



Energy - Saving Cuts On College May Shut Down Buildings Soon

By ARON BERLINGER

The College is considering taking drastic measures to save fuel oil in the wake of the country's energy crisis.

While building temperatures have been lowered to comply with the national standard of 68 degrees, the buildings themselves may have to be shut altogether for short periods to permit a greater saving of oil.

The spring term may be pushed forward if the college decides to close for the February cold season. In that case, the term would be extended through June.

Vice President for Administrative Affairs John J. Canavan said he expected a decision to be made by the end of the week. He didn't want to elaborate on what steps might be taken.

"We are thinking about some crazy ideas," said Vice Provost for Student Affairs Bernie Sohmer last night.

Financial Aid Director Robert Sherman, whose office in the Alumni House at 280 Convent Avenue was already cold yesterday due to repairs in the heating system, is worrying.

The Alumni House and Klapper Hall are the only ones heated by high-grade oil and might be closed first. "I would like to know where we are heading," he said, adding that if evicted he will need at least eight classrooms for helping students.

Measures also being considered by the College are the following possibilities:

- Restriction of the use of specific facilities such as the library system, swimming pool, and elimination of use on weekends;

- Extension of vacations;

- The reduction of courses offered next term, overcrowding of classes, tightening of classroom allocations and their concentration into fewer buildings;

- Adoption of all measures mentioned above for evening session.

The Board of Higher Education Energy Conservation Committee last Wednesday decided to make provisions to cut back fuel and lighting by 30 per cent due to oil shortages expected this winter.

The week-old committee is an outgrowth of Mayor Lindsay's formation of a task force to regulate the city's fuel consumption by developing an emergency contingency plan.

The College's superintendent of buildings and grounds, Henry Woltmann, who attended the meeting, noted that "the options as to how to implement the cuts were left to the individual colleges."

For the College, whose consumption of fuel oil last year, according to Woltmann, was 2,320,000 gallons, a cut of 25 percent is equivalent to the fuel saved by turning off the boilers in the new Science building for the rest of the academic year. The Science building needs as much fuel in the summer as in the winter to operate its air conditioning system.

"It was made clear in the meeting that the CUNY colleges are way down in the city's priorities scale," Woltmann indicated. "If winter is severe or other problems develop here..." He paused, smiled and shook his head.

According to his assistant, Bruce L. Wynn, "Lowering the thermostats to save on heating costs won't be enough." Shutting down buildings is seen now as a definite possibility. The only questions are which buildings, when, and for how long.

Wynn indicated that until now heat at nights had been lowered to 65 degrees as regular policy for saving fuel, and it could go as low as 55 degrees, but no further because of the cleaning workers who work all night. "But even all this heat lessening wouldn't add up to more than 5 to 6 percent fuel saving," he estimated.

Weekend temperature in the college
(Continued on page 5)



Kenneth Clark Will Retire in June

Professor Kenneth B. Clark (Psychology), one of the College's best known faculty figures, is planning to retire at the end of this academic year. He has been teaching here since 1941, when psychology was just a few courses in the Philosophy department.

Clark made the announcement to his undergraduate class on Motivation last week. "If they could keep Bertrand Russell from your poor, susceptible minds, then it's about time they caught up with me," he quipped.

Named as one of about 30 City University "distinguished professors" two years ago, the 58-year-old is also the only black member of the New York State Board of Regents. He is noted for his work in the field of educational psychology and for his allied work in the civil rights field. His work on the effects of segregation on children was cited by the U.S. Supreme Court in its 1954 decision on school desegregation.

In 1967, he created the Metropolitan Applied Research Center, a think tank which deals with such issues as educational deprivation, pupil transportation, residential segregation and day care in the inner city. He also announced that he would retire as MARC's president and remain as a consultant.

In recent years, he has not been involved greatly in departmental or College-wide issues. In 1969, although he served on a mediating committee to resolve a student strike at Howard University in Washington, D.C., he did not take part in the month-long crisis that shook the College when the Black and Puerto Rican Community Student took over South Campus in April and issued five demands calling for a greater percentage of minority students in the entering students class and a separate school of Third World Studies.

Not long before, he had resigned from Antioch College's board of trustees to protest against whites being kept out of the school's Afro-American Studies Institute.

Told of Clark's intention to resign, Professor Donald Mintz (Psychology) said he was "flabbergasted. I had no inkling."

"Dr. Clark is a figure of great international reputation. His loss to our department is a serious loss," Mintz commented. "Whenever issues arose, he could always be counted on for his counsel."

Most recently, Clark broke into the news when he declared earlier this year that school decentralization in New York,

a project which he had advocated for a long time, is a "disaster" and that he is now "vehemently opposed" to it.

As president of the American Psychological Association in 1971, he advocated that world leaders be given drugs "which could stabilize and make dominant the moral and ethical propensities of man and subordinate, if not eliminate, his negative and primitive behavioral tendencies."

In an interview with the New York Times in March, he was asked, "Are you one of the kooks who are not giving up?"

"I teach, you know. I teach and I write and unfortunately, I'm a psychologist."

Asked to elaborate, he added: "In the sense that I'm more preoccupied with the inner turmoils and struggles than I should be for maximum efficiency. No, I'm not going to give up."

—Steve Simon



Bias Against CUNY PhD's Here

By MARC LIPITZ

The union for City University faculty has charged that CUNY discriminates against its own graduates in hiring professors. The charge was made by Irwin Polishook, vice president of the Professional Staff Congress (PSC), at a state legislative hearing on November 19.

Polishook cited figures from CUNY catalogues for 1972-73 which indicate that 22% of the current staff hold doctoral degrees from Columbia University, 25% hold doctoral degrees from NYU, and only two per cent hold degrees from City University.

The union leader also charged that highly qualified graduates of the City University were facing discrimination in other institutions as well. A spokesman from PSC, Aaron Alexander, added, "CUNY graduates find that their doctorates are not well respected throughout the country."

Polishook stated that City University graduates have been told "they need not apply here, that regardless of their acknowledged merits they cannot compete with graduates of other universities, and that they would be better off seeking employment elsewhere."

A spokesman for the City University Graduate Center, Nanette Shaw, suggested that the two per cent figure given by Polishook is misleading. CUNY has only been issuing PhD degrees since

1965, and of its 600 graduates since then, she said 30 percent have been hired by the 20 units of the CUNY system.

Results of a survey conducted by the Committee for the Employment of CUNY PhD's were made public at the hearings by City Council members Carter Burden, Carol Greitzer, and Howard Golden. The survey was of 250 individuals who had received doctorates from CUNY from 1972 and 1973.

Of 148 who responded, 66 claimed they had been refused full-time employment at a CUNY college and 27 were refused part-time employment. Forty-nine, or almost one-third, said they had "been refused or discouraged from employment at CUNY specifically because they hold CUNY PhD's."

Polishook expressed concern over the fact that "CUNY graduates reflect more than the graduates of any other graduate school the diversity of ethnic backgrounds." Without their adequate representation on the University staff, there is lacking "a meaningful employment opportunity program."

One reason cited for this problem is the City University's concern over "inbreeding," which is the hiring of an excessive number of City University graduates. "The result is a disgracefully small proportion of CUNY graduates on the CUNY instructional staff."

A rough survey of the faculty in the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences here

shows that of 272 professors who received PhD's since 1965, 107 are from Columbia or NYU, 150 from other universities and only 15 from the CUNY.

The Physics and Speech departments have hired the largest numbers of CUNY graduates. Professor Irving Branman (Chairman, Speech) claims that there is no systematic pattern of hiring. He said that during his one-and-a-half years as chairman, no one has suggested to him not to hire CUNY graduates. He acknowledged that about seven or eight years ago, "Deans suggested they'd prefer hiring others than from CUNY."

Branman also stated that there are people on the staff who are working towards their PhD.

Assistant Professor Bernard Gorman (Psychology) is one of the 15 CUNY graduates presently employed at the College. He recalled that when friends heard that he was hired, they remarked, "My God, you're damned lucky. You're sort of a freak to be hired."

Gorman feels that he "had some strong allies in people who had recommended me for the job." He taught in Nassau Community College for five years and feels that his value to the Open Admissions program could be the reason for his employment.

He proved to be among the five highest rated teachers in the College in the student evaluation conducted by the Student Senate last year.

Shockley at SICC

The Right to be Wrong

By PETER GRAD

"If there is any principle in the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought - not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thoughts that we hate."

—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

I am not enthralled by the thoughts of Dr. William Shockley, the noted physicist and Nobel Prize winner.

Nor are there many college students, scholars or psychologists who do not find Shockley's declaration that blacks are intellectually inferior to whites to be a most appalling concept or at least one that is seriously lacking in proper scientific method.

But the suppression of Dr. Shockley's right to speak at Staten Island Community College (SICC) last week was a setback to those very individuals who believed they were acting in behalf of racial equality and social change.

When a group of mostly white students from the Progressive Labor Party squelched Shockley's attempts to voice his theories, as unpalatable as they are, they did not only deprive one man from exercising his right to freely express his views, but they invoked, though by different means such as yelling and cheering, the very tactic which progressive movements in the last decade have so balefully been subjected to by an arrogant and intolerant administration - the suppression of opposing (and to them obnoxious) political views and demonstrations.

The Black Student Caucus at SICC, was understandably angered by the thought of Dr. Shockley's scheduled appearance. But its dictum which was delivered to SICC President Birenbaum, was as noxious and self-righteous as so many of the government's handlings of political dissenters.

