

OBSERVER

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Observer

vol 12 no 6

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american COLLEGES: REBELLION & repression

As the strike at S. F. State is settled, and new student actions spring up daily around the country, President Nixon is mounting a three-pronged attack against college radicals. This program includes psychological support and presidential appointments for college administrators brought into the national spotlight for hard-line suppression of students; orders to HEW head Hubert Finch to encourage enforcement of fund cut-offs to student "rioters"; and intimations of a presidential PR campaign against militance on campus and off.

Nixon's moral support to college administrators began with his warm praise of Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame. Hesburgh published a manifesto, delivering his thoughts, long in germination, on student protest, on the occasion of a demonstration at Notre Dame. Swift approval for the statement from high places suggests that the President of Notre Dame may have issued his statement in collusion with the President of the United States.

"May I begin by saying that all of this is hypothetical and I personally hope it never happens here at Notre Dame," Hesburgh wrote. "Not if it does, anyone or any group that substitutes force for rational persuasion, be it violent or non-violent, will be told that they are, by their actions, going counter to the overwhelming conviction of this community as to what is proper here. If they do not within (a 15 minute warning) period cease and desist, they will be asked for their identity cards."

Those who produce identity cards will be suspended, and those who don't, turned over to the cops for trespassing and disturbing the peace. Students with identity cards merit an additional five minute period of grace, before being busted.

Hesburgh's statement was the law'n order line applied to the campus -- "The last thing a shaken society needs is more shaking..." he wrote. "The last thing a noisy, turbulent and disintegrating community needs is more noise, turbulence and disintegration... I would like to insist here that all of us are responsible to the duly constituted laws of this University community and to all the laws of the land. There is no other guarantee of civilization versus the jungle or mob rule, here or elsewhere."

A university should try to ameliorate social ills, Hesburgh affirmed, "but it must do all this as a university does, within its proper style and capability, no longer an ivory tower, but not the Red Cross either."

Shortly after Hesburgh was catapulted into fame by his attack on student protest, Nixon appointed him head of the U. S. Civil Rights Commission -- presumably to deliver the analagous Nixon line on black militants.

San Francisco State's President S. I. Hayakawa still hasn't won a high government post for his efforts to crush State's student strike. But in a conversation with President Nixon in Washington recently, he gained the solace of Presidential concern about the effect of all the conflict at S. F. State on Hayakawa's psyche.

"I'm thriving on it," Hayakawa said. "I'm in great shape. I've never been a man of action before -- I've been a scholar -- and I've never had to make a decision that mattered before the day, or the half hour, was out."

"President Nixon was particularly interested in that aspect -- that I was feeling well in a situation of conflict. He wanted to know if that could be. I told him I was fine."

The second thrust of the Nixon anti-radical program was revealed during a meeting between the President and Republican congressional leaders. As a result of the meeting, Nixon postponed his planned pronouncement on campus disorders and assigned Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Hubert Finch, to engineer the next move.

Finch is supposed to enlist the assistance of college administrators in enforcing laws which cut off federal assistance to students convicted of campus violence. First in the line to render assistance was Hesburgh, who said that the Civil Rights Commission would see to it that the federal cut-off law is strictly enforced.

Since even college administrators thought the law was nearly impossible to enforce and a danger to civil liberties when Congress passed it last year, Finch's efforts and those of college administrators to cooperate with him, will probably be a series of arbitrary retaliatory actions against active students.

The Johnson administration was too "timid" in enforcing that law, charged Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. But, chimed in House Republican Leader Gerald Ford, the Nixon administration "has the will" to implement the statute.

Nixon's press secretary, Ronald Ziegler, said that the President may make a statement on campus distractions at a later date. It seems that he wants the stage set by Finch's action.

Representative Emmanuel Celler, who helped write the 1964 Civil Rights Act, says that law can be used against black-only courses and housing. Celler wrote to HEW Secretary Finch, supporting the Department's ruling that the Antioch College black studies program is ineligible for federal funds because it is exclusively for black students.

Hesburgh again -- this time in his new role of Civil Rights Commission Chairman: "We seem on the verge of getting repressive legislation (against universities) from federal and state governments." Coming from such a source, the remark is ominous.

Although the Congressmen who responded to a recent poll by the Christian Science Monitor favored lowering the voting age to 18, by a margin of more than 2-1, many Congressmen say the recent college rebellions have made young people so unpopular that there is little chance they will actually be allowed to vote.

I am against bringing up the issue at this time," says Rep. William J. Randall of Missouri, "because, in my opinion, it would be defeated. The recent instances of violence on our



campuses have caused our mail to run very highly against 18-year old voting."

"Campus strife and disorder have created a most unfavorable atmosphere for this deserved legislation," pontificates Rep. James Harvey of Michigan. "A handful of (radical students) may well block passage."

But the frankest Congressman was one quoted, though not by name, in the Christian Science Monitor. He admitted that he himself had been soured on young people because of recent radical activity. In the past, he said, "I have felt that it might be good for 18-year-olds to be able to vote. But with all the uproar this past year I have very serious doubts as to their ability..." (read, "as to their ability to vote for people like me and my colleagues here in the House.")

The Justice Department is reported to be compiling substantial dossiers on "professional agitators" who travel from campus to campus provoking rebellions. Cases are being prepared to prosecute radicals under the "Carmichael-Brown" Act, which would jail people for five years for traveling interstate to incite a riot.



More than 70 bills designed to suppress student action at state universities and colleges are pending before the California legislature.

University of Texas President Norman Hackerman expressed quite succinctly the reason for his recent veto of campus facilities for the National Council meeting March 28-30: "The University of Texas recognizes as one of its responsibilities as a state-supported institution that it shall neither support nor encourage the destruction of our present society."

Hackerman okayed the recommendation of Bryce Johnson, vice-president of student affairs, that the UT administration overturn the decision of the Texas Union Board which had approved SDS' use of the Student Union. The Union Board, composed of four students and a faculty member, has jurisdiction over the use of the Union. The Board of Regents unanimously concurred with Hackerman's edict.

