San Diego State College has never been, is not now, and never will be...

SAN DIEGO COPS STOP CRIME WAVE!

The first bit of fun started when Bill Netzer was approached by a couple of fuzz and asked for his identification. Netzer offered the cop a leaflet along with his ID. The cop shoved his hand away and returned to his car with his comrades.

In a few minutes the police returned to put Netzer through further interrogation. While they were talking a woman with a small child walked quietly by Netzer and the heat. By the time the woman reached the end of the block, one cop informed Netzer that he (Netzer) had blocked her way and was under arrest for obstructing traffic on the sidewalk.

(Cont. page 4, Col. 1)

Students for a democratic Society
Still Down the Tubes

Students for a democratic Society began at SDS one year ago. They were part of the "new left" and grew out of moral commitment to change a bankrupt and hypocritical "liberal" establishment. Particularly in SDS's initial phrase, there was much enthusiasm.

SDS people talked to students, explained their views and added a new intellectual and activist dimension to an otherwise drab commuter school. At its inception, there was an attempt to reach out to other students and breakdown their stereotype views of the world.

Most students weren't aware that the American myth system did not relate to its actions. This was entirely new for students who had been washed on the San Diego

(Cont. page 3, Col. 2)

SEND MONEY!!!!!!

A nickel or dime isn't going to break anybody (unless LBJ keeps upping his war charge). So how about coming across with some bread so that we can make it city-wide.

Send Money to:
Ron St. John
4361 Dixie Dr.
San Diego, 92109

Page 1
REQUITAL DEPARTMENT

The Promise of the Peace & Freedom Party

Yes, Tonspoon, there is a club (in our future), and there is hope that the kind of club that We may have enjoyed in the past week in the "Sadistics on Marvin Garson.

The California registration drive for the Peace and Freedom Party represents the possibility of the creation of a "club of power," that is, a group, a weapon that can be used to force the political direction of the American withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam. This possibility of a "club" represents something quite different than the "social club" that is implied when Tonspoon asks whether the Peace & Freedom Party is to be "only a club for dissident white middle class people?"

Unless one is certain that nothing can be done within the system to end the war, it makes the assumption that the issue of the war must be resolved soon, and that drastic escalation of the war would mean the almost certain end of any hope for rational reconstruction of this society. That the Peace & Freedom Party offers the maximum possibility for organizing and focusing political power in such a war as to force a response from the system.

If there is any hope that the Administration could be moved, and/or that Johnson could be stopped, and/or that a third of the American people as"uncommitted" Republican could be elected in such a way that he would feel compelled to get us out of the war, then all of these hopes will be maximized if there is a third national alternative on the ballot in 1968.

But it is very unlikely that there will be a sectional third ticket unless the Peace & Freedom Party gets on the ballot in California by January 1968. Thus again, California, by action or default, for good or evil, will lead the nation.

Third parties have not "all been failures" in American history if one counts fundamental modifications of the political system as success. The Peace & Freedom Party might be a failure in 1968, even if it received a relatively low vote, if its presence on the ballot, in and of itself, caused significant change elsewhere in the system. This is additionally what Prof. Janssen refers to as "emergency politics," and most of us, certainly Marvin Garson and I, hope for such more.

At the very least, we believe that the Peace & Freedom Party offers an organizing vehicle for educating many Americans not presently reached by any other form of political activity (or anti-political). That means reaching the white middle class members on whom we must primarily rely to get on the ballot and those people we can hope to reach in the course of electoral and non-electoral party activities after the party is qualified.

(Cont. page 4, Col 2)

ARTICLES, COMMENTS, ETC.

Anyone having articles, letters, poems, complaints, etc., send them to:
"Standing Tonspoon"
c/o Jim White
4465 Arizona St.
San Diego, 92116

All copy becomes the property of the "Tonspoon" and the editors reserve the right to do their job.

NUN TOO SOON

In 1965, Belgium's Singing Nun came out with a pleasant-sounding jingle called "Dominique," sung in French. It actually tells the story of St. Dominic and his campaign against the Protestants of Southern France. This came in the Inquisition and, as the song goes, "Dominique, notre Fere, Combatit les Albigeois!"

Les Albigeois!" wore a heretic sect which dominated Southern France at the turn of the 13th Century. They, and the troubadours of Provence, helped make it a cultural garden spot, while the rest of Europe lived in scrupless ignorance.