"It is mandatory that we deal with your racist behavior... we strongly suggest you withdraw your invitation to Dr. Shockley or suffer the wrath of our anger and disapproval."

Suffer the wrath of our disapproval—Haven't we seen the violence committed by the National Guard and state police at Jackson, Kent, Baton Rouge and Attica in expression of their wrath and their disapproval? Drowning out an unpopular speaker, of course, is not quite the same as the killing of unpopular students, inmates or dissenters. It is merely a lesser degree of censorship, of unpardonable revenge.

And was the caucus really saying that since the college president allows a man with views objectionable to theirs to speak on campus, that he is therefore a racist? Surely, there is a distinction to be made between a policy of mandating discriminatory practices in hiring and promotion based on IQ differences and allowing one to speak on such theories, as irritating and fallacious as they may be.

Roy Innis, of Congress of Racial Equality, who is scheduled to debate Shockley at Princeton in December, observed that if Shockley can be prevented from speaking at a campus, then so can a black nationalist. Will white supremacists be justified in calling Birenbaum a racist when he allows Bobby Seale to speak on campus early next year?

The Women's Faculty Caucus also issued a statement of their objections: "Just when women's and minority groups are moving forward with affirmative action, the star-billing of Shockley has been given, in the name of free speech, the aura of legitimacy by this forum... his appearance at the campus community could undermine all the positive work we've done so far."

Village Voice columnist Nat Hentoff, in his excellent summary of Shockley's recent appearances, asked quite appropriately of the Caucus, "Are these faculty members such poor teachers that one man in one night can argue away all the positive work they've done so far?"

Certainly, after the impressions the women's movement has made upon our culture in recent years, these women should realize the frustration of having doors closed in their faces and being denied opportunities to work, speak, reason or act in the manners they choose - all in the face of ridicule and obnoxious myths and cliches.

Such a denial of human rights comes frightening close to confrontations we have witnessed in recent years. Our president turned his back as a million of us congregated on his backyard to request a peaceful settlement to the American war in Vietnam. When we marched on campuses with pickets in hand, we were called bums and snobs, hundreds of us were arrested, dozens of us were shot. On Mayday 1971 in Washington, 12,000 of us were summarily arrested and thrown into stadiums to contain us from spreading our perverse ideologies.

We should welcome the chance to gain insights first hand into the thinking of such individuals as Dr. Shockley - there is more to be learned about the roots, rationale, and motivations of separatist thought and racial chauvinism by listening to one proponent of such ideas than from 100 speeches by the Progressive Labor Party or any political group about that one proponent.

It should not be overlooked, either, that as a consequence of these denials of free speech, we are now witnessing a negative and quite awkward situation in which civil libertarians and large numbers of the academic community must in all moral conscience and fairness, defend a man like Shockley. This may also inadvertently be interpreted by followers of Shockley's lines of reasoning to be a sign of acceptance of the physicist's ideas by a broad intellectual spectrum. This consequently would give the illusion of legitimacy to these arguments on the supposed inferiority of certain racial groups.

We can't begin to think of increasing consciousness, re-establishing national priorities or insuring human freedom without first accepting the notions of toleration and communication with those with whom we do not agree.

Remember the Revolution

BARRY POLLACK

My adolescence reached a finale in the years when everyone smoked pot, had their hair long, wore old, cool clothes, tried to hang loose and dreamed of an existence free of hassles. This state of daydream fantasy lasted a good number of years. I think it began after the assassination of J.F.K. I don't care what the revisionist historians have to say about him. All I know is that I was thirteen when he died and I cried for weeks. When I think of him I only have good memories. Compared to what we have around us now, I guess any decent man would shine and yet those were times when we all dreamed of a new day, and planned large undertakings.

In 1963 I was in Eighth grade. I was just finding out about girls. The world was far away.

In high school I went to the underground. A few infamous ones fooled with drugs and leftist politics, but I steered clear of entangling alliances and wanted Goldwater to smash all those Commies in Vietnam. I still remember the violent arguments with a friend who was against the war. I wanted to kill him for being such a fool. But I came round and knew finally that he had been the better one.

If I could open my mind to new ideas, why not to new sensations? And so the "scientific" experiments with drugs. It was a world hidden from ordinary view. One entered through dark rooms and in caves deep inside dense forests. A best friend was your guide and in time you would guide some one new through the dark passage.

I spent my last year in high school and the next three in states of altered consciousness. City College was a joke. School was a game where everyone came wearing a mask. Some knew they were playing and others tried to seek the truth. The radical movements swept the air and new lifestyles sprouted here and there. Most young buds died. Many stunted plants were tough and put up good resistance to the honest truth: They were all playing games pretending to be what they were not. We were going to be the new order; the new Beats.

It was 1968 and we would continue the hippie tradition though the Hippies were long dead and buried. We were artists and free souls, free thinkers, who, sadly, couldn't think of what to do. We could not act. We could smoke a joint. All of us waiting for Godot. Talk of the Revolution. Everyone was cool and believed in peace and love.

The Alleys of the Town

MICHAEL ANN GALLOB

Adjusting to college is supposed to be a fairly agonizing experience. The freshman or woman has to keep on top of a flood of new knowledge, from learning the layout of the campus and absorbing the standards of the various groups and hangouts, to attending classes where unfamiliar things are expected of him/her, while hanging on to his/her bud of an identity throughout the onslaught.

Getting along with the mechanics of college has been no trouble for me. My hassles as a student at the college have stemmed more from having to cope with the '70's syndrome of withdrawal, listlessness, and a return to the old values of cliquishness and limited vision that I see in so many of the people here. They don't stem from any traditional Freshman Follies number.

The most noticeable thing on campus is the lack of contact between people and the rigidity with which the rare contacts have to be made. The act of going over to a total, if interesting, stranger and saying "hello" has been demanding more and more bravado, a substance necessary for scaling high walls.

Still, the dynamics of personal development and relationships at City College, as with everything else, are microcosmic. The return to placing value on studying your academics as a means to an end of financial success and security is just reflecting a sense of having hit a dead end. This is in terms of what to do with your day-to-day life on the roads of freakiness and revolution.

Remember revolution? The Trans-Counter-cultural Highway stops here, because the road crew passed around some joints at lunch. Then one guy noticed a yellow brick that seemed to be kind of pointing, you know, in one direction, and a little ways over he found another. So they all said Fuck it, let the travelers cut their own paths. They

That's what they said but not what they did. All jokers, all gypsies. Baby, can you spare a jay?

Me, I was wandering around, floating from place to place. I wasn't on firm ground myself and didn't know what would be. My friends were just like I was, and there were a lot more like us.

The whole scene is totally different now. Where are all the freaks? They're in my Chemistry, Physics, Biology and Math classes. The ones who used to sit in South Campus Cafeteria smoking pot and cutting classes all day, are now taking Pre-Mod Courses. Those who were English, Sociology and other Liberal Arts Majors now walk around with science textbooks under their arms instead of Zap comic books. There is no talk of peace and love, only of atoms and pi-electrons. We're all in this for the money. Don't let anyone tell you differently.

There must be some reason why twenty five thousand former bums now want to be doctors and it certainly isn't for the love of man. It's for the love of self. After all, the facts of life are that everyone wants the good life. Today in America the good life means lots of money, a nice house, a Mercedes Benz, all name brand goods and respect that only a doctor can command. We all want to be honored and worshipped and looked up to and in these times. What does it easier than saying, "Hello, my name is Dr. X." The magic word is doctor.

Is it credible to think that our crazy mixed up wandering egos have finally settled down to face reality and have decided where we want our lives to go? After all, we're getting old. We're losing our hair, and getting married. There are those younger than us who talk about us the way we used to talk about our parents. It's a disturbing sensation in the pit of the stomach.

I was a middle class phony playing a game. I am for real now. I must warn all of you who will be needing a doctor ten years hence to be careful. Please try not to get sick. I feel sorry if you need us because if you do not have the money, we will let you die. We are the ambitious ones. The brown nosers, the back stabbers, the mamas' boys who mean to get ahead. My friends are with me and we will rule the world. We are the intellectual workers who will run the state. We're the lawyers, the dentists, the teachers, the doctors without a soul. We have no humanitarian interests, no morals, only our own selfish ends. God help us all.

It's the new wave. And yet I can't help but think that we are still waiting for Godot.

all agreed that that was best for everybody's head and spirit. They set off to follow the pointing stones which had to lead somewhere, right?

So we travelers find ourselves at the end of a road which has suddenly reverted to trees and tacky underbrush. Oz is still many miles away, night is falling and it's somehow more pressing that we're not left out in the dark. So we look at each other, and in silence we turn and head homeward to the lights of the town.

Whether or not you consider yourself to be a child of the '64-'72 period, fact is that even those who felt somewhat removed from the cultural cyclones of the time felt their effects in the immense value changes that paraded by on the winds. Whichever ones you chose to adopt or ignore, from searching for the one-ness of the universe to screwing around, the outstanding thing about them was the number and variety there was to do the choosing from.

Things seem to be closing in again. No more leave to experiment with lifestyles is bestowed; no more living twelve to an apartment and watching things develop; no more following impulses, reading obscure philosophies, growing a third eye, or giving up your studies to go demonstrating or dancing in the streets.

We've gone back to answering "why not?" with, "Because." Strict patterns and formality are coming back into play. The social standard-makers have left the costume party and have gotten into their dignified suits and ties to hype guardedness and cool, cultivated poses again. With "how do I look?" once again taking precedence over "how do I feel?" as the question to ask yourself in times of stress, it's little wonder that some of the idealistic, hyper-sensitive types are starting to feel walled out again when it comes to trying to understand where someone else's head is at any given time.