A strike by cafeteria workers at a black state college, North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University at Greensboro, has brought on a battle between students and police on March 14. Police used tear gas to disperse a student demonstration supporting the cafeteria workers. Later that night, police claim to have exchanged gunfire with snipers on the campus. Two students were shot by the cops.

On March 12, Durham Mayor Wence Graberek slapped a dusk-to-dawn curfew on the city, after eight windows were broken in a march by students from Duke University and North Carolina College. Governor Scott backed the Mayor up by summoning the National Guard and the State police to the streets of Durham. More than a hundred people have been jailed for violating the curfew.

Students at the State University of New York at Stony Brook occupied research and administrative offices on March 13, demanding an end to war research and recruiting on campus. That action, led by SDS and Black Students Union, followed the liberation of papers from the campus security office secret files a few days earlier. The material was xeroxed.

Twenty-one Stony Brook students, who continued the March 13 demonstration with a night long occupation of the library, were sentenced to 15 day jail terms on March 19. They had copped a plea of guilty to reduce charges, with the assumption that at most, they would receive a small fine. But the judge, citing the "Notre Dame - 15 - minutes - to - cease - and - desist - school - of thought" imposed the jail sentences.

A few hundred students at the State University of New York at Buffalo sat-in at the President's office on March 19. The protest was instigated by the three-year prison term given to Bruce Beyer earlier in the day. The sentence was for "assault on a federal officer" when officers entered a church to arrest Beyer and two other draft resisters who had been given sanctuary there.

About 40 University of Chicago students have been expelled, most of them for participation in a march on the university president's residence on Feb. 24. The march ended at the president's door, which had its glass panes kicked in, and copies of the students' demands and Challenge, the Progressive Labor Party newspaper, nailed to it.

Then the demonstrators went uninvited to the Quadrangle Club, notorious lair of the establishment, and shared dinner, uninvited, with the guests.

The demonstrations were in reaction to the university disciplinary committee's refusal to allow a joint defense for students charged with offenses during a recent sit-in at the university. That sit-in was to protest the firing of radical sociology professor Marlene Dixon.



Army Comes To Bard?

The representative of the army's 'Officer Selection Team' has in the past, earned the respect of Bard students by remaining cool and reasonable under fire. Surrounded by jeerings and intellectual arguments he has filled his pipe with steady hands and puffed away, unruffled. He has calmly admitted that the war in Vietnam may very well be immoral, but as long as our present laws remain, draft resisters must be punished. When asked his own opinion, he has, in accordance with military law, declined to reveal it.

Some students are sick of seeing this happen on their campus. The mild reasonable manner which has earned our respect only obscures the fact that the man represents an institution whose actions are far from mild and reasonable. College students all over the United States have risked and often incurred, the effects of billy clubs, fire hoses and academic suspensions to get the military off their campuses. Radical activity at Bard, however, is similar to punching a pillow: it may be frustrating, but it isn't dangerous. The least contribution Bard can make to this movement to kick the military off American campuses is keep them off our own.

With these ideas in mind, a petition was drawn up, stating that the signees 'protest the failure of the administration to seek our consent before extending this invitation' and 'will not tolerate the presence of army recruiters on our campus.' The petition was circulated by students of diverse political beliefs, from liberterians to pacifists to marxists. After four days, there were 105 signatures.

Those reluctant or unwilling to sign most often felt that the petition advocated a curtailment of the right to free speech. The petition's supporters argued back that Mr. Pandolphi was not coming to speak as an individual, but rather to recruit for an institution. His right to free speech has already been stripped from him: military law forbids a man in uniform from giving voice to his personal opinions.

Other students refused to sign, saying, 'Let him come. It'll be a gas, a goof.'

The military, according to a member of the administration, called and asked whether they might come. They were accepted because 'students had asked when they would be here.' The purpose of these students inquiries was not known, but the administration acted on the assumption that it was so that they might be informed of 'the best deal' in military service. This deal is available to those who can afford a college education.

On April first, Dean Selinger conducted 'an open hearing' regarding the scheduled visit of an army information officer to Bard's campus and 'college policy in general regarding information on employment opportunities from representatives of outside organizations.

No more than thirty students showed up. Almost all who spoke were opposed to the coming visit. The dean made it clear he sympathized with their anti-military position, but he felt other means of expressing it were preferable. Jeff Raphaelson said if the recruiter came here 'with the willingness to engage in free and open discussion' there would be no objections. But, he pointed out, there is no possibility of meaningful dialogue because it is forbidden to voice one's personal convictions while in a military uniform. 'He has already lost his freedom of speech.'

'The army has records of schools refusing to cooperate,' said Bruce Warshawsky. 'We want the army to see one more college in the "no" column.'

The dean felt Bard should be 'neutral'. 'We cannot ban them from campus because this would commit people on campus to an action they don't believe in.' This, he said, represented the 'cooption' of the institution. Warshawsky answered, 'By letting them in, we are no longer neutral. We have cooperated with them and condoned them.'

Mrs. Sugatt said, 'The general policy of Bard has been that of an open society. All points of view are heard in the interests of dialogue.' She expressed 'enormous sym-

pathy' with the students' antiwar attitudes, but said, 'We still have to be concerned about the possibility of ten students on this campus interested in choices in a military career.'

'I feel sorry for the "ten people", but they'll have to cross the river,' said Raphaelson, referring to the recruitment office in Kingston.

Professor Sam Pasciencier noted that recruitment for some purposes would certainly be forbidden at Bard: who then is to determine acceptable recruitment? Lis Semal believed it should be the community's decision. Mark Zuckerman suggested that clubs, rather than the administration, extend such invitations.

Dean Selinger appeared upset and sincere. 'Sometime between here and the gas-chambers, or whatever the final atrocity may be,' he said, 'you must do anything to destroy the gas-chambers, to avert the atrocity, even if it means the cooption of institutions. But this cooption destroys institutions.' The dean felt the time for this all-out effort was not yet.

