CAMPUS MADE SAFE FOR MARINES

MAY 3RD . . . Ron St. John

On Wednesday, May 3rd, a very important event took place on the SDS campus. It wasn’t the Greeks venting their rage on a defenseless junk car, and it had nothing to do with consuming large quantities of watermelon.

It did not involve any of those quaint and colorful antics from which the alumni derive their vicarious pleasures and are reassured that the youth of today and the下一-generation up as they once were (and obviously still are). This was an event that would probably make most of them feel uneasy. This was an open discussion. The subject was Viet Nam.

There were as many as 350 people in the free speech area at 11:30 to 3:00 p.m. to hear, of all things, one another speak on a subject that few of them know anything about.

The gathering evolved from an incident in front of the Marine Recruiting table where a group of SDS members were peacefully picketing. Granted, as ex-Marines I must admit that I found some of the signs to be in poor taste; however, as a human being I find burning people in even poorer taste.

In any case, the Marines were busy recruiting and the pickets were peacefully picketing when the "act now—think later," "don’t confuse us with facts," "drop the big one" crowd arrived and began to attack the demonstrators. Through the efforts of some of the students, the fight was brought under control, and a suggestion was made to move the discussion to the free speech area.

Some may have wondered about the absence of the Campus Cops during this small riot. Rumor had it that two of the cops stood by and sagged on the anti-picketers until the fight broke out. This is not surprising when one considers that most security police in San Diego are retired navy and marine personnel.

When I arrived in the free speech area Doug and I were engaging a number of the crowd in a debate. I was told that this had been going on for about 30 minutes. Then some very brilliant person brought in a P.A. system and the debate began in earnest.

A female member of SDS was trying to convince other members of that organization to relieve Doug and keep the debate going. She was having difficulty getting anyone to speak. One reason may have been that the Lunchroom Liberals are not quite sure just

(Cont. on Page 2, Col. 1)

A big guy on the bookstore steps yelled "Hey" and as I looked around, he grinned and shoved one of his fingers up his nose. Another made a different motion to me, directing attention to another part of his body that must have been bothering him.

At 11:15 a.m. there were only two of us picketing — both females. A kid...began screaming at me, "Why are you wearing that swastika? Under the swastika were the words, "The New America?" He kept jostling me... back and forth we went with him screaming in my ear.

Then about 3 SDS pickets showed up. Barbara Miles had asked the bunch on the steps in the last year...anything intelligent to say." Before I knew it she was surrounded by about 100 people... I dug through the crowd to get next to her. Most of their remarks were not about Viet Nam, but on our looks, clothes, sexuality, etc.

We were told several times we should not be or to be there but should "be sent to Viet Nam." There was the usual pattern of being called "commie", "atheist", "queer".

All such nonsensical talk about our bodies is irrelevant to the people in Viet Nam. What if they heard us—vainly trying to cover up our collective guilt in a mass of personal garbage? I guess such personal attacks by tall, well-fed Americans

(Cont. on Page 3, Col. 1)

NOTICE: Because of finals, this will be the last regular issue of TEASPOON for this semester. The final decision whether to come out as a free Press with city-wide circulation this summer, remain in current form with monthly issues during the summer, or to begin as a free Press magazine in the Fall has not yet been made. The decision rests upon both money and personal garbage? I guess such personal attacks by tall, well-fed Americans.

NOTE: TEASPOON is publishing a special issue which will include the best articles from the last year. There will be some new material plus, hopefully, some original poetry from Ginsburg and/or Ferringhetti. The issue will go on sale the 22nd of May from tables set up near the East and West Commons.
I quit

I was sitting in a sociology class, taking a midterm test. I realized I had been a non-student for a long time. I just never admitted it to myself until then. I had already written part of the test. I read it and knew that it meant nothing to me in a positive way. It had nothing to do with developing my own capacity for insight, for love, for kindness. We were all sitting there, playing a rotten game which pitted one against the other. My "F" would depend on his "F". Those grades are an expensive service to someone who wants to be loved, for love, for kindness.

(Cont. on Page 6, Col. 1)
I are many rade these monsters-limen on "Communism," loud, take over if the earth up.-
e
deprived of their proper dignity. I'm human and 

I want to be perfect to demonstrate? Even 
one on our side call me sarcastic. Well, 

I may go down screaming and yelling; sing undeciphered and sarcastic and very, 

very unladylike. Those old arguments about 

at degrading ourselves to "their" level 

wouldn't demand saithood. No, I'm not a 

rant. I'm human and I'm capable of ex- 

essing outrage. Yet we must be aware of 

our own risty and self-righteousness. 