Still, lying on the South Campus lawn in the sunshine this morning, enjoying the people around me as they talked, told stories, rolled joints, ate sandwiches and threw footballs, I felt my paranoia evaporate. Maybe I'm wrong and people aren't willing to go back to living out the old one-dimensional American Dream. Maybe we'll still keep trying. Perhaps this is just another avenue of exploration. But if it turns out to be the new main drag, then you'll find me still in my costume party clothes, lurking in the alleyways on the other side of town.

observation post

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OP Poll: Bio 9 Found to be Unpopular

By ROBERT NESS

Even though they wish they weren't in the course, students taking Biology 9 have admitted that they are learning something anyway.

While 94 of the 100 students surveyed said they have received "a little" or "quite a bit" of scientific knowledge from the course, 58 concluded that having been exposed to Biology 9 for two months, they wouldn't have chosen it if it were not part of the group A core requirement.

Yet 67% say they agree with the idea that they should be taking science courses for "a well rounded education."

Commenting on the results, Professor Stanley Wecker, who teaches the course, said in a telephone interview, "If it wasn't a requirement, no one would take it... If it was simply an elective course, I believe it would be popular but nowhere near a 350 pupil enrollment."

For 70 of the students polled, an "important" or "somewhat important" reason for choosing the course was because they expected it to be easy. Interestingly enough, course description and reputation of the professor teaching the course didn't prove to be the driving force in choosing Biology 9.

About 80 said "a very important" reason for choosing it was simply because it was part of the core requirement for science.

Biology and Human Affairs was the brainchild of Professor Jess Hanks (Biology), who attempted to teach relevant science in a less technical manner. The course explores genetics, the environment, pollution, population control drugs, and alcoholism.

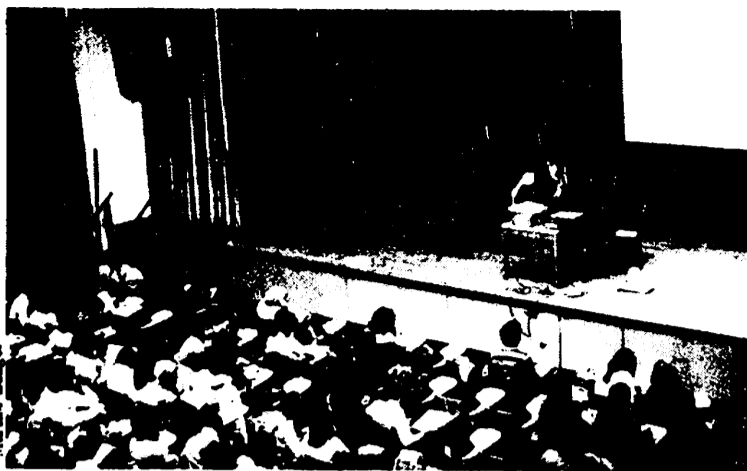
A unique feature of the course is its "let's make a deal" grading system where one has several options to get high grades. Students receive extra points on their exam average for doing chapter outlines, attending recitation, and taking optional quizzes.

Wecker initiated the system this term as "a vehicle to facilitate student involvement" in their recitation sections and to have them keep up with the assigned readings. He admitted that these measures were taken in response to open enrollment students who generally have "poor academic backgrounds."

In an early analysis of the new grading system, he noted, "Better students are taking advantage of the options... the rich are getting richer, and the poor are getting poorer." But on the average, he adds, there hasn't been a change in the average test score from last year's class.

Presently, the Curriculum and Teaching Committee of the Faculty Council is studying possible changes in the College's system of core requirements. It is doubtful that the committee's findings will result in changes in required science.

Faculty generally seek to retain the status quo when confronted with sweeping changes. It took strong student



Marcia Langer

support to change the old system of no-choice core requirements in 1969, the first significant one at the College since 1935. In the recent past, students and student groups have failed to voice their opinions on curricular changes. In fact, the Student Senate has failed to appoint members to the Curriculum and Teaching Committee this year. Students on that body have full voting rights with faculty.

Secondly, since open enrollment began, there has been a decline in enrollment in elective science courses. In order to retain senior professors, large lectures in

required science are essential. The amount of faculty hired for a given department is in fixed ratio to students enrolled in that departments. For example, in Biology 9, there are 350 students in each lecture. If the course was run in small sections or even smaller lectures, three or four more professors would be needed for the course.

By using the large lecture system, these professors are free to teach other students. A number of smaller electives can therefore be offered. Since advanced electives are the "meat" of any depart-

ment, it would be in the best interests of science departments to keep things as they are.

Commenting on the fact that Biology 9 is the largest lecture course in the School of Liberal Arts, Wecker said, "I really don't think there is a difference between 350 and 150" students in a given lecture.

The final part of the questionnaire asked students for their comments. The following is a cross-section:

Dr. Roze is very sexy...

Bullshit course

I think it's a great course... it applies to life

I think Biology 9 is an excellent course. It has helped me come to the realization that science is not at all far removed from everyday life, but contrarily, the most important part of it...

Biology 9 is tailored for non-science majors? Bullshit, it is heavily into science.

Science courses should be available if you want to take them.

The list of core requirements should be altered. Everyone is not a genius.

Taught on a condescending level stooping to the lower levels of intellectual deficient.

Some of these questions on this questionnaire are tricky, even if you studied.

Questionnaire staff: Debby Gerson, Marc Lipitz, Steve Schoenholtz, Sal Sillitti, and M.M.'s friend.

PPHS: New Goals Are Emerging

By STEVE SIMON

The Planning Program in Humanistic Studies (PPHS) has looked at itself closely and found that despite great pressures, it has succeeded in spurring innovation at the College in the last two years.

The conclusion was reached by the full-time staff of PPHS in a report calling for the Faculty Senate to approve a life extension for the struggling program so that it can become a permanent "Laboratory for Innovation." The staff includes Professor Leo Hamalian (English), the acting director, Ken Eisold and Paul Minkoff.

At the same time, PPHS rejected as impossible its original goal of working towards the establishment of an experimental college within the College.

"The hope was that the resultant 'alternative' education would both attract back to City College those bright students who now were increasingly choosing to go elsewhere, and, relatedly, that it would somehow be able to turn back toward academic pursuits the many alienated but capable students at the College," the report recalls, adding that "an increasingly hostile environment" among traditional departments competing for money and its own "puny" financial resources made that hope impossible to achieve.

Acknowledges Conflict

The long-range goal of creating an experimental college, however, did succeed in creating "substantial tensions" within the program, the report suggests, because there was constant pressure for "instant success" but no time to plan properly for its future. The report concedes that "anxiety, conflict and disillusionment erupted within the program itself."

Its founding director, Arthur Bierman, quit the program last term, bitterly charging that PPHS had become a haven for apathetic students more interested in "mysticism and psychological rapping" than in trying to change the world.

When other faculty learned of Bierman's discontent, the Faculty Senate voted to cut to only one year the recommendation of its Committee on Educational Policy to give the program a three-year extension of its experimental status.

"We see a need to re-define our aims in the direction of creating a climate and an opportunity for educational innovation and experimentation at City College, and to make our resources in this area available to the College as a whole, rather than aiming toward an alternative structure," the PPHS staff now declares.

In reviewing its past two years, the

PPHS report cites the following achievements:

- student autonomy and freedom—"it is not a simple matter of turning over responsibility to students or abandoning teacher roles";

- curriculum innovation for teachers;
- exploration of new fields for faculty;
- an environment where teachers communicate with each other about teaching;

- the collaborative teaching of basic writing skills together with the student's own investigation of their cultural backgrounds;

- new course topics generated by changing social experience and consciousness, and

- experiential learning through many varied course projects and courses.

"What we propose, in short, is that we become a Laboratory for Innovation, directing our energies and resources towards the exploration of the variety of

alternatives that address themselves to the specific needs in the college community and the attraction of new resources," the report concludes.

"We propose that rather than compete with existing departments and programs for credits and students, we service them, wherever possible allowing them to retain the credits generated by their faculty working within our program. We think we can provide an environment not unlike that available to physicists or chemists in their laboratories supportive of their research."

PPHS proposes to spend its next three years by continuing its self-evaluation this year, by being evaluated by the College and Faculty Senate, which would make a decision on its permanent status in spring 1975, and by either phasing out its activities or beginning to function as an established unit of the College during the 1975-76 academic year.

H.S. Students Visit Here, But Will Enroll Elsewhere

By JOHN LONG

A few people may have wondered why both sides of Convent Avenue were lined with buses on Friday, November 16, or for that matter, why a lot of younger people kept wandering up to them asking directions. Most students found out later that this was a part of the school administration's plan to attract new students to the College.

More than 1200 high school students from around the city were attending an "open house," the first mass attempt by the College to recruit students in the hope of reversing the declining enrollment figures. But it all seemed pointless. Out of more than 100 of the visitors interviewed, only one appeared to like what she saw.

A typical reaction was that of Bobbi Benson of Evander Childs H.S. in the Bronx. "Most of these buildings look like the ceilings are coming down, and I wouldn't come into this neighborhood anyway," she said.

Marcia Davis, also from Evander, said, "I like the Art department but I don't like the neighborhood." Some students said they would probably attend the college next fall, but would prefer to go elsewhere.

Yet Barbara Thompson seemed mildly enthusiastic. "I plan to go here because I like their Art Department and Gothic architecture," explained the senior from

the High School of Art and Design.

