

Does the Left  
have a flag?

# the Martlet



Vol. 8

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA, VICTORIA, B.C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1968

No. 4

Guest editorial

## Openness a must

By FRANK FRKETICH, AMS President

I think it is necessary at this time to make some general comments with regard to criticisms made of student government in the past few weeks. I am referring specifically to the Dr. Gowans situation.

First of all the question of confidence to which reference was made in the Martlet editorial. In a talk with Dr. Gowans last Thursday he told me clearly that the distribution of the brief was to members of the University Government Committee, and "a group of faculty". That in my mind is not keeping something in confidence in the committee, if anything is to be confidential let's keep it that way—if not let's keep it wide open. My opinion is that Dr. Gowans broke the confidence the Martlet seems to be so concerned about before we were aware of it.

There is another issue in this confidence question which we must all be aware of; that is, to whom are we as council members responsible? Are we responsible to the committee, or are we responsible to the students? I think that the students must definitely take precedence which was why I had the brief discussed by council. I felt that the criticisms and allegations and the mode of presentation were of such importance that they must be discussed by the student body they were aimed at.

May I say here, that I respect any person's right to make criticisms of the AMS; however, what I react very strongly against is when it is done to a select group of people and under a veil of secrecy. If any criticism is to be made, let it be made freely and openly, so that those it is aimed at can reply to it in the same manner. It seems to me that it is the only way we will ever get free and open discussion on all the issues that are raised.

I would like to answer some of the criticisms which Dr. Gowans makes in his brief. One of the things he seems to feel quite sure of is that we are a clique parroting the views of some professional student politicians. On both counts I think he is very wrong. The AMS is not a clique, we have about four people in political-science on council, the rest are spread through all areas of the university—that is a clear fact. We do not parrot anyone's views, we agree with many of the ends which US proposes, but our means of obtaining them differ quite substantially. The means of gaining changes in the university must be carried out in a way best suited to each campus.

The method we have chosen here is one of presenting a series of proposals which we are now prepared to discuss. It's a kind of negotiative set-up, we hope that if we present logical arguments for change things will change, if others present reasoned arguments we will listen to them as well.

With regard to Dr. Gowans criticisms of the Martlet I think he is again wrong. The Martlet has never been a mere mouthpiece of the council, in fact if Dr. Gowans thought for a moment he would recall that both have engaged in running battles over the years. My own view is that the Martlet should be independent of council, it is free to set its own news and editorial policy. (continued on page 6)



FRKETICH



—RYAN PHOTO

Students will form a human conveyor belt at the annual Clover Point logsaw Saturday. Proceeds from driftwood sold go to local charity organizations. Meanwhile everybody has a ball.

## Money at the Royal, but read fine print

**\$1,000 for non-residents . . .**

**. . . \$500 for residents**

For those unfortunates refused government loans because Daddy would not contribute according to his means, the best alternative offered by the chartered banks is the Royal Bank Student Loan Plan.

But before rushing off to your local branch, better read the fine print:

Under the scheme, which is on a demand note basis rather than contract, resident students can receive \$500 per annum, and non-resident, \$1000. The maximum over a four-year

period is \$2000 and \$4000 respectively.

Parents must co-sign for undergraduates, and to go beyond the four-year period, one must negotiate a separate loan.

The interest is based approximately on prime rate plus one per cent or at present eight per cent, compared to the federal loan's 7½ per cent. However, interest fluctuates with the bank's prime rate, so you may be informed halfway through the year that you must either agree to a higher interest rate, or pay up.

The student must also pay the interest when it is calculated every three months from the time the loan is taken, in addition to an agreed lump sum from his yearly earnings.

Mr. R. H. McClellan at the main branch, 1108 Government Street, is the man to see if you are still in a rushing mood. McClellan feels these loans are not yet in great demand "because most do not know the plan exists". The new plan was started in July of this year.

# Shed those dowdy feathers and fly, men

By MOUNTEBANK

There is a lot of noise being made these days about changing styles in men's clothing. We have just recently recovered from massive cultural trauma over the issue of long hair, and a short-lived spasm of excitement about sideburns, beards and moustaches.