Some of our most 

nous and self-right- 

eous people, all through the ages, have been 

able of the most horrible crimes against 

humanity. We must always be conscious of 

that thin line in all of us, between self- 

righteousness and murder. If we know it's 

here, we may have a chance.

SKELETON

God been 

stuck in bag of gas 
to give alag 
some class and skin 
some reason for being 
hung up

APATHY . . . INSTITUTIONALIZED

The following letter was received by 

Helen McKenna. It is in response to a memo 

Helen addressed to all faculty members on 

May 4th that inquired, "Where Were You When 

We Needed You?" This query was in reference 

to the protest demonstrations initiated last 

Wednesday. The demonstrations resulted in 

many hours of discussion between opposing 
groups about the Viet Nam war, the Harding 

activities in that war, and consequently the 

protestors' disdain at their presence on 

campus. An excerpt from Helen's letter:

"Amen. Dear professors, there are many 

of us who find it harder and harder to con- 

centrate on the class work you demand of us. 

We have different priorities when we see the 

world going down the drain. Will you help 

us, faculty? I was told that no faculty 
came to the free speech area where "debate" 

were held. How can you stand in your 
classes and talk of revolution as an ab- 

stract subject, talk to us about learning or 
education when all Hell is breaking loose 

outside? This is the real world. Dear pro-

fessors, get off your asses. We need you. 

I don't know whether you need us. How 

is the time to come to the aid of your 
country. You don't need analogies, do you?"

Dear Helen,

Thank you for the honest account of the 

incident on Wednesday on campus. It was 

worth reading, and therefore it was worth 

producing.

As far as your comments following your 

"Amen" go, let me say that I am moved to 

some conscience probing about all this. 

It has often troubled me that we stand in 
classes and discuss thines", while the 

state of the world almost screams at us to 
do something real and worthy and good and 

useful. I question, over and over, the 

value of isolated subjects, when we could be 
teaching each other about what we need to 

know to survive, to survive in a good, pro-

ductive way.

What can we as faculty do for you? I 

wnt to know. The only thing that occurred 
to me after reading your paper was that we 
of the faculty who are sympathetic with 
student groups could volunteer to be present 
during the day at the stands. At least, if 
a faculty member was hit in the face or 
troumped on, there might be some more serious 
implications for the students involved. 

What can you specifically suggest for those 
of us who do try to back the students who 
care and think and are responsible and sien-

tive? As faculty we need to know. I realize 
that 90% of the faculty writes you off as "knocky", 90% of the San Diego State 

faculty lives in an arrogant dream-world 
surrounded by blinders. Some of us under-

stand and would like to be of support to 
those of you who care about education for 
life rather than vocational training to get 

ahead. If you can suggest specific possi-

bilities, please do so. We need to be told.

Don't expect the "professors" here to 
get off their asses, as you requested. Some 
of us care and want to, but we are not many. 
All we are is willing. Please let me know, 
and I will do what I can to get the aid of 
others.

—Joan Atwater, English Professor
I have received the project to hold another session of the educational frill. This year's most famous "Education Frill" is a course taught at the Davis Campus of the University of California. It was called a "frill" by Governor Reagan who stated that its purpose "seemed to train students in hanging the Governor in effigy." The Governor was wrong about two points. The students did not hang the Governor in effigy, and the course was not part of the regular Davis curricula.

The course taught the history of non-violence from Gandhi to Martin Luther King. And it was created by the students themselves.

Any group of students at Davis who wish to hold a course in a particular subject first seek out a member of the faculty to teach the class. The class is organized as a limited

I quit (Cont. from Page 2, Col. 1)
dustry. They teach us according to how well we perform in a system that has little or no meaning to us—a valuable skill for industry to pick up on.

"It's time we stopped, children, what's that sound, everybody look what's gone down." It is clear to me that the basic ingredient of learning is change. I want to involve myself in situations with the potential for changing myself. I must be free to guide my consciousness wherever I sense the exhilaration of growth. I have to avoid the accidental growth of the classroom. I must have spent hours this quarter worrying about grades, papers, units, degrees, and other irrelevancies. That's not the essence of Spring. That's the message of my parents, my draft board, my future employers and all the other life-directors around here. And to internalize the death-life they project is the worst cop-out of all because it's a cop-out on yourself and it strengthens the hand of those who are intentionally or unintentionally screwing you and your brothers and sisters.