The most-liked buildings on campus were the newer ones, the Science building and Cohen Library. Some students were struck by the look of North Campus but in general they were unimpressed. Finley Center drew universal criticism for its dilapidated condition.

As the students arrived, their first stop was Mahoney Gymnasium, where orientation was held. Each student was given a map of the campus and descriptions of the academic programs offered. Around the gymnasium were tables manned by representatives of every department who answered questions from the visitors.

Some departments offered tours of their classrooms and facilities. Most students chose to go on their own tours, however, saying that "most of those teachers are boring," or "we lost our guide." Too many students seemed to be roaming around, particularly since there weren't enough signs directing students where to go.

Every borough in the city, except Richmond, was represented. According to Dan Morin, Director of Recruitment, "Richmond was excluded because we didn't have time to mail them invitations and also because of the large response expected from the other boroughs. We plan to have a separate open house just for students from Richmond."

Answer Man

The OP Answer Man has a problem. Nobody trusts him. What else can he think as he sits alone in the corner of Room 336 Finley waiting for someone to come to him with a problem to solve. Last issue he promised to extend a helping hand to any student "struck down by the impersonal forces of the multiversity and the illogic of college regulations." The Answer Man is too intelligent to be fooled into thinking that the College has become less impersonal or illogical. So he waits.

But in the meantime, he has a new idea to satisfy the secret desires of students at the College. The Answer Man, who seems to desire to play Santa Claus, invites all OP readers to write an answer to the question, "What I'm Really Dreaming Of For Christmas?" All typed replies fit to print will appear in OP's Christmas edition.

Speech on Emotion

Dennis Kelly of the New York State Psychiatric Institute will speak on "The Notion of Emotion and the Conditioned Emotional Response" on Thursday, December 6, at 12:30 PM in Room 001 Harris. Coffee and donuts will be served.

'Whiplash' Arouses A Big Reaction . . .

In his critique of Professor Howard Adelson's article in *The Source*, Steve Simon lumped the Jewish Studies Department with Adelson's views and a previous course he had taken in the Department of Classical Languages and Hebrew on "Post Biblical Hebrew Literature" (a course which Simon considered propagandistic and immature).

In all fairness: Neither of these professors is in the Jewish Studies Department. Adelson's article actually was critical of the department and incorrectly reported a considerable decline in our registration. Simon's article unintentionally distorts our spirit and caliber.

The Jewish Studies Department at CCNY was set up in the belief that post-Open Admissions, we had a chance to work in a multiethnic, multi-racial college with an exciting diversity of students. Jewish Studies - a legitimate academic subject had been omitted in the 'Golden Age' of "Jewish City College." We saw a chance to set up a first-rate academic department - not a propaganda bastion - that would not have the hangups of the past and could deal with Jewish history, sociology and religion, especially in the modern period, without apology and without apologetics.

To insure our openness we recruited scholarly and lively teachers (whose backgrounds incidentally range from secular and Yiddishist, to traditional and everything in between). Our new appointments have been joint with other departments to help our faculty remain in the mainstream of academic life and meet the standards of the entire field. When we offered a course on Judaism and Christianity, we strive for growth, objectivity and balance. (We intend to do the same with a new course in Comparative Mysticism - East and West.) We have no political or party line in our hiring or teaching and no political test for our students. If anything, the course on "Jews and the Left" sought to attract students on the left, and if we knew the instructor who implied the political "qualification" for the course, I would introduce a censure motion in the department.

It is true that most of our students are Jewish. This is understandable given the greater interest of Jews in their own history, literature, etc. However, our faculty includes novelist Elie Wiesel, whose work is universal and is studied in many schools and universities. I teach a course on the Holocaust, which I believe is mandatory for those who would like to be human beings (in terms of what made it possible, the strategy of victimization, the moral and human questions posed, the problem of moral apathy).

Our courses are taught objectively, responsibly and with standards. I am especially concerned about Simon's



Letters to the editor

article because we want *Observation Post* readers to know they would find challenging courses with us, including "Ethnic Politics and Community Conflict," "Judaism and Christianity: A comparative study," "Ethical and Moral Issues in Holocaust Literature," "Human Life, Growth and Sexuality in Jewish Tradition," "Jewish Identity in Contemporary Society," "History of Jewish Thought," and many others. After only a year and a half of full-time existence, we offer a greater range and variety of courses in Modern Jewish Studies than all but one other college in the United States. While we respect the right of anyone to withdraw into an ethnic enclave, we think Jewish Studies offers an alternative model of openness and academic encounter

with a significant yet particular universal human experience.

We hope that Mr. Simon would reconsider and study with us as we have many other people - Jewish and non Jewish alike.

Irving Greenberg
Chairman, Department of Jewish Studies

There exists a great deal of apathy among Jewish students, not only in City College but on all campuses as well. The purpose of the creation of a Jewish Studies Department and a paper, *The Source*, was, I believe, to get Jews off their asses and to enlighten them as to what is happening to Jews today, here in New York, in Israel and in the rest of the world, in addition to what events occurred in history to bring about this present-day situation of Anti-Semitism in the world and disinterest among Jews.

Steve Simon's cynical interpretations about Jews "endowing an institution with high quality" and "being chosen" are his own asinine opinions. Every minority, whether they be Black, Puerto Rican, Chinese or Jew, contribute to the quality of an institution and need a sense of identification in order to relate to the College. Sitting in the Snack Bar or in the Lounge or in a Biology class is not enough. True, there was very little pertaining to the College in its first issue, but like all new papers, *The Source* needs a little time to organize itself and has to "feel out" in which way it should direct its message.

In reference to other school newspapers, what about *The Paper*? It is geared towards Black students and how much of its contents are related to Blacks in City College? One further comment: Take a look at *The Campus*. How much in its eight pages are newsworthy items and how much are bullshit advertisements? I believe *Observation Post* is the only paper on campus which does not succumb to stupid advertisements to fill up its pages. But I am digressing.

I am not doubting that Mr. Simon's Jewish Studies class was boring to him, because it is quite often the lecturer that "makes" the course. However, he shouldn't generalize about the program nor the students based on one course. It happens often (as I have seen) that with the exception of seminar classes, the majority of students do not voice their opinion—apathy, boredom, whatever you like.

CCNY does not have the large Jewish population it used to have. Therefore, Jews should attend Jewish Studies classes and participate in Jewish activities on campus. Furthermore, they should suggest new courses if the present ones are meaningless. I feel we must become a unified and actively participating body on campus in order to stimulate a new awareness and show incoming Jewish students that there exists an active Jewish student body once more in City College.

Sincerely,
Jane Zavelson, student

. . . Judo Story Offends All

Bob Rosen's article on judo, "A Painful Way to Earn a Credit" (OP, November 14), in addition to being filled with misinformation about the martial arts, is extremely offensive to female judoka. I hold the rank of shodan (first degree black belt) in shotokan karate and know several female judoka, ranging in rank from yellow belt to shodan, so I believe that I speak from rather a better perspective than Mr. Rosen on this subject.

Mr. Rosen's view of women as "fragile creatures" easy to beat up in class, though fairly typical of males, is unfounded. There is no basis for the idea that females are any more "fragile" than males and I have observed many cases where our endurance considerably exceeded theirs. There is a great deal of overlap between the size and strength of males and females, so Mr. Rosen's assumption that all females are weaker and smaller than he is offensive. Besides, my friends in judo tell me that small size is frequently an advantage, as technique is based on balance and leverage, not on strength.

Anyone who has experience in the martial arts knows that a "violent mood" is not an asset, as Mr. Rosen claims, but rather a block to any kind of progress. The martial arts teach self-control, the opposite of a violent attitude. Also, skill in any martial art takes a great deal of practice. One cannot expect to be able to defend oneself after studying judo once a week for a few weeks. Judo is good self-defense if one is skilled at it, even if the attacker is not wearing a gi (not "ghia"). Mr. Rosen's lack of understanding about judo can be excused because of his inexperience, but his ideas about women are just plain stupidity. I hope that in the future he will refrain from writing about what he doesn't know.

Yours truly,
Eva J. Blinder

THE AUTHOR REPLIES

It's strange the way these things happen. Every time I make an attempt to write a legitimate "feature" story, I end up offending somebody and making an enemy.

In my 2½ year career with OP, this has happened to me three times. For my first story for OP in Fall 1971, I wrote a short piece about the Architecture school, the place I resided in my freshman year. The story indirectly mentioned a teacher who had his class sitting around the whole term drawing "circles, squares, and straight lines."

Several days after the story was printed, I went back to the Architecture school to visit and had the misfortune to run into that teacher. He obviously had read the story and remembered me, as he proceeded to pull me over to the side, call me a bastard, and curse me out for at least five minutes. By the way, he is no longer teaching architecture here.

In the next issue, I did a story on the decline of clubs at

the College. One of the people I interviewed was Irwin Brownstein, who at the time was the associate director of Finley Center. One of the reasons he gave for the decline of clubs was, "The drug culture has turned people away from group affiliation. Alcohol makes people gregarious, friendly, and brings them together. Pot makes you introspective. People smoke pot, then sit in a corner and contemplate their navel."

I went on to suggest that a bar should be opened in Finley Center, and maybe that would put an end to the decline of clubs. (The College seems to have adopted the idea and plans to set up a beer hall in Finley next year.) Brownstein's secretary stopped me in Finley the week after the story came out and asked me if my editor thought the story was good.

"Yes," I said. "He liked it very much."

"Well, I just want to let you know," she screamed, "that I think you're a bastard for writing the story, and your editor is a bastard for printing it. Mr. Brownstein is a very nice man, and you made a fool out of him." Before I had a chance to answer, she walked off in a huff.