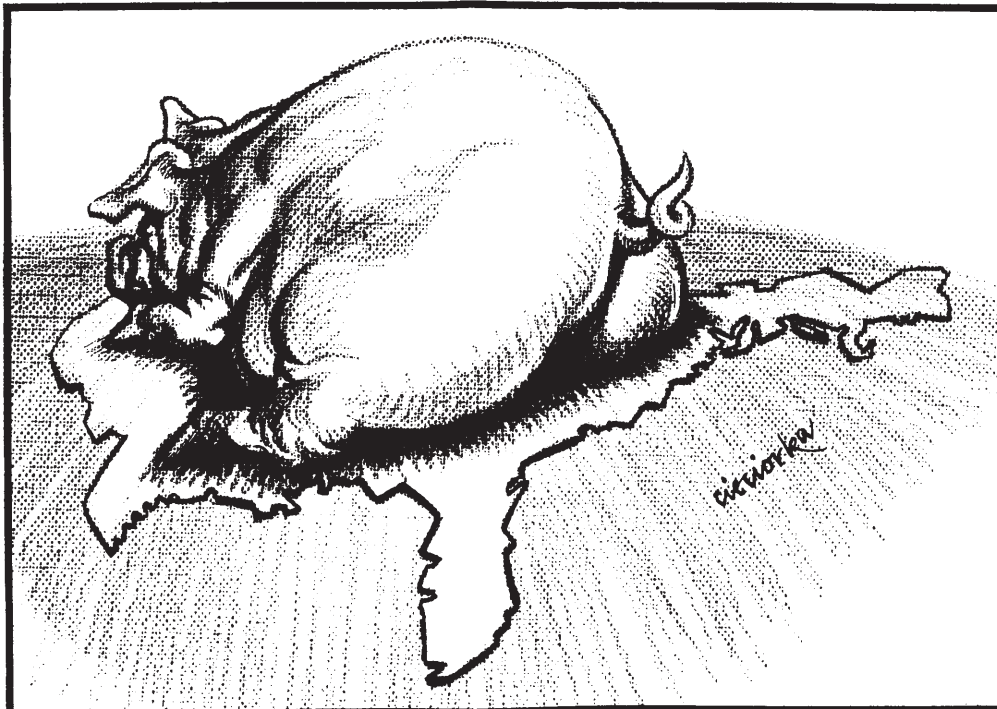
The students felt differently. 'If we sincerely think the war should be stopped, we have to throw everything into the effort.'

The dean said he and the president would have the final decision regarding college policy. 'We try to have as right a policy as is possible for a college to have. But at the same time, individuals must do what they as individuals must do.'

Raphaelson nodded, not surprised at the dean's position. 'You ought to warn the military,' he said calmly, 'that something's going to happen when they come and it won't be...', he found the precise word, 'pleasant.'

On Thursday the dean said that although the wording of the policy had not yet been worked out, the gist would be that the administration would not invite the military, but individual students might do so.

-M. Swerdlow



FORUM

AN ANSWER TO ETHEL WEISS

(Peter Minichiello and friend)

What follows is a reply to Miss Weiss' comments on "the concept of 'student power'" in the OBSERVER of 3/6/69

She wrote, among other thoughts,

I am opposed to the concept of "student power." This atrocious term attempts to legitimize unreason among the favored by imitating a slogan popularized by an oppressed minority.

The concept of power is totally inappropriate as a qualifier describing my group within the academic structure, implying as it does, an opposition of aims and antagonism over means.

I see the university in a rather traditional role as a repository and transmitter of knowledge. I am less sure of its role as a social critic. . . it may be a critic of that society-- however, clearly it is not, as an institution, a guerilla army.

Assuming we are all men and women of good will I see neither cause nor necessity for a 'power' struggle. I look forward to more meetings with students and faculty in the open spirit of the Mohonk conference. I see promise of progress and accord through reason.

To be honest, a reply to all this was begun by citing Columbia University and its recent convulsions; but that became tedious and heavy: it was not the answer to her comments.

Thinking about The University, Student Power, Progress-Through-Reason, the intellectual glories of the Mohonk conference is the kind of expensive and even luxurious talk that is almost meaningless. Hermetic, closed, leading nowhere. . .

What Miss Weiss invokes as an operating attitude about the University and about changing it as an institution is fairly suited for the not-so-tumultuous 1950s, but not for now.

And even the use of the word "progress" implies that through continuous dialogues the university improves steadily, the "students have more say," there's more "respect" for faculty and the atmosphere is academically and socially peachy.

But that's hardly the case anymore: in fact, universities are more than ever implicated in the social realities that they hope "only" to study; the colleges enjoy no distance and solitude from the problems of the draft, national politics, the local sheriff and his men, manifold threats. (See any of Noam Chomsky's

recent essays in The New York Review of Books on the disheartening and sickening process of rationalization that "liberal" university faculty are given to, in trying to account for their defense of policies they know to be wrong.)

So where's the "progress"? It's more a question of developing an attitude, perhaps one of protection, but one that includes the sharpest possible critical awareness of who's after who. To be "constructive" is out: to be properly critical is absolutely necessary.

The letter which follows was sent to Elizabeth Gavaris from a Mexican student. As president of a university student union, he was directly involved with the events in Mexico City late last year, which of course turned into massive police assaults.

It is excerpted here to show, with no small amount of emotion, what the failure of those "dialogues" and lack of "progress" inevitably leads to.

2/16/69

Dear Elizabeth,

I am now a political prisoner, having been accused of participating in the movement of protest of August-September 1968. Do not worry too much, I am well---I have lost my physical liberty but not my liberty of thinking. In truth, it has been a very difficult test for me to face, for the first time, the exhaustive interrogations, the many threats, the bad treatment, my limited rations, the cold and dark cells, the eternal lonely hours in a solitary cell, in all, the bad treatment that the prisoner suffers by the hands of a dictatorial government like that of Mexico.

When I had to bear the intensive interrogations that I was subjected to, I suffer a lot and it was then that I most needed self-confidence and encouragement, to be able to preserve my calmness and a clear mind so essential to come out successfully; what helped me a lot was the conviction that our struggle is a just one and the government gives us no alternative but pressure to exhort the fulfillment of our demands.

