

TICKER

Published Weekly During The School Term

Welcome Freshmen!

For most Baruchians today is merely the first day of school, but for some it is the first day of an alien experience.

The freshmen will find college awesome, frightening, and depressing. Large, mechanized lectures, impersonal elevators, crowded corridors, all tend to complicate and confuse.

As a freshman you should realize that this is your college, more so than anybody else; you will spend more time here (at least four years) than any other student. It is time to make something of yourself and your college.

Don't be afraid to ask questions. You will be feeling lost and alone, and this feeling will be magnified if there is something you don't understand. You will find that most Baruchians, students, staff, faculty and administrators are happy to help freshmen if they are given a chance. Ask for help if you need it.

There are many clubs and organizations in Baruch. Explore them. One has a place for you; use it.

Take advantage of your Freshman Seminar. Use this time to learn about, and feel comfortable in Baruch. Use the opportunity.

Ask, explore, use Baruch; it is your College.

The rest of the copy in this issue is reprints from various issues of the past year. It is intended to let the Freshmen get an idea of student involvement in Baruch. Also reprinted are two columns by Baruch students who will be writing for Ticker this semester.

Freshman Dance

Friday Night
September 15

Student Center

LIVE BAND
REFRESHMENTS

Sponsored by TICKER

THE OUTSIDER

A column by Andrew Franklin

reprinted 5/9/72

Lost In Time And Space

Looking back at what might have been gets depressing from where I sit. A review of the last four years just shows how things were allowed to happen, without plan nor design and not even very much thought about the consequences of actions taken and decisions made.

And looking ahead doesn't really help since there never were any real, solid objectives to move towards. Worst of all is looking sideways and seeing that there are plenty others also lost in time and space, reacting to events and moving inexorably toward nothing.

But then you see all those kids doing their school assignments and attending class and climbing up the beanstalk toward a heaven you neither understand nor want (at least, you think you don't want it but it really doesn't matter since you are incapable of putting out the effort anyway) and you scoff, at first, and then ask "Why not me?"

The unanswerable question. The moment of truth has arrived and you retreat back into oblivion.

Bored stiff in class, bored stiff out of class. Sick and tired of the same old routine but unable to break out of the game. So bad off that a job that saps your strength (while building up your bank account) and keeps you out all night is greeted as a reward rather than a chore. At least you can't think about anything when you're unloading tractor trailers. And you don't have to answer questions:

"Do you like wasting your time?"

"Do you want people to think that you're stupid? You really are bright—do something."

"You've got a lot of potential if you could only apply yourself."

"What are you going to do when you get out? Enlist? Why do a stupid thing like that?" (Why not, it beats working!)

"Why are you getting out in four years? Stick around."

Like a broken record you keep giving forth quick, sarcastic answers that you know are true. Even though, in a movie someone would ask what the real answers were but there are no real answers. Only the true answers reflecting reality.

Your reality, maybe, but a reality nonetheless. And what if it really isn't logical and not entirely rational who puts a premium on sanity besides those you scoff at (which is certainly circular logic which is the best kind).

Yes, Larry will be a lawyer and a CPA before he is twenty-five. And Lenny will be a lawyer at an early age. These are people making things happen; they don't have time to sit in the sun and drink beer because they are on the way up.

And you're on the way down because you can't see the reason for climbing up anymore. Not that you don't want to be something but you can't figure how to get there the easy way. And what's worse (because you can't wear construction boots and wave a red flag) you don't even have a quarrel with the system you live in.

Now this isn't an identity crisis, as such. And there's no dropping out involved. Like the good soldier Schweik you play the game and run the race but just don't ever finish. And you certainly don't question too loudly what's going on around you.

Thrills, excitement, fun? No, not really fun when you look back on it. But it killed time and there sure is plenty of that. Pouring down a pint of Southern Comfort or eighteen bottles of beer or several fifths of

whine give lots of thrills especially if you can hold it and move around.

