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BLACKSBURG FREE PRESS

ALICE

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BLACK BROTHERS POWER

Gold and bronze Olympic medals hung around their necks. The two black Americans raised black-gloved clenched fists high and bowed their heads low during playing of the Star Spangled Banner. They also stood in black stockings feet, track shoes in their free hands.

For demonstrating unity with their race before the world, Tommie Smith and John Carlos were expelled from Mexico two days later. The two sprinters from San Jose State University in California had run the 200-meter dash final Oct. 16. Smith won in the world record time of 19.8 seconds despite an injured leg. Carlos placed third as Australian Peter Norman threw his chest into the tape inches ahead of him. But both were timed at 20 seconds flat, equalling Smith's listed world record.

"We are black and proud to be black Americans," Smith explained afterwards. "White America only gives us credit when we win things like Olympic championships. Black America understands. When we raised our fists, we did it so people could understand that black America was within all the way."

On Oct. 18 the U.S. Olympic Committee suspended Smith and Carlos. They were told to leave Olympic Village and their credentials were taken away, which meant they had 48 hours to get out of Mexico. The committee said its own members were divided on the question of punishment for the two men but that they were pressured into the disciplinary action by the International Olympic Committee. Carlos said Oct. 19 that he planned to sue the U.S. Olympic Committee for defamation of character. "I am going to nail them to the wall," he said. "I have a lawyer in Los Angeles and a lawyer in New York. They have told me that the United States Olympics Committee acted in violation of the constitution. I am going to see to it that they have to pay."

Carlos, 23, was born and raised in New York City. Smith, 24, is from Lemoore, Calif.

Both Smith and Carlos were part of the original group of black athletes who had planned to boycott the Olympics, a protest initiated by Harry Edwards, a teacher last year at San Jose State. The boycott did not come off and Carlos and Smith's protest was the strongest presented at Mexico City's Olympic Games.

In victory ceremonies for the 400 meter run Oct. 18, first second and third place winners Lee Evans, Larry James and Ron Freeman wore black berets and raised their fists arms in the clenched fist sign. But they removed their berets and stood erect facing the American flag as the U.S. national anthem was played.

They had been read a statement by Douglas F. Roby, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, which said in part: "A repetition of such incidents by other members of the United States team can only be considered a willful disregard of Olympic principles that would warrant the imposition of the severest penalties at the disposal of the United States Olympic Committee."



NIXON'S THE ONE !!!!!

BIAFRA TRAGEDY

In response to the widespread starvation going on as a result of the current Nigerian civil war, a group of concerned students, townspeople and faculty have formed the Blacksburg Committee for Nigeria/Biafra Relief. The Committee, chaired jointly by grad student Rip Sparks, Prof. Tom Howard and Rev. Tom Little, has met several times in organizing and planning sessions for a fund raising campaign to begin soon.

At least one million people, mainly children, have already died in the year and a half old war, and according to Dr. Herman Middlekoop, director of relief operations in Biafra, present relief flights are supplying only $\frac{1}{4}$ of the 800 tons of food needed daily to prevent an increase in the rate of death. In a recent telegram to UN Secretary General U Thant, Dr. Middlekoop, who has worked in Biafra for 12 years, gave the following estimates of the severity of the situation:

Estimated deaths by starvation
 in month of July: 6,000 per day
 August: 10,000 per day
 September: 12,000 per day

In his attempt to persuade the UN to act in the crisis, the Dutch missionary predicted that the rate would reach 25,000 per day in December, resulting in the death of over 3 million people, unless an immediate cease fire went into effect.

The Committee's first efforts will be to disseminate information about the crisis. A documentary film, The Biafran Tragedy, already shown to various church and school groups, will be shown in dormitory lounges, accompanied by speakers familiar with Biafra.

Here is a partial list of showings of the free film:

DORM	HOUR / DATE
W Eggleston	10.30 / 11 Nov-Mon
Rasche	7.00 / 18 Nov-Mon
Maj Williams	9.00 / 18 Nov-Mon
Lee	7.00 / 19 Nov-Tues
M. Campbell	10.30 / 19 Nov-Tues
M Eggleston	10.30 / 20 Nov-Wed
E Campbell	10.30 / 21 Nov-Thurs

All times are PM. Presentations are planned for all dormitories and will be announced as

they are scheduled. Persons interested in working in the effort are urged to contact any of the following people:

Rev Tom Little.....552-0595
 Prof Tom Howard.....552-6326
 Rip Sparks.....552-1823
 Rev Woody Leech.....552-2473

A SPECIAL EDITION OF ALICE, DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE BIAFRAN TRAGEDY, WILL BE FORTHCOMING SHORTLY. PROCEEDS FROM THE SALE OF THIS ISSUE WILL BE DONATED TO THE BIAFRAN RELIEF EFFORT.