During the interrogation I was isolated from the other students that have been arrested, later I was taken over to a place where their 30 companions of the 100 that still continue detained for participating in the movement of protest,

In general I am feeling all right. Do not think, however, that I am in agreement with this unjust situation that I am suffering. I have communicated to my friends outside the unlawfulness of our trial, and my comrades in jail and myself will

continue to do so publicly every time we have the opportunity.

The government that accuses me, based on information of two police agents is unable to prove my guilt and pass sentence for these crimes. Imagine, I am accused of murder!! I am also accused of storing up arms!! when I have never used a firearm to defend my ideas. If (the government) has dialogues with the students it must yield ground, for we are in the right; on the other hand, if it punishes those that distinguish themselves in the struggle and imprisons them, this is a way to frighten whoever wants to continue fighting.

They do not condemn us, they do not free us. . . what will happen in the months to come? I do not know. This year will bring out the candidate of the political party PRI (Institutional Revolutionary Party) the official party that has been in power for the past decade, for the presidency of Mexico. For this reason I hope that the PRI that locked us up will not want to have us in jail for too long since it's endangering the political stability in the months when the succession to the presidency is to be decided.

What can also happen is that the government takes the chance and decides to continue our trial with all the legal defects that it has been dragging along, and with the future mistakes condemning us (only) intensifying more its already very black record. I sincerely believe that in the course of this year we will be given our liberty.

. . . When you mentioned that you took part in a demonstration in November, I am greatly moved and I am afraid that some day the police may arrest you or what is worse that they wound you!! Take good care of yourself!

(signed)

Juan Aburto Bayo
President, student
union, University of
Mexico



VIEWPOINT

CAT OF NINE TAILS

"All in a day's work," I thought.

I tried to smile, but it came out rather sickly, as I doubled over in agony. The pretty blond thing murmured an apology, and swept by. From my vantage point, about five inches above the ground, I remarked on the shapeliness of her rear, as the pain spread through my abdomen. Still trying to smile, and hoping to regain my lost cool, I straightened and grabbed a tray from the nearest stack, and mincingly hopped towards the dining commons matron.

It appeared that she was armed to the teeth and ready for me. She growled as I approached, and brandished her ladle like a fencing foil. She flexed her biceps several times for my benefit, and roared; "What-dyawant?" and proceeded to slap some food on a handy plate. She pushed it across the counter towards me, and daintily I reached for it. No sooner had my fingers curled around the edges when she bellowed "PARS-Ley!" and with a quick swipe, brought her hand crashing down on my wrist. I felt my bones crack, but managed to smile anyway. She stuck the parsley in the potatoes, and gave me the plate. As I went out the door I saw her give a hitch to her black belt, and I made a mental note to go through the other door in the morning.

I was able to stagger unassisted to the next counter where I grabbed six forks, a knife and a spoon. I didn't recognize the girl sitting at the end, and smiled accordingly. I realized that it was getting harder to smile, but she touched me affectionately on the arm. 'Aha,' I thought, as I looked down into her warm face. Perhaps this is the true Bard, that I'd heard so much about, as I leant down passionately as she opened her mouth to utter a few words...

My hands were shaking out of control by the time I reached the coke machine. I could see getting carded down the road, or in any bar, for that matter, but in dining

commons... It was all I could do to keep from spilling my coke. However, that was taken care of quickly by some guy swinging a motorcycle helmet. But that was alright, I had to do my laundry soon, anyway.

I found a seat by the window, and picked one of the forks off my tray. Shoveling the food into my mouth as fast as possible, discovered it was tasteless. Sunlight filtered through the window, and despite everything else, I began to cheer up. Chewing voraciously, I looked up and saw a few female friends sitting across the room. In a fit of camaraderie, I caught their attention and waved. Communicating madly, they waved back, and I sat back trying to enjoy my surroundings.

My attention was caught by a splatting sound on the wall above me. I turned and recognized a pat of butter dripping pathetically down the wall. It took me a second to figure out exactly what it was doing there, and I turned back to look at my ever-playful friends. I felt a soft thump on my sleeve, and looked down slowly. There, to my chagrin was a familiar piece of butter clinging securely to the suede of my coat. There was a burst of giggling from across the room, and I got up to confront them. By

the time I reached them, however, they were all laughing outright, and were pointing past me. Taking this as an affront, I began to turn red, and began to wonder whether or not the jury could rule self-defense.

Thoughts of obliterating dining commons ran through my head. But, before I could throw myself to the attack, one of the happy bunch fell out of his chair. This made me stop and think, and I turned back towards my seat.

What I saw was a truly remarkable sight. To my darkening eyes it appeared that the hound of the Baskervilles was eating the remains of my dinner. I wondered where my sense of detachment had disappeared.

Somehow I managed to get outside without anything else of catastrophic effect occurring to me. My mind had disintegrated sufficiently, that I blindly followed the first people that came along into the coffee shop. There someone shoved some tea into my hand, and I was able to light a cigarette. Surrounded by people, I was able to slip into a reverie, and I closed my eyes in delight at the thought that perhaps, just perhaps, the next day would be better...

J. K.

**"A JOURNALIST MUST
BE A CREATIVE
MILITANT, A
CREATOR OF
IDEAS" — MAJOR
GUILLERMO GARCIA**

Observer

an alternative newsmedia project

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STUDENT SENATE

President Kline was a guest at this week's Senate meeting and was greeted with champagne. He came to explain the Bundy Report regarding funding of higher education in New York state. Incidentally he informed Senate that if a new food contract is signed requiring raised fees, the Senate should acknowledge its responsibility.

The first business was to pass a motion authorizing the student delegation to food contract negotiations to bid up to 5% more than the present contract. Then Senate passed a motion to cosign a letter to parents in case a new food contract should increase fees. The matter of whether students or the Slater system should receive proceeds from vending machines was officially settled when a motion passed stating that the food bargaining delegation is not authorized to accept an increase in price of the food contract as a result of a loss of vending machine returns.