Hell, you never know what's going to happen; maybe you'll get lucky and do something really fatal. And afterwards, when you hear what happened you get to enjoy the experience twice. And if it was a really good story it gets retold again and again until the whole world laughs and loves you because you're crazy. But not just crazy cause that's a waste of time. But smart and crazy, able to think up new things to do, more places to go. With the cojones to walk into an absurd situation that you had no part in making and turning it to your advantage. With the guts to open your mouth when someone tries to slap you down so that you make it impossible for the blow to land and where finally they're treating you as something serious. Something to take into account.

Ah yes, it takes many years of practice to size up a scene and catch the sense of foolishness innate in every situation. Like stumbling into a Student Senate meeting, spaced out of your skull on half a quart of gin and actually being recognized by the chair not once but several times. And making valid points and having people cheering until they realize that you're blind and that they are fools.

Yes, indeed, the momentary satisfaction is sweet indeed and the excitement gets you ready for another hoax on an entire in-

stitution that picks up steam after you gather three more conspirators in a classroom around a few bottles of wine. And suddenly, there it is, a raison d'etre for showing up in school every day: your own group of crazies who can see what's going on. The culmination of months (maybe years, remember Newtown) of daydreaming to kill time in class. But the thrill begins to fade in intensity, coming back weaker and weaker every time. Oh well...

But the future? Let's digress along Franklin's memory lane. Memories of the future? Of course, and may visions of the past if we're lucky. Next June, graduation and a missed commencement. And along the way more books to devour, movies to see, columns to write and alcohol to consume. More miles to travel over on trips to the south. And lots of time killed, not wasted. And you must always accomplish something even if it is as intangible as the death of time. More people to meet and then to forget; more numbers to call and more appointments to keep along the road towards the END.

But Kelly once said it all by answering this question on a wine-drinking, spaced-out Friday morning.

"What have you done in the past three years of college?"

"Stayed in oblivion."

"And what do you remember?"

"NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL. NOT EVEN OBLIVION!"

Baruch Moves On Budget Crisis

by Michael Agranoff

On February 17th, the Baruch College Budget Crisis Mobilization Committee met in President Wingfield's conference room. It was resolved by the committee that:

There will be another meeting of the B.C.B.C.M.C. this Thursday, February 24th at 3:30 in the president's conference room.

This week, probably Thursday, student leaders will be going to each room, all day, to discuss and inform the students and faculty of the present situation caused by the budget crisis.

Today at 4:00 in the faculty lounge (5th floor 24th St. building) there will be a briefing of interested student leaders who would like to help during Thursday's discussion periods.

Addresses (including zip codes, for identification of their local legislators) will be distributed by the faculty during classes or by student leaders in each of the school's buildings.

There possibly will be a convocation type meeting in the auditorium, again to discuss and inform both students and faculty on the current budget crisis.

The committee discussed the events that had happened since the last meeting. There was a meeting of the presidents of all the Manhattan colleges of CUNY. At this meeting, besides the presidents of the colleges, there were legislators and community leaders. They discussed the budget crisis and the possible solutions to it. They decided that the strategy of their opposition was to divide the issue, thus by this tactic, pressure

reprinted 2/22/72

Unlimited Cuts for Seniors and Juniors Threatened

reprinted from 7/2/72

In the most striking demonstration of student power seen at Baruch College this year, Day-Session Student Representatives, led by Roberto Rodriguez, Chairman of Student Government, blocked a motion at a General Faculty meeting to eliminate unlimited absences from classes for Seniors and Juniors. The motion, presented by Professor Rothman of the Law Department, at the last General Faculty meeting on April 26, stated, "Resolve that the privilege of unlimited absences from classes be abolished commencing September '72."

All four day session representatives, Mr. Rodriguez, Mr. Mitch Greenstein, Mr. Allan Goldberg, and Mr. Robert Barrett (who substituted for Mr. Jan Yablow) were present and working together. Strategy was planned before the meeting to stop the motion. The first move was for Mr. Rodriguez to object to the motion, on the grounds that there was not sufficient input on the part of the students in reference to the resolution. When the objection did

not stop the motion, Mr. Rodriguez asked that it be tabled. This carried.