GREGORY
 money seized!

WASHINGTON (LNS) - The U.S. Treasury Department ordered the confiscation of all Dick Gregory campaign "dollar bills". Although the design of Gregory's bills closely conforms to the Treasury Department's Printing Office specifications, the government objected to two changes in the design: instead of the traditional U.S. bald eagle, there is a peace dove, and in place of the bill's usual picture of George Washington, there is a picture of Gregory himself, making him the first black man ever venerated by having his picture on U.S. currency.

Gregory did not passively acquiesce to the seizure of his campaign "dollar bills". He threatened to file suit in Federal Court to block the Presidential elections on the grounds that while Nixon, Humphrey and Wallace money flowed freely, the government infringed upon his campaign rights by confiscating his campaign money.

THE FINAL SOLUTION

POONA, India (LNS) - The Minister of Family Planning, Sripati Chandrasekhar, proposed recently that every Indian citizen abstain from sex for a year. It's one of the cheapest and safest methods of family planning, he said.

THE TWO TOWNS

It was a quiet town, a town of peace and harmony, where everyone knew their neighbor's name and the children played together in the streets. The streets were clean and the people were kind.

But then, one day, a shadow fell over the town. A dark, ominous shadow that no one could see but everyone could feel.

The shadow grew and grew, spreading across the town like a dark, creeping monster. The people were afraid, but they didn't know what to do.

They tried to fight it, but the shadow was too strong. It was everywhere, in the shadows of the trees, in the corners of the streets, in the hearts of the people. It was a terrible, terrible shadow, and the people were in danger.



The shadow was a terrible, terrible shadow, and the people were in danger. They needed a way to fight it, a way to drive it away from their town. They needed a way to win.

They thought and thought, but they couldn't find a way. The shadow was too powerful, too strong. It was a terrible, terrible shadow, and the people were in danger. They needed a way to fight it, a way to drive it away from their town.

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ABOUT TOWN!

CHRISTIANSBURG COMMUNITY CENTER

Located at 570 High Street, N.E. in Christiansburg, the center needs volunteers with time and/or talent for a variety of programs:

—Monday & Thursdays—The tutorial program for grades 8-12 and 1-7, respectively, needs more tutors for both age groups. Transportation will be provided from Blacksburg.

—Wednesday evenings—The Black History class is open to any interested participants or speakers. Transportation is provided from Blacksburg.

—Alternate Fridays—Beginning on Nov. 15, a recreation evening will be provided for 6-13 year olds, and volunteers are needed.

For further information on any of the programs, contact Mark Crowley at 552-8306.

The Center is also planning a Senior Citizens Group on alternate Fridays, beginning on Nov. 22. Anyone with ideas or interest (especially in arts and crafts) should contact Mrs. Doris Damiani at the Center, 382-9445. Teachers for Adult Driver Education are needed every afternoon, and transportation from Blacksburg every Tuesday night for the course.

The Center also has a Day Care program, which due to a fund cut-back, has had to drop from 75 to 45 children, and desperately needs your help. Contact Mrs. Damiani for further information on any of these programs.

(On Nov. 20, Mr. John Lemley, Christiansburg Town Manager, is scheduled to speak to the Black History class on rumored "police brutality" in Christiansburg.)

BLACKSBURG TUTORIAL PROGRAM

A tutorial program has been established for Monday-Thursday evenings, 6-9 P.M. at the Baptist Center at 500 Progress St. The time would be arranged by the tutor and the tutee. Tutors are needed for grades 7-9 and 10-12, in the subjects of English, math, chemistry, and Latin. The center is open for a directed study hall every evening and volunteers in this capacity are also needed. For further information on the tutorial program, contact either John Wood at 552-4230 or David Farker at 552-3739.

DISCIPLES-RESTRAINTS FELLOWSHIP

Friday night supper and interesting group discussions at 5:30 at the D-WF apartment in the Old Mill Apartments. The cost is 50¢; please sign up at the apartment a few days in advance the bulletin board in the hall outside the apartment.