St. Dominic led the war against the Albigeois. A German monk of the time, Caspar von Heisterbach, tolls an anecdote of one of its famous battles, the siege of Béziers.

When the crusaders took the town, 7,000 people were massacred in the Church of St. Edelinone alone. The town burned for two days. Heretics and Catholics were confounded in the mass acrobity. The Catholic chiefs put the number of victims at more than 50,000. One thing is sure—all Bézières' in habitants were killed.

The monk tells how the general of the Crusade asked the Albigensian Citeaux how the soldiers might distinguish Catholics from heretics. "Tous-les-tous, Dieu reconnaîtra les siens," was the reply. "Kill them all, God will know his own."

It would soon, as Harold Feldman of "The Wall Street Journal" suggests, that the next number ought to be the Vatican Choir singing the "The Buchenwald Rock." Instead, the Singing Nun has "kicked the habit" and the convent, donned tight pants and high heels and changed her name to Luc Dominique.

She has engaged an atheist manager, begun preparations for a U.S. television tour and she is non-prayerful. In praise of the pill. It is entitled "Glory Be to God for the Golden Pill."

FREES

Pge 2

Frees bump: sticker! Next week in the Tonspoon. You supply the paste.
I saw a thing the other day
which reminded me of nothing
(in particular)
but still I was bothered by
this thing—
it kept on coming up in my
non-being of something
not there,
but still, the intangible feeling I
had for this thing
kept me
looking again at my
blank sheet of reminder
paper, which is non-existent
physically or materially,
the difference of which
I'm not sure of, but
that's irrelevant or
irrelevant or something obscure
to mention your
non-thoughts to, like chains
in Hades.
Perhaps that blade of grass or knife
or thought cut to my sub
conscious or id or ego or
no to dissect the thing when under
the influence of
something very tangible,
which, like tea, is very
popular to those who like
subjective popularity
of a non-drinking entity.
Surface again, I think I
recall whatever had the audacity
to remind me when it left
no reminders by
memory's door to see and hence
remembrance: but at least I
have a track of whatever this
intangibility mess is all about
Messes in your mind such
by the meeting of your ego and your
unconscious mind, or of your sub conscious
and unconscious by your conscious!
invitation caused by extra-
body happenings, can help this
non-being thing to be
whatever the thing decides
to be to me and for me
on this lovely Sunday
afternoon of sunlight and grass.

And then of course it can't.
But then whatever happens
is there to have, so non-having
can be cured by the simple
non-being.
Remember the thing is probably
the only tie I'll ever have
with the Almighty eternal or the
Socratic truth
or whatever objective
illusions I can notorize up
or blame on my newly
founded school of sanity.

Finally after the death of my
soul, my physical body
remains (that should
screw up Paradise); it keeps on
bringing forth past ideas
and other old-half things
which my soul left behind
when it hurriedly
'bagged up and left'

somewhere for its freedom.
So like a nomadic browsing
through my
absent-minded
Sartre's pages, this new one
found whatever that soul
left—
its humorous non-being
must have been slightly
conscious,
otherwise would a
woman burn a
draft card?
only the ashes, mixing with
other non-living things
or ashes create such a
nothing.

PUT YOUR TRUST IN ALLSTATE

The Sears catalog Christmas catalog
is out and mothers can start ordering war
toys for their children. Six pages of rock-
kets, machine guns and howitzers are high-
lited by:
can double the firepower of your forward
outposts...Fight off the enemy better than
ever. Two G.I. Joes made of fully jointed
plastic and standing a proud 14 inches high. Are dressed in full combat outfits—
camouflage shirt and pants with boots, dog
tags and green berets."

"They're ready to swing into action
with a bazooka that actually fires one of
six rocket shells...knocks out enemy
armored movements. If enemy soldiers move
in close, they'll be met with the machine gun,
grenades on automatic riff...or call for
air support on the field telephone with
earphone. Ammo box, cartridge belt, camou-
flagging notting included. Plastic." The
price is $9.99.

The 5 featured are French Resistance Figh-
ter, Japanese Imperial Soldier, Russian In-
fantryman, British Commando, German Soldier
and Australian Jungle Fighter. The price
is $1.99 each. (There is an espacially
conspicuous absence here, aside from the
American G.I. How can our red-blooded
children kill off the "enemy" without an
enemy doll? What is Sears afraid of? I
thought monster dolls were really moving!)

