into groups of four and you talk. "How come you took judo gym?" you're asked. "Because I'm sick of getting mugged," is the pat answer. After you get to know the secrets of each other's souls, a representative from each group forms a super-group in the center of the gym. That way everybody gets to know the secrets of your soul, and that you took judo because you're sick of getting mugged.

Carlos (as he prefers to be called) informs you that you will not have to buy your ghia (judo outfit) because the school supplies it. He then attempts to peddle an insurance policy, explaining that he does not get a cut. "It's a good idea to have one," he says. "Every term at least one person gets hurt. It might be you."

Next he talks about himself. "I graduated from City, and have a black belt in both judo and karate," he informs

you. He also mentions that he isn't married. Considering he has the physical appearance of a Greek God, this last comment is probably not necessary. The class is then dismissed.

Everybody is dressed in their ghias for the second meeting. The first thing that you learn to do is dress properly. It's not as easy as it sounds. The belt has to be tied a special way, and all labels have to be on the outside. After 15 minutes of grueling warm-up exercises that remind you of a football training camp, you are ready to learn about judo.

You are taught how to fall the proper way. If you cannot grasp this basic concept, the rest of the term will be very painful. As is the case with everything you will learn in the future, the class splits up into groups of two to practice what you have just learned.

This is when you have to make your first "heavy" decision. You have to decide who your partner will be. It usually turns out that you will keep your partner the whole term. If you are male, you have four possible choices: A) a male your own size; B) a male smaller than you; C) a male bigger than you; and D) a female.

As is the case with every decision in life, each choice has its advantages and disadvantages. With somebody your own size, you will be evenly matched and will be able to hurt your partner as much as he can hurt you, though you will not have the experience of tangling with somebody bigger. With somebody smaller than you, you will always have the upper hand in combat, but will not have the experience of fighting with someone your own size or bigger than you. With a partner larger than yourself, it will be a painful and frustrating term, but you will gain from the experience. When you come across somebody smaller, he's had it. If you choose a female partner, it will be an easy term. You'll be able to knock the shit out of her, though you will not be able to go all-out. Women are fragile creatures. Also, it's a great way to meet a girl. The main disadvantage of a female partner, aside from the obvious ones, is there is always a slim chance that she will be better than you. It can be embarrassing.

Next you will learn various throws and holds. As you learn each one, you go off

with your partner and practice it. Some of the people in the class have green and brown belts. They'll come around and help you out.

When you first start with the throws, unless your partner cooperates, you won't be able to throw him. As you improve, you get involved in sparring matches. In these, you fight it out until somebody gets thrown. Sometimes you get matched up with a girl, or somebody larger than your usual partner. At times it can get extremely violent.

Several weeks into the term, you learn how to bow the proper way. It is the Japanese version of the handshake. "If you see me on campus," Carlos says, "don't bow to me. I will ignore you."

You also learn how to meditate. You sit down in the proper Japanese form and clear your mind of all thoughts. It's not as cosmic as I expected. But it is the least violent time of class.

The violence is actually the worst part of it. If you want to learn judo, you have to be in a violent mood. If you're not it's hard to throw somebody. The days that you come to class not feeling violent can be very bad.

One of the most interesting things we learned was how to strangle somebody properly. You are taught to tap your partner's arm when you've had enough. "Even if your partner doesn't release you when you tap out," Carlos explains, "it will take an entire period of being strangled before you die. As you see," he goes on, "there's nothing to worry about." Carlos knows a lot of good strangling stories. Some of them are quite funny.

There are several things that bother me about the judo class. The main thing is if I will actually be able to use judo in a real defense situation. Everything you learn in class involves holding the ghia in a special way. Chances are if somebody attacks me in the street, he will not be wearing one. The other things are the speed at which the skills are taught (too fast to learn properly) and, of course, the incredible amount of violence and pain that you have to contend with.

All these things make me wonder if at the end of the term I will think that it was worth it.