CONTEMPORARY WORSHIP SERVICES

Non-sectarian, Sunday nights at 6:30 in the War Memorial Chapel. Anyone who would like to participate in or give a service is invited.

Are you female, age 17-25?

Do you like to: Walk the wet streets on a rainy day in the fall? Sit for an hour and watch the sunset? Climb Brush Mountain on a cold, clear winter day? Walk the fields and watch the mist on the hills in a soft summer evening? Do you think weeds are beautiful? Do you love water-flowing, falling, or shimmering and reflecting the leaves? I do—and if you do, I wish I could meet you. Please write to *ALICE*, c/o "alice", Box 459, Blacksburg.

"Black Power Brothers" in this edition of "alice" (see above) was reprinted by permission of *Guardian*, an independent radical newsweekly.

"alice" needs your aid. We have need for people to sell the paper on campus, typists, reporters, and artists. We need black and white drawings, or at least high contrast work that we can use for illustrations and for the covers for future editions. Please come to a meeting, or contact one of the staff members, or if you prefer, mail them to "alice", box 459, Blacksburg Va. 24060

FOR SALE

'55 Dodge, fair condition, make offer—Kurt Smelling, c/o "alice". Box 459, Blacksburg, Va. Sale or Trade.

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"Hahn For Governor" Bumper Stickers, Contact "alice", will make offer.

WILL BURN WALLACE STICKERS FOR FREE contact "alice".

"alice" is available at the Greeks, Books, Strings and Things, and the Wesley Foundation.

STUDENTS AS NIGGERS

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there, we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First, let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building, there are even rest rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its southern counterpart, is not 100% per cent effective.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in the academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections--their average age is about 26--but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor"--and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and frequently, where to set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fall your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:00 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out--each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro, I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about physics and chemistry. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner.

The important thing is to please. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since. Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age, we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue,

your fingers, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. The important thing is to please. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been ever since.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistive underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on-for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others--including most of the "good students"--have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

Even some of the Toms are rebellious, but it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're inexplicably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State, these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgment, the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charley.

The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity. Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges, the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

As Judy Eisenstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which teachers can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say--or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim--any time you choose--you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 9/16.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear--fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their inter-

STUDENT
AS

NIGGER:

make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whispers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony. And worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance--and parade a slender learning.

You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than psychological terms. Work them out. It's not hard. But in the meantime, what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more of less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

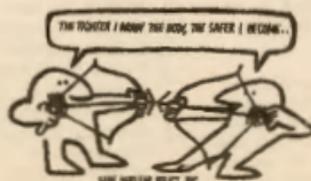
For one thing, damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier word, you can only program them.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have the black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogues and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at--a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not, they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons--their own reasons.

BY
GERALD
FARGER
(slightly abridged)



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CONGRAGULATIONS TO JIM AND PAM ON
THEIR MARRIAGE

+++++

alice meets.....

Wednesday 13th	7:00	GENERAL MEETING
		Editorial staff
Wednesday 20th	7:00	"
Thursday 21st	7:00	Production staff
Sunday 2nd	1:00	"
		Business staff

Meetings are generally held at the
DWF Apartment on College Avenue or
else a note will be there to tell
where the meeting will be held.

No Monkeys in Arkansas

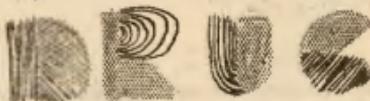
WASHINGTON, (LNS)* Realizing that
when they lost the Scopes trial they
would have to teach evolution, Arkansas
passed an anti-evolution law. In 1928
Arkansas made it a crime not only to
teach that the Darwin theory of evolu-
tion was valid, but also to inform
students that it existed.

Because of this law, some schools do
not teach Biology, according to Eugene
R. Warren, a Little Rock lawyer. Since
most biology books include Darwin's
theory, many teachers try to skip the
chapters that mention evolution. Mr.
Warren also said that teachers "tell the
students that the chapters are illegal,
and of course they run to that chapter
immediately and read it."

Mrs. Epperson brought suit in a state
court charging that "the law infringed
upon her free speech rights, violating
the separation of church and state doc-
trin, was uncon stitutionally vague." The
law was declared unconstitutional by the
trial judge, but the Arkansas Supreme
Court reversed the decision.