3. "Talking to G.I. Joe"—he has a string
in his chest attached to his dog tag
and that's for your child to pull.
"G.I. Joe takes command. Just pull his
dog tag and he gives 6 commands and
warnings such as
"Fire power in full speed ahead!!!...needs
to make a 360 degree roll."
All this for only $4.99.

If you can't afford such prices, there
is always the "G.I. Joe bunk bed—just what
tired foot soldier needs after a rough
day", only $1.49
At about the same time, student Louis Wellman, leafleting near the corner of 24th and B streets, was being approached by police in an ever-increasing numbers, each cop donning a leaflet. Before long the number of Bergman's inquisitors reached eleven—nine patrolmen, one sergeant, and a TV news cameraman.

"Aren't you obeying the law?" Bergman asked one of the cops. "Hot yet," said the cop, looking at the sergeant who just finished reading the leaflet. The sergeant looked up at another cop, shook his head, and informed Bergman that he was under arrest for obstructing the sidewalk. But the cops didn't stop there; by eleven o'clock there were five students in the tank.

Finally, two girls and three guys who had not thus far been involved in the previous events went to the police station to find out just what were their rights when it came to leafleting.

After demanding that the captain of the tanks inform them of their rights, a second officer entered the room and told them to get out. Two of the guys left, but the remaining three refused to move, and until their questions were answered. As it happened they stayed even longer.

All three were arrested there and then for disturbing the peace, obstructing the entrance to a public building and some other third charge for good measure. One soon learned that one does not go to the police to ascertain what one can do to the police—or so it is rumored—to lose what few there are. These complex litigations were later explained by an impartial observer: "It's not the police's job to know the law, just to enforce it."

Early Thursday afternoon the students were permitted to use the telephone. The first guy on the phone claimed justice and realized a $4.90 profit by phoning in this news tip to one of the local rock stations. The second guy called Jim Baurlein, at UG, who in turn called attorney Mary Harvey who tore herself away from court and frantically the eight students out of jail by four o'clock.

Labor, UC grad student Doug Davis called the city attorney, Ed Butler, and carefully explained the events of the day. Butler listened attentively and thanked Davis for calling.

The next morning, thanks to the local rock station, forty people showed up outside the draft board, each one well-armed with leaflets. This time the leafleters were better prepared. They had set up several women across the street with cameras to provide photographic evidence in their behalf.

There were a few cop cars bussing the area across the usual chants recalling "all them punks, punks, and perverts." But by late morning, it was obvious that the fuzz weren't going to make a bust. In fact, one little old lady showed up with cookies for everyone.

After the group broke up, some of the people went to a nearby cafe for coffee. Davis was served by an irrate wairess who let it be known that she would not have served her, Labor, she was overheard saying that if her kids grew up like "that", she would kill them. (Chores, if they don't still probably turn them over to some Westmorland to do it for her.)

City Attorney, Ed Butler, called Dean Murphy at UC and said that he had seen to it that all of the charges against the students were dropped.

Dear Jon: (Cont. from page 1, Col. 1)

Dear Jon: (Cont. from page 1, Col. 1)

aware of the fact that there is an alternative view to the one that is pushed down our throats by the administration and their "student leader" puppets. Jonopon thinks that Sid is capable of presenting a meaningful alternative but we feel that a lot more positive accomplishments would occur with less editorial waffle and more elbow grease.

One more thing, Jon, this is a WASP school and if you go around sounding like some kind of "lefty", people are not going to listen to what you have to say on the campus. For all the students of the People's Community the campus is a focal point of activity. So don't be screaming about ideology, capitalism, and "commodity fetishism."

Instead, talk about a real student voice in campus affairs. Get your program and ideas across to the young freshmen who are just entering this school. Stop talking like a puritanian and act like an elitist.

Peace and Freedom (Cont. from page 2, Col. 1)

An ideology that spells out concretely the meaning of "peace" and "freedom" in such a way that the establishment cannot co-opt us or undercut us by "stealing" some of our planks does not yet exist. But there may be some relationship between accretion and ideas so that it is not impossible that the People's Freedom Party could become a framework within which radicals could work both to develop and to propagate such an ideology.