A First Person Account of Arab Israeli War

The author of the following article is a senior majoring in English. An Israeli citizen, he was born in Palestine and participated in the 1967 Six-Day war as a member of the Israeli armed forces. He returned to Israel last October 11 and again fought with the Israeli army in the Sinai for two weeks before returning to New York.

By ARON BERLINGER

Being in a war doesn't make me less frightened of it. If anything, the probability of leaving a war physically intact is decreasing, and the chances of absorbing more war horrors are multiplying. In spite of that, I took a plane home to Israel last month. A reporter from CBS travelling with us asked me why I was going home. "To screw myself," I said, actually meaning to become a screw in the war machine rather than try to stop an invasion.

This was a simplistic explanation. Obviously the answer is more complicated. I did not have a mind for subtle explanations, and here there isn't room for it. It took me a long time to clarify it myself. On the plane I wondered if my brain synapses had stopped connecting. Had everybody else lost his mind here? Looking around I saw a plane full of Israelis, many standing in the aisle and talking. It was noisy and looked like a cocktail party, smiling faces and serious ones, all young. Was this their last party? For two at least, it was.

Often in war when people don't have anything better to do, they write—poems, notes, love letters, everything and nothing as you sometimes find out after the war.

I wrote poetry while sitting near a military plane ready to take off with supplies: To my sweetheart—

Of leaving to war when the sun is down
On being past the fun in town
knowing that nights will be longer
the days will be shorter
that the days will be part of a night
and the dreams often with might
Sing my heavenly hero etc. etc.

Sounds silly. But that is what comes out when one is trying to be artistic with four engines blowing hot air in his face, and fellow soldiers trying to convey a smile when it is so clear they should not even try it, and oneself pretending to sum up all his humanity on a scrap of paper as though to hope for someone to cry on his grave, Epiphany! Epiphany!

Throughout the war, thinking of what is happening proved harder than participating in it. In war you don't always do what you are trained to do, and it so happened that my unit arrived one night in an abandoned Egyptian military air base. The next day and night we helped evacuate wounded soldiers of different nationalities and religions.

Whatever one thinks about war, it becomes very clear that it is an unfair game. It is not tank against tank, missile against missile or soldier against soldier. It is metal against soft flesh. It's intense fire against living cells of a body. Here are not superheroes with tough bodies, muscular karate-trained experts who resist destruction. All bodies are the same, flexible tissue layers always surrendering to deadly metal. One moment a 19-year-old who had never seen a naked woman, the next moment a boy who won't see one, ever. A piece of shrapnel penetrated his skull at the temple. Almost missing, it passed through one eye and through the other, stealing his sight forever, and leaving him without the sense of taste or of smell. A clean wound, no mess. He is blind.

A week later, in a hospital, friends come to visit. He pretends things are not so bad, he asks about others. His eyes are covered, and he probably does not know yet what he is turned into. The shock will come later when the excitement is over and the visitors scarce, when he is alone.

When the tank was hit the first time, it was from a bazooka. The crew jumped out and searched for another tank. It did not take long before an abandoned Soviet T-62 was found. It's a good tank, although not so comfortable as the western ones.

The tank is said to provide good protection against flying hot metal. Not so in this case. A surface-to-surface rocket

hits the tank causing an explosion burning all the crew up so quickly that the inflammable coveralls they wear don't help much. When they are brought to the field hospital, they are naked, totally burned, and still alive. They are all black, and liquids are poured on their bodies to comfort them. The fire had no mercy. A soldier looks at me with quiet, thankful eyes. I have to be thankful to him. I want to kiss him, the soldier, the doctor who has not rested for a moment in the last 20 hours, half the time treating enemy soldiers.

A line of wounded. Their eyes don't ask why or what for, all they do is gaze forward, no crying, no complaining, God knows what they think. I think they are part of our collective body. I think about a wondrous family of small creatures in the jungle. In peaceful times every one is for himself, but when an enemy is threatening, all the creatures, no matter what color or size flock together within seconds to form a beautiful flower. Only in this combination of bodies is the flower capable of releasing an odor that repulses the attacking enemy. We are a flower in the desert.