Now it goes on to the Supreme Court.
Don Langston, Deputy Attorney General of
Arkansas seemed embarrassed to take the
case. He said that he was defending the
law because he was required to do so. He
invoked laughter in the courtroom several
times by his apparent lack of enthusiasm.
Speculation here is that the monkey laws
are doomed to extinction, but the ques-
tion remains, "why were they there?"

THE



LAW 3

When the "alice" staff included
the article that described a narcotice
agent, it received two reac-
tions that we had not entirely
anticipated.

Our stand toward drugs is that
the laws presently prescribe penalties
for the use of certain drugs such
as marijuana while factual evidence
as to its much alluded to "harmful
effects" is quite incomplete. Even
in cases of hard drug use such as
heroin our society has yet to
stop treating the addict as acriminal
to be punished and realize that he
needs advanced medical treatment
and care. The present laws have an
emotional rather than a rational
origin.

What this narcotice agent had
been doing was to spend time with the
local college students asking to buy
grass or admission to a pot party.
Now let me dissuade you of a familiar
prejudice. The pot smoker is not a
hippie-anarchist-commie who is out
to seduce your children and rape
your wife. College students accept
the pot smoker as they would a
social drinker. Each person makes his
own choice and pursues personal
tastes. And pot parties are no dif-
ferent than an ordinary drinking
party and they are by no means the
group-gropes they are made out to be.
This narcotice agent was not out to
capture a hard dope peddler, he was
out to get friends of ours who are
good students and active members of
the university community. We object
to antiquated laws that make ordi-
nary students out to be hardened
criminals and create a feeling of
tension and suspicion (a five year
rap is something to get uptight abo-
ut); and the police state tactics
used by the government.

We shall not publish such infor-
mation again, not because of the law
and order advocates that have seen
fit to condemn this action, but be-
cause of the reaction of the drug
community. The purpose of the annou-
cement was to inform people not
to invite that new-found friend to
your next party. We felt that the
drug community was humane enough to
realize that this was a human being
though he was an agent. However some
people engaged in minor harassing of
a Tech student who fit the descrip-
tion. We did not intend for the drug
community to use the same tactics
used against them to harass another
person. We apologise to any and all
who may have been involved because
of our action. We only wish to state
that the drug community which has
persistently resisted the immature
overreaction of the American system
to the drug culture has far to go
before it matures itself. We regret
that it rises no higher than its
oppressor.

↳ SPIRO WHO?

BOSTON (LNS) - Spiro Agnew may have had offensive words to say about "fat Japs" and "Polecks", and about ghettos ("When you've seen one, you've seen 'em all.")

But in Boston, he was full of solicitude for the bearded-hippie-commie-anarchists. Some of them, he insisted, are "retrievables".

He suggested a program of summer jobs for graduates-students who need an opportunity to "see the Government and the Establishment from the inside".

"They (bearded-hippie-commie-anarchists) need our help to learn the limits of dissent", Agnew affirmed.

"It is up to the Establishment to begin to care. Dick Nixon and myself are willing to take those steps. These are impressionable minds. They need our help."

THE SOLDIER IS NOT THE ENEMY

by Mike Klonsky

L.A. (LNS) - In the October 18 Los Angeles Times' sports section a feature article appeared about a UCLA football player, just returned from Vietnam where he served two years and was awarded a Bronze Star.

It starts off sounding like another of the put-down campus "peace creeps" stories which are usually scattered through the pages of sports sections everywhere, contrasting the "bearded, bushy-haired belligerents" to their clean-cut, masculine jock counterparts. However, if you read this article on Bruce Bergey, 216 pound Bruin right end, you are struck by something different and important.

After describing the heroic actions of this war veteran and his adjustment back to campus life where "the only things that make him ponder the life he lived in Southeast Asia are the anti-war signs he sees every day as a student at UCLA," writer Jeff Prugh brings home a point that the movement has got to grasp hold of if it is to survive.

He quotes Bergey as saying: "It doesn't bother me to see demonstrations that oppose our policy toward the war. But it does bother me to hear people get up and rap our troops. We must remember that our men were sent there..."

Bergey, a junior college transfer from Glendale, California, says in the Times article: "This may surprise you, but the protests against the war really don't bother me. All the time I was over there, many of us kept wondering, 'Why are we over here and what are we really doing here?'"

"Here we are, supposedly among the people we were trying to help and protect, but we'd see little kids and elderly people look at us, then run and huddle in a corner..."

"This is exactly why 4,000 Viet Cong can infiltrate a village so easily. The people are so anti-American. They're either afraid of us or they hate us."