In two weeks, two people whom I hardly knew had called me a bastard for merely being a journalist and printing the truth. From that point on, I vowed never to print another story that dealt with real people. I fed OP a steady diet of satirical columns and short stories. If I offended anyone, it was either a large group of people, such as the police, or various people who found my fictional characters offensive. Only twice did I aim my venom at specific people: in an obituary for J. Edgar Hoover and in a story about a cop who liked to give tickets to longhairs.

Since I've become the editor this term, I've attempted to justify my existence by writing occasional news stories, and by balancing things like the necrophilia column (yeah, it was me) in the last issue by once again writing "legitimate features."

The judo story was meant to balance the necrophilia column, and I must confess that I wrote the story in a virtually incoherent state, and almost as an afterthought. The afterthought was, "I better have something else for the issue besides necrophilia." My judo class seemed like an interesting thing to write about, so I did.

Immediately after the story was printed, I regretted it. At least three women who knew me grabbed me in the halls and told me how the story was offensive to women. My teacher, Carlos Molina, took the story as a personal attack, and several people in my judo class told me how they did not share my feelings.

I was all set to print a public apology for the story in this issue, putting all blame on myself. Then I received

(Continued on page 8)

Secret School Teaches Bombing in Texas

Editor's note: A year ago, "State of Siege," the most recent film of noted movie director Costa-Gavras, leveled a series of startling charges at the American government.

At one point in the film, a Uruguayan police officer was shown receiving training in the manufacture and use of explosive devices at a secret police bomb school in the southwestern United States. Later, the same officer was linked to a right-wing Uruguayan "Death Squad" implicated in the murders (some performed with explosives) of prominent Uruguayan radicals.

For most American viewers and movie critics, these scenes appeared as mere cinematographic flourishes in a controversial film. Now State Department documents unearthed by Senator James Abourezk (D-S.D.) show beyond a doubt that the film was unerringly accurate in its picture of U.S. "counterinsurgency" programs in Latin America.

The documents reveal that the U.S. government is, in fact, training foreign policemen in bomb-making at a remote desert camp in Texas. In response to Senator Abourezk's inquiries, the Agency for International Development (AID) has now acknowledged that its Office of Public Safety (OPS) is providing such instruction.

The existence of the Abourezk papers was first disclosed in Jack Anderson's syndicated column for October 8, 1973. Pacific News has now received a full set of the papers which were used in preparing the following story.

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At the United States Border Patrol Academy in Los Fresnos, Texas, foreign policemen are taught the design, manufacture and potential uses of homemade bombs and incendiary devices by CIA instructors. At least 165 policemen—mostly from the Third World countries of Asia, Latin America, and Africa—have taken this "Technical Investigations Course" since it was first offered in 1969.

All costs of the training, rated at \$1,750 per student, are borne by the Agency for International Development (AID). Students in the Technical Investigations Course first attend a four-week preliminary session at the International Police Academy (IPA) in Washington, D.C. There they are treated to lectures on such subjects as: Basic Electricity ("Problems involving electricity as ap-



plied to explosives"), Introduction to Bombs and Explosives, Incendiaries ("A lecture/demonstration of incendiary devices"), and Assassination Weapons.

After completion of the preliminary course, the "trainees" are flown to the Los Fresnos camp for four week "field sessions." All lectures at Los Fresnos are delivered at an outdoor "laboratory" presided over by CIA instructors. The action lectures deal with such topics as: Characteristics of Explosives, Electric Priming, Electric Firing Devices, Explosive Charges, Homemade Devices, Fabrication and Functioning Devices, and Incendiaries. According to AID, these sessions include "practical exercises" with "different types of explosive devices and 'booby traps.'"

In a memorandum to Senator James Abourezk, AID official Matthew Harvey argued that the Technical Investigations Course was set up to help foreign policemen develop "countermeasures" against terrorist attacks on banks, corporations, and embassies.

In order to develop countermeasures,

he claimed, the trainee must first study "home laboratory techniques" used in the manufacture of explosives and incendiaries. Only then, according to the AID argument, will he be able "to take preventive action to protect lives and property."

Although Harvey stressed the defensive nature of the training program, he admitted that the Department of Defense found the subject matter so inherently sensitive that it refused to provide instructors for the course. AID then went to the CIA for help.

However, once a "trainee" becomes proficient in bomb techniques, there is no stopping him from using them offensively against criminal enterprises or against opponents of a ruling oligarchy.

Such a possibility becomes more real when one examines a list of countries represented at the Texas bomb school. Almost every country in Latin America, such conservative Middle Eastern states as Jordan and Saudi Arabia, and a number of Asian nations are on the list.

Prominent entries include Chile (5), Brazil (6), Guatemala (18), the Dominican Republic (4), Bolivia (3), Uruguay (16), Thailand (10), the Philippines (5), South Korea (3), and Iran (2). All have pro-American governments in which the police are actively involved in suppressing legal and extra-legal political opposition movements.

These Third World policemen (particularly in Latin America) are frequently engaged in terrorist activities themselves. Some of them are utilizing their U.S.-supplied training in paramilitary assassination teams like La Mano Blanca (White Hand) and Ojo por Ojo (Eye for Eye) in Guatemala, La Randa (The Band) in the Dominican Republic, and the "Death Squads" of Brazil and Uruguay.

It is generally acknowledged that these secretive Death Squads, are made up of

"off duty" policemen and representatives of the civil and military intelligence services.

These groups engage in kidnapping, torture, assassination and bombings, their victims ranging from petty criminals to students, academicians, and political activists. Everyday some Latin American paper announces the discovery of yet another body.

Some estimates of the number of opposition figures executed by the Death Squads in Brazil alone exceed 1,500. Frequently, the mutilated bodies of these victims are found with cards boasting of the work of the Death Squad—the intent being to intimidate the population and discourage the development of any opposition to the established regime.

The need to keep Latin America as a friendly political arena and an open preserve for U.S. corporate investment have led to support for the build-up of powerful and ruthless police forces throughout the continent.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the countries with the most active para-police assassination squads—Brazil, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic and Uruguay—are also the recipients of the largest U.S. police training grants in the region.

U.S. involvement in the organization, training and equipping of Uruguay's Death Squad, for instance, has been abundantly described in the testimony of Nelson Bardsio. A police photographer and Death Squad member, Bardsio was kidnapped and interrogated by Tupamara guerrillas in 1972. In his testimony (recorded in the presence of the President of Uruguay's Chamber of Deputies), Bardsio affirmed that the Department of Information and Intelligence (DII, a government agency which provided an official "cover" for the Death Squad) was set up with the advice and financial assistance of USAID Public Safety Advisor William Cantrell.

Bardsio also testified that Cantrell (whom he sometimes served as a chauffeur) made daily trips between DII, Montevideo police headquarters and the U.S. Embassy to insure the steady transfer of intelligence data and coordination of all extra-legal activities.

In his testimony, Bardsio named numerous police officers and military officials (many with ties to the U.S. Embassy or the Public Safety program) who participated in specific assassinations and bombings as members of the Death Squad. He also reported that the Death Squad had a bomb laboratory filled with supplies of explosive materials similar to those demonstrated at AID's Texas bomb school.

The ties between U.S. government agencies and local police terrorism have long been common knowledge in Latin America. Now, due to the prying of Senator Abourezk, it is likely to become an issue in the U.S. as well. Already there have been attempts in Congress to dry up the funds for AID's Public Safety Program.

As noted by Senator Abourezk, "Maybe the American people don't have to know about troop movements or the location of nuclear weapons, but by God they sure as hell can decide whether they want to support torture or not."

Asians Shafted In WWII

For Mary Kochiyama, the summer of 1942 was not a romantic time, and yesterday she came here to tell two Asian Studies classes about how 100,000 Japanese Americans were placed in concentration camps during World War II.

"People were looking at us very strangely, that we must be in sabotage work. Just a few months before, we were getting along beautifully. I guess things are always tenuous," she recalled.

At the time, she was 20 years old, just out of junior college. Now she describes herself as "just a housewife" who lives in the College's neighborhood.

Her father was among 1300 people picked up in a 48-hour period after the Pearl Harbor attack. He owned a fish market that supplied Japanese ships and socialized with Japanese businessmen. He was apparently suspected of possibly aiding the enemy. While in prison, he had complications arising from recent surgery for ulcers and died there.

Still, one of the Kochiyama sons joined the Army because he "felt it was the patriotic thing to do." The government seized the business belonging to another brother.

Mary Kochiyama and the rest of her family were taken in April 1942 to "an assembly center" at Santa Anita Racetrack in California. She described waiting on long lines for inoculations after arriving at the camp and then being handed a muslin bag, filled with straw, for use as a mattress.

Each family was assigned to a stall that had been used for horses, "a bare space smelling of manure," she recalled. "A carton box was one of the most precious things. Because then you had a chair or with a couple of them, a table."

The prisoners showed "a lot of collective concern" for each other and set up a school in the track's bleachers and a hospital underneath. They were held for seven months at Santa Anita and then were moved to ten camps throughout the country in Montana, Arizona, Arkansas and elsewhere.

"Whatever we do, we have to move in a collective fashion to have some impact on this government," she told the class in speaking of what could be learned from the experience. "Always remember what this government is about and what it supports around the world, and then we get an idea of what the future holds for us."

—Steve Simon

College Cuts Energy

(Continued from page 1)

buildings is already down to 40 degrees, so that come the worst, "all the 30 percent cut will have to be done on weekdays, which actually will mean a cut of about 35 percent during school days," he noted.