Another bird from the sky is bringing more remains of our body. It does so all day and night. Before it lands its doors are already thrown open from the outside,

and everyone in sight helps to carry the wounded to the bunker converted to a hospital. More distorted bodies. One is missing two legs, the other is all burned, his face swollen, lips big as an apple.

A trembling body is in my hands. I think touching it will stop the trembling. It just continues as before. I don't give him more than a few minutes to live. I think I know when a body can't endure anymore. It is a while before I discover a five-inch hole in his back. The doctor, thin, tall and relaxed, asks me to hold the wounded soldier tight. After giving him a shot, he waits a little while, finding himself a glass of water and emptying it in one gulp, and then makes a long cut along the hole. The flesh opens wide and the doctor brings out a piece of shrapnel. The trembling stops.

Two hours later somebody, being helped from both sides, is walking toward the transportation plane on his way back to a home hospital. It is the trembling man.

This air base we are in is not big but large enough to permit huge military planes to land. Now and then a jet fighter lands after being hit by a missile. They get repaired and take off shortly thereafter.

This base, once used by the British, was in the process of being rebuilt by Egypt when the war broke out. Building

equipment is scattered all around in the sand, mixed together with burnt and damaged war machinery. The buildings are long and flat, and their color is beige and muddy brown, merging into the surrounding desert hills. Here and there you see small flower boxes in front of what were probably officers' quarters. Somebody among the new owners of this place waters them. He does it with water found here which nobody dares to drink.

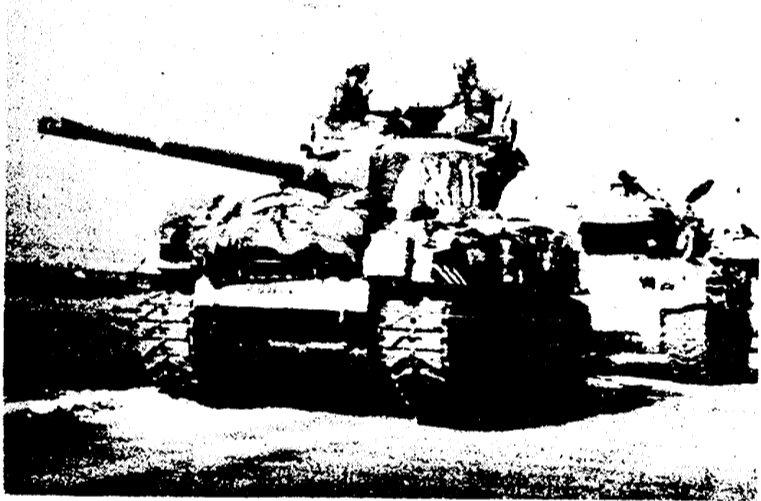
The front lines are close. More than once while unloading supplies or loading wounded soldiers, we have come under sudden attack of enemy jet fighters. When this happens, every plane on the ground takes off. They go so fast we are lucky if we succeed in jumping off the plane in time. If one is brave enough, or crazy enough, he remains standing, watching dog fights above his head. All this resolves each time, after a few minutes, with burning planes falling from the sky.

If hell is where Audie Murphy was, then this hospital is a paradise, for Israelis and Arabs alike. The medical corps moving in sneakers and green gowns reminds one of a scene from a city hospital. Here all this activity, in spite of being surrounded by sand, dust and artillery shelling not far away, gives the place an atmosphere of sanctity.

It is now maybe 15 minutes that two doctors have been trying to bring a dead enemy soldier back to life. He stopped breathing not long ago. They are massaging his chest, while air is forced into his mouth from an aspiration instrument. Outside the sun is burning, and inside the sweat is pouring down the doctor's body. At last they stop, and the dead man is wrapped in a gray blanket, a long piece of paper, with all his medical data, attached to the blanket in two copies, and is carried out to another bunkers.