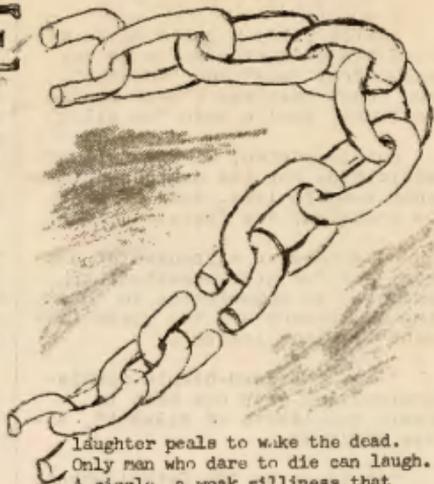
Bergey won his Bronze Star for evacuating 30 of his brothers, wounded in a gun fight with NLF troops. Like many young guys over there, he was down on the war. Untouched by the meager organizing efforts of the anti-draft movement, young-working-class men like Bergey learned about the war the hard way, by looking at the faces of the people. This is a political response to objective conditions. This same political response can be seen inside the stockades at Long Binh and Da Nang or even back home at Fort Hood.

One must not mistake hatred of the war and the system that makes wars of imperialism necessary, for the hatred of young (mostly working-class) men who are conscripted or coerced into the army to fight a war that is not theirs, that is in the interests of people who don't give a damn whether they live or die.



SEE WILSON PAPER, ETC.

A SLAVE



Man, a beast, a shadow's death
written across his soul,
an ass braying in his discontent
and sorrow from the herd and his
voice strikes the flanks of mountains
in shattered echoes,

man — ridden around in a circle
until he drops, whipped in glee by
a wrathful God who saw him sweat and
drop. Man—whipped by a dichotomy of
good and evil, ridden with guilt and
trembling, bolted herd-like and
trampled God to death.

Smell the death of God in glee
and laugh! Cowards! Dared you face
his whipping scorn and breath of
ice and aether to strike the fatal
blow in one swift action?

Sniveling rats! You poisoned God
and watched him writhe in agony
trampled underfoot. In fear you left
the corpse to bloat.

The slave freed, the slave cowed
to hide in fear and dart in desper-
ation called out for gods and gods
he gained. Freed, the slaves ret-
urned his chains and his muscles
bulged again with sweat and labor.

Chained anew but fed and watered
man walks his predatory existence
a beast of burden. An angel's wing,
a laugh, a dance harnessed to a
wheel to groan, and sweat, and die.

Your shame should ruck to heaven
for your deeds. You will your chil-
dren chains and gurgle in your
ecstasy at gilded chains that chafe
your wrists and hearts. Give to
your children the wheel and be
damned! Your children will spit
upon your corpse and your name will
be their blasphemy.

Rebel! Burn your cities and work-
houses and let the blood of men run
red and deep. Go on slaves, rebel,
and watch your blood run gray and
die with cobwebs on your wheel. You
are scared of chains and death; and
you would not sacrifice an hour for
all eternity. The race of metal
and plastic doom has sealed your
casket and enumerated your end.

Now, face your new god and wear
ashes on your face and read his
holy books. Strike your soul before
him and whisper when he speaks.

Dutiful insect! Has your destiny
been proclaimed so that you must
buzz your anointed hour about the
room and die the ignominious death?
Will your blood be mixed with the
stones of the pyramids or will you
accept the challenge of those hideous
beasts that loom from desert lairs?

Never does the dull ox realize that
he pulls the plow and the whip is
held by feeble hands. Perverts are
your idols, cowards are your gods.

The good life, giggle! Not a laugh,
a giggle. Laughter comes from
within the strong who dare the bridge
of fate and in their death their

laughter peals to wake the dead.
Only man who dare to die can laugh.
A giggle, a weak silliness that
shakes the palsied flesh of men and
rattle their chains.

The good life—what is it you
want? Ten more years, twenty or
thirty? You want the decrepit ex-
tension of a life already souring,
whose rotting breath turns rank
oven to the herd. Why a life of
artificial light in the rich dark-
ness of the night? Why the cater-
walling of our lives against the
sounds of Spring? Why a life of
glass hopes and concrete spires to
loom black in the twilight?

The good life—what is it you
want? The beast in man has yet to
be overcome so that man confirmed
in his own humanity can live.
Beasts, living in your own filth,
eaters of garbage, see the wings,
the sky, the mountaintops. Dare
the winds of fury and stand naked on
the hills!

