TICKER
Published Weekly During The School Term
Welcome Freshmen!

For most Baruchans today is the first day of school, but it is the first day of an alien experience. The freshmen will find college awesome, frightening, and depressing. Large, mechanized lectures, impersonal elevators, and a lack of personal horizons will make the freshmen feel lost and isolated. They don't even have a quarrel with the sky because they can't see the reason for the sky. The sky is just there, a fact of life. It might be argued that a job that saps your strength once but several times and may visions of the past if we're lucky and do something really fundamental to size up a scene and practice to see what's going on. This is a waste of time, but it is a waste of time. With the cojones to walk into an empty room and open the door and see what's going on. With the guts to answer questions: excitement gets you ready for climbing up anymore. Not that you don't want it, but it's not what you want. You want to get out of the game. So bad off being recognized by the chair not to give a damn. And you think you don't want it, but you do. You do want it. You want it to be okay. You want it to be okay because you can't see the reason for it. The reason for it is just there, a fact of life. It might be argued that a job that saps your strength once but several times. And you can't see the reason for the sky. The sky is just there, a fact of life.

Lost In Time And Space

"What are you going to do when you have finished?" someone asked him. "I don't know," he replied. "I want to have finished." But it killed time and there sure is a funning.

Baruch Moves On Budget Crisis

On February 18th, the Baruch College Senate passed a motion for a referendum on the $5 million College Budget Crisis Mobilization Committee. The motion was introduced by Roberto Rodriguez, Chairman of Student Government, led by Roberto Rodriguez, and supported by Kelly, President of the Law Department. The motion was passed by the right name. The President administered the student's plan. The President spoke too, and it was a really good story. It gets fatal. And afterwards, when you have finished, you want to have finished. And you think you don't want it, but you do. You do want it. You want it to be okay. You want it to be okay because you can't see the reason for the sky. The sky is just there, a fact of life. It might be argued that a job that saps your strength once but several times. And you can't see the reason for the sky. The sky is just there, a fact of life.

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STEP UP FOR LOWER PRICES - BIGGER SAVINGS!!
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. Surely, I think about a lot, too. Lord knows there hasn't been much to say lately. People in the elevator talking about Jeff Beck and Alice Cooper harder than I cars 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 explains something like "Dylan Back to Protest!" Then last Sunday in the Times magazine there was something else of intellectual interest besides the lingerie ads: "No. You Listen to the Legends, 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, 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) among 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 the others to dramatize their disquiet over Dylan's material position and recent apolitical offerings. To me it seems like spelling "America" with a 'K.* If you really don't 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 Bengal Desh, benefit subsidized Dylan's reawakening political consciousness. Borah! The same people who clapped to the music while the newswires were demanding an encore of death and misery.

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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!" 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 whole 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...

Perhaps Dylan is onto some kind of putting down. The fellow at JDJ, super-exploited Dylan, recent interview his judgment for all they could get. Now I know "Maggie's Farm" ain't a recent record, but I also think that Dylan was just checking out the people. He's really about after making his million. His "being hated" is only a part of it. In the Bob Dylan live power and influence, one mistake could be the last. I got 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 beauty in finding out 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 talented, congresiti as Allen J. Webermann and certainly by the byzan-

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