An Egyptian was just brought in, an injury in his chest and one leg missing. A woolen sock on his remaining leg is old and meticulously sewed with patches all over it. Undoubtedly the only one he had. To fix this sock surely took a lot of time and devotion. He is small and has a crewcut, as many of them have, a poor farmer maybe. He looks bad, his lips are terribly dry. I wet my fingers going over his lips a few times to soften them. He asks in Arabic for water. The doctor does

(Continued on page 7)



How An Arab Looks At The War

By JOSE REYES

Two weeks ago, while some other students were supporting Israel, I received the news that my cousin died in action in the town of El-Quneitra while beating back an Israeli counterattack to a Syrian advance through the 1967 cease-fire lines. While others were getting their news from the media in this country, my family was listening to the short-wave radio, picking up the Voice of the Arabs, Voice of Palestine and the Arabic broadcasting services of the BBC, the Voice of America and Kol Yisrael.

As my mother mourned her nephew's death, I could see her also mourn the loss of two of her brothers who were blown to pieces by a bomb thrown by Irgun terrorists in early 1948, mourn being driven out of the Musrara section of the New City of Jerusalem soon afterward, mourn losing her homeland and her becoming a stranger in her own home. Yet after living in the USA for most of the 25 years since then, she never forgot who she was and made sure that I always remembered.

We are three million people, three million reasons why there is no peace, three million reminders to the world that the true nature of Israel is based on colonialism, usurpation and territorial aggrandisement. This is why Golda Meir says that we do not exist. She would like us to be "resettled" and be forgotten about.

We, however, shall never forget and shall never allow others to forget us, least of all the "State of Israel." We are in our own diaspora, and if Jews never forgot Jerusalem in 2,000 years, then just how

the hell are we supposed to forget in only 25 years? We have been shafted by Zionism, imperialism, Stalinism, the Arab governments and by those who, at times, claimed to speak for us. We have been asked, "for security reasons," to accept the forcible theft of our rights, in the name of the struggle for "rights," the "right to survive," the "right" to have "secure borders," and in the name of "peace." WHAT PEACE?

All the world has seen that for Israel, "peace" has meant a piece of Egypt, a piece of Syria, not to mention all of Palestine and threats to gobble up Lebanon. To Palestinians and all working people and peasants in the Middle East, this would be a peace of the grave. Israel would have to slaughter all of us to the last man in order to get this "peace" that the Israeli ruling class so desires.

The Arab peoples fought hard for self-determination and independence from imperial powers throughout the Twentieth Century and cannot be expected to turn the clock back 70 years so that foreign and Israeli capitalists can create a colonial sphere of exploitation and influence in the Middle East. We do not want economic dependence on any nation for any reason. We must also make it clear that:

• There can be no peace as long as bosses rule in Washington, Tel Aviv, Cairo, Beirut or anywhere else in the world.

• There can be no peace as long as one national group tries to assert its own statehood at the expense of the other. There is room for two peoples in Palestine but never for two nation-states. It was only when the Zionists openly agitated for a Jewish national state that serious

fighting began in 1920.

• There can be no peace as long as tens of thousands of Palestinian Arab workers have to leave their homes every day to clean the streets and homes and build the buildings of Israel.

• There can be no peace as long as Israel advocates resettlement of all refugees rather than assume its responsibility to repatriate all refugees within its borders.

• There can be no peace as long as institutions like the Jewish National Fund practice racism, protected by discriminatory real estate laws that allow a Jew to buy land from an Arab or a Jew but prevent an Arab from buying land from a Jew.

What then is the road to peace? In the face of the International crises that are erupting, where Israeli workers on strike are attacked as "agents of Fatah" by a "socialist" government and where Arab workers and peasants are seeking new alternatives to their rotten leadership, the only road is a revolutionary one. This road is for Israeli and Arab workers, farmers and youth to struggle against their own and each other's nationalism, to unite on a class basis to overthrow their own and each other's governments with revolutionary parties throughout the Middle East and the building of a socialist state where Arab and Jew can live in peace without oppression.