In addition, the very creation of "political publics," as C. Wright Mills used the term, in the process of organizing the party at the community level could also have enormous consequences for the possibility of future radical reconstruction.

What is generally considered to be a deficiency of the American political party as a legal and somewhat artificial creation may in fact be a blessing for the People's Freedom movement at this time. We do not have to have a tight and complete ideology to organize in a political and at least minimally effective fasion. A certain amount of creative pluralism will be inevitable.

As a legal party, i.e., a party of 67,000 registered members, the party will at first be bound by laws and things. First, it will be a vehicle for the participation of anti-war candidates to the electorate and the educational and organizing program that

Page 4
Pence & President (Cont. from p. 4, col. 7) will go along with that. But second, it will be a framework within which a radical and genuinely revolutionary ideology and movement could grow.

Tassop is to be applauded for raising the issue of the necessity for clear criteria for judging success and for stressing the long-run importance of the problems. The editors of Tassop have raised an issue that needs to be addressed. The problem is not only about the movement in itself, but also about the way it grows and evolves.

Mainly due to the lack of communication with the rest of the campus, S&S increasingly became an isolated minority. Possible lines would be set up with no attempt to educate or explain to the rest of the campus the reasons behind such action. Instead of developing different approaches to issues, S&S increasingly became a closed-in-group, a variety of individuals, a mix of people on and off campus. The campus was not as easy to understand as it seemed from the outside. The issue of communication, the second issue, was not as easy to understand as it seemed from the outside. The issue of communication is one of the reasons why S&S was repeatedly more isolated from the campus, a second issue affected the insular structure. Since the inception of S&S as a radical group, there had been a split between the people who believed that leadership was necessary for organizing action and those who totally rejected any form of leadership (even de facto), and believed "people make the world on their own."

Leadership at S&S gravitated to those who had been the most active and who opposed any form of leadership. As a consequence, no one had any ideas for organizing, and no action was planned which would include more than a few "leaders." Some who had been interested in S&S (usually student activists) and only showed up occasionally to see what was happening.

As a result of alienation from the rest of the campus and the lack of intelligent active leadership, S&S continued to be ignorant on campus. While S&S was more or less isolated as an island for the student body, the fact that S&S saw itself as an island is amply illustrated by the following statement: S&S drew up a "tabular" platform which is assured of very little support from the student body because it is written in 1980 socialist language.

The year 1967

The news is no fun anymore. What with politics, riot, and war, It's very confusing. And I'm not amusing. I usually find it a bore.

But I watch it each night without fail. All-into the favorite talk--

A heart to heart talk
With a man still in shock
As his blood leaves behind him a trail.

I do so admire that great guy
Who is there in the wint of an eye
He appears just like magic
At events, places, and out to interview folks in the do.

Thru the victim's weak whispers and wails
That young journalist gathers details
He demands the reaction
Of a man held in question
At the sickbed his presence prevails.

In a manner just doting concern
He is eager to question and learn
"What's to blame that your plane
Crashed on a burst tire? Tsk!"

As you lie there with 3rd degree burns.

No calamity will be as sorry
If my son wasn't there with a query
"Is your boat started sinking,
Tell me, what were you thinking, did
A tear fill your eye as your hom floated by?"

He will question the widow or kin
Till the pain once is plain worn thin
But it's hard to discourage
A man with such courage
And SUCH charm and a nice cheerful grin.

As you lie there pained: "Proto the wheel
By your side with his rake he will knock
In hot, fierce sun, the sunspace; through your voice is too weak
As sincerely he makes his appeal.

"Wont you please talk me how did it feel
When you smashed up your automobile?
Please describe it to me,
When your car hit the tree.
Would you say that it hurt a great deal?"

In the old days of Romeo's cult
Glory Entertainment was ghostly and gory
I can picture him there
With a whip and a chair.
From the Christians obtaining a story.

Every night he provides me with fun
That is fit for Utkila the Hun
It's just lovely to know
Folks are suffering so
Any I'm thankful that I'm not one.

Here's a toast to that fellow so brave
Although some people no doubt rage
That he's noble and jolly
But their charge are foolish
He has never been seen near a grave.