You fools, you hypocrites, you
men of blind faith and little hope!

The good life is but an hour.
It is the cry of a free man as he
dances in the rain, feels the grass
and whispering wind and touches the
lips of his loved. It is the cry of
a man trying to outsing the roar of
the sea and the panting of a runner
victorious against himself. Man
alone loves life. Man alone loves
man.

Man from within confirm yourself
and dance naked by the firelight.
Take your tools and break the chains,
and run free to laugh and cry, run
free to climb and dance and dare the
trestops. Dare to die; die young and
laughing in the heat of life with
blood coursing through your veins and
the excited pounding of your heart!
Dare to die free from gods and chains.
Revel in the hours and the laugh as
your blood spills out to the earth!

Man, a beast, a shadow's death
written across his soul—lost before
himself and before his world still
brays his fear and rattles his chain
when he unravels.

DRAFT



MOM

PALO ALTO, CALIF. (LNS) A Californian mother and her son are raising a new legal challenge to the Selective Service laws: Does a draft board have first claim on a minor child or does a parent have final authority?

Erik Whitehorn turned 18 last October 19th, but his mother, Mrs. Evelyn Whitehorn, will not allow him to register for the draft. And Erik of course, is in on the act.

Mrs. Whitehorn argues that the a boy Erik's age cannot own property, cannot get married, cannot sign a contract, and is by definition, not a person. Therefore, by extension, Mrs. Whitehorn says, her son cannot be registered for the draft without her permission.

Mrs. Whitehorn, who works as a real estate agent in Palo Alto, went to Erik's draft board, in San Jose, but she told LNS that no one in authority would speak to her. There is no indication of what legal action will be taken against Erik or his mother once the refusal is formally noted by the draft board.

In a letter to the board, Mrs. Whitehorn wrote:

"In the past year or so I have become quietly and desperately deprived of enough confidence in the conduct and reasoning of our policy in Vietnam. No amount of responsible dissent by Eugene McCarthy, the late Robert Kennedy, Nelson Rockefeller, the late Dr. Martin Luther King, or anyone else, seemed to have any effect. I have thought about the German people and the 'war crimes'. I wondered how many of them, many years ago, had a similar disquiet as to what they considered the violation of human values, and their quiet incapacity to accept their leaders ideas of 'patriotism' and 'national interest' as sufficient for what was being done. For the past few years, my family has become increasingly aware of the intensifying use of military force to solve a political problem. We are devastating a people and a country as we prolong the period in which we try to avoid admitting we may have miscalculated somewhere along the line."

TELL YOUR FRIENDS
ABOUT "alice" 0000

NO SATURDAY CLASS - FACULTY

Dr. James Herndon, chairman of the ad hoc Committee on the Five-Day Week, presented his group's report. He withdrew the proposal for a five-day week in summer school, saying that this matter would be considered by the other ad hoc committee. He moved that his committee's plan (as presented on page 2 of the report) be adopted. Following discussion of the merits of this plan and the committee's alternatives, Dean Malpass explained that our faculty is initiating this proposal and that the University Council would probably submit it to other colleges. The question was asked, 'Do we want a five-day week?' A motion was then seconded and passed: that the committee's recommendations be tabled for no more than 15 minutes of discussion on whether or not the faculty wants a five day week. Some of the arguments presented from the floor in favor were as follows: Students are absent on Saturdays; most of America has moved to the five-day week; many professional meetings are held on Saturdays; some faculty members and students prefer 75-minute periods on Tuesdays and Thursdays, such periods allowing more time for class discussion. Arguments against the five-day week: Students may stop coming to Friday or Friday afternoon classes; Budget requests for more teaching space may be endangered. An amendment to the original motion was moved, seconded, and passed by majority vote: that this faculty recommend that we go on a five-day academic week."

from Minutes of the Fall Quarter
Faculty Meeting
College of Arts and Science:
4:00p.m., October 17, 1968
Comrose Auditorium

EDITOR: "alice" supports and commends the Arts and Sciences faculty on their stand. "alice" also hopes that the S.G.A. as the students' representative with the administration will support the recommendation of the faculty; the student body sure will?

B.A.