Professor Brilloff then moved that the question of unlimited cuts be referred to the B.C.C.C., and Professor Frazier added that the B.C.C.C. should hold open meetings when this issue is discussed to allow more student input. The faculty passed this motion.

Had Professor Rothman's motion not been tabled, other student representatives, along with Rodriguez, were prepared to speak against the motion.

Mr. Rodriguez first heard of the motion minutes before the actual meeting. Armed with a copy of ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER, he administered the student's plan. At one point, on a question of order on his objection, Mr. Rodriguez challenged the chair.

Earlier in the meeting, President Wingfield had referred to a Dean by the wrong name. The President excused himself by saying that it was an "unusually peaceful meeting." The President spoke too soon.

All Freshmen must have a Medical Examination. Appointments can be made in the Medical Office on the 6th floor, Main Building

Constitution...

(Continued from Page 1)

tember so that the new officers can take office in October. A two week adjustment period is granted should the academic calendar so warrant.

ARTICLE VI

Organization Rules— Meetings—The Senate shall meet at least twice a month as a full body with the schedule of meetings determined at the first Senate meeting. Standing com-

mittees shall average one meeting per week. The Chairman shall call the first meeting not later than the second week after elections.

Quorums and By-Laws—The Senate shall determine its own rules concerning by-laws. These by-laws shall not be carried forward after the end of each term of service. A quorum shall consist of 51 per cent.

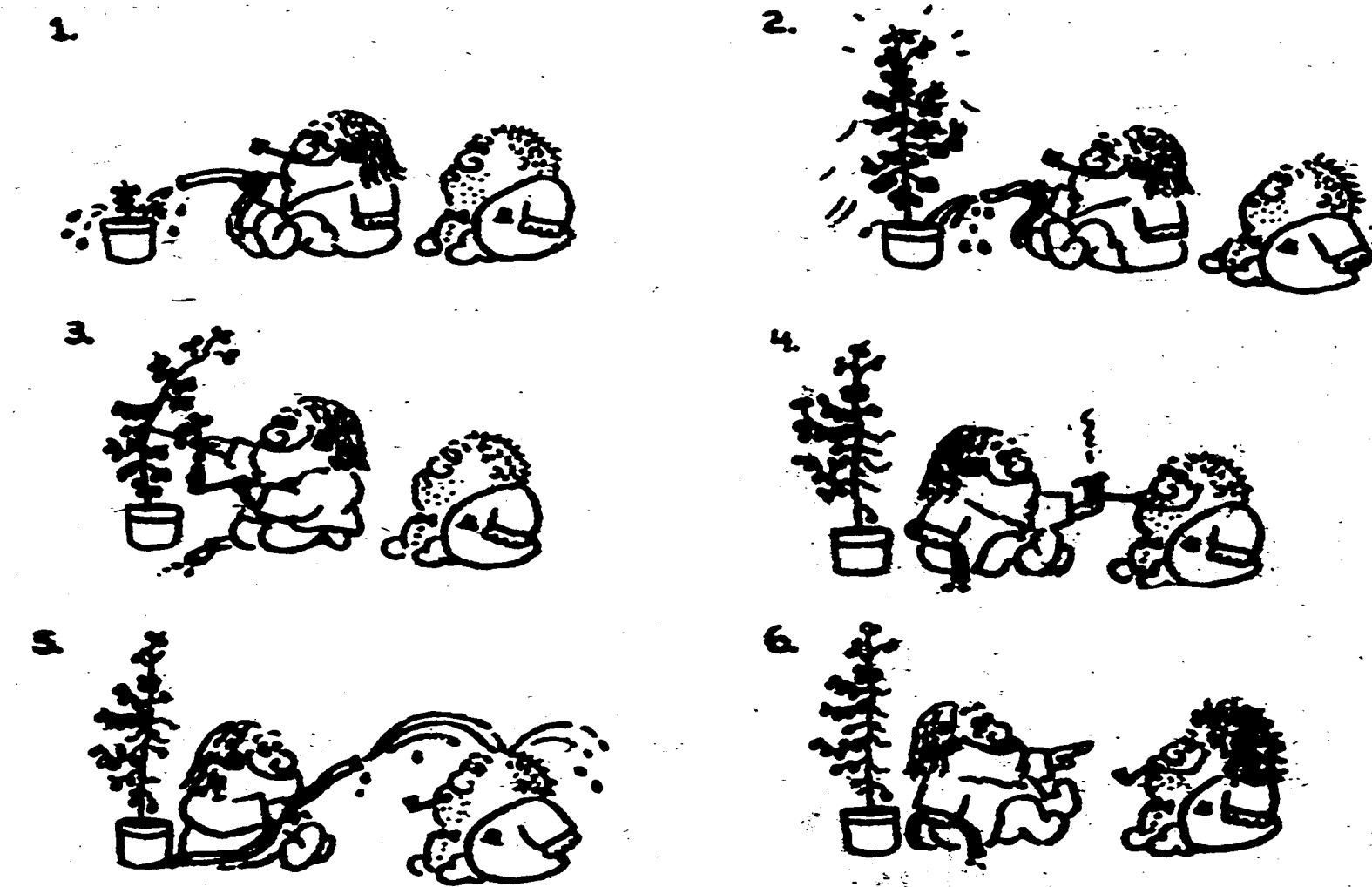
Referendum—Anyone can institute a referendum not before the first two weeks and not after the last three weeks of the academic year which shall consist of 500 signatures from the general student body vote before the semester in which the referendum was drawn ends.