Basically, our society holds forth two types of men as being most desirable in appearance; the closely-shaven and shorn youth in clean levis, pressed shirt and shining shoes; and the more mature male in a Brooks Brothers suit, striped tie and brogues. There are slight variations, (tennis shoes with levis, and blazers with the brogues) but generally speaking, the sartorial path has been straight and narrow (or sometimes baggy) in this century.

The mod and hippie episodes introduced several new elements for men: a whole rainbow of new colours, free-flowing and comfortable garments, radically re-designed shirts, slacks, jackets and hats. And of course, jewellery. Most of this is regarded as frivolous, amusing, immature, or slightly offensive by the vast majority of men in North America. We are astonishingly swift to sling people into pigeon-holes, and to accept stereotypes. For instance, a man with full beard and black turtle neck sweater is either a free-thinking radical, a moderately successful poet or a rum drinker. Maybe all three. A man in bell-bottomed trousers, wide tie and suede boots is either a fairy, a frustrated rock vocalist or a drama major. A man with long hair, wide belt, moustache and granny sun-glasses obviously smokes grass, sleeps in a maggotty attic and makes love to unshaven women with Janis Joplin haircuts.

The man to be trusted in our society wears a conservative suit. It is almost embarrassingly obvious to develop this point any further, but Mayor Daley, George Lincoln Rock-

well, Mussolini, Ronald Reagan, Dr. Goebbels, George Wallace and Vincent Price all prize (or prized) the sharp crease, the dark suit, or the uniform. Study the pantheon of villains in our history. Most of them were spiffy, conservative dressers. There are a few exceptions. Dracula, for instance, wore a very cool cape, and Frankenstein himself had a proclivity for dirty shirts.

But throughout history, men's styles have been much freer, more colourful and far less conservative than even our most avante-garde wardrobes. Beards and moustaches have always been important, to say nothing of long-hair—curled, oiled or hanging free. But the clothes! Capes, gowns, hats, wigs, feathers, boots, gloves, and a vast variety of accoutrements, ranging from swords to earrings.

The male of the species has always been the most gaudy. This is still true in the rest of the animal world. Women have an enormous variety of styles, shades and garments from which to choose, and can quite freely wear (and look good in) men's clothing. It's a strange anomaly in our century that as many of the inhibitions and taboos of the past have begun to beat a hasty retreat, and behaviours and moral standards have become more flexible, the powerful pressures to conform to certain stereotypes of dress and conduct have intensified. This is especially true of men, and men's clothing. Women have been sprung free; the old whale-bone corsets of the 19th Century have been shredded, and one of the real revolutions of our time is the female revolution.

The time is here for men to fight a rear-guard action, not by attempting to stop feminine progress, but by staying ahead. So do your little bit man — give away a couple of those old tweeds hanging in your closet, and blow yourself to some interesting duds.

## LITTLE HELP TO BE HAD

Need beans bad?

If you've tried to touch the emergency Assistance fund you'll find there's damned little to be had.

The Alumni association, business, government (etc.), aren't going to feed the fangs that bite radicals, activists, long hairs, seem to have alienated them from financial willingness.

"Why not tap the student union budget?" says Nels Granaewall, financial aid officers.

He suggested the AMS should accept some responsibilities.

Meanwhile council hasn't allocated all the budget yet.

They promise to chew over emergency assistance participation on Sunday.

## Parking Fees Unfair

For the first time Uvic students are being charged for parking on campus. Students disagreed on whether this was necessary or not.

"Five Dollars is not too much to pay for parking," said Gary Moser, a 1st year Arts and Science student, "considering that it works out to less than three cents a day."

"I feel that the fee is too much", said another student. "Two or three dollars would be more reasonable."

"The tuition fees should include parking," said Bill Deraad, a 1st year Arts and Science student. "Where does the money from the parking fees go?"

"To build a parking lot it costs from \$150 to \$250 per parking space," said Mr. O'Connor, Superintendent of Traffic Control.

"Of the 5,000 students enrolled at Uvic approximately 2,500 have cars."