Nothing like Honesty

NEW YORK (LNS)* One need only read the "Dear Abby" column to realize the depth of self-deception and hypocrisy in our minds. Typical is a recent Dear Abby letter:

"I am the mother of four healthy, normal daughters, whose ages range from 13 to 22, and I would NEVER offer my daughters birth control pills because it would be the same as saying, 'Go ahead.' But if were some kind of tasteless powder that accomplished the same thing, I would be the first to buy it and slip it into their breakfast food every morning.

(signed) REALIST."

Post-
CHICAGO

VIEWS

WALLACE

WASHINGTON (INS) The Wallace movement (of which the police is simply the direct-action vanguard) has deep social roots. And the Left has not so far addressed the needs of the millions of Americans who are the Wallace movement.

They are not simply racist and anti-intellectual. Almost all of them are the working Americans--lower middle class storekeepers and farmers, factory workers, secretaries--who think they are paying for the other people to loaf. People on campuses--who loaf on fellowships and faculty salaries, who don't work because they enjoy what they do and control their own time. People on welfare--who loaf, period. And who pays the bill? Those taxes who pay the property tax, the sales tax and even--now that its progressivity have been emasculated--the income tax. Those whose wages and small-scale profits have stood still for five years, while big corporate profits have doubled.

The Slow Squeeze--that is what the Wallace movement grows out of. Many of its people inveigh against Big Business and the labor bureaucrats who stifle every wildcat strike. Many of them loved Bobby Kennedy for his toughness, his streak of fury at the Establishment, his Irish gut-fighting. Some of them voted for McCarthy because he took on the Soft Machine and tried to end the war. But of course the Wallace movement directs their anger not at the enemies at the top--but at the visible non-workers, the poor and the professors.

And the Movement--the blacks, the students, the peaceniks-- have done little to address their anger. Who has heard of a New Left tax program, or direct action against the sales or property taxes? Who has heard seen any student put months of energy into sustaining the grocery-boycott campaign against high prices that broke out in December, 1966? (If Tom Hayden had met some policemen's wives that month, maybe--just maybe--the history of Chicago would have been different.)

There are some who counsel quiet, at this prospect. They claim it is the Left that energizes Wallace; they beg for moratoria on marches; they urge we accept the labor leadership's terms for progress. But this is clear--they will beat us up and keep fighting the war anyway. But do they end the war when we avoid marching? No, they fight it then, too,

and our own civil liberties are just as much lost as when they beat us--only more quiet-like. If it be admitted that every demand for justice invites repression, should we then achieve justice without demanding it? If there were but some way! If the Meany bureaucrats cannot meet the needs of the workers, shall radicals therefore how to the Meany line? If it but did some good.

No, the politics of immobilism cannot be the answer. Nor can blind confrontation. The lesson of Chicago, and of the Movement's history, is guerrilla politics--not guerrilla war. The urban guerrilla in a developed country is the man who throws a rock and ducks into the alley. And at this moment, guerrilla politics requires the liberation of a new political base. Our armies of the night need new recruits--and to get them we must invent a political demarche, not new street tactics.

Where are we, since Chicago? At a crossroads so breathtaking that the New Left's first great political victory could destroy it. There are two divisions within America. One is within the Establishment, the other within the public. There is a fight on inside the Establishment over the worth and good sense of a permanent war system. That was the meaning of Kennedy's break with Lyndon Johnson, of the bankers' warning that an escalation of the war last February would break the dollar, of Johnson's withdrawal. The split begins with the failure of nuclear superiority to win any real victories, expands with the failure of the war, but is hammered far deeper by the growing insurgency at home and its warning that reinvestment from war to domestic reconstruction is desperately needed. If the split Establishment confronted a single broad alliance of insurgents its problems would be enormous.

But there is no such alliance. Instead there is a confrontation that is bitterly contested. On the one side, the old classes--middle and working. On the other, new classes: black or Spanish-speaking or Appalachian poor, and the university-bred. And war in the streets between their various champions.

A recipe for disaster: continued confrontation, with no program. A recipe for triumph: continued confrontations, many on new fields of battle that engage the interest of the older classes; plus a program that addresses their needs and a matrix for action that permits the now near-radicals to move.

AT HUMAN RELATIONS COUNCIL

Dr. James W. Dean, Vice-president of Student Affairs, met with members of the V.P.I. Human Relations Council on October 27th at the Wesley Foundation. In the course of the evening Dr Dean discussed many issues with the students present and did some questioning himself.

Dr. Dean stated that his change in title (heretofore he was a Dean) hadn't change his job much except he now meets with the Board of Visitors. He attends several meetings a day either here or at other schools. These conferences range in topic from Black Power to general administrative procedures.