Various administration officials conceded that buildings or sections of large buildings will have to be shut down sooner or later. Whenever possible, building temperature will be lowered to 40 degrees, effectively closing the building. Buildings can be shut down and reopened within hours, and could be closed for short durations of a week or so during breaks and holidays.

An even more drastic measure being considered is to close buildings for a month or more and then shut off all the heat. In cold days, this process requires a time-consuming procedure of draining out

all water and steam pipes, otherwise they might be damaged when outside temperature reaches the freezing point. "Draining out all the College buildings will require five days employing the entire staff we have," said Wynn.

Woltmann noted that last year oil consumption in the College was the lowest in ten years due to a mild winter. When asked if the College's expenditure for oil this year will be less than last year's, he replied, "Even if this winter is mild again and the College succeeds in reducing its fuel consumption by 30 percent, the total cost for oil will eventually rise above last year's costs."

He disclosed that currently the most heavily-used oil (more than 90%) costs 22.09 cents per gallon, and it fluctuates considerably. That price is 104 percent higher than the price of 10.83 cents paid

one year ago.

The cost of the most refined oil, in use in Klapper and the Alumni house, is up 61% as of yesterday, from 14.83 cents to 22.97 cents per gallon. Woltmann remarked that if the city modifies its air pollution levels, high sulphur oil could be used in most boilers at the College.

Rally for Guru

Straight from a disappointing showing at the "Millennium" at the Houston Astrodome, the Divine Light Mission will invade the Finley Grand Ballroom next Monday to round up converts for the Satguru Maharaj Ji. At 10 AM, the entertainment will be provided by a group called the Rainbow Riders, to be followed at 11 AM by a film, "Who is Guru Maharaj Ji?" For the finale at 1:15 PM, a disciple named Mahatma Jagadeo will speak.

'Executive Action': An Imperfect Film

By JOSH BROWN

The young leader cut down in his prime. Bits of skull and brain scattered about the executive limousine. A nation mourns its lost leader. The lone nut is found and done in himself. "A national trauma." We have lived ten years with those images and the myths which revolve around them. *Executive Action*, the imperfect film at the perfect time, begins to delve into what has been officially and publicly suppressed for too long. The Watergate atmosphere only makes it more apparent and urgent, but unfortunately *Executive Action* can't quite stand up to its responsibility.

Perhaps my mistake is looking for an American Z, an extremely sophisticated and intricate cutting-away of the facade. But, screen-writer Dalton Trumbo and director David Miller are willing to have their consciousnesses altered so much and no further: some things in the collective American mind can be dealt with and challenged, others are still sacred and would curdle the mass box office appeal.

So, we are confronted with the Kennedy assassination and a version of what might have happened. It is often plausible and horrifyingly real. But, in the end, it cannot face circumstances as they are. The conspirators are unidentified corporate, military and intelligence figures, sophisticated and button-down suited, arraigned against the coming revolution brought on by the JFK administration. Yes, the revolution. He is apparently, going to lead the Blacks, disarm our nuclear arsenal, lower oil depletion allowances, pull out of Vietnam, and there will be a 24-year Kennedy dynasty (after Jack: Bobby, after Bobby: Ted) after which the country will never be the same again!



Throughout the film, as the fatal day approaches and the conspirators prepare their apparatus, we see film clips of Kennedy speaking on civil rights, test ban treaties, Vietnam and freedom-in-general, crowds cheering and screeching in admiration (seemingly, the only people who didn't like him lived in Texas). Oh, we bleat, how it might have been! Dalton Trumbo is knee-deep in Cold War illusions. It's convenient to forget the lies surrounding the Bay of Pigs, the Berlin crisis, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the covert CIA/Green Beret operations backed by JFK in Vietnam, his coterie of corporate/academic think tank types... or, for that matter, John F. Kennedy as the

symbolic and titular head of one branch of capital in the United States.

The conspirators are presented as idealists in reverse, literate and highly attractive, played stalwartly by Burt Lancaster, folksily by Will Geer and brilliantly by Robert Ryan. They are out to save the U.S. from a revolution-from-above lead by Saint Jack. When they are talking about corporate crime and machinations within the intelligence community (a very good bit on chains of conspiracy), they appear credible and fascinating.

But, when one considers their opposition being one of evil versus good, of injustice versus justice, of jaded capital versus the benevolent corporation, well, then we know that Trumbo doesn't care to think too far. If we are to consider realistically and empirically the economic and social forces which benefited from JFK's death (and the resulting rise of Johnson: not considered in the film at all), their motives would be highly pragmatic and their enemy an efficient capitalist foe.

Immediately after the assassination, defense and aero-space spending skyrocketed along with benefits for oil, and the covert, sly Vietnam warfare burst into full bloom. The emphasis of the Kennedy years had been on Europe and its old frontier of finance, while the Johnson calvary rode westward to the East. Kennedy was simply a warrior fighting with other warriors, their styles and foci of capital at odds: an economic power struggle. Cold and highly unromantic. In a word, the *Executive Action* view of the motives behind the social forces in this country is much, much too glamorous.

If we disregard ideology for the moment, the film is often confusing. You're not sure if you're looking at

Oswald or Oswald's look-alike (except, of course, when he's on the newsreel clips). The last part of the film, after the assassination, is very obscure and badly done, Jack Ruby obviously entwined helplessly in the conspiracy but why, by whom?

The mixing of newsreel footage into the film weakens the overall effect. Besides setting off actors from the "real people"—actor Oswald to Lee Harvey—it also further places Kennedy into a godlike position, untouchable, omnipotent, mythical, the masses waving about him (and, come to think of it, Kennedy wasn't exactly a national love image at the time of his death). I would have preferred a totally fictional rendition, an actor playing Kennedy (or even an unnamed young president, like Yves Montand as the unnamed Lambrakis in *Z*). It would have been much more engrossing and the explanation could have been more intricate and, what's more important, specific. There are people who have been implicated and a film need not name them to present them.

However, with all its weakness in ideological viewpoint and its structural flaws, *Executive Action* is an important film. It enunciates the conspiracy-view of the assassination and does present a plausible, if vague, format. The Dealey Plaza assassination scene is both exact and horrifying: the feeling of being both betrayed, tricked and manipulated engulfs you as Kennedy's body is kicked back and forth by the triangular fire of three snipers. America's favorite scapegoat, the one-lone-nut assassin, is booted in the pants, and American political cinema has grown a little older (but still far behind Europe's).

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Dear Akadama Mama

The Fallen Woman.

Dear Akadama Mama:

I have all the stuff that's supposed to get you a woman: a big car, quad sound, Ravel's Bolero, soft lights and a deep couch. Have you any suggestions?

Loveless

Dear Loveless:

Move. Sell all that junk and get your head straight. Cause like they say, "The love you take is equal to the love you make." If you can't get into that, the best I can do is to suggest a Fallen Woman. You take 3 parts Akadama Plum, 1 part light rum, shake with ice and pour over a crushed cherry.

**AKADAMA MAMA EXPOSES
HER GREEN THUMB.**

Dear Akadama Mama:

The other night I had a terrific drink they called a Vodkadama. When I asked what was in it, they told me to ask Mama. Also for the same stamp can you tell me how to get cut flowers to last longer?

Flora Lou

Dear Flora Lou:

The way I keep my cut flowers bobbing along is to crush an aspirin and mix it with their water.

The Vodkadama is one of my favorites too. It's one part Akadama Red to one part Vodka with a lemon twist. Another drink that will really get you there is the Redball Express. Just keep adding Akadama Red to a shot of Gin until it tastes so good you can't put it down.



Listen to Mama,
and pass the Akadama, the wine
that tastes a lot more than it costs.

1974 — This Will Be Argent's Year

By PETER GRAD

Not many people are aware that one of the most creative and exciting acts in the rock arena is a group called Argent. The group, named after Rod Argent, performed at the Academy of Music last week to a most receptive audience. Russ Ballard lost no time in confessing that the group was "not at its best" during their last appearance in this hall in 1972. They certainly weren't. I was there then trying to conjure rationalizations as to why they did so poorly.

But the group more than made up for their deficiencies of the past. They came softly into their opening number, "It's Only Money," the best thing Ballard's written, and slowly evolved into a complex arrangement of inter-twining vocal harmonies; lead and bass guitar almost immaculately weaving throughout the number.

Rod Argent, as you may know, was the originator of the Zombies back in 1964. He's the one who wrote or co-wrote much of the group's material and has demonstrated his command of the organ and piano in such numbers as "She's Not There," "Remember When I Loved Her," and a song which *Crawdaddy* magazine once called (in 1967) the best single of the decade, "Whenever You're Ready."

In his present group, Rod has expanded his style of playing, such as in the heavily jazz-oriented "Keep On Rolling" and the long improvisations in the middle of "Hold Your Head Up."

Undoubtedly, the strongest point of the evening was the interpretation offered of "Lofthloria," an ancient Indian melody. Although they've performed it on each of their four visits to this country, they have yet to do it the same way twice. Bob Henrit, who used to play with Unit 4 + 2 (Concrete and Clay) delivered a ten minute drum solo during which he half undressed, threw away his drumsticks and played for a while with his hands and elbows. He's a stimulating performer (having played in professional rock groups for half his life—since he was 14) but the energy he exhibited in past performances was not as great as this time around.

If you've never heard or seen Rod Argent playing a synthesizer/mellotron and an electric organ at the same time, you're missing out on one of the most brilliantly executed solos any single rock performer, at least in my book, has ever done. Rod is undoubtedly among the top organists around—you're not likely to disagree after hearing him on "Time of the Season" or for that matter on just about any of the other 8 or so songs the group usually performs in one set.