"If these students did not pay for parking, then the money needed to build and keep up the parking facilities would have to be subsidized from tuition fees and government grants. This would be unfair to the other students."

"All the major universities charge a parking fee. We are the last to adopt this system."

## University of Victoria Choral Society

rehearses WEDNESDAYS at 7 p.m. in MacLaurin 169 commencing September 25 and will perform Rossini's

### PETITE MESSE SOLENNELLE

in MacLaurin 144 at 12:30 p.m. February 25

and at 8 p.m. at St. John's Church on March 5

Vacancies exist in all voices. Those interested should contact the Secretary - Music Division - as soon as possible.

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## Lapinette

the advertising bunrab.

by ANTONZ.



Lapinette, illustrating her short hop technique.

One day our lapinary friend was busy making a short hop across campus when she espied a truck transporting copious quantities of carrot cupcakes.

but such culinary consummations call for capital.



Lapinette, demonstrating her desire for carrot cupcakes.

and capital, kiddies, means like banks.

funny we should mention that.



little lappy, showing a propensity for pecuniosity and velocity simultaneously.

now lappy was short of cash. this isn't surprising, because we would be hard put to advertise this way if she weren't.

so she romped over to the Campus Bank, which was nearby, natch, and garnered a few pfennigs therefrom.



the drawback...

and she still had time to catch the cupcake vendor and blow the lot before he was out of sight.

so we have a happy lappy.

but one problem.

at this rate we'll soon have the fattest rabbit in town.



why not hop over?

bank of montreal

# campus bank

in the campus services building

r.h.hackney, manager

Can't all be implemented

# Wallace cautious on student proposals

If the well-publicized Frosh Assembly was intended to open Frosh Week with a bang as an indication of the fun and frolic sure to follow it just didn't meet the bill.

It was a very small bang; more like a fizzle.

Dean Wallace, acting president of the university expressed the hope that all students would study the controversial AMS brief put forward by student president Frank Frketich and feel free to express their opinions of the brief.

The dean tempered his cautious recommendation, however:

"In an institution this size it is not possible for all opinions to prevail," he said.

In regards to student revolution he said only, "I would like to hope differences can be resolved through peaceful means."

Frank Frketich had more to say on the subject of change and revolution. For the benefit of the uninformed he outlined the three categories of change mentioned in the AMS brief.

"In the area of class room change," said Frketich, "we want to get away from a professor sitting on a pedestal churning out facts. Don't let any prof hand you the line about having to get through a certain amount of information."

Formal examinations should be de-emphasized, Frketich added.

The governmental structure of the university, the third area of discussion in the

controversial brief, also drew a comment from Frketich.

"I believe the governmental process should be controlled by the students and the faculty."

"We must have free and open discussion," he said in closing.

"When can we question our educational institutions and our society except at university?"

In a brief speech following Frketich's AMS vice-president Rhys Phillips welcomed students to the "quiet revolution" and invited all students who feel "shoved aside" to drop by and see him about it.

At points throughout the assembly whenever "student revolt" was mentioned the speakers were interrupted by bursts of applause from a group of students standing at the back of the gym. The same students erected a large poster describing the university as a particular obscenity.

Dean Jeffel's speech suffered a different kind of interruption when, in an energetic attempt to be hilarious, the rugby team burst in to carry off Frketich and Phillips to the showers. Frketich gave his speech soaking wet.

The assembly did give students information on different financial and medical services available around campus and students learned too of the plans to introduce the college system to Uvic.

## Cream of the crop - ten beauties vie for frosh crown



Cathy Ryder, Barb Smyths and Christine Hornby.

## Cut-rate corsages on sale

A student-owned, student-operated florist service is the latest thing in enterprise at the University of Victoria.

Specializing in corsages for the numerous AMS-spon-

sored dances, the company is owned and managed by fourth-year economics major Bruce Gordon.

"All the money goes to help university students," he

explained.

"I have two or three girls working at making corsages, and a couple of guys delivering them."

With no shop to work from, the University Florists' arrangements for purchasing are complicated. Bruce takes orders at his home near Royal Oak in the evenings.

He phones orders to his corsage-makers, all of whom have some experience with florist shops, he said. The girls notify the delivery men, and business goes on.