Dr Dean admitted that the executives of the university tend to become a "closed society" due to the little contact that they have with the student body. In his opinion this is the fault of the student body for the students rarely make their wishes known to the proper persons. Most students act on rumor and their valid disagreements with university policy rarely are heard beyond gripe sessions with roommates. However, he felt that "if you leave it to the administration it won't be done" and what little is done will not be satisfactory for most students.

The black students spoke to Dr. Dean in reference to several recurrent problems on campus with regard to racial prejudice. One subject that has been heatedly debated for a few years. For example, the black students find the Confederate flag presently displayed in the coliseum particularly offensive. The flag was placed there by the school yet it does not represent the entire student body. It represents to these students the repression and hatred that their race has suffered in this country but particularly in the South. As far as "official display" is concerned, Dr Dean stated, "Nothing should be displayed at athletic events except the flag of the United States." He invited the students to take action in an official manner.

With regard to general problems of discrimination in this area and at the school Dr Dean had a few remarks. Discrimination in any form will not be tolerated and this school will not employ any persons in or out of the classrooms that engages in racial discrimination. The social discrimination suffered by black students, now not so overt yet still present, was illustrated by a situation involving a black Football player who in 1961 was not "allowed" to attend Ring Dance

because of his race. He gained a court injunction that forbidded the dance if he was not allowed to attend. He attended the dance with Dr. Dean escorting his date. (He has returned from Vietnam as an Air Force major.)

The meeting ended with an air of congeniality. The black students were invited to send a representative to the next executive meeting. There they could voice their feelings with regard to any problems and the need to recruit more black students for this university.

Bryan Ackler
T. S.

There are thoughts that would
tumble out,
but are locked within the
labyrinth of civility,
hidden beneath Freudian
psychology,
and lost to an sternity of
convention.

Anne Merrill

2 MEETINGS

The Montgomery County Human Relations Council will hold a meeting on Thursday, November 14th, at 8:00 at the AME Church on Penn St. A lawyer, Mrs. Lowell Dyson, will speak on the federal open-housing laws and how they will affect housing sales and rentals in Montgomery County. Meetings are open to all.

The second organizational meeting of the prospective chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union will be held Tuesday, November 12 at 8 P.M. at the Wesley Foundation. The primary purposes of the meeting are to adopt by-laws for the chapter and to select an executive committee: Lauren Seldon, Executive Secretary of the Virginia Civil Liberties Union will be in attendance. All interested persons are urged to attend.

By the Greek

Today

ROBERT

From having looked much at the sea
at men and at our hearts
our eyes have filled with tomorrow
And even if nothing were for sure for us
certain it was that tomorrow
children will have in their pockets
the orchards
and the games
which we haven't played
certain it was
that the woman
will have the shadow of a lilac
at each step of theirs
certain as it was
that the elders
will have a cane
which
will sprout at night
at the corner of the house
That is why we can sleep
despite the fear that coils
in our boots
The moon
at the opening of the tent
was like a yellow

censored

post-card

We could read, however,
Even that they'd erased.

Despairing I smile
because I haven't learned to ask
proud I kept silent
because I haven't learned not to want.

Inside me there exists
something hard, unmanageable and unfriendl
that no power can subdue
or by some alien sacrifice
appease.

It loves my sacrifice
It is nourished with by blood
It lives with my death.

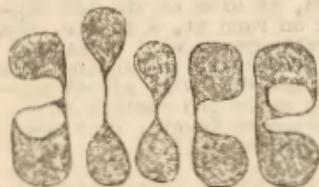
Always there stands between us Unknown
I hear the noise of its hammer
hitting my entrails with its face.

My letter is ended
and yet I linger.
Uncertain yet I stand
on the bridge that your gaze builds for me

You ask to accompany my shadow
that gets lost in the light
like a sword in its sheath.

The road is unending
the road is hard
and it is naked
like a hand that never caressed
and that never forgets.

Yannis Ritsos, ^{one} of the greatest living Greek poets, lies seriously ill and very likely dying in a clinic in Athens. He has been confined there for the last few weeks by the ruling military junta; before that, he had been imprisoned since shortly after the coup in April, 1967. His friends fear that his kidney and blood ailments will cause his death, unless the junta releases him to get more expert medical care. His recent imprisonment reactivated an old tubercular condition.



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