

GOOD MORNING TEASPOON

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Comes the revolution, SDSC better have our views

CAMPUS MADE SAFE FOR MARINES

MAY 3RD Ron St. John

MAY 5TH Helen McKenna

On Wednesday, May 3rd, a very important event took place on the SDSC 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 water-melon.

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 are as mucked 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 from 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 an ex-Marine, 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 egged on the anti-pickets 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 Tuthill was 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
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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?" ...a swastika made from a U.S. flag. 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 if they had "...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 allowed 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
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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 personnel. Anyone having either and interested in working on a full time or half time basis, please contact the editors at 5844 Hardy Avenue.

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 Ferlinghetti. The issue will go on sale the 22nd of May from tables set up near the East and West Commons.

MAY 3rd (Cont. from Page 1, Col. 1)
what it is they stand for. Those things they think they stand for most of them cannot intelligently verbalize.

It is one thing to be able to draw up a sign and to expose yourself to insults and hostility. It is quite another thing to be able to defend your position with ideas and words. One takes determination and courage, the other requires research and concentration. Both are important. Both are necessary. It is not enough to be for or against something. You must understand why you are pro or con, and be able to convey the understanding to others.

A speaker was finally found to relieve Doug and this was all that was needed to keep a stream of speakers going for 3 hours. I was that speaker, and I tried to relate some of the reason why I am against the war. I talked of things that are considered to be well-known. I brought up facts about the war that are accessible to anyone who is interested in the affairs of his country. I tried to keep away from the emotional and ideological crap, but eventually was drawn into debate with a right winger. Some of you who were there probably thought he was a plant. Believe me, I couldn't have planned it that well.

Mr. John Birch was invited to speak from the stand. He was beautiful. His opening statement went something like this, "Next September I'm going to join the Air Force and kill all those Commie bastards." He did an excellent job of killing the crowd.

The crowd seemed to be equally divided. Some thought we should kill everybody. Some thought we should love everybody. The remaining didn't know, didn't care, and didn't want to be confronted with the facts. What they enjoyed most was heckling, at which they were very proficient. However, when asked to speak to the crowd they were strangely silent, somewhat like parrots that make a great deal of noise but rarely say anything.

All together there were about a dozen speakers. Some were logical, some were emotional, but all were involved. This is what is important. I think a few of the closed minds were opened--just a crack--but opened. People were, and are, talking about the war. At least six people approached me to discuss some point I had made, not emotionally, but intellectually. I think SDSC may yet be saved from the push ball, watermelon mania.

"I QUIT . . .

I was sitting in a sociology class, taking a midterm, when 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 "A" would depend on his "F". Those grades are an expensive service to in-

(Cont. on Page 4, Col. 2)

A chartered bus will be heading for the Renaissance Fair this coming Saturday, May 13th. The bus will leave at 8:00 a.m. from a parking lot near 54th and University--Colina Del Sol. Reservations must be made in advance for the \$4.00 round trip. Contact Judy Fry,

HIPPIELASH

Part 3 of 3

Most important, it has yet to be proven that any society can maintain itself under the impact of a pervasive alteration in the basic psychology of its subjects. Apocalypse for present industrial society has been forecast before, but appears so far to have aborted. Marx postulated a proletarian revolution, yet it seems as though the proletariat's prime motivation was to become as bourgeois as possible, in as little time as possible. But this is simply to say that without a profound psychological transformation, social revolutions are prone to die in the same meshwork of spokes and sprockets that made the former organization so unbearable.

The Hippie has come along at a time when industrialism and its attendant rigid organizational patterns has hit its peak and is now in the process of receding into something quite different, something for which we can find no historic parallels (which may be why people grope so desperately at the old classifications of "conformity" and "escapism", in an attempt to account for that which their eyes have no training to perceive.)