Amendments—Amendments to

the constitution shall be administered by the Election and Referendum Committee and require a 30 per cent vote of the general student body.

ARTICLE VI

Ticker Association shall act as the publishers of TICKER and consist of six day session students, 5 elected at large and one appointed by student government for a term of one year. Ticker Association is charged with the responsibility of electing the editor, conducting the financial affairs and regulating the publishing of the paper. Ticker Association shall create its own by laws.



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AN EYE FOR AN EAR

by Gary Frank

I feel like Bob Dylan. I never wrote about him before but I'm going to now. Sure thought about it a lot, though. Lord knows there hasn't been much to say lately. People in the elevator talking about Jeff Beck and Alice Cooper harsher than I care to write. They follow leaders and don't watch parking meters. We've been watching the river flow.

The headline in the current Melody Maker exclaims something like "Dylan Back to Protest!" Then last Sunday in the Times magazine there was something else of intellectual interest besides the lingerie ads. "Won't You Listen to the Lambs, Bob Dylan?" was the title of a feature by one Anthony Scaduto. (Scaduto conveniently also has just completed an unauthorized biography of Dylan, but nevermind.) Even on Ugly Radio, the loudmouthed cock-jocks sterilize the new Dylan single as they do to all other new records. For all its sincerity and simplicity, Dylan's "George Jackson" is sure upsetting a lot of people trying to

figure it out, label it, explain it, and possess it.

Stated simply, there is a wave of new interest (even openness) towards Dylan's affairs. The spirit seems to contain less criticism and more receptivity towards him. For the last year this new attitude has not at all held. We all have read of the efforts of A. J. Webermann and others to dramatize their disgust over Dylan's material position and recent apolitical offerings. To me it seems that spelling Weberman with a "double-nn" is like spelling "America" with a "K". If you really need Dylanologists, you kind of don't "deserve" Dylan.

Cases in point; more than one recent writer has said that Dylan's visit to the Bengla Desh benefit symbolized Dylan's reawakening political consciousness. Borsh! The same people who clapped to the music while the newsreels were on—demanding an encore of death and misery.

He plays because he cared!!

One of the lines to Joan Baez' new tune "To Bobby" about this "new consciousness" thing, is "Won't You Listen to the Lambs, Bobby?" I mentioned the Melody Maker headline "Dylan Back to Protest Songs! Whew! If the fact that Dylan's latest hit single contains such a political reference can cause such a world-wide awakening among music-people just imagine what people-people can do!