"Look around you. Everyone turning people on in some unconventional way is getting a lot of static. I want to continue to make my contribution to the changes happening now. I will be free to do things that seem important: to read and make music, to write about educational reform. I think I'll be running a coffee-house-out on F Street—a place where people can go and be themselves and not be uptight about decorum and judgements, roles playing and regulations.

With Love, Robert Black

P.S. I'm not urging everyone to drop out. We need people willing to struggle for change in their own best ways. It is possible to stay inside the University and not internalize all its values. It's a struggle to be selective but I hope some of you can undertake that struggle.

(Ed. This is an open letter to the Campus Community at UC Davis from AS President, Robert Black.)
This is the second of two articles which "TEASPOOM" has printed on the Provos. The Provos began in Amsterdam and gained worldwide attention after the Amsterdam riots in June of 1966. Since that time the Provos' ideas and tactics have gained many adherents in the United States. There are currently several groups in the San Francisco and Los Angeles areas. Recently there has been some activity of a Provo nature in San Diego. Also there have been instances of original and original provocation in the San Diego area, many flyers have urged the creation of small Provo groups.

The following portions of an introduction to the Provo point of view appeared in the first issue of "Provo" published in Amsterdam in July, 1965:

PROVO opposes capitalism, communism, fascism, bureaucracy, militarism, sadism, professionalism, dogmatism and authoritarianism. PROVO feels it is faced with two choices: either desperate resistance or passive withering away. PROVO calls for resistance wherever it is possible. It realizes that in the end it will be the loser. However, it will not forfeit the chance to thoroughly provoke this society once more.

But we propagate provo-ism as resistance against this society. We hope that it will become clear to the PROVO that his "job" degrades him to a cog in the time bomb which this society is. We plead for full-time provocation. We wish to promote a development from the formula "PROVO equals provocative beatnik" to "PROVO equals anarchist, dangerous to the State!"

Our ways will not be prophetic or idealistic but simply provocative. We are fully aware of the ultimate uselessness of our activities. We willingly believe that either Johnson nor Kossygin will listen to us, and this is precisely the reason why we are free in what we do. We realize that a demonstration is senseless in the end. Therefore it is vital to make the best of a demonstration. For otherwise the demonstration would be useless, not only objectively, not only absolutely, but also relatively. We dare to say: demonstrate for demonstration's sake, provoke for provocation's sake, resist for resistance's sake!

How it stands to reason that the police man is our best friend. The policeman is the most unpopular representative of the State's authority. The higher their numbers the more impertinent and fascist their behavior, the better it is for us. The police provoke the masses just like we do. They do it from one side and we from the other. They make sure of irritating the people by their behavior and thus, by authority. We endeavor to whip up this irritation into resistance.

Today the PROVO is not uselessly occupied in provoking the police, rioting on the Dam, throwing crackers in letter boxes. Although he has to face the police consciously as an enemy, making an assault on the palace on the Dam, and finally placing bombs in the letter box of the Interior Security Service.

Here and now we cannot be much more than insurrectionaries. Even as an insurrectionist here, you can bash your head to pulp against the granite wall of bourgeois pettiness. The only thing we can resort to is provocation.

In a condition of anarchy, man at least is free. In it he has the optimal condition for human freedom and creativity. We believe in anarchy and we put it to you as an alternative, inspiring us to our last and first aim: resistance.

How to Recognize the Tao Imprint

The man who returns in the flow of Tao brings back a mysterious penetration.

So subtle.

That it is misunderstood.

Here is his appearance:

Hesitant like one who wades in a stream at winter.

Wary as a man in ambush.

Considerate as a welcome guest.

Patient like a mountain stream.

Natural as uncarved wood.

Floating high like a gull.

Unfashionable like muddy water.

How can we fathom his muddiness?

Water becomes clear through stillness.

How can we become still?

By moving with the stream...

(Based on Tao Sutra I.5)

Street Song

O the bums are dancing
And the girls have pretty eyes
And children are flowers
Scattering flowers
don the street thru musical gutters
Miscellaneous petals of laughter flow

This is the way the children go
The bums drum on concrete walls
girls bang tin towers
Till towers ring

Windows pop open to see the song
Confetti eyes flutter downward.

All the taxis roar backward
Cops somersault into clowns
Birds caged on every corner
Blink red & green eyes amazed
Cages shout

Birds fly out into stars
Ballons bloom without stopping.