Discussion of film committee salaries was postponed until a representative could appear. A motion which would have given the music club a 40 dollar petty cash fund from its budget did not pass. The final business was passage of a motion affirming Senate's sole authority to grant salaries involving student association funds. The champagne long since finished, Senate adjourned.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DEAN SELINGER

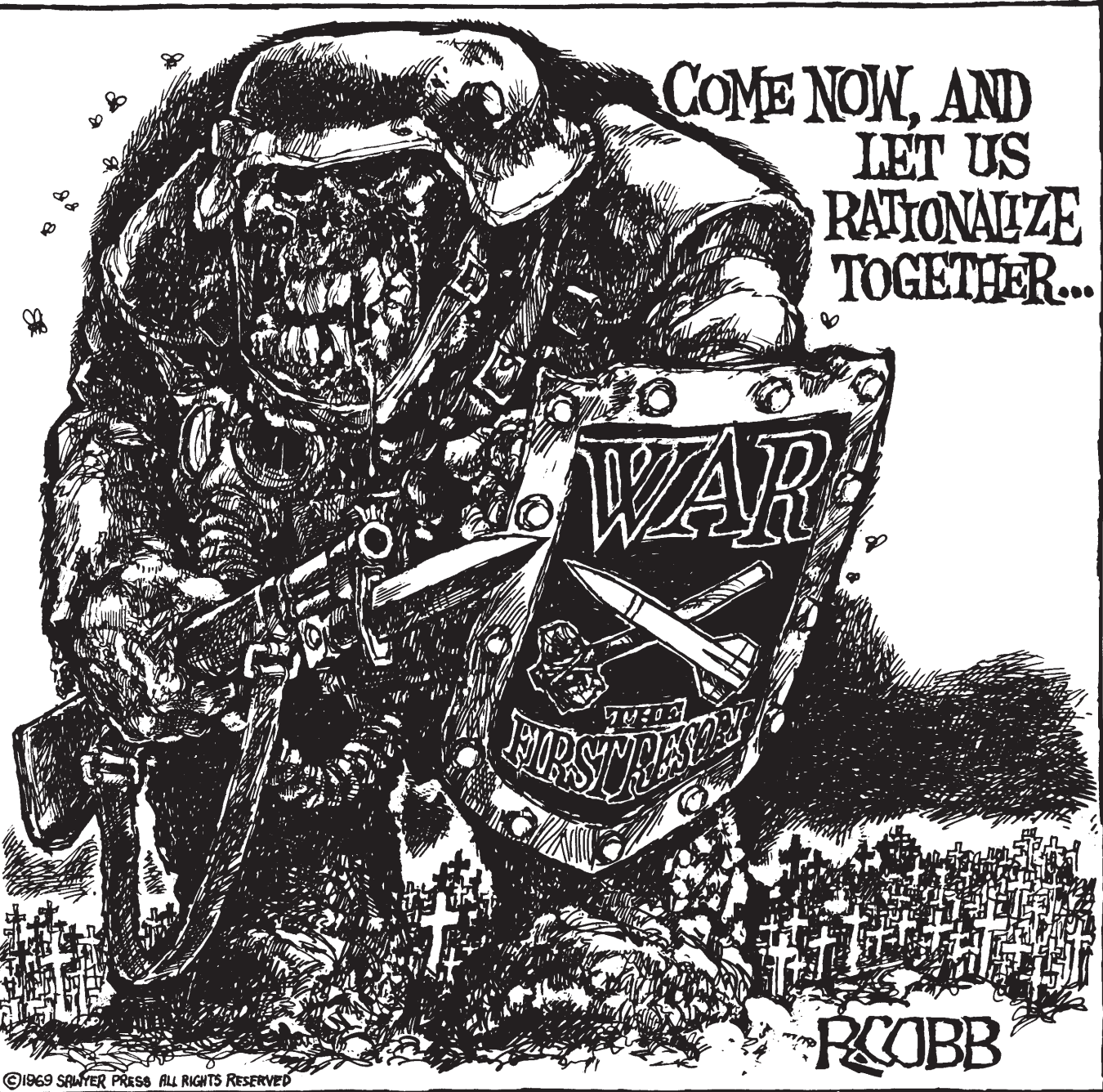
Dear Mr. Selinger,

I am writing to ask you to call the army recruiter and withdraw Mr. Pandolphi's invitation to come to Bard on April 15.

First, the issue of free speech. Let us not view Mr. Pandolphi's visit out of context. It is necessary only to mention the Presidio, the Saigon "elections", or the Dominican Republic to illustrate the army's feelings about the freedom of speech. Are we defending free speech by welcoming an institution that denies it to those in its ranks and to those who are at its mercy elsewhere?

But, in fact, this is not even an issue. The army has disposed of the problem for us even more directly. Military law forbids Mr. Pandolphi to express any of his own opinions while in uniform. If the army were sending a speaker here, he would be more than welcome. But instead they are sending a functionary to further their own objectives. We would not oppose free speech on April 15. We would oppose an act, the act of military recruitment on this campus. Those who would have a recruiter here in the name of free speech ought to think twice about how to best defend that right.

For me the whole question is academic in view of the War in Vietnam. Again, let us not see the recruiter's visit out of context. The army directs its energy toward waging that unspeakable war. We have marched and shouted for five years. Are we now to remain silent when we can be most effective? By denying the army access to our campus, we can do two things. First, we can join a hundred other schools across the country in shutting the doors of the university to the military. At big schools where the problem is more serious (war research, ROTC) and the opposition more formidable, many battles have already been won. At Bard, where the student body, faculty, and administration is almost of one mind in deploring U.S. military adventures, how can we not contribute to this movement? The second thing we can do by saying "No" to the recruiter is to stand in the way of the war machine. This is not far-fetched: the



army has made recruitments in Hegeman, and I am told that 2nd lieutenants (the product of Mr. Pandolphi's Officer Candidate School) find themselves in the front lines during wartime. It is our option to stand in the way of the war machine (manpower recruitment is basic to the war effort) or to passively cooperate with it. We can argue free speech all we want, but the army does not have a democratic right to kill Vietnamese. And that is the real issue as concerns recruitment in 1969.

One final thing. The myth of neutrality is just that: a myth. Institutions cannot be neutral. On or before April 15 Bard College will be saying "Yes" or "No" to the military. I hope you understand that when you make

your decision.