The next time they're around, you'd do well to get reserved seats. They are at present probably one of the most underrated groups around, but there appears to be amassing a growing number of fans who are recognizing Argent's proficiency and uniqueness. I think 1974 will be their year.



Rod Argent on organ and synthesizer/mellotron.

Traums At It Again

Every now and then you hear some group that sounds like it should be making money somewhere. Such was the case when I heard Happy and Artie Traum at Cafe Finley on November 16. They were accompanied by Debby Andersen on piano, Arlen Roth on guitar and Tony Brown, of the group Deliverance, on bass.

In their sixth appearance at the College in recent years, they had the sellout crowd of more than 220 clapping and stomping during almost every song. They

started out with "Street People," an easygoing folk song, which clearly showed the fine vocals of both Happy and Artie. They proceeded on to "Jackhammer Blues," which was possibly their best song of the night. The audience stomped along to the folk classic as Happy and Artie were joined by Arlen Roth, who at times gave some excellent lead electric guitar throughout the show.

Some of the songs worth noting during Happy and Artie Traum's performance were "The Hungry Dogs of New Mexico," "Sea of Heartbreak" and "The Crab." The whole togetherness between crowd and the group was evident at the end of the cafe when everyone joined in the singing of Dylan's "I'll Be Your Baby Tonight."

Dean Friedman, who played during intermission, also impressed the crowd with his musical comedy spoofs on Nixon. He has been invited back to the next cafe on December 7, which will be the last of the term.

Also on the bill will be Willow, a Vermont based group which has been receiving considerable attention in the New England area. Tom Paxton will play the First Cafe next semester on February 15. Tickets will be on sale on the first day of the spring term. It is advisable to buy tickets early for this one. John Long

Focus Wows 'Em At Forum

The members of Focus, the Dutch rock quartet, are schooled classical musicians whose vast popularity stems from their ability to fuse contemporary rock interpretation with knowledge of the classics. Their product is beguiling in its subtlety and sophistication, and I find them particularly challenging as a listener.

Guitarist Jan Akkerman, currently recognized as the "world's greatest" at his instrument (according to the annual poll conducted by Britain's prestigious music weekly, *Melody Maker*), is that pompous dude whose seemingly outrageous and avant garde affectations become annoying in their self-indulgence. However, when he decides to play team ball and cuts down on that glaring metal flash, his guitar is warming in its sensuous intensity.

Attribute the band's success as well to the prolificacy which enables them to call upon a catchy melodic phrase that is intensified by way of emphatic repetition.

The other half of Focus is magician Thijs van Leer on synthesizer, organ, electric piano, flute, and wordless vocals (if you dare call it that: his voice is more like a distressing, stratospheric howl).

Focus gave last Wednesday's Felt Forum patrons all the ingredients for a rich Dutch treat. Such tunes as "Answers? Questions! Questions? Answers/," "Focus II" and "Focus III," "Sylvia," "Hocus Pocus" (and its reprise), which the band insists is a joke because of its anti-classicality, and "Eruption" left most everyone in orgasmic delight.

It was rock of the classically bizarre idiom at its finest. Leo Sacks



Evolution's Best Isn't Papp's

Lotta is a delightful change from the depressing dramas that the Public Theater has been drowning us with the past couple of years. Joseph Papp begins his new season with a new outlook on life in this musical by Robert Montgomery.

Lotta is a super-human child born with all kinds of peculiar powers such as ESP, mind over matter, and the ability to see four seconds into the future. There is a hint at immaculate conception, but the scientists reject all magical solutions and decide that Lotta is simple The Best Thing Evolution's Ever Come Up With. However, this is all rather boring until the entrance of God ("with a capital G"). God is a trinity of crazy characters dressed in sparkling suits who enter Lotta's life when she is 15 to explain her existence. "Bad is boring," they explain, and "good

is stimulating." They created all of humanity to stimulate themselves, but since the show had become rather boring they created Lotta. She gets into the fun and games easily; Lotta is a natural ham, as her father proudly sings, "she cried if we sent her to bed without a standing ovation." She soon finds out, however, that these God characters are willing to use any means to entertain themselves and, more often than not, their idea of good clashes with Lotta's.

The captivating character of Tracy Shamus is a "private priest" whom God found on the street and presents to Lotta at her request. Dressed in filthy and tattered clothes and carrying an outrageously large old attache case, Tracy is constantly blurting out twisted tragedies that occurred with "no apparent motive" such as "fireman blinded by melted contact lens," "scientist strangled in DNA model" or "pig born with human hands." His case contains scrapbooks filled with horrible headlines. Richard Ramos portrays him hilariously but with a great deal of poignancy. He injects relevance into the play; without Tracy we might miss the dreadfully sadistic nature of God.

Lotta fails at her first few foolish attempts to get "perfect acts from humans" and the God trinity present her with an ultimatum—she must somehow make humanity more interesting or they will destroy the world. Lotta seeks and finally finds the solutions with the help of her scientist-friend, Limey. A heart-warming relationship develops between these two leading to a humorous song and dance type of love making that left everyone, even Lotta's parents and God (and us), joyful.

Though there really weren't any words to this song it was by far the best of the evening; the other songs lacked imagination and that singalong feeling we expect from a musical. The lyrics were usually trite as was some of the dialogue, but the wit and humor cropped up frequently enough to support the play.

The acting too, though sufficient, was usually not outstanding except for Ronald Silver, a marvelous Mafia-type, who was the leading third of the God trinity.

Dale Soules did well as Lotta though her singing was not as good as some minor characters. A savior should be something special and Soules seems to just fall slightly short of that superstar quality the part demanded. But she does save



humanity and gives the audience. God included, a fabulously fun time.

Lotta may not quite be the best thing evolution's ever come up with, and it certainly isn't the best thing Joseph Papp has ever come up with. The message is not deep and urgent but simple and direct. "Stimulate each other... stimulate yourself," Lotta says. *Lotta or The Best Thing Evolution's Ever Come Up With* will certainly stimulate you, and at only \$2.00 for student rush tickets (we got first row seats less than half an hour before curtain time) even your wallet will be stimulated. Hurry, for Lotta may close next week if tickets don't start selling.

—Susan Rosen

Couple O' Quickies

Chip Taylor—Last Chance [WB]

Michael Nesmith—Pretty Much Your Standard Ranch Steak [RAC] Possibly the two most intelligent country rockers about. Chip's from Yonkers and Mike's from Hollywood, and it's strange how much alike they really are. Both have impressive credentials: Chip's as a writer, and Mike as a performer and producer.

Last Chance is Chip's second (and possibly last) album. It's quite an improvement over his first *Gasoline*. Chip wrote "Wild Thing" for the Troggs, and that sly sense of humor is again evident throughout the album, along with some bitterness over the way the Rock Monster puts the screws to the artist ("Read it in Rolling Stone," "101 in Cash box"). He's also got a fine bunch of pickers

(John Platonia, Pete Drake, John Nagy) for support.

Mike Nesmith, whom we all know from the Monkees, has released five previous albums, which hardly anyone knows of. Mike is a crusade for me. It's not just right for him to get nowhere after the great stuff he's done. His fourth album, *Tantamount to Treason*, Vol. 1 should be in any good music lover's home. One great part of his music is the chance to hear Mr. O.J. "Red" Rhodes, the man on pedal steel guitar. Mike has been through enough to have resolved things for himself, and I'll end with his own bit of Southern (Cal philosophy: "And if I come to a fork in the road, I don't panic anymore. I just assume that one is the road and the other is a road off to the side.") Glen Mitchell

By ALAN DENNISON

I was hoping for a response from some students to the first article of Gay Ground. Unfortunately, the only reaction that I seemed to have stirred was in the imagination of the editor (who happens to be a necrophiliac) of this newspaper.

I thought his article, "Another Sexual Minority," about necrophiliacs was funny, but I also feel that it was done in very poor taste. Perhaps next time, with a little extra ingenuity, he can write his own story.

"Coming out"—sounds perfectly innocuous, doesn't it? Of course we all remember the time we used to run down the street to our friend's house to ask Mrs. Gold if John was coming out to play. Or when we played hide-and-seek, someone who was so well-hidden would ultimately give up the hope of being found and come out of his secret hiding place.

But these are not the types of coming out that I am talking about, although their basic meaning of coming out into the open is related. "Coming out" signifies that time in a gay person's life when he accepts his own sexuality and shares it with his friends, family, and associates, who may dislike, fear, disown, fire, or attempt to dissuade him from his sexual choice. He will be accepted as a viable human being by those people whom he doesn't present a threat to. Coming out can take a few days, years, or even a lifetime.

Considering the sometimes small and sometimes massive problems that gay people have in recognizing and practicing their own sexuality in a "straight" society, coming out can be an important and often scary developmental event in a gay person's life. Anyway, it was for me.

I told my parents when I was seventeen that I was a homosexual, and that I wanted to move to Manhattan in order to live with my lover. I was happy and in love—nothing wrong with that, as far as I could tell.

After my father revived from his faint (no kidding!)

Gay Ground

and my mother quit screaming, they found many things wrong, not so much with my relationship, but with my mind.

They said, "How can we cure this poor, deranged son of ours?" So along came the psychiatrist who agreed with me that my decision was made—as long as I was happy, there was no reason to hassle me. Then my parents made a real threat: "You better not be gay (after all we did for you, we worked like slaves, we fought for you) or we're going to send you away." That is, they were going to attempt to institutionalize me.

