

TEASPOON

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This paper intends in no way to represent the views of San Diego State College

TEASPOON CALLED COMMUNIST

AN UNSOLICITED ENDORSEMENT

What may have been the first public attack on these half-serious, seldom-read pages has finally been mounted.

A member of our Northern California/Far East Bureau monitored a broadcast from a transmitter somewhere north and east of Paso Robles. The call was sent out to all within earshot on 23 Jan. under the cover program "The Voice of Americanism".

The listener was cleverly lulled into a feeling of well-being by first being told of the countless atrocities being committed by Viet Cong--all of this somewhat irrelevantly authenticated by the reports of a man who travelled the U.S. with a dog.

Then came the blow.

"At our tax-supported (for the moment--Eds.) state college in San Diego, your sons and daughters" are being driven (led?--Eds.) to depravity by a filthy, smut-ridden, narcotic-inspired, Left-wing student newspaper (representing in no way the views of SDS--Eds.).

CARADON PICKETED

Balboa Park is a great place to have a reception for a British Ambassador to the U.N. One simply dons a suit and walks right in. It is a good idea, however, not to stand right next to important looking people (i.e. those wearing ribbons/flowers).

It seems that if your surname is the same as that of the British Consul - General in L.A. and you go around introducing yourself, people will be more than glad to shake your hand, even if you are younger and wear a beard.

It seems that youth and beards are nice and clean in the old codgers' minds if the young man represents a British suit manufacturer rather than a Mission Beach sandal maker.

So you stand with drink in hand and smile. You can talk only if you represent something other than yourself. If you don't represent anything you have to go pick a flower for your lapel or, better still, cut up an old tie into strips that look like important representative ribbons.

To move from the unfamiliar realm of political diplomacy (the reception) to the territorily more tangible world of SDS and the after-reception dinner and talk should be easy for the student. However, it becomes a traumatic experience when, after disembarking from the SD Transit bus, (the diplomatic cattle car for Not Quite Important Enough People one finds oneself on--

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Omitting the name of this infamous sheet, for reasons we cannot guess (surely not for fear of legal action), this defender of public words (in a northern-western hemisphere sense) proceeded to list the guiding principles of the creators of TEASPOON.

A partial list would include: 1. beheading of police informers and display of the grim results on stakes for all to see. 2. corruption of police through exposure to marijuana. 3. persuading TEASPOON readers marijuana is not dangerous, habit-forming, likely to lead to heroin, etc. 4. espousal of a variety of Left-wing causes; e.g. anti-war, anti-censorship, anti-police brutality, etc. 5. abandonment of conventional Christian opposition to non-conventional sex.

Even this partial list makes indisputably clear the connection between dope and the Communist Conspiracy. All that was missing was a veiled reference to seduction of our teen-age youth by vulgar, hypnotic rhy-

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TUITION MARCH

"You know, this place looks just like East Berlin!" This comment was made as we went to the bus station. Entire city blocks were bare and flat in the heart of Sacto. Urban Renewal giving you a "City Beautiful". Strange sight nevertheless--either vacant lots or brand new buildings--no construction in evidence.

The staging area was a vacant lot at the end of the Mall. Six blocks of beautiful State Offices and then Desolation Row. Over 100 people came up from San Diego State. We stake out a telephone pole in the middle of the lot and await the rest.

Crisis occurs. The speech is not written yet. We don't know if we are scheduled to speak. Off we go to find the AFT press conference--find someone in charge.

Hotel Senator, Sacramento. Lobby full of YMCA "Good Guys and Gals"--student legislators. Pressure off--we can speak.

The staging area is packed. Over 4,000 people in one city block. Bullhorns everywhere. "Keep off the sidewalk, clear the sidewalk" shouted over and over. The marchers are trying to find their schools. "Where is Berkeley? Where is UCLA?" people ask. Helpful ones point. Cynical ones mutter, "near Oakland. In Westwood."

Someone climbs the pole to take pictures, climbs our pole, the SDS pole, people hand up signs and he puts them on the pole. "Support Your Local College", they read.

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TEASPOON CALLED COMMUNIST (Cont. from Pg. 1)
thms borrowed from savage Africans.

Aside from an almost laughable unwillingness (or inability) to accept the articles in the spirit in which they were written, (one doubts whether beheading police informers would deter other finks any more than the death penalty deters potential murderers) and a total lack of knowledge of the roots and flowers of grass, something beneficial may yet come from all this vituperation.

Like for instance, some guy from Stockton had heard the broadcast and was asking SDSC students when TEASPOON will become a daily.

