

# GOOD MORNING TEASPOON

Vol. 3, No. 2 October 12, 1967

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

## SAN DIEGO COPS STOP CRIME WAVE!

God must have liked cops; He made so many of them, most of whom made their presence known last Thursday around 8th and C Streets, the upper colon of San Diego.

About nine o'clock in the morning, a handful of graduate students from UC's Students of the Independent Left and the Students for a democratic Society spread out in the area of the San Diego draft board to distribute to sidewalk commuters very straight, "responsible", leaflets calling for an end to the bombing of North Viet Nam and immediate negotiations.

For the young men entering the Selective Service building there were inoffensive leaflets advising future inductees that they had legal alternatives to the Selective Service's hard sell. All the inductees were amiable and interested in both the leaflets and what the students had to say.

Then, not unexpectedly, the cops began to cruise the area. The FBI soon showed up with its cameras, racking up another dozen "subversives" to the list of more than one million already destined for the concentration camps when Johnson Gives J. Edgar the word. Motorcycles, unmarked cars, and marked cars--the whole shooting match was there.

## ART AS POLITICS

Dear Jon:

Making slogans, giving cute names to intramural football teams, writing dissertations on poster painting, comparing a mustang to Rembrandt and Bach, and hollering about "hyper-intellectuals" is not the way to make a revolution.

"Chatterboxes" is the name that was pinned on people who indulged in the aforementioned pastimes and the guy who first put the name to such good use knew a thing or two about revolutions; his name was Lenin.

The Teaspoon wishes to make it known here and now that it supports the platform of the Students for a democratic Society in the upcoming campus election. We wish further to see the student body of SDSC made

(Cont. on Page 4, Col. 2)

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 SDSC almost 2 years 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 weaned on the San Diego

(Cont. page 5, Col. 1)

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  
4861 Dixie Dr.  
San Diego, 92109



## REBUTTAL DEPARTMENT

### The Promise of the Peace & Freedom Party

Yes, Teaspoon, there is a club (in our future), but not quite the kind of club that Teaspoon conjured up last week in its "Reflections on Marvin Garson."

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

Unless one is certain that nothing can be done within the system to end the war, (I make 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 radical reconstruction of this society,) 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 dumped, and/or that a Republican dove could be elected, and/or that an "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 national 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 modification of the system as success. The Peace & Freedom Party would not 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 admittedly what Prof. Janssen refers to as "emergency politics," and most of us, certainly Marvin Garson and I, hope for much 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 radical politics (or anti-politics). That means reaching non-white middle class Americans; a distinction must be made between dissident 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:

"Good Morning Teaspoon"

c/o Jim White

4465 Arizona St.

San Diego, 92116

All copy becomes the property of the "Teaspoon" 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. Dominic founded the Inquisition and, as the song goes: "Dominique, notre Pere, Combattit les Albigeois."

Les Albigeois" were 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 soapless ignorance.

Dominic led the crusade against the Albigenses. A German monk of the time, Cesar von Heisterbach, tells an anecdote of one of its famous battles, the siege of Beziers.

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

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

It would seem, as Harold Feldman of "The Realist" 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 written a song in praise of the pill. It is entitled "Glory Be to God for the Golden Pill."

FREE!

Free bumper sticker! Next week in the Teaspoon. You supply the paste.



# ANONYMOUS

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  
reminders, like the  
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 irreverent or  
irrelevant or something obscure  
to condemn 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  
me 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-thinking entity.

Surfacing again, I think I  
recall whatever had the audacity  
to remind me when it left

no reminders at my  
memory's door to see and hence  
remember; but at least I

have a track of whatever this  
intangibility mess is all about  
Messes in your mind caused

by the meeting of your ego and  
your id on the conscious mind,  
or of your sub conscious and

unconscious by your conscious'  
invitation caused by extra-  
bodily 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  
remedy of a can.

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 muster up  
to blame on my newly  
founded school of sanity.

Finally after the death of my  
soul, my physical body  
remains (that should  
screw up Phaedo); it keeps on  
bringing forth past ideas

and other odd-ball things  
which my soul left behind  
when it hurriedly  
'bagged up' and left

to be chained  
somewhere for its freedom.