Just now, Bruce expects most of the demand to be for corsages.

"But I hope people will think of us when they want flowers for other occasions. We can give them much better prices than a regular florist could."



Patty Thistle, Maureen Wills, Monica McAleese and Joanne Lundy.

## Theatre rally features head show

Heads will roll in the SUB Tuesday.

Plaster heads, that is, relics of past Players Club productions.

The Players will stage a publicity rally aimed at recruiting new members, and part of the propoganda will be a head show.

Colour slides of past Phoenix Theatre productions, theatre games, demonstrations of make-up techniques and prop construction will also be featured.

Plans are also going ahead for transforming the Phoenix workshop theatre into a coffee house to be named, suitably, the Players Club.

Completely student run, hopes are it will open at Christmas — to all Uvic students.

Student support and patronage will determine the

survival of the proposed coffee house, say theatre spokesmen.

To drum up interest in the theatre department, tours of the Phoenix complex by students are welcome, spokesmen say, as a means of showing the real basis of a theatre backstage.

Major production this term for Players' Club will be Shakespeare's 'Measure for Measure'. It's highly recommended for English 201 types.

Before they get their work on the road they would like to experience the smell of greasepaint and the noise of the crowd on Tuesday, so head for the SUB upper lounge.

Who can tell, you may have your face painted and become a villain — then heads will really roll.

## Mayor to sift past, present

Victoria, past and present, will be the topic of a lecture and discussion at 7 p.m. Thursday, October 3 for the members of Craigdarroch College.

Mayor Hugh Stephen of the city of Victoria will address the gathering in the lower classroom of the College Building, the link between the four residences.

Due to a lack of space and uncertainty as to how many collegers will turn out, Dean R. R. Jeffels has asked that non-members not attend this first scheduled evening event of the college.



Judy Watson, Melanie Williams and Sue Litwin.

(ADRIE VAN KLAVERN PHOTOS)

### the Martlet

Member CUP

Published twice weekly throughout the University year in Victoria by the Publications Department of the Alma Mater Society, University of Victoria. Editorial opinions expressed are those of the Editors of The Martlet and not necessarily those of the Alma Mater Society or the University of Victoria.

Authorized as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for Payment of Postage in Cash.

Subscription rates: \$4.00 for students and alumni per academic year. For non-students, \$5.00 per academic year.

Days: 477-1834, 477-3611

Printed in Canada

co-editors..... Bob Mitchell and Steve Hume  
city editor..... Susan Mayse  
photo editor..... Frits Langelier  
advertising manager..... Don Manning

The following worked on this issue: John Pendray, Robin Burgess, Bob Dolhanty, Helen Melnyie, Colleen Hibburson, Murray Pletzer, Joan Smith, Bernard Kenny, Adrie van Klavern and Mountebank.

# THE STUDENT

by **PAT UHL**  
of the **Carillon**

The university is a dangerous environment. It has proven itself capable of surprisingly destructive powers. Through sometimes subtle, sometimes blatant forms of manipulation and domination the university can swallow unsuspecting students and professors and regurgitate them, thoroughly transformed.

There are mutilated, bored, submissively uncritical, lonely, wasted people in every corner of this university.

All of us have spent most of our lives in school and are beginning to show the effects of the experience. We are showing the effects of the institutional manipulation of basic human needs.

Human beings have an intrinsic biological-psychological need for communication and the experience of being valued by someone else. We need to see, in someone else's face, a recognition of our own creative potential. We can only discover our own greatness in the realization that that discovery has been made by someone else. When these discoveries become a general social phenomenon made possible by a deliberate transformation (humanization) of social institutions to make this collective discovery possible, only then will the undreamed of potential of man as a knower and intelligent creator begin to be realized. Only then will the significant history of man begin.

## INSTITUTIONAL BARRIERS

But the organization, the priorities, and the functioning of institutions in our own era seem to be resisting this evolution of mankind. The basic human need for self-affirmation—a cornerstone in any struggle to make one's world and oneself something of greater intrinsic value, this need for affirmation for self-discovery is normally accomplished in a context of communication. But through the education system this need is manipulated, it is both denied and satisfied.