Yours truly,
Bruce Warshavsky

**WHERE
ARE WE
HEADING?**

'If you are not careful, the newspapers will have you hating the people who are being oppressed and loving the people who are doing the oppressing.'

-MALCOLM X

WE OF THE AMERICAN DELEGATION IN PARIS WISH TO REGISTER STRONG PROTEST WITH HANOI AGAINST THE CURRENT OFFENSIVE BY NORTH VIETNAM.



FURTHER OFFENSIVE ACTION AGAINST OUR DEFENSIVE ADVANCE NORTH WILL PROVOKE CERTAIN RETALIATION -



THIS OFFENSIVE IS IN CLEAR VIOLATION OF THE UNDERSTANDING WE HAVE WITH NORTH VIETNAM -



AND MAY IMPERIL THE SUCCESS OF THESE NEGOTIATIONS -



THAT IT CAN NOT SHOOT BACK.



HERE ON THE EVE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE WAR IN VIETNAM.



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HEAD CHEF ↓

Aphrodesia is an ancient idea, possibly arising from the realization by people that society can be sexually repressive and that 'looseners' of these repressions are not only essential for sanity, but happen to move us into an innocent state of sexual responsiveness which is happy and beautiful.

Ours is unfortunately a particularly repressive society, the result not only of the present technologically oriented system but of some thousand or two years of Judeo/Christian confusion about the nature of things.

On the one hand we have the misbehaved children, Adam and Eve, caught and confronted by the all-powerful, ruthless (yet kind to those who obey) father image, a relationship which has left its marks on each of us, more visibly on those who have been struck to the sexual core of their lives by a tragic and yet absurd guilt.

On the other hand, as my arm stretches across a sea of blue, in a distant, sometimes hazy land whose mountains and trees I can't even imagine, arose a creation myth as beautiful as a tree blossoming in winter and an eroticism as innocent.

APHRODESIA #1 (Munkaczina, an Arabian dish)

1 hour before serving:

- 1) Combine in a bowl 3 oranges peeled and thinly sliced crosswise, 1 (4 oz) can pitted ripe olives, 2 medium onions peeled and thinly sliced, 2 tbsps. salad oil, 1-1/2 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, and 2 tbsps. lemon juice.
- 2) Toss until blended, then refrigerate till well chilled. Serve with broth, good bread and cheese.

APHRODESIA #2 (Cacik - Turkish)

1 hour before serving:

- 1) In a bowl combine 1 clove garlic peeled and crushed, 1 tbsps. wine vinegar, 2 tsp. salt, 1 tbsps. fresh snipped dill, and 1-1/2 cups yogurt and blend well.
- 2) Pare 3 medium cucumbers, quarter them lengthwise, then cut crosswise into thin slices. Blend with yogurt mixture, then refrigerate until well chilled.
- 3) Serve sprinkled with olive oil and mint, with bread, fruit, a cup of tea.

APHRODESIA #3 (Mazanas en Dulce - Spain)

- 1) Start heating oven to 325 degrees. In a small bowl combine 1/2 cup chopped figs and 1/3 cup shopped blanched almonds.
- 2) In another small bowl stir together 1/2 cup water, 1 cup honey, and 1 tsp. melted butter, or margarine.
- 3) Now twist stems out of 6 apples, pare each about a third of the way down and remove the cores part way down. Fill the apples with the almond filling; arrange in a baking dish (12X8X2) pour on the honey/water mixture. Bake, basting often in the syrup, till tender, about 1 and 1/4 hour. Serve cold, with thick slices of bread and butter, sharp cheese, tea.

Maoism Not a New Idea for China

Professor Theodore de Barry, who gave the John Bard Lecture Wednesday, April 2, said the dogma of Chairman Mao is simply a variation of the aggressively isolationist attitude the Chinese have always had towards the West. Speaking on the topic of "Mao's Transcendental Agitation: the Cultural Revolution in the Perspective of Chinese History and Thought," the Columbia University professor said that Mao's demands for a "state of constant alertness and agitation that haunts Mao in ways even he does not comprehend."

Prof. de Barry said that the Chinese have always thought their culture was superior to that of the rest of the world. Mao therefore sees himself rather than the Russians as the legitimate interpreter of Marxist ideology. But because he distrusts intellectuals and communist theorists Mao emphasizes only the revolutionary aspects

of Marxism.

"This tendency toward simple doctrinaire solutions failed spectacularly with the Great Leap Forward," he said, "and led so-called left-wing pragmatists to make realistic compromises. They managed to retrieve this situation enough so that Mao, who was biding his time, was able to come out of retirement and make his next great effort to reassert Maoist fundamentalism." The resultant Red Guard movement terrorized the country, purged the government of anti-Maoists, and forced the educational system to be closed.

In conclusion Prof. de Barry said that although Maoism is very Chinese, "It is not limited to China and in a way his following abroad is as important as his following at home." But he said, "While Mao may be prodding (the Chinese people) in some direction they maintain their durability as a nation."

Mike Roddy



#3.

I saw you moon-
bathing
tonight.
Your laughter
pale beautyrain
rare rain to the sun
to the sun!
more than beautiful
wingmadness --
flameice
it was free.
clownlaughter/nowlaughter

What we learn in school

Color washes make you feel but a leading tone in God's dominant seventh choir, ready to be thrown into the void of the new modulation at the pronouncement of the word. Bill Prescott knows.

Structures seem confused. We can approach truth only through our senses we say, not able to eat the 4th dimension, we try to synthesize our meanings in a hard 3-D structure. David Crosby must know. So I propose new processes, sure to clarify all dimensions.

Bazooka Bubble Gum Kid with turtle-neck head and funnel legs comes by.

Stripes US: checks and Dowcolors
Contrapunctal non-harmonic meaning
(you know what i mean)

At the dance were you set back half an hour when she turned her head? Was your sparkplug fouled when you took her out for a ride? Ken Daly knows, I'm sure.

40 horsepower motorcycles are:

- 1) First useful, then phallic
- 2) First phallic, then useful

Abstract symbolic meaning.

In an inconceivable universe contained within infinite other inconceivable universes, we use these processes to make the sense we all so desperately need. You.