If a force so uninformed and naive takes the time to make unenlightened criticism of a publication so newly spawned, then we can't be all bad.

We can only wonder how E. Retched Barnes allowed himself to be so badly scooped.

Actually, these charges are nonsense. If we were Communist, we would have a hell of a lot more money.

R A P S

Campus Lab School kids going past the fence: "I don't like the one that says, 'God is Dead.'" Upon reading one message not quite legible: "That one says, 'John loves Nina.'" They dug the one that said, "Keep California Green and Golden--Legalize Grass". Anarchist Gary Connely: "That's (painting the fence) the only revolutionary thing that has ever happened on this campus." One of the Campus Cops the night the fence was painted: "We just came to see if they had union cards." Another Campus Cop later that night: "Better not hang around here. This is a very hot place on the campus. Forty people just got taken downtown for malicious mischief." Garbage, the SDPD was called, but no one was arrested; The Campus Cops turned a list of five fence-painters' over to the Student Union Board. They didn't know what the hell to do with them, and weren't sure they wanted to do anything. The S.U. Board sent the names to the Judiciary Board, but they didn't intend to do anything if the S.U. types didn't. Any they weren't sure they wanted to do anything, either. In the future, fences will probably be parceled out by auction, or to groups for an allotted amount of time, that is if the students don't get to them first.

To the uninitiated: "Acupulco Gold" is a highly prized type of marijuana, "bricks" are the rectangular, red cellophane-wrapped packages bulk grass is shipped in.

There's been a tremendous increase in the number of beards on campus (they're even sprouting along Vulture Row near the East Commons) and long hair, too. How's anybody gonna call anybody names if this keeps up?

You wanta know where Ronnie's at? (Patti Gullledge decided he's a Hood Robin). Anyhow, that sonuvabitch-in-Sacramento (that is a traditional American expletive for those of you who are looking for that sort of thing in TEASPOON -- that's a present for you this week) has sold the governor's aircraft and will use private chartered planes and has split the governor's mansion and
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CARADON (Cont. from Page 1)

fronted with fellow students wearing beards, sandals, buttons and carrying picket signs.

At this point, the humor of your own position becomes apparent. You have almost convinced the reception people you are really an OK guy.

Now you find yourself in the position of having to convince the pickets you are a nice guy who is hungry.

"But he wears a beard," whisper the old ladies in the reception line.

"But he's wearing a suit and shoes," memble the pickets.

What do you do? On the one hand, you have become very hungry. On the other, you see other young men, some of them friends, most of them genuinely interested in pressuring "The Man" (Lord Caradon) into doing "Something about the Rhodesian situation." (This is the phrase you use to explain the picketers to the reception people.)

The rest of the group gets very nervous at this stage of the game. The Rhodesian student's concern is genuine. He wants to talk about his own country.

As he gently yet purposefully holds out the leaflet, the old white lady wearing the mink coat senses there indeed is a positiveness in his eyes. She can clearly see he is concerned and his concern is direct.

She also wants to read the leaflet. It is within her grasp. She dare not take it. What if her friend, the even older lady-in-the-mink-coat, doesn't take one, too? What if the Rhodesian is a "subversive"?

So, with a look paralleling fear yet representing confusion, she walks right past the student with a "whew"!

Caradon is really pretty cool about the scene. He too is concerned--somewhat of a surprise to the pickets. Perhaps for a moment the roles of picket and dignitary are reversed. The picket, in this instance, can confront directly an arm of the British Government.

After the dinner, the reason most of the pseudo-dignitaries appeared in the first place, the lord speaks. His talk endeavors to place things in the objective case. He succeeds until the Q & A period at the end of his talk.

"Now we'll get him" seems to be the feeling of the students. "I wish we could go home because my smile is wearing off" seems to be the dominant thought among the by-now thoroughly bored pseudo-dignitaries.

The objectivity of the talk is brought squarely and distinctly into the subjective realm by the directness of the questions. Surprisingly, the answers to the questions are, coming from a politician, almost honest.

Yet the whole thing, from both sides of the picket line, digresses into a question begging scene. The old white ladies put their minks back on; the pickets go away talking with one another; the coeds who were acting as hostesses clean the dishes; Lord Caradon goes back to New York or somewhere.

Perhaps the only thing which really happens on the other side of the picket line is that one young man is made even more aware of an impossibly complicated situation.

--Norm Frankland

(Norm Frankland, an SDSC grad student in English, was born in England.)

will get himself a new one in the country so his wife can have a horse and his friends will build it for him and the people who charter the aircraft and the people who build the house will save the taxpayers lots of bread, and they won't want any political favors---SURE THEY WON'T---(anyone who believes that can get a high on Wheat-Chex).