If this sounds "idealistic," then check out the alternatives. You will find that they all lead to more war, genocide and/or World War Three. There are already some in Israel, Syria, Lebanon and other countries who are embarking on the road to revolution. When they succeed, I might take my family home.



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Berlinger . . .

(Continued from page 5)

not permit him to drink. Too dangerous. Moving him to the operating table, something falls out of his shirt pocket a package of some papers, notes, and a few pictures. He is posing with his soldier friends, smiling. I feel pity for this bastard, embarrassed that I have to fight against him.

One fellow curses about so many Arabs being brought here. Nobody tries to argue with him; he has his right to feel it. Who knows what he got through? A doctor passing by tells about an Arab that is high from drugs. Evidently energy pills and maybe others were given to them in a morning lineup.

Another helicopter lands, the sand storm, created by the rotating blades, reaches every part of the body and makes the air very thick. The discomfort is minuscule compared to the suffering others here have to bear. The body is intact and that is all that is important here. This moment is my moment, and I'm celebrating it by being here by choice.

In a few moments somebody will inform me that we are leaving this place. Inshallah.

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Another Sexual Minority

I am a necrophiliac. I thought that you might be interested in some of my necrophiliac experiences. So, here they are. I realize that you would also be interested in women's necrophiliac experiences, but since I'm not familiar with them, I won't be able to write about them. I hope somebody else will.

For those of you not familiar with necrophilia, let me explain what it is. There are three types of necrophiliac practices. The first kind is called "lust murder." This is when the sexual act is completed with a body after murder. The second is called necrophagy. This is when select parts of a mutilated corpse are eaten. The last type is called necrostuprum. This is simply body snatching, pardon the pun, for the sake of a snatch. Most necrophiliacs practice all three.

The first experience I will relate gives a perfect example of society's ignorance and fear of the necrophiliac minority. On Jay Street, a few blocks from where I live in Brooklyn Heights, I was walking out of one of my favorite funeral homes carrying a dismembered arm. I had been practicing necrophagy. I saw a group of teenagers, one of whom I recognized as the friendly guy who always says hello when I pass by the candy store where he works.

I tried to catch his attention but found that my greeting was rebuffed. He did give me a very strange facial expression though, which seemed to combine feelings of fear and hate. As I was passing the group, I picked up some of their conversation. The teenager said, "Ha, ha. Look at him! He's a fucking necrophiliac!" Only a few days before, he was the friendliest guy on the block.

A number of thoughts shot through my brain: "Oh Shit! . . . the bastard . . . how does he know what 'necrophiliac' means . . . who does he think he is . . . how did he find out . . . could it have been that corpse I brought into the candy store last week . . . talking about prejudice . . . in New York no less . . . he's so afraid of me . . ."

Unfortunately in those few seconds I thought of a number of solutions to the problem: "Wait, I'll show him . . . I'll take a living person in there with me. Let's see, who'll go? That's it, I'll go in there

with Martin, and I'll make out with him and feel him up and everything. That way, at least he'll think I'm gay and not a necrophiliac." Several days later I went in there with Martin and I showed 'em.

I had a very different type of experience with a straight friend whom I like very much, but whom I also see as an extension of our hypocritical society when it comes to his relationship with me.

In the course of our conversation, we seemed to agree that our society limits people in the way they can express close feelings for each other, especially when one is dead, and the other is alive.

It seemed kind of ridiculous to us that the extent of our feelings and behavior is usually rigidly defined by our society. He agreed that living and dead people should be able to hug and kiss, and even dance with each other. My friend is alive.

We went to the necrophiliac dancing bar, attached to the Riverside Funeral Chapel the other night. I thought it would be a healthy experience for the both of us. It was, but it was also frustrating for me.

After I danced for a while, I asked him, "What would you do if one of these stiffs asked you to dance?"

He replied, "Don't worry, I don't think they can." "What makes you say that?" I questioned.