A few days later, I told my so-called liberal parents that I changed my mind, that I decided to no longer be gay. Of course, I continued to see my boyfriend on the sly for the next few months until we broke up.

Life would have been simpler for me if my parents hadn't been so inundated with prejudice against homosexuality by our society in the first place. They wouldn't have had anything to feel guilty about, and I wouldn't have been made to feel guilty either.

Preceding this incident was three years of experiencing voluntary schizophrenia, commonly known as being a closet case, before I decided to tell a few friends that I was gay.

I visited my first "victim" while he was baby-sitting. After Jack had gotten his nephews off to bed, I said, "I have to tell you something very important. I don't know if I should, or even if you'll believe me, but I have to."

"What?"

"I can't," I answered. I felt more anxiety than if I had to

tell him that I was dying of a rare tropical disease.

"OK, don't."

"I have to. Hm...let's see, maybe you can guess it out."

Our guessing game lasted for approximately three hours until Jack said with an incredulous face, "Are you trying to tell me that you're, that you are a..."

"Yeah."

"Holy smokes!" (Jack didn't curse much.) "Well, I don't mind, but don't tell anybody else, because I don't want them to think that I am too. And also this rules out all contact sports..."

I was shocked and gratified because I expected to be struck down by lightning or at least be kicked out of the house. Jack and I are still good friends, although I have a feeling that he thinks I'm some kind of psychological weirdo (he was a psych major, like me).

I wanted to tell my straight friends I'm gay because I felt that I was cheating both them and me. They were friends with the person they thought I was, not the real me. They deserved more than this. And so did I—I couldn't express myself when I wanted, and I was tired of lying to them.

The next person I told was Bob.

"Bob, remember that girl I told you that I was infatuated with the landlord's niece?"

"Yeah, did she go back to Maryland yet?"

"Yeah, but that she wasn't a she, she was a he!"

As we walked around for a few hours, we didn't say much—Bob was truly shocked, and needed some time to recuperate his forces. But he didn't mind that I was gay and in fact during the next few months when I was still faltering in the fight for my sexual identity, he even encouraged me to speak about the possibility of my having an emotional relationship with other males.

Both Jack and Bob asked me to be sure to add that they weren't gay when I told anybody that I was. Considering the anxiety that is produced when one is even suspected of being a homosexual, especially in a House Plan like ours, I found this request understandable. I saw it as my fight, and that they could only support me as far as their anxiety allowed them to.

They were able to conquer or I guess live with their personal fear of me, caused by the anxiety associated with their own unconscious homosexual fantasies and feelings. I have found that those straight males whom I have told I'm gay, who have girlfriends, fiancées or wives, accept the revelation with much less fear than those males who are unattached. I believe this is because they have been securely validated as heterosexuals in the eyes of our society.

I am still telling those people whom I think should know that I'm gay. I feel that I can no longer have any meaningful communication when I actively try to hide an important part of myself—my sexual identity. Unfortunately, it is necessary for me to use a pseudonym for this article, because I am a psychology major, and a possible candidate for graduate school in some type of therapeutic psychology. Psychologists for a long time have been culprits in our society, calling homosexuals sick and asking people to sympathize with their condition. I have to make sure my recommendations will be top-notch, and I am not sure that I will be able to get them if some of my psych teachers find out that I am gay. I also doubt if a clinical admissions board would accept me for their program if they knew I was gay.

...Author's Reply

(Continued from page 4)

the above letter. Letters like that force me to defend myself, though I still extend my sincere apologies to my teacher, to my classmates, and to any women who might have found the story offensive.

As for the letter: It is quite obvious that Ms. Blinder has had a great deal of training at a professional martial arts school. My story had nothing to do with professional schools. It was my reactions to a judo class at the College, an experience which I'm sure is much different from that of a professional school.

My view of women as fragile or tender creatures, though offensive to some, happens to be quite well-founded. Ms. Blinder is no doubt anything but a fragile creature. She is no doubt tough as nails, and I'm sure she eats guys like me for breakfast. She neglects to realize that not all women are like her. There are still women left in this world who like to be thought of as feminine (in the old sense), and yes, fragile creatures. I can name names if you so desire.

I admit that there are such things as fragile males. I am probably one of them. The only reason I mentioned three sizes of males in my story, and only one type of female, was because I was bored writing it and wanted to finish as quickly as possible.

As for my alleged misconceptions about size and strength, I have noticed that I can easily handle people smaller than myself in sparring matches. While an advanced knowledge of judo can compensate for size and weight, when two people have equal knowledge, size and weight are determining factors. The teacher tries to match up people who are the same size "to make it fair."

Ms. Blinder says that a violent mood is not an asset in the martial arts. Perhaps she can tell me how to remain in a non-violent mood during an exercise in which you have 40 seconds to get out of a strangle hold.

Finally, I do not write about what I don't know, not even in a fictional piece. I wrote about my reactions to a judo class in which I am enrolled. If there is one thing I know, it's my own reactions.

Bob Roosen

Operation Ball-Breaker Begins Piggy Drug Dealers Favored

By JAYSON WECHTER

The following interview was obtained in the back seat of my taxicab from a high government official who must remain nameless. He consented to the interviewer under threat of having the FBI learn that he just offered a hooker \$200 to commit an incredible perversion.

OP: Just what is this "Operation Ball-Breaker"?

Him: It's a highly secret operation patterned after the whole "Black Capitalism" thing Nixon talked about during the '68 campaign. That one worked pretty well. Instead of lolling on the welfare rolls or making political trouble, a lot of young blacks got into dealing dope. We had the Mafia turn the ghetto market over to them in exchange for a few favors. It went quite smooth.

Now you got these black dealers making thousands each week helping to keep Harlem and Watts nodded out, and quiet. No Black Panthers anymore - we hit the problem at its root - with the needle. It works fine - the black pushers make a lot of money, drive around in fancy cars, each one keeps ten thousand junkies stoned and quiet. We even have a slogan thought up, "the only good spade, is a stoned spade," and that's the way it is.

OP: Okay, but what is "Operation Ball-Breaker"?

Him: Well, we figured if it worked this well on stifling black militance, it would work wonders with the young white kids, who back in '69 were causing one hell of a headache for us.

OP: You got them onto heroine?

Him: We tried that, with Operation Intercept - cutting off the pot flow from Mexico, but it didn't work well enough. We had to try something else.

We found that for all their socialist rhetoric, these kids took to capitalism, like fish to water. All we had to do was help things a little.

OP: How?

Him: Well, the kids had been into dealing drugs for years, which gave them a firm foundation in the ways of laissez faire capitalism - an open market, survival of the fittest, no outside interference - taxes or standards of quality. Ya know?

OP: They were still doing something illegal, flaunting the laws of the government, weren't they? A lot were getting busted for it.

Him: Sure, that's where we moved in. We arrested people, but we did it selectively. For instance, let's say a kid is dealing grass and downs, making a lot of profit, using it to buy more drugs, stereos, cars, fancy clothes. We leave him alone. That kid has the makings of a true American capitalist. On the other hand, if a kid is giving drugs away, ya know, handing joints out in the park, or using the profit to start communes, day care centers, or for radical politics, we bust him fast.

Its worked really well. All those "love peace" freaks are gone - all you have now are the profit makers. They fit into the system like a finely greased cog. They've learned all the tricks - paying off the cops, burning naive customers with bad stuff—why it's been years since you could buy real mescaline anymore, although nine dealers out of ten will pass off acid spiked with animal tranquilizer as mescaline.

If you can lie about the quality or type of your drugs, it's just a small step to lying about the cars, washing machines, meat and clothing you sell to the public. Some of those kids are gonna make fine corporate businessmen someday, when they get their hair cut!

OP: But don't you realize that you've helped to stifle something beautiful - unselfishness, something beyond just profit and dog-eat-dog. You helped kill part of a movement that might have set us free from a system that destroys minds, bodies, and resources every single day!

Him: Damn right, that's our job. We've done it pretty well, if you ask me. Just look how changed things are from five or six years ago. Every rock group around makes a hundred thou for a one night stand at the Garden. There are no free concerts in the parks anymore. The kids are scalping tickets like crazy.

Try and get a ticket for the Dylan concert next month for less than fifty bucks. I tell ya, it's enough to make you swell with pride. You see these kids, these dealers, buying country estates, driving ten-thousand dollar cars, buying and selling like the stock exchange on a busy afternoon. You get a sense of accomplishment, a sense of pride and joy for those kids and this country. They're gonna help make it great again. This administration may have fucked up on a lot of things, but this is one area we deserve credit for.

Finley Keys Kept Safely

Officials of student organizations in Finley Student Center have suddenly been denied use of the keys to their offices.

As of this week, students requesting keys will be accompanied to their offices by student aides, who will actually open the door. In the past, authorized students only had to present I.D. cards in Room 152 Finley to pick up a key.

Edmond Sarfaty, director of Finley Center, has initiated this change "to keep keys from floating into the wrong hands," and to reduce suspicion between organizations sharing offices, in case of misplacement of materials and theft. He denied that any particular incident had an effect on his decision. Sarfaty said the switch has been "smooth running" and added that the new system would be in effect "as long as it seems to work, barring sufficient complaints from students concerning the ability to get into their respective offices."

"We used to have a 25 cent fine for the misuse of office keys, but this proved insufficient," noted Sarfaty.

I.D. cards will still have to be shown to Finley officials, before they will open your office. Despite the change of systems, there are no plans to change office locks throughout Finley.

-Doug Emanuel