More about Ronnie: He digs the private schools for the elite students. He figures brains and bread go together. He's an oligarch; if you've got bread, you gotta be cool, and smart, and full of character and noblesse oblige. He digs U.C. for the next bunch of students--the half-bright and half-rich (he sees no need for academic excellence in public higher education) -- and when he was discussing this bastardly philosophy, he never mentioned the State Colleges. God only knows what he thinks of them. At any rate, he digs all of us caught in this bag of welfare cases ---- and you know what that means in Ronnie's head. Have you ever been around a recent religious convert? They're a little overbearing in their zealotry, aren't they? Well, Ronnie is a recent convert to the far-Right from the far-Left (a phenomenon of our century) and political converts aren't one damn bit different than religious converts when it comes to zealotry, and they are just as blind to where the people "are at" who converted them.

The Rumor Machine: R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. has bought acreage in Mexico that's used for growing grass--just in case. Some cat wandered up the other day and said, "Did you dig the Rorschach Patterns in the street in front of the Ad. Building."

Eds., Teaspoon:

Due to all the problems that have come about in the past few weeks in the realm of higher education in the state of California I wish to venture a suggestion.

In essence my proposition is a microcosm within a macrocosm. It will solve tuition and grade problems in the same bean.

Students will register, but not pay fees, and go through the same routine until the end of the semester; then comes the treat. Instead of teachers giving grades, students, blindfolded, will pick their grade from a bowl of beans.

The beans will be color-coded and will conform numerically to the bell-shaped curve. Seven per cent of the beans will be of a certain color that signifies "A"; 14 per cent will signify a "B" grade; 58 per cent will be "C" beans; 14 per cent "D's" and 7 per cent "F's".

Each student, at the end of the semester, will pick a bean for each class which will be his grade. Fees are paid at the end of the semester according to the grade received--"A" the highest and "F" the lowest.

There could also be a one-day trading period during which students might exchange their beans.

--Bruce Clark

Alright, how about some action. Unfortunately TEASPOON can't survive on love. We need articles, typists, typewriters, and money---like some real commitments. Drop on by or mail to 5844 Hardy Street, the yellow apartments south of the campus.

We have two kinds of sickness in our society. Any time you have a hierarchy, the one at the top gets sick and so does the one at the bottom. The exploiter gets a certain type illness and so does the exploited.

The exploiter is sick from guilt. He is always defensive and tries to hide his shame. He cannot logically justify his exploitation so his reaction is hysterical anger. He has only weak excuses and "proof" that can't even convince himself that his exploitation is right.

He screams Horatio Algerism, but it doesn't work.

He "escapes" in furious efforts to "have fun" but he can't really escape. Massive amounts of energy are devoted to closing his eyes to the human misery he causes.

The exploited, however, gets a different type of illness. Even his anger is different, if it comes. He can be furious, frustrated and bitter. But sadly, he is too often accustomed to the slave morality.

He is long-conditioned to Uncle Tomism and he has taken crap so long he doesn't even know it. He is taught to "respect" his exploiters and to accept the inevitability of poverty, jail sentence or rut. Struggling just builds character, he is told.

Really now!

If he can't have it, it's no good anyhow -- like health and good food and vacations. Or maybe he imitates his masters' values, evidence that the "system" has worked.

Master - slave relationships are not so "natural" as some Nietzschean thinkers claim. If they were, everybody wouldn't be getting so damned sick. Black versus white, male versus female, each side suffers. George Wallace has his sickness. So does the Negro he oppresses.

The "I'm all man" father who runs his family with his authoritarian iron fist--he has his sickness. And his wife has hers.

What about the "queers"? Is the female homosexual a result of woman's being exploited. Is her male counterpart the man sick of representing the exploiter? Is he ashamed of what has been done to woman?

Is the "in-crowd" -- "out-crowd" dichotomy too simple? Is there a middle class? Can there be, so long as only two ideas compete? Or is the definition of middle class those who keep switching from the role of exploiter to exploited? And it makes everybody sick.

Whatever the case, a lot of people are finally learning the Reader's Digest "bear-up" philosophy won't work. It's time to bear down. Taking and being doesn't come easily, only at the expense of getting sick with a ridiculous, long accepted social sado-masochism. Which sick are you?

President Johnson continues to lie to the American people. We wonder how long this will keep up in the face of such statements by him as that made in Camp Stanley, Korea, where he told U.S. troops, "Don't forget. There are only 200 million of us in a world of three billion. They want what we have and we're not going to give it to them." Is everyone ready to protect their electric toothbrushes?