"Everybody's dead," he said. I continued dancing and later returned to ask him if he'd like to dance with the corpse I'd been dancing with.

"No thanks," he answered. "It smells kind of gamey."

I continued dancing with it the rest of the night, but felt that my friend's answer was a cop out from his own "alive" stance.

This is a fair example of the types of things that the necrophiliac segment of our population (a sizeable one) has to contend with. I would be interested in discussing these problems with other necrophiliacs and possibly spearheading a Necrophiliac Liberation Movement. Anybody interested please contact Carl Herkioner in the OP office.

Sex Research Poll

OP in the interest of scientific study, is undertaking a survey of student habits regarding masturbation. This much-practiced but rarely-discussed activity is still, sadly to say, clouded over with myths, misconceptions, unhealthy attitudes and a residue of guilt, embarrassment and false notions. OP hopes to help bring things more "into the open" and through reader response to this poll, give our concerned and thoughtful staff members raw data with which to work. Kindly return your replies, together with any additional comments or information, to Room 336 Finley, or to the OP mailbox in Room 152 Finley. Thank you.

strangest technique? Would you consider demonstrating it to us if it sounds interesting? Do you use any outside aids (oil, vibrators, love-dolls, rolled-up copies of OP)?

4) Fantasies

What are your fantasies when masturbating? Don't you think that's sick? Have you seen a shrink about it yet? Don't you think you ought to?

5) Social Relations

Do you ever masturbate with a friend? Of which sex? Are you ashamed of it, or what? Do you think you'll get laughed at? When you do masturbate with a friend, do you enjoy it?

6) Attitudes

What are your personal attitudes regarding masturbation? Do you think everyone should masturbate? Would you teach a young kid how to do it? Do you know the legal rights of sex offenders?

7) Visual Aids

Do you ever engage in voyeurism when masturbating? What do you watch? Is it good? Would you give us the address?

Do you look at magazines or TV while masturbating? Have you been despondent since Life folded? Do you get off on Mary Tyler Moore?

JAYSON WECHTER

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Simon Strikes Out At Coliseum

By PETER GRAD

The first thing Paul Simon asked his audience at Nassau Coliseum last week was "How far is Roosevelt Raceway?" Perhaps he knew something his audience didn't. After reflecting over the evening's concert, it seems as though a night at the raceway would have been a better bet.

I happen to respect Paul Simon. Certainly, with the possible exception of Dylan, no other American artist has contributed the magnitude or the calibre of verse and song as has Simon.

But the atmosphere that reigned amidst the smoke filled auditorium last week simply did not lend itself to the kind of delicate, personalized atmosphere that one might have come to expect of the old Simon and Garfunkel team.



I think the practice of booking concerts in halls larger than, say, Alice Tully Hall (capacity approximately 1500) should be immediately abandoned. The idea of admitting over 4,000 people into a stadium otherwise used as a circus arena is an absurd contradiction to the concept of closeness and intimacy that is so much reflected in Paul's music.

From the seven dollar seats I was sitting in, one couldn't even make out the features on his face. I have to sympathize with those individuals with less expensive seats. In addition, about 70% of the audience is facing at right angles to the stage, so not only can't you clearly see but you must suffer with an arched neck throughout the show.

There are other annoyances, such as the sickly obsequious ushers who actually run two paces ahead of you with brush in hand so as to wipe your seat and then wait for a tip.

But perhaps the greatest outrage were the candymen who dared to call out (not yelling, but quite audibly) "soda" and "ice-cream" in the middle of the songs. How fitting it would have been had Simon included "At the Zoo" in his set.

There were a few good moments despite the distractions. Paul invited Ulu Bamba, a band he met in their native South Africa in 1969, to perform with him on several tunes. They played several instruments resembling the mandolin and balalaika. (At one point, Paul introduced one of the instruments to the audience. He explained that it was made from an armadillo but quickly reassured the audience that, of course, the armadillo was "deceased.")