In the very midst of regimented society a reaction has begun to take place (perhaps initiated by the beats and hipsters of the fifties) against the inhibitive expectations of a consumer milieu; at the same time the very patterns to which men previously gave allegiance begin to lose meaning when they were born, by virtue of a cybernetic revolution that has made incursions into every facet of life and now presses on through the middle managerial strata right up to the top ranks of corporation and governmental executives, leaving the corpse of overstructured industrial man in its omnivorous wake. One can surmise the true significance and scope of the cybernetic revolution when the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice as well as the National Commission on Technology, Automation and Economic Progress, and the Advisory Council on Public Welfare, flatly propose a guaranteed minimum income for the nation. Although such a step is in all probability still several years away, the impact of cybernation on the psyche of post-industrial man has hardly waited upon legislative fiat. The whole psychic history of Western man begins to transform when the social strictures that nourished it grow flabby and senile. The firm authoritarian partitions built up out of the Aristotelian logic that A can't be non-A, become ineffectual transparencies as the scientific-rationally apportioned un-

(Cont. on Page 4, Col. 1)

are not actually "irrelevant", since it is such contempt for those unlike themselves that makes all the Viet Nams possible.

We heard all the cliches... "if we didn't like the U.S., why didn't we get out"... "the U.S. is the best country in the world".... "Communism would take over if we didn't stop it in Viet Nam"--but mostly the remarks were "tear up their signs", and "they should be done away with" type.

Although some people seemed to be interested in talking seriously about the war, many wanted to tear our signs up and "get us." I feared that physical violence might again break out as it had on Wednesday. I think it was Mr. Webb who was standing by us and, after hearing the threats, stepped forward and suggested we all go over to the free speech area.

There were about 200 students at the free speech area from about 1 to 2 p.m.; but no professors. I felt the debates were worthwhile except that those who most harassed us would not debate--only heckle and jeer.

So many questions are raised. What kind of a Rafferty-type educational system made these monsters--"men" who grab their bodies and leer? If these morons have ill-fitting jockstraps, they should ask the coach for a proper fit. I somehow fail to see what their genitals have to do with the people of Viet Nam!

Is this the only way some sick people can say to the world "I'm a man?" Or if they feel they're somehow holding onto their manhood, they needn't bother; they lost their manhood long ago. "Animals" is too nice a term for the boys on the bookstore steps. An animal doesn't wipe out his own species.

You think I'm too "sarcastic?" Do you have to be perfect to demonstrate? Even people on our side call me sarcastic. Well, I'm no damned saint and I can't be. Should we maintain our dignity all the way to the gas chamber?

I may go down screaming and yelling, being undignified and sarcastic and very, very unladylike. Those old arguments about not degrading ourselves to "their" level wouldn't demand sainthood. No, I'm not a saint. I'm human and I'm capable of expressing outrage. Yet we must be aware of our own piety and self-righteousness.

Some of our most pious and self-righteous people, all through the ages, have been capable 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 there, we may have a chance.

SKELETON

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

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 Marine 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 concentrate 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 "debates" were held. How can you stand in your classes and talk of revolution as an abstract subject, talk to us about learning or education when all Hell is breaking loose outside? This is the real world. Dear professors, get off your asses. We need you. I don't know whether you need us or not. Now 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 things", 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, productive way.

What can we as faculty do for you? I want 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 tromped 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 sensitive?

As faculty we need to know. I realize that 90% of the faculty writes you off as "kooky". But 90% of the San Diego State faculty lives in an arrogant dream-world surrounded by blinders. Some of us understand 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 possibilities, 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

HIPPIELASH (Cont. from Page 2, Col. 2)

iverse melts from around the subjective selves that remain, naked, bereft of support from an outmoded scheme and stranded with the horrific knowledge that "A" must indeed embody "non-A", simply in order to be.

Still, there is a piggish society that has to revolve, for capital must be continually reemployed (whether injected as "transfer payments" or more traditional "wages"), and products must be consumed in a never-ending spiral of induced need and Pavlovian reaction--society still requires conditioned response rather than human creativity, objective appearance as a cohesive force rather than subjective spontaneity. But is it not possible that the socio-economic coordinates of the system must radically realign to accommodate the emerging species which has so far been satisfactorily neutralized by placing on a Procrustean bed of familiar rubrics? Can the superstructure of the society remain intact when the substructure no longer supports its most basic presuppositions? Can it be that something really tremendous and far-reaching is happening, when the reaction toward it comes with equal vehemence from every point on the traditional spectrum from right to left?