The authentic growth which is only possible in a context of human community and communication is replaced by a surrogate for self-affirmation. Symbols — letters, numbers, diplomas — arbitrary administrative symbols are established as goals and measurements of a prefabricated definition of success in a privatized competitive struggle which is dishonestly described as "learning".

As a result one student's knowledge and ability is made of another student's downfall. Even in high school the effect of the "brainy" kids' grades on the class curve is known and resented. It becomes necessary to keep what you know a secret so as to insure its full impact on the score-keeper (falsely described as a "teacher").

In such an environment people necessarily become prejudiced. It is integral to the education process. Teachers learn to approach students as basically ignorant, non-communicative, and utilitarian (demanding dates and contents of exams, grading procedures, etc.). "Serious" students and especially graduate students learn to distinguish themselves from the student masses, so as to mystify and somehow exalt what they must have learned after so much effort, time, and money.

Education majors, social science majors, natural science majors, administration and humanities majors all learn the weaknesses and sins of the other disciplines and the clods who study and teach them. All the "educated" learn to ignore and even despise the various staff of the university. Even vastly underpaid, obviously exploited kitchen and janitorial employees are abused and insulted in daily interactions with also exploited but unconscious students.

The inevitable result is a fragmented and dumb university population. The obvious need is for people to come together and begin to talk to one another. The whole university needs to recognize the monster we are helping to create and perpetuate. We need to analyze why it has been constructed, why we have been brought together, what purpose this "education" process is serving.

## SUSPICIOUS ANALYSIS

I entered the education system 19 years ago and I'm only now beginning to have strong suspicions about what it's all for. It is time we all begin to try to analyze, the experience, to relate it to what we think life and the present making of world history are all about.

Every once in a while, almost by accident it seems, someone in one of my classes or in the cafeteria or in those bus station waiting rooms that were originally designed as hallways, every once in a while someone says something or does something that establishes beyond a shadow of a doubt that there are in fact some crazy beautiful people in here. That behind our zombie masks some of us are still alive, capable of disgust, able to believe in one another and willing to fight for something better.

The time has come for us to educate ourselves, for us to begin to use the skills we've developed in the competitive struggle against one another to do something together. The time has come for us to educate ourselves and each other. The time has come for us to take a hard critical look at the university and the world of which it is a reflection, a creation, and a creator.

## MUST BE ARTICULATE

We have much to learn and unlearn. We need to learn to communicate, to listen to each other, to expect each other to have something to say. We have to learn to write effectively and efficiently.

Much of the academic prose seems almost calculated to confuse, mystify, and thereby make more "learned" the little it has to say. Unfortunately this article itself is in many parts an example of the mutilation of our capacities for communication directly due to our "success" in the education game.

But mutilated or not, we've got to begin somewhere. And the discovery of how and why it is so difficult to get together, to talk, to write, to intervene and to demand change can itself teach us much about how the system operates and what are its real goals.

The following are some first thoughts and observations, not of my own but of a number of us who have begun to try to talk about the university.

There has to be a reason why education cultivates ignorance, competition, status and hierarchical "values", fragmentation and segregation of bodies of information. Someone must need uncritical, fragmented, needy people. Someone must need people who are not really educated, in the sense of being capable of objectively observing, analyzing, understanding, and describing what is happening around them and to them. Someone must need specialized technicians well-trained to handle specific areas of labour but completely unprepared to examine or even question the functioning and purposes of any large area of human labour or responsibility.

When we object to the imposition of tuition fees as discriminatory against working class kids, we're told an education is a privilege which should have to be earned. We are told that a "university education is an investment in your future". What is it about that future that makes education as we are experiencing it valuable? Is there something about the "world outside" that demands that we be prepared for it in such a destructive way?

## POPULAR MYTH

Competition is the sacred cow of our culture. The social and economic theories that buttress the prevailing ideology of free world democracy are themselves based on a popular myth that believes that justice can only be achieved in the context of the free workings of competition. Survival of the fittest has become the accepted norm though seldom are the criteria that define the fittest made clear. Only too often the fittest, whether the competitive struggle be in education, in business, or in politics,

## Flags of the right are waving strong

by **Gorde Hunter**  
of the **Colonist**

For the next few paragraphs I intend to lead the cheers for a couple of the "older" guys who recently had enough steel in their backbones to speak out against the ever-increasing ferment in our universities.