The band proceeded to provide a beautifully mellow accompaniment to "An American Tune," and "Duncan." I particularly enjoyed the two ancient melodies that the group did alone, "Death In Santa Cruz" and "Goodbye." I was sorry they didn't play longer.

Simon closed the first set with the strong, pulsating guitar rhythm of "The Boxer."

It's been said before but is probably the obvious comment to make at this point. It was good to see Paul; but it would have been better to see Simon and Garfunkel. As strongly as Simon held his own throughout most of the concert, one could not help but feel Art Garfunkel's absence. It was especially obvious during "Mrs. Robinson," a tune whose strength stemmed from the continuous harmonies of both Paul and Art - it was simply incomplete without Garfunkel's tenor lines. And "Homeward Bound," a quiet, sad song was rendered even lonelier because Paul was bound without his old companion.

Despite the deficit, Simon sailed through his better known songs smoothly - "Love Me Like A Rock" and "Cecilia."

Simon then seemed to have disregarded the mood of his now boisterous audience as he started into "Kodachrome." The audience immediately recognized the song and began to clap to the anticipated up-tempo of the song. But Simon departed from the established hit's normal rhythm and proceeded in a quiet, folksy, almost weak vein. The audience was disappointed, but quietly respectful. It should have been the strong point of the evening.

The most tragic error of the evening was the merciless rape of "Bridge Over Troubled Waters." Early in the second set, Paul called out his friends Jessie Dixon and the Dixon Hummingbirds. They had rendered an excellent flavor to "Mother and Child Reunion" in which the chorus and organ accompaniment was most appropriate. Dixon and his chorus were well received at a recent Newport Jazz Festival and they are a most able group. But the execution of "Troubled Waters," with wailing gospel voices and occasional blues riffs just could not be justified.

It was a most inappropriate marriage of two musical elements. I have to admit, however, that I was apparently among a minority as the version received an overwhelming, and loud, positive response.

An interesting phenomenon which I've never seen before, but which OPOP veteran Barry Taylor says has been going on for nearly a year, is the strange, even eerie manner in which the audience, comprised mostly of high school students,

called for an encore. The throbbing pulse of stamping feet and thunderous yells for more from the days of the Fillmore East were greatly subdued.

Now, in what can be described almost as a religious communion, match sticks began to light up throughout the entire hall. It appeared that the fervor and energy that once accompanied the exit of a performer has now been sublimated into a restrained, but ominously potent declaration of wishes; a torchfire that lights up the masses and exhibits a sort of solidarity and determination. One fears for the future performer who stirs up his audience but declines an encore. It was particularly relevant in light of the fact that on the day of this concert, New York's firemen staged the first strike in the department's 100 year history.

Paul answered his audience's calls and came back for three encores which included "America," beautifully done, and Don and Phil Everly's "Bye Bye Love."

Paul Simon will always be one of the giants of pop music, which makes it ever so more a pity that his concerts can be so frustrating.



Short Short Reviews: British Groups Here

AMAZING BLONDEL—Blondel (Island). Now there are two members left, Eddie Baird and Terry Wincott, with the departure of John Gladwin, who was responsible for the success of their last album, *England*. But fear not, for Blondel continues to be the most melodic and adventuresome band of English pastoral music lovers. Side one of this album is every bit as strong as side one of their last, which is say near perfect. Side two is noteworthy for "Sailing" and "Weavers Market." Adrian Hopkins' string arrangements are delightful. With assists from Steve Winwood on bass and Simon Kirke (Free) on drums, this is a beautiful album for Sunday mornings.

KEVIN AYERS—*Banamour* (Sire). Kevin is another charter member of the Soft Machine. Two others from the Softs join him on this album, Robert Wyatt (ex) and Mike Ratledge (current). This is his fourth effort (Mike Oldfield played on Kev's second outing in a band called The Whole World). His albums have been rather uneven affairs, stopping just short of brilliance. But that spark is there, and it's evident on "Shouting In A Bucket Blues," "Decadence," and a fun song, "Oh! Wot a Dream." This album is a personal favorite, recommended to those of you who don't demand a pretty voice with standard arrangements.