Of course, this could be as much an hallucinogenic image as any mustered by someone on LSD, except for the obdurate fact that the Hippie seems to have transmitted his style and mood to a growing multitude that doesn't congregate at Haight-Ashbury or make itself conspicuous on the Strip. If they seem in fact to have been domesticated to the economic machinery, it is only an indication of the contagiousness of their music and the appeal of their appearance; it should be remembered, too, that the true hierophants of the Hippies originated in England, significantly as the imperial sun set on the beleaguered old lion of Europe. If the Hippies are really just an unfortunate and insignificant byproduct of an age of alienation, then Mr. Frankland is correct and their attraction is the magnetism of pathology; but if they indeed have something to say, or constitute more than the sum of their surface aspects, it might do well to avoid peremptory remarks and concentrate on the full significance of the Hippies as he is mirrored and refracted among all the facets of modern society from the military hierarchy to the priests who break celibacy and thus reveal the old religions, the old system of beliefs, in the agonies of their last lagging postures.

SOUNDS JUST LIKE VALLEY FORGE

"Except for the Continental Army of our earliest years, never before in history has young military force been subjected to such a challenge."--Gen. Westmoreland.

"Ky himself has moderated his playboy activity, but it is common knowledge in Saigon that he has kept a table permanently reserved at Maxim's, an elegant Saigon night club owned by ARVN (Army Republic Viet Nam) generals, where a single drink costs more (3) than a peasant earns in a week. An exceptionally moral people, the Vietnamese often refer to Ky, in private, as Cao Boi (cow y)."--John Macklin in Fortune Magazine.

"EDUCATIONAL FRILLS"

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 the course on two points. The students did not hang the Governor in Effigy, and the class was not part of the regular Davis curricula.

The class was a part of the Experimental College at Davis. The course taught the history of non-violence from Ghandi to Martin Luther King. And it was created by the STUDENTS themselves.

Any group of students at Davis who wish a class in a particular subject first seek out a member of the faculty to teach the class. The class is organized as a limited-
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I QUIT (Cont. from Page 2, Col. 1)

industry. They rank 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 goin' 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 spiritual death of the classroom.

I must have spent hours this quarter just worrying about grades, papers, units, degrees, and other irrelevancies. That's not the message 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 PROVO

This is the second of two articles which TEASPOON has printed on the Provos. The Provos began in Amsterdam and gained world 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. Although there has been little imaginative 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, snobbism, 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. PROVO 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 neither Johnson nor Kosygin 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 demonstrations sake, provoke for provocation's sake, resist for resistance's sake!

Now it stands to reason that the policeman is our best friend. The policeman is the most unpopular representative of the State's authority. The higher their numbers the more impertinent and fascistic 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 endeavour 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.

Tomorrow 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

He 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
Fluid like a mountain stream
Natural as uncarved wood
Floating high like a gull
Unfathomable 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 #15)

Street Song

O the bums are dancing
and the girls have pretty eyes
and children are flowers
scattering flowers
down the street thru musical gutters
miraculous petals of laughter flow

this is the way the children go
the bums drum on concrete walls
girls bang tin towers
tin 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

enrollment 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 Freshmen. The Seniors instituted "Frosh Journals" which enabled the Seniors 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.

An 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 the first year and only barely 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 house-keeping 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 offered to him. 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 myopic 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,

Jaguar

The Green Hermet

The above prof used his franking privileges to send this. Myopia 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 pinpointed it rather neatly.

(One footnote to prevent possible misreading of "squalid other particulars": this phrase cannot be read to refer to the degree of cleanliness of protestors, for it is a characteristic, humorous phrase of James' emphasizing the unpackaged, helter-skelter 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 weltering 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) path. All Goods are disguised 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!"

--Jill Mitchell

Graduate Student