So like a newcomer browsing  
through an absent-minded  
Sartre's papers, this new one  
found whatever that soul  
left---

its humorous non-being  
must have been slightly  
conscientious,

otherwise why 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 Roebuck Christmas catalog  
is out and mothers can start ordering war  
toys for their children. Six pages of roc-  
kets, machine guns and howitzers are high-  
lighted by:

1. "Two G.I. Joes of the Green Beret. You  
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 11½ inches  
high. Are dressed in full combat outfits---  
fatigue shirts 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 ar-  
mored movements. If enemy soldiers move in  
close, they'll be met with the machine gun,  
grenades or automatic rifle...or call for  
air support on the field telephone with  
earphone. Ammo box, cartridge belt, camou-  
flage netting included. Plastic." The  
price is \$9.99.

2. "G.I. Joe Action Soldiers of the World."  
The 6 featured are French Resistance Fight-  
er, Japanese Imperial Soldier, Russian In-  
fantryman, British Commando, German Soldier  
and Australian Jungle Fighter. The price  
is \$1.99 each. (There is an especially  
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 8 commands and warnings such as  
'Take the jeep' and 'enemy planes'...needs  
no batteries, 11½ inches tall, plastic."  
All this for only \$4.99.

If you can't afford such prices, there  
is always the "G.I. Joe bunk bed--just what  
a tired foot soldier needs after a rough  
day", only \$1.49



At about the same time, student Lowell Bergman, leafleting near the corner of 7th and B streets, was being approached by policemen in ever-increasing numbers, each cop demanding a leaflet. Before long the number of Bergman's inquisitors reached eleven-- nine patrolmen, one sergeant, and a TV news cameraman.

"Am I under arrest?" Bergman asked one of the cops. "Not yet," said the cop, looking at the sergeant who had 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 watch inform them of their rights, a second officer entered the room and told them to get out. Two of the guys left, but the girls and one guy said they would stay 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 learns that one does not go to the police to ascertain what rights one has; one goes 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 flaunted 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 Bauerlein, at UC, who in turn called attorney Mary Harvey who tore herself away from court and finagled the eight students out of jail by four o'clock.

Later, 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 leafleteers 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 buzzing the area along with the usual cranks scolding "all them punks, pinks, 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 some coffee. They were served by an irate waitress who let it be known that if she were

the manager, she would not have served them. Later, she was overheard saying that if her kids grew up like "that", she would kill them. (Whereas, if they don't, she will probably turn them over to some Westmoreland 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) 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.

Teaspoon thinks that SDS is capable of presenting a meaningful alternative but we feel that a lot more positive accomplishments would occur with less editorial wind 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 issues. For most of the people at SDS, 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 proletarian and acting like an elitist.

Ed.

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 action and ideas so that it is not impossible that the Peace & 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 Peace & 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 fashion. 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 only two things. First, it will be a vehicle for the presentation of anti-war candidates to the electorate and the educational and organizing program that



Peace and Freedom (Cont. from p. 4, col. 2)  
will go along with that, and second, it  
will be a framework within which a radical  
and genuinely revolutionary ideology and  
movement could grow.

Teaspoon 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  
problem of co-optation. But surely the edi-  
tors of Teaspoon share with us a concern  
for the primacy of the war issue. In terms  
of "emergency politics" we call upon them  
to support the registration drive and then  
to act within, through, and beyond the  
Peace & Freedom Party as we are confident  
that they shall. We need teaspoons and  
clubs.

by Fritjof Thygeson

(cont. from page 1, col. 2) SdS  
Union. Needless to say, although there was  
a new enthusiasm there was also a reaction  
against those who stripped America of its  
facade.

Mainly due to the lack of communication  
with the rest of the campus, SdS increas-  
ingly became an embittered minority. Pic-  
ket lines would be set up without any at-  
tempt to educate or explain to the rest of  
the campus the reasons behind such action.

Radical language would often be used  
for its own sake with no attempt to explain  
the facts or concepts behind such language.  
No consistent attempt was made to explain  
SdS's purpose, ideas, approach or actions.  
There was not even an internal education  
for those new to SdS.

SdS increasingly saw itself as sur-  
rounded by hostility with nothing in common  
with the rest of the campus. Instead of  
developing different approaches to issues  
and different ways of answering students  
needs, SdS became a closed in-group for a  
variety of individuals dissatisfied with  
both the campus and the community.

At the same time SdS was becoming more  
alienated from the campus, a second issue  
affected the inside structure. Since the  
inception of SdS on a national scale, there  
had been a split between the people who be-  
lieved that leadership was necessary for  
organizing action and those who totally  
rejected any form of leadership (even de  
facto), and believed "people must act on  
their own."