DAVID BOWIE—*Pinups* (RCA). Who? Watch this man at the Palace where he'll soon have a two-week stay.

GENESIS—*Selling England by the Pound* (Famous Charisma—import). Not one weak link. A great achievement by one of the most creative bands on the pop scene. Even Phil Collins gets to sing a lovely ballad ("More Fool Me"). Yes!

GERRY RAFFERTY—*Can I Have My Money Back?* (Blue Thumb). The man responsible for Luther Grosvenor joining Mott has hit on ten songs out of 13. Ex-Humblebum Rafferty got into some pretty strong hassles with his last group, Stealers Wheel, which led to Luther's departure. However, when an artist is as good as Rafferty, it's difficult to criticize him because of his over-enlarged ego.

RENAISSANCE—*Ashes Are Burning* (Sovereign). John Tout continues in the fine tradition of John Hawken (of the first Renaissance band, now with the Strawbs) at the keyboards. With Annie Haslam's soaring vocals and a strong rhythm section, Renaissance has created a finely woven tapestry of sound.

10 C C (U.K.). A stunning example of intelligent and successful pop music. It's even better than the Raspberries. Everything good that's going to be written about this band is true. This album joins Tina Harvey and Johnathan King on Crazy John King's U.K. label. John has a good string going for him.

Glenn Mitchell

Queens Metro

I trekked out to the wilds of Queens last Sunday night to see Chris Rush, a comedian of National Lampoon fame, perform at the Metro.

Rush, who had previously established himself as an irreverent, no-holds barred comic, gave a disappointing performance that seemed to be composed of the dregs of his material that would barely offend a Times Square movie house manager.

The Metro itself, though, was quite worthwhile, as was the warm-up group, "Sunny Monday." The club is unpretentious and less expensive than its Manhattan counterpart, offers a very wide selection of wines and cheeses, and even provides complimentary cheese and crackers. It is well set up, and has a truly friendly and engaging atmosphere, not found in most "name" clubs. If you can get out to Forest Hills, go there.

"Sunny Monday," a three man group consisting of bass player, guitarist, and flautist, provided one of the most enjoyable sets I've heard in months. Their repertoire ranges from solid foot-stomping blues to soft melodies interwoven with lilting flute riffs. In their all-too short time on stage they demonstrated great versatility and some very fine vocal harmonies.

—Jayson Wechter



It's time once again for the Happy and Artie show, starring those dark-haired Traum brothers Friday night in their annual visit to Cafe Finley to deliver a pure blend of folk and country music. Despite what the music industry has put them through (Capitol Records dropped them when their two albums didn't become hits), the Traum boys still rank as one of the College's more precious resources. Artie, at least, has to go down as one of the best guitar pickers around.

Tickets at \$1.50 each are being sold in Room 152 Finley and will be \$2.00 at the door before the concert at 8 PM. Free coffee and doughnuts and parking on campus.

Also on Friday, the free Finley film series shifts to North Campus with showings of Peter Bogdanovich's *Targets* at 3 and 7 PM and Francois Truffaut's *The 400 Blows* at 5 and 8:30 PM in Harris Auditorium.

A Bad Play

If your ancient prudish grandmother from Ohio comes to visit the big city, and you want to take her somewhere she won't see any nudity, violence, tales of corruption, perversion, or moral callousness, then take her to see *Crown Matrimonial* at the Helen Hayes Theater. To say it is an unexciting play is an understatement.

Basically it deals with the British royal family and the "crisis" which arises when the Duke of Windsor abdicates the throne to marry a twice-divorced commoner. Queen Mary, his mother, acts with an enormous pickle up her ass, and her daughters, ladies-in-waiting and various confidants stiffly follow her lead in an enormously restrained performance of Victorian prudishness. It is a play as much in touch with real life and real people as a cat food commercial is with starvation in India. If you can avoid it, do. If not, bring earplugs and try to get a good evening's sleep.

—Jayson Wechter