Dr. Alan Gowans resigned as chairman of Uvic's committee on university government. He said he was weary of a miniscule minority of students harassing the orderly learning procedure of the majority.

Senator Donald Cameron, himself a learned and progressive educator, spoke out in the upper house about the same thing.

Let me hear a resounding "tiger" for them!

I've had it up to here with the disturbing element. Call it what you will—new left, student power, a group of fellow travellers—it's gone beyond the point of college prank. Mark Rudd, leader of the Columbia University revolt, comes right out flat-footed and says: "We want revolution!"

We have those of the same ilk here in Canada who preach nihilism and yet, dammit, I have to believe they are, as Dr. Gowans suggests, a miniscule minority.

Who do they think built these universities? Who do they think is keeping them there now? I hope they don't think for one small minute their \$500 a year pays the shot. And how many of them pay that \$500 out of their OWN pockets?

They are there by our leave and if they don't particularly like the way the "establishment", as they so dearly love to label it, is running things, then let them by all means opt out and let those who want a university education get on with the job.

I have no quarrel with the idea that changes are necessary in both school and university methods, but surely rational reconstruction is the way, not crippling revolts, sit-ins and what have you.

The recent poverty report showed 20 per cent of Canada's population at or near the poverty level. Money is desperately needed to fight

this war and somehow it must be found. At the same time, we are putting millions of dollars into universities in order that today's younger generation will not have such poverty in the future. Yet, the agitators are doing their level best to negate the efforts.

Saskatchewan Premier Ross Thatcher said he will close down the universities in his province if ANY student group tries to take over in the manner of Columbia. And you'd better believe he could do it. Surely it's about time those with the vested authority of law and order, used that authority to stop the prattle of the insurgents.

I have no doubt many of the revolution-minded students are possessed of better-than-average brain power. But brain power isn't the only criterion used out in the hard, cold world when it comes to making a living. Some of these Johnny-come-lately geniuses would have trouble cadging a free meal at the Sally Ann if thrown out on their own resources.

Senator Donald Cameron also took a swing at some of the faculty members. He said some were the "also-rans of the academic world who could make it into the classroom only because teachers were in such demand."

Many of them openly preach communism and revolt. Here again, those in charge of administering the universities are derelict in their duties by not weeding out these unqualified teachers.

If the law and order of university life is threatened by any person, any group, jump on them and jump hard. Expel them and make room for those who want to attend university for reasons other than to exercise their minds and lungs with revolution.

Take off the kid gloves. I'm sick of them and if you think in percentages, I'm part of a majority.

*Mr. Hunter is a columnist and cartoonist with the Daily Colonist. This is a reprint of a column which appeared Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1968. We feel it is a good example of much of the half-think taking place in the "over 30" bracket we're not supposed to trust. We also think Mr. Hunter, is, as he says, part of a majority — which is sad.*

# WORKER

are only the most ruthless—and most insensitive to those who inevitably have to be stepped upon to get ahead.

The cultivation of certain forms of ignorance have also become important to the continued functioning of the economic and political systems. Secret decisions could not be made in a democracy if its citizens were not awed by the claim of superior knowledge unattainable for ordinary citizens. People would refuse to continue to work even to satisfy artificially stimulated needs if they were not ignorant of the possibility of the elimination of scarcity which is just out of their reach only because of the private control of a productive system driven by the profit motive.

People who were not easily convinced of the inferiority and evil designs of other individuals and groups would not be easily persuaded to support seemingly inhuman national and international policies against the "enemy". Such people might even discover from one another who their common enemies were.

## SUBVERSION

People who were integrated self-fulfilling human beings would not be as susceptible to the manipulation of their basic needs. They would not be so open to the subversion of their realization of authentic affirmation into striving for artificial standards of success. They would not need to consume, to own, to display every passing fad, every new model, etc. They would not be able to be fooled into equating their society's happiness with its GNP.