MARCH ON SACRAMENTO

(Continued from Page 1)

On the corner the "Huelga People" are chanting. Flags--red and black--black and red--very clever these farmworkers--chanting in Spanish. Many of these farmworkers are "Forkley Braceros"--students.

The march sets off about 20 minutes late. The "Orange People", the monitors, line the route. The people are orderly and subdued. But as they get into the street they are elated. Small groups chant or sing. But no great uproar. The bullhorns again. "Link arms, 8 abreast, link arms, 8 abreast, keep your distance, link arms." The procession moved up the Mall under a sea of banners and placards. Few police--monitors ran the show -- also a few spectators. Downtown Sacto on Saturday is definitely not where its happening. Two cats are washing the bank on the corner -- don't even look.

The first people arrive at the Capitol steps. They have to split up as they arrive. They are digging a huge ditch down the Mall--a moat perhaps? To keep out dragons? People are standing quietly on the steps and under the trees. People are still leaving the vacant lot--the line is 6 blocks long and still growing.

Suddenly the white knight appears--what else do you call The Man when he comes out in Pancake TV make-up and tan trench coat. Immediate boos, then more booing. People are standing waving banners--no one can see. Behind a flying wedge of state police, the Governor strides from the Capitol and seizes the mike--he starts to speak--boos. The M.C. regains the microphone and pleads for silence and courtesy -- all comply--tells joke--laughter and applause--continues speech--again booing--again M.C. pleads for courtesy. Only those in front see, but all can hear.

The Governor has come to deliver THE speech--more boos and jeering. He is not going to talk with us. He is not going to talk to us. He is going to talk at us.

We are not children. We don't like lectures and sermons. We like reason and facts--more boos. Reagan quits to make his plane connection. Bad PR you say--maybe--but nobody tells 10,000 students they have closed minds and expects rose petals -- he wants jeers and boos--he taunted the crowd. "We are the people," shout thousands of voices--"The Governor represents us too."

Not so, says Reagan, though--I represent that great vast minority which no one can pin down, the people of California. The people are not students -- not teachers not farmworkers--not the poor--not anybody we might know. Where do we go to join that great exclusive, secret mystical society, the people of California?

The speakers come on finally--teachers call for strikes -- students call for strikes. The only one there who didn't call for a strike was Cesar Chavez--the one who needs it most -- other speakers flailed away at the society around them in general. Only a few rational heads talked on the subject; tuition, budget cuts, and politics.

After a while the speakers all sounded

alike--we went off and had lunch. The owner of the deli had a space set aside so you could check your placard while you ate. Later we went back to the Capital. Everyone was gone except people here and there stacking up the placards in three neat piles. Other groups of marchers were inside the Capitol, making like any other tourist. Meanwhile, upstairs, the YMCA was busily running the state, sitting in the chairs and behind the desks of those in power. Funny thing--you sort of had the feeling the YMCA could do a hell of a lot better job than their parents. The parents voted for Reagan.

RECONSTRUCTED SPEECH

Good afternoon, (boos) Ladies and Gentlemen (calmed down)--if there are any . . . (boos). A funny thing happened to me on my way to Oregon (laughter). (Reagan then explained he had changed his schedule in order to meet the students.) I don't think any group of people should come to the Capitol with the expressed purpose of delivering something to the Governor and have the Governor be absent (light applause).

(Reagan went on about Marshall Axelrod, President of CFT and how Axelrod had not contacted him or bothered to learn his views. Boos. He then said he had to leave; could not stay and speak to the rally. Boos.) I am quite sure there is nothing I could say that would create an open mind in many of you (boos). I mean, an open mind on this issue (boos). As Governor, I tell you that never will I permit a Regent of the University to actively participate in a political campaign in my behalf. (He forgot about Rafferty, but the crowd didn't.) I would suggest to you that there is a sort of grey area where certain lines must be defined. I do not believe that in a state university or college system that the administration has a right to ever do anything that would seek in any partisan sense to involve the university in politics. I also believe it is not political interference for the people of the state to submit to the university and academic community how much money they must put up for the schools.

And I also believe that the people--the people who without question or protest have down through the years contributed willingly and happily to the great and phenomenal growth of the educational system of this state--that those people do have some right to have a voice in the principles and the basic philosophy that will go along with the education they provide.

And to this sense I will tell you now that while I, as a member of the Board of Regents, will never infect politics in that board as governor--as governor I am going to represent the people of this state (the speech was drowned in yells of "We ARE the people".)

For the nouveau hippy, or those with atheletes feet: see Tubiola's in Mission Beach for groovy sandals.