Leadership at SDSC gravitated to those  
who had been the most active and who op-  
posed any form of leadership. As a conse-  
quence, no one had any ideas for organizing  
and no action was planned which would in-  
clude more than a few "inside" people.  
Those who had been interested in SdS gradu-  
ally drifted away and only showed up oc-  
casionally to see what was happening.

As a result of alienation from the  
rest of the campus and the lack of intelli-  
gent active leadership, SdS continues to be  
impotent on campus. While supposedly or-  
ganizing a slate for the student body e-  
lections, SdS drew up a "radical" platform  
which is assured of very little support  
from the students because it is written in  
1930 socialist language.

(Cont. on page 8, Col. 1)

THIS DAY 1967

The news is no fun anymore  
What with politics, riot, and war  
It's very confusing  
And seldom amusing  
I usually find it a bore.

But I watch it each night without fail  
Fill it's time for my favorite tale  
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 wink of an eye  
He appears just like magic  
At events sad or tragic  
To interview folks as they die.

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

In a manner just dripping concern  
He is eager to question and learn  
"Who's to blame that your plane  
Crashed and burst into flame?"  
As you lie there with 3rd degree burns.

No calamity would be as merry  
If my man wasn't there with a query  
"As your boat started sinking,  
Tell me, what were you thinking, did  
A tear fill your eye as your Mom floated by?"

He will question the widow or kin  
Till their patience 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 pinned 'neath the wheel  
By your side with his mike he will kneel  
An he'll force you to speak  
Through your voice is too weak  
As sincerely he makes his appeal.

"Won't you please tell 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 Rome's golden glory  
Entertainment was ghastly 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 Attila the Hun  
It's just lovely to know  
Folks are suffering so  
And I'm thankful that I'm not the one.

Here's a toast to that fellow so brave  
Although some people bellow and rave  
That he's morbid and ghoulish  
But their charges are foolish  
He has never been seen near a grave.

Pat St. John



# Teaspoon

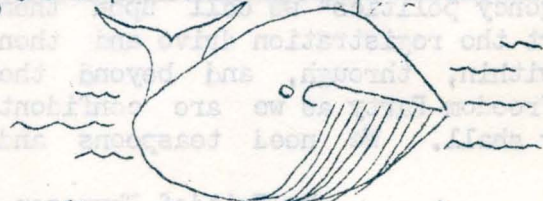
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# THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE OR

## THE SELLMANS, MAYNARDS, AND GROVES OF ACADEME

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

Sellman to Neptune: Have you seen that play?  
Its anti uncle LBJ  
It's anti veep and anti prexy  
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: FOUR!

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 crew  
And I haven't an inkling, not even a glimmer ---  
Say --- maybe you can short out their dinner!

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

Said Sellman to Maynard, if you need leaven,  
Gouge it out of those boobs --- Theatre '67.

When naive cloaks stupidity  
We can all overlook cupidity....

Said Sellman to Maynard and Maynard to Groves,  
No more does a man need fishes and loaves,  
If a waif of the green will send you to heaven,

(Cont. page 8)

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



## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

(Continued)

Get the rocks from those blockheads in T '67.  
That'll be using the old stilletto  
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 coll  
Except for the lights on the general's scene  
The bedroom, the captain, and all in between,  
The lights grew dim, went off, went on,  
The cast gritted its teeth and carried on.  
Then after the curtain on ohs and ahs  
And after discussion 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 Maynard at \$5.00 an hour  
(though the producer could count only four)  
6 hours for Groves at \$5.00, what'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  
Theatre '67 was still in the red.

Said Sellman to Maynard and Maynard 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!

### ENVOI

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,  
And next time we'll know to steer clear of your crap!

Theatre '67

SdS (Cont. from p. 5, Col. 1)

SdS failed even 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 SdS in order to cut the huge athletic budget.

SdS has consistently failed to take advantage of repeated offers from Teaspoon for articles. Although SdS 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 AS funds. But SdS's failures have not dampened the enthusiasm 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 unaffiliated students have been sponsoring speakers

and seeking support on campus.

These groups see the necessity for organizing 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 SdS 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 SdS fails to break out of its social exclusiveness, it will remain outside the main stream of change other groups on campus are working towards.

---Ed.