Pat St. John
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

OR

THE SELLMANS, MAYNARUS, AND GROVES

OF ACADEME

Said Sellman to Sellman, "Well, cut my braces!
I lot it on campus — that play Shoelaces!
I should be Loosh or maybe a hermit!
Why did I ever sign that permit?
How I wish that I could stop it!
Hrm; Maybe I can get the Y to drop it."

Sellman to Neptune: Have you seen that play?
Its anti uncle LBJ!
It's anti vooz and anti pray.
And furthermore, it's downright sexy.

Neptune: Last week you should've made that clear —
I'm for the play and playing it here!

Sellman: Well... When outside groups reserve the stage,
Two technicians they should engage.

Neptune: two.

Sellman: three.

Neptune: three.

Sellman: four.

Neptune: FOR.

Sellman: at two-fifty an hour?

Neptune: Aren't you being a bit too tough?
Sellman: Maybe that will force them off.

Said Sellman to Maynard, What shall we do?
Somehow we must discourage that crowd
And I haven't an inkling, not even a glimmer —
Sky -- maybe you can short out their dinner?

Said Maynard to Sellman, I can't light that show,
I am UCLA I must go — and oh! and oh! how I need that dough?

Said Sellman to Maynard, if you need heaven,
Gouge it out of those books --Theatro '67.
When midnight strikes, stupidity
As can all overlook stupidity....

Said Sellman to Maynard and Maynard to Groves,
No more does a man need fishers and loaves,
If a man of the green will send you to heaven,
(Cont. pape 8)

Recently, the Amsterdam Man was tipped off that
100 Provos, masquerading as businessmen, would be arriving
on the X o'clock train to do bad things. The Amsterdam
Man bust 100 conventioning businessmen who were not
Provocateurs.

Page 7
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
(Continued)

Get the rocks from those blockheads in T '67.
That'll be using the old stillette
On those amateur idiots up from the ghetto:

III

On the night of performance the house was packed.
The aisles full, the gallery stacked...-
On the night of performance all went well
Except for the lights on the special call
Except for the lights on the general's scene
The bedrock, the captain, and all in between.
The lights grew dim, went out, went on,
The cast gritted its teeth and carried on.
Then after the curtain on the and the applause,
Said Sellman to Groves, Present your bill.
Said Groves to Sellman, I think I will,
although it may make them slightly ill.

8 hours for Haynald at $5.00 an hour
(though the producer could count only four)
8 hours for Groves at $5.00, that's more
4 hours for Groves at $2.50—four
the technicians' charges at two and a half --
the technicians' charges -- what a laugh!

The bill was official and very nifty,
It all came out to $142.50.
By the time expenses were met and props put to bed
Theatro '67 was still in the red.

Said Sellman to Haynald and Haynald to Groves,
I don't think outsiders will come here in droves.
We took most of their take -- and more to the point,
We've scared them back to their low class joint!

ENVY
For the cast who worked gratis, the crew, the scene dressers,
We wish to convey our thanks to you Messrs.,
We like to work hard, to you our congrats,
Who took all the cash like cheese-hungry rats!

For S M G we all took the rap,
At next time we'll know to steer clear of your crap!

Theatro '67

S&S (Cont. from p. 5, Col. 1)

S&S failed again to seek people to apply
for the many appointive positions in
the student government including those on
the finance committee which is supposedly
important to S&S in order to cut the huge
athletic budget.

S&S has consistently failed to take
advantage of repeated offers from Reespoon
for articles. Although S&S has traditionally
been concerned with educational reform,
it has failed to respond to Jack
Flannigan's request for people to set up an
Experimental College with S&S funds. But
S&S's failures have not dampened the enthusi-
siasm of others.

This year has been phenomenal in the
amount of activity on this campus. Several
church groups, the College Y, the Black
Student's Council and groups of unaffili-
ated students have been sponsoring speakers
and seeking support on campus.

These groups see the necessity for orga-
ning a fragmented campus and see themselves
as part of that campus. They realize that they have more in common with
other students than with the rest of the
community. They are not "unique" and they
are not a "revolutionary vanguard". They
are concerned with the same issues many
other students are -- except they act.

It is doubtful S&S can overcome its
own development and become part of the body
of students and act out of a common concern
and commitment. One thing remains true.
If S&S fails to break out of its social ex-
clu siveness, it will remain outside the
main stream of change other groups on cam-
us are working towards.