But both groups haven't done anything at all. Stating that you're angry at Dylan for his recent melodies or, similarly, that you're glad he's finally "back to protest lyric" implies that you need him as a leader. Which is probably the saddest aspect of the while thing. If people are really that inspired by "George Jackson", then maybe Joan Baez is right and the people are really lambs. I was kind of hoping she was wrong. Dylan never wanted to be the leader, & John Lennon did) he was made whatever he was

made.

The whole idea of the Pete Seeger et. al. movement was to amass the collective power of all the individuals of common opinion; all who hated hate, wars, and whatever else. There seems to be no more such individuality. There is still hate, wars, etc.

Perhaps Dylan is onto some kind of put-on. The fellows at JDL super-exploited Dylan's recent interest in his judaism for all they could get. Now I know "Maggie's Farm" ain't a resort in the Catskills and I also think that Dylan was just checking out his self, you know. Finding out what he's really about after making his million. His "having been" Jewish is only a part of it. His image holds incredible power and influence, one mistake could be the last.

I get the feeling that this period of introspection is over and with successful results. Every artist needs to introspect once in a while to see himself in perspective. The only "disaster" was Self-Portrait. But there's a kind of peace that comes from examining your art and organizing what's ahead after accepting what has gone down. No fooling, Dylan was stung by the kind of criticism hurled literally at his doorstep by such talentless cosnogeniti as Allen J. Webermann and certainly by the byzantinian manner in which the news media gave good ol' a.j. the attention. Sure Dylan's been watching the river flow.

Which brings us to the new album. GREATEST HITS VOL. TWO. Well tell me since when Dylan's had any hits. We all know these aren't hits (they sure are great) but the idea is to harken back to "Hits, Volume One." "Greatest Hits" was funny then, but it's absurd now. Even the graphics are blue-photo similar. Another joke?

But the music is so beautiful and the package is much more satisfying than its predecessor. Each selection seems to flow into the other, there is cohesion among the years and styles of his songs. Each new "period" recalls a different response and the differences in production from among the various selections bring about a refreshing new up as each number begins. The hits just keep on coming.

There are some tasty items that have been a long time coming. The version of the beautiful "Tomorrow Is a Long Time" was recorded live years ago. In classic folkie style, Zimmerman charms the crowd. The rocking "Mighty Quinn" was recorded live when I'm sixty-four at the Isle of Wight, with Levon and the Hawks. The recording is good and sloppy and the music itself is equally raunchy—a priceless piece of music.

But I really like the new toones best of all. Leon Russell and band played on two of the numbers. We mentioned "Watching the River Flow." There is enough in this little tune to do a whole column on. All of Leon's friends are in on this one—including Jesse Edwin Davis. Leon and the Tulsa Tops also back up on "When I Paint My Masterpiece", but that's another story. "Watching The River Flow," if you listen carefully, (more carefully than a Dylanologist) tells you the whole story of what has really happened to Bob and to the Lambs. Bob knows truth and when he is forced to, he just sits back and watches what happens when the river flows. Lambs or lemmings, both can't swim.

"Masterpiece" is a number Dylan wrote for the Band. Now I love the way Levon and the Hawks do it up, but Bob cuts it just as tight. There is one interesting difference between Dylan and the Band's versions; The Band sings: "Got me a date with a pretty little girl from Greece..." While Bob sings: "...with Botticelli's niece". Ask A.J. to explain it. He should be there with him when he paints his masterpiece.

With Happy Traum, the mayor of Channel 13 and Woodstock, Bob hands us new versions of unreleased tunes. "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere"—the Byrds tune down acoustic and folksy and why does Dylan manage to mention "pack up your money put up your tent" "McGuinn?" in the beginning of the song? There are little jokes everywhere. Also tasty is "Down in the Flood" also recorded on a mean album by Roger Tillison.

New Dylan stuff, as they say, shall be released. There's concert albums from the Carnegie Memorial to Woody Guthrie, and a new studio album as well. Dylan's surprise visit to George's Bengla Desh benefit will be out on record soon as well. Should be out by Christmastime, or JDL-time, Chanukah-time, or peace-time. All in all, the two-lp set proves to be a joy to sit and listen to, and a true self-portrait of an artist at peace.

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