Workers who refused to compete with one another, who refused to allow themselves to be put into isolating, specialized boxes of predetermined value, who conspired to teach each other everything they knew about every aspect of the productive process, might no longer be impressed with the superior knowledge and authority of those above them. Such workers might decide that men should be paid according to their needs, that only necessary work should be continued and that that should be totally transformed.

But as long as we don't interfere in the educational system, there won't likely be many of these dangerously critical and idealistic types around. For education today is an industry and can only be properly understood as such.

Universities, high schools, technical institutes are the machine tool factories of the "knowledge industry". Their function is the reproduction of the tools necessary for the reproduction, processing, and utilization of information (euphemistically referred

to as "knowledge" by those who jealously guard their social image as "educators"). The tools produced by the knowledge industry are essential to the continued growth and functioning of the increasingly technological base of the productive system. Without them the economic system as presently organized would be paralyzed.

These tools, the products of the knowledge industry, are students—carefully specialized precision instruments being infused with economic value. As the future "educated" sector of the labour force, they will be more essential and more "valuable" to the productive process.

## INTELLECTUAL LABORERS

The salaried laborers of the knowledge industry are the professors and the administrators. Both expend their labour in the production of technically and psychologically competent future workers. Both are involved in making the institutional environment which shapes and directs not only the content but also the form of the education experience.

Despite the efforts of the academics to separate the spheres of responsibility between them and the administration, the fact remains that the impact of administrative decisions on students is itself an important part of the education experience. Administrative regulations, hierarchies, and values play a significant role in the psychological and social preparation of competent, compatible "educated" labor.

But faculty and administration are not the only ones whose labor is aimed at the transformation of students into a qualified labor force capable of guaranteeing the continued smooth functioning of the existing productive system. For there is an unrecognized, unpaid, highly exploited labor force on university campuses expending many hours in the education of the student population.

## STUDENTS DRIVEN

There are the students themselves. For in the end, all learning must involve a self-teaching process. And for many, both the content and the form of most of university education is so boring, so insulting, and so alienating that the process of ingesting so much apparently irrelevant data produces a variety of forms of acute mental exhaustion and stupification. Like their parents and their "working" friends, students are driven by the psychological impact of their daily labor to seek relief in equally stunting or escapist forms of leisure.

But this is not to say that all the laborers in the knowledge industry are unhappy. For some of us (students and faculty both) there exists an escape into the absorbing pursuit of knowledge. As

long as the liberal myth of the untainted, uninvolved (irresponsible) institution of higher learning persists, many of us are able to survive happily in an individually stimulating and often creative private world of phony intellectualism.

For those of us for whom reading is not a chore, but a hobby and for whom writing can be a kind of intriguing scrabble game with words and ideas, the labor of reading and writing assignments is often less demanding than for others. At the same time this form of escape is useful to increasing our competitive advantage as successful students or faculty. For others education is more keenly felt as an alienating chore and escape is sought in deliberately and necessarily non-intellectual forms of leisure.

But there is one form of alienation suffered by both students and professors from which there seems to be no individual forms of effective escape available. This is the deeper alienation that arises from a painful consciousness that the work that you are doing is not meaningless.

## DEVASTATION SIGNIFICANT

On the contrary, it has a devastating significance. The total product of the labor of students, professors, and administrators in the education industry is more than the sum total of their numberless essays, lectures, publication, regulations, etc. For like all workers we are, in the process of our labour, creating and recreating ourselves and each other. We cannot pass through the education system unchanged. The results can only add up to the expansion or the stunting of the creative potential of our society's future.

Our work is socially necessary labour. If we allow ourselves to be stunted and intellectually and psychologically mutilated by the education experience we collaborate in the expropriation of our collective potential for social evolution. If we allow ourselves to be processed as passive packages to be filled with prefabricated mystifying fragments of information; if we fail to critically analyze the intent and the biases behind lectures, readings, and exams as well as the organization of discipline and administration; if we fail to demand that our education be relevant, that it seek to describe and explain the gut realities of our world; if we fail to demand that the education industry honestly face up to its responsibility as both a creation and a creator of the society we criticize, then we can only truthfully see ourselves as guilty and conscious partners in the psychological and physical genocide that has become the outstanding achievement of the North American way of life.