I mean,

-Mark Barnett

pierre joris

fact: news briefs

OMMMMMMED LOVE

Buffalo, N. Y. (LNS) -- The recent Drug Summit Conference brought some of headdom's most auspicious heads together at the University of Buffalo here. And some basic defferences came out:

Allen Ginsberg, on the stage in panel-member role, begins to lead the gathering in chants of 'Ommm.' A small part of the audience joins in.

Yippee panelist Paul Krassner holds a card over Ginsberg's head--on it the letters OM--to be sure everyone knows what's happening.

The chant continues, and Krassner scribbles a new placard. He holds it over Ginsberg's head (Ginsberg doesn't see any of this) -- 'ARM'.

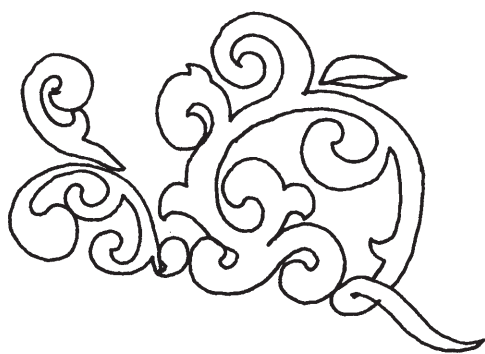
Gradually the chant changes (joined by struggle-oriented Motherfuckers). ARMMM, ARMMM, ARMMM... (the synthesis is completed).

BIRCHERS DOWN ON SEX

HOUSTON (LNS) -- Robert Welch, president and founder of the John Birch Society, said recently in Houston that 'the real purpose of sex education (in public schools) is to keep our high school youth obsessed with sex. They (the Communists) have pledged to destroy our whole generation of American youth.'

The Birchers plan to combat sex education and pornography this year by establishing local committees called 'Movement to Restore Decency.'

A recent Educational Testing Service survey of 5,000 trustees at 500 schools presents the following profile of these businessmen posing as educators: One third of them are over 60 years old. Over half of them have incomes over \$30,000. Forty per cent think student newspapers should be censored. Sixty-nine per cent think campus speakers should be screened. Fifty-three per cent favor loyalty oaths for professors. Only fifteen per cent describe themselves as 'liberals', and half of the executives who are trustees agree that 'running a college is like running a business.'



epc

This semester, EPC is attempting to work more closely with the faculty on academic issues. Rather than be an ineffective 'appendage to senate,' remarked Jay Weil, 'our function is to be organically involved in the community - less evaluation and more controversy.'

Already EPC has discussed core curriculum and black studies (the meeting was held after press - report next week) and it intends to look into such topics as cross divisional majors, anthropology, admissions, moderation, and faculty relations.

Newly elected members are:

Bruce Chilton and Paula Lockhard:
AMDD

Wes Moore: Social Sciences

John Percival: Language & Lit.

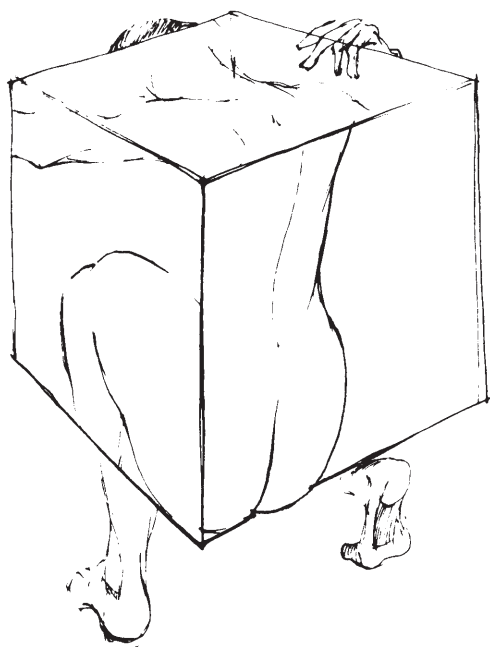
Bob Mayer & Lynn Oppuld: Nat. Sci.

Members remaining from last semester are, N. Jay Weil - Social Sciences and Ruth Danon - Language & Lit.

The importance of this committee is not to be dismissed. All meetings are open to the community and are held every Wednesday at 7:00 PM in Albee Social.



Poor
little
rich kids



art news

NEW LONDON, Conn.

Odetta, ethnic dancers Pearl Primus and Percival Borde, and women who are prominent in many areas of American affairs will gather at Connecticut College for a Black Womanhood Conference on April 18-20.

The Afro-American Society which is sponsoring the program to honor women whose outstanding achievements promote pride in the accomplishments of black people, invites interested students to contact Gayle Cunningham (P. O. Box 186) for reservations. Fee of \$5 includes banquet and lunches with seminar leaders and entertainers. Odetta (\$2 or \$3) and the dance program (\$2) are additional.

Proceeds will be donated to the Connecticut College scholarship fund for black students.

PACE DEMANDS EQUAL REPRESENTATION

At a mass student-trustee meeting at Pace College on March 20, the Student Coalition for a Restructured Pace College demanded the implementation of a College Senate plan calling for 50% of the seats to be occupied by students. The above percentage was overwhelmingly endorsed in a poll taken of Pace's 7700 students. On March 15, this plan was submitted to the Pace Board of Trustees as part of an earlier agreement with this body.

This meeting is an outgrowth of a massive gripe session held in March, and attended by over 300 Pace students. At this rally, a list of demands and grievances was formulated to be presented to the trustees on the next day. The list reads as follows:

'As a result of a meeting of March 7, 1969, with the students of Pace College, the Student Coalition for a Restructured Pace College formulated the following demand:

'That a legislative College Senate with binding power, composed of students, faculty, and administrators, be formed as the governing body of Pace College, and that by March 15, 1969, the Student Coalition will distribute to the trustees a complete breakdown of the structure of said Senate.

'This specific demand is thought by the Coalition to be a solution to resolve some of the following grievances brought out at this March 7th meeting: Students have no say in curricula; censorship of publications; tuition increases; representation on all academic committees; budgeting for student organizations; and the Pace College Book Store.'