O the buttons of life are popping
Locked doors parade open
Bums kiss the children
Girls kiss the clowns
People kiss the sun & the moon
Love is buried beneath the stones
Everyone makes the stones dance.
Rajino nd 'mohd: e oll ege , re im p ortant aspect. The in-class tech-
first ti on at year s. Th e stud e nts to ok this long in draf-
gi ze d it y of f ered to him. This June tjcJ\'d -
u at e · the pro g rammor parcurately. 
ly turned p edom J'y
rothef. ~ 'g overJ;l1111ent pa us.
Innovat ions in , ru rricula 

g amines and inde oe nd e studie s 
g i ve n of w h at Davis off p ers the 
g ram 

m oll ements seminar. The student receives unit credit for the class, but no grades are given unless desired by the professor and students. The classes in the Experimental College do not replace regular classes. The units taken in Experimental College are taken in addition to the regular workload. And courses constitute only a minor portion of what Davis offers the student.

At the University of the Pacific in Stockton, an entire school is operated as an "Experimental College." This school is Raymond College, a division of the University. Raymond College is in its 50th year and has graduated two classes. It has a 3-year program which emphasizes the Socratic Seminar. The College offers "specializations" instead of majors. The College also stresses overloads and independent studies by the student.

Innovations in curricula were handled by the faculty until recently, when the Seniors organized a Freshman course. The Seniors conducted the seminars, decided on class materials and kept in close contact with the President. "Seniors, "Instituted " Frosh Journals" which enabled the students to evaluate the program more accurately. All the work done by the Seniors was opposed by the Faculty. But the Seniors proved their points by the success of their program. The Faculty no longer has a monopoly on innovation at Raymond.

The entire university campus was recently turned into an Experimental College. The Chancellor of the Irvine Campus of the University of California was given free reign by the Regents. He was given complete control over the academic structure of the campus. The Chancellor in turn gave complete freedom to students in this area. The result was the elimination of distinctions between Freshman, Sophomore and Junior standing. The campus functioned in what might be called "controlled legal anarchy" for nearly two years. The students took this long in drafting a student Constitution and electing student officers. The Constitution failed to pass in its original form, but it has passed the next year. In January, 1967, the first elected student took office. The Student government now resembles all of its brother governments across California. But Irvine differs from the other campuses in a more important aspect. The in-class techniques and materials are controlled solely by the faculty and the students. The housekeeping details are left up to the Administration.

The Experimental College is not a replacement for the Traditional College. It is rather a tool whereby the student is able to take the best advantage of the opportunity to try on his own. This makes the Experimental College a reform movement rather than a revolutionary idea.

Nothing is more important than life. Holes in doughnuts are nothing. Therefore holes in doughnuts are more important than life.

--Stuart Chase

Dear Teaspoon:

I must apologize for expecting the gentleman behind the "Who Killed Kennedy" sign to know something about the relevant books in the field of his apparent great concern. It is time we took a more democratic attitude towards certain students, and learned to develop an accepting attitude towards ignorance and stupidity. The gentleman's eyesight is obviously equally strong regarding color as it is reading words: the color of the car is green, not black. (In actuality, I was putting him on: is he putting me on?)

Signed,

The Green Hermit

The above prof used his franking privileges to send this. Nydia must be widespread these days because the "gentleman" referred to above was a woman. As for the Jaguar's color, everybody knows a black car looks green when you're wearing your rose-colored glasses. Would we put you on?

Dear Teaspoon:

A moral issue was being met in various ways on this campus last week. The reading of Helen McKenna's letter-to-the-faculty in one literature class showed that teachers and students who deal soberly with individual moral commitment in books, find it comical when embodied by actual people in their own school. While mulling over this irony, I discovered, with more delight than surprise, that old William James had pointed it rather neatly.

(One footnote to prevent possible mis-reading of "squalid other particulars": this phrase cannot be read to refer to the degree of cleanliness of protesters, for it is a characteristic, humphorous phrase of James' emphasizing the unpackaged, heter­skelton way that facts occur in everyday life as contrasted with the lonely order of systems of thought.) The quotation:

"There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a waltzing sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed . . . every one of us in his measure, whenever, after glowing for an abstractly formulated Good, he practically ignores some actual case, among the squalid other particulars of which that same Good lurks disguised, treads on (that) rath. All Goods are distinguished by the vulgarity of their con­comitants, in this work-a-day world: but woe to him who can recognize them only when he thinks them in their pure and abstract form!"

--Mill Mitchell
Graduate Student

LETTERS TO TEASPOON