## Press coverage dangerous - damages rational debate

### from Canadian Union of Students

Canadian press coverage of the growing Canadian student movement has been unfortunate at best, dangerous at worst. A climate has been created in which a rational debate of student demands and student tactics becomes impossible.

It is a fact that there is in Canada a growing student movement, committed to university change within the context of social change. It is also a fact that this movement still represents a minority, and that its "representativity" will be determined only as students debate and act on issue this year. But it is deliberate, cynical propaganda that this movement represents only a conspiratorial elite, dedicated to chaos and violence.

Yet this is the image conveyed by the press. A press which if it sincerely condemns violence should condemn those who create an atmosphere conducive to violence in our society.

CUS would like to make its position on student protest and tactics quite clear. It is ironic that the present press labels—"violent", "anarchist", "saboteur"—should be applied to a movement which has its roots deep in the struggle for peace. Both in the U.S. and Canada the student

movement has grown out a struggle against the institutionalized violence of our society—against segregation and racism, against the war in Viet Nam and against the threat of nuclear war. But the charges of violence against students are as old as the movement itself—they began as soon as protest moved beyond the level of academic debate, as soon as it began to threaten established interests and attempted real change. The point is not that protest is ineffective, but rather the opposite—that our present rulers are unresponsive to new debate.

Radical tactics are not synonymous with violence. The student movement still depends on pacifist (sit-in) and union (strike) techniques. These techniques do not negate our rational and humanitarian ends, as many would claim, nor do they exclude the possibility of rational debate. Rather they offer us the chance to effect change. It is the beginning of a creative dialogue. An opportunity to meet administrators with our demands and the power to effect change.

Violence in the student movement has been initiated by the state and the police. Brutal repression of student protest by the police or army has been matched only by the skill with which the mass media has blamed the violence on the students themselves: At Berkely student

protest is now regularly met with clubs, dogs, mace and tear-gas—and the students are accused of being "violent"; at Columbia the police were savage not only in beating students but also deliberate destruction of university property — and the students are accused of being violent and destructive; in France the students used barricades to defend themselves against truncheons, tear-gas and tanks; in Chicago this August the same pattern is clear.

This year, in Canada we may well see theory linked with action, we may see students demanding changes in their university and using their power to see that they occur. But we need see no violence, unless administrators decide to use police against student action and student demands. This is the danger, that the mood now established by a sensationalist media, and fear on the part of administrators, will legitimize for the public the use of police repression against students. Nothing would please some administrators as much as the chance to crush legitimate student leadership, while support is still growing. Student leaders cannot abandon their commitment to criticism, confrontation and change. They can and should condemn all acts of violence. They can, and should, be careful that there will be no violence. The existence of violence will be decided by administrators and not students.

# The Student As

## Hansard publishes Farber Article

OTTAWA, (CUP)—By order in Senate, Hansard has joined the growing list of progressive publications to reprint the notorious article "Student as Nigger".

Independent Liberal senator Donald Cameron Thursday (Sept. 19) asked that the article be appended to Hansard to warn senators how "neurotic anarchists" were trying to take over Canadian campuses.

He referred to the document as the "indoctrination papers" of the Canadian Union of Students, "a revolutionary minority" who were gaining power "by a dedicated and ruthless use of the commando techniques common to anarchists everywhere".

This September, members of the Ontario Union of Students, led by vice-president Ken Stone, received harsh criticism from parents when they handed out the article on opening day at several Toronto high schools.

Its reprinting last winter in the University of Windsor student newspaper, The Lance, led to the dismissal of co-editors John Lalor and Marion Johnstone.

Cameron was hesitant to introduce the article, which he described as "rather shocking" and "the worst piece of writing in a moral sense that has gone into Senate Hansard".

He wanted the document included to expose the activists as "the suppurating sore of intellectual subversion".

Cameron based his fears of campus anarchy and revolution on a much-misquoted statement of CUS president Peter