VARIATIONS

ON A CHARACTER

FROM JOHN HAWKES

TOM VILLANO

While the indifferent sun unknowingly floated over Boring Park, Hencher rose convulsively from his bed, his multiple layers of fat violently resisting the unnatural movement upward. He could sense his room (a rented room, but no less his) being entered by the unmistakeable odors of spring, annoying in their disregard for privacy. This was the kind of day meant for little girls and old ladies; little girls, like Jennifer, to wrap yellow and green silk ribbons around their fingers and old ladies with concave cheeks to sit deadlipped in the shade. It should be Palm Sunday, he thought, but it was still early March, and just a Tuesday.

There was, nonetheless, sharp business to be done today. Hencher dressed a pulsebeat faster than usual, although to an observer he would appear as slow and immaculate as ever. He had always clothed himself well and with dignity, for this was part of the legacy of a youth spent wandering the North country with his grey-eyed grand lady mother. She was a woman born to be the wise and stately beauty of an 18th century drawing room society; a fashionable Athena, one whose affairs were never quite scandalous and whose advice was always sound. Unfortunately, she was born two hundred years too late. Even less fortunately, she was deceived by an itinerant Shakespearean actor who, true to his honor, married the girl - and promptly vanished from her world, leaving her nothing but pregnant.

They took to the road: the fat little boy and the hard-stared woman. Passing through boarding house after boarding house, from numbered dot to numbered dot, they traced lines across the map that would surely in some inconceivable future reveal the outline of a divine symbol, or perhaps silhouette a bird. But now the pattern was lost, for mother was dead and Hencher could not remember its way.



The dates and names that formed the litany of their travels could be forgotten, but not the clear measured voice, the broad A's and distinct D's, or the nights spent behind a screen staring through a window which reflected only someone else's landscape while mother, on the other side, supported the two of them with the help of some high-pitched shopkeeper, or banker. Through all the shirts and dresses were kept smooth and crisp, the undergarments worn but clean.

'Morning, Mrs. Masters, I take it you're well. Jennifer must be pleased with this sunshine.' Already a wet blotch of darkness was starting to stain the pale pinkness of his shirt, despite the breeze which made the leaves flap and the old ladies fasten the top buttons of their coats.

'Needn't doubt that, Mr. Hencher.' His landlady smiled. She had a strong liking for him, mostly because one evening he returned to the flat with gifts for the three of them: A yellow-haired doll for Jenny, tobacco for Joseph to smoke in his chipper enamel pipe, and for her roses, five of them. It had been quite a wait between flowers for Mrs. Mildred Masters.

'Well, it's off for me. Mustn't let the day waste.' And he was gone, walking with the grace of an obese cat, down Blackrock Street, toward the corrupt sections of Boring Park.

The lack of numbers did not hinder Boring Park's criminal element from achieving a high concentration of both brutality and deformity. One chief, one pickpocket, two prostitutes, one arsonist and one murderer. And yes, one other member of the small community.

Asstor, the leader, was decorated from scalp to chin by red and purple mounds, was illiterate and tall. Lovella, the fat tart who always wore a pink feather in her hat, satisfied both his sexual and emotional needs. Neither task was very taxing. The pickpocket was named Harry and spoke dizzily about a huge grey ship, with a swimming pool and a slimy hold, on which he once stowed away. Nobody believed him, which is as it should be, for he was lying.

Of the arsonist I know only that he was a young man, with but a single eye, and that a flaming one from gazing too lovingly into his long orange steeples.

I never saw the killer, but I am told he was a quiet man. The other whore was called Mary, and there are those besides myself who thought she was an angel. This made her sudden bitches even more grotesque.

Then there was Hencher, who specialized in nothing.

The sky mixed its pinks and greys indiscriminately; February returned to put its chill back into the twilight weather, and Boring Park prepared to close for the night. The cold was pleasing to Hencher, who was heavy with sweat from the afternoon's excitement. Despite the rigid ritual of humiliation with which it had begun (Lovella's taunting pinches followed by indignant slaps, Asstor's obscene commands, and Mary's pitying glances) the day had left him lazy and sated.

The long soft blonde hair, the ungraceful legs still indistinguishable from those of a boy, the thrill of her baby throat caught in the loop of her own emerald ribbon, unable even to whisper. And his voice- slow and trembling- 'It will be over soon now, Jennifer, soon now I will be finished with you.' The thin struggle no more hopeful than that of a fly caught between his pink and pudgy hands. Then the body, slightly blue, peacefully hidden by the alley's garbage, and the applause of the gallery. He did not need to look at Lovella as he stepped into Blackrock Street.

In Boring Park the constable is a drunkard and the rats are industrious. Hencher felt no fear.

He could smell the unpleasant airs of tobacco as he crossed the doorway and heard Mrs. Mildred Masters ask if he had seen Jenny; supper was getting cold. Hencher said no and did not eat again until morning.

SONGS I-XXX

Review: Robert Kelly, Songs 1 - XXX, Pym Randell Press,
Paper, \$3.00
by Norman Weinstein

each day
compels us to enter its
music . I cannot
blame
the footfall
or how the pulse
beat . answers
deep in
my throat my eyes where
in the magic say:
says : forget the old
texts . Robert Kelly much
as you wd be
my master . let me
forget
the old voices the plume covered Kaballa or
agony of
Boehmes flame . I am drawn
to the firmness of your voice
yr stance your dream
journeys . not
Bruno
actualized
in the geography
& sunrise of Annandale . but
the sunrise
itself
without the text the sun citric & bald an
orange
the skin crushed in hands
alive
responsive to whats
at hand .
the day is
a lyre the sun dies
down in Roxbury . rises
over Taos
the old wisdom
rock wisdom sand breath . fuses the
ground under yr feet w/
yr words . a miracle . that we sing!
w/ breath enuff
to speak . the miracle . apes we are . star
charts or not . apes . whose nerves hum &
yawn & burn
out but before . fucking . apes we are we .
sing . 'burn
the texts' : worship the apes who sun
themselves . & make
of our collective
understanding
umbrellas . negative
image
of our wisdom let them
teach us what this
talking
is coming to . let them
(fucking apes) give us breath
for more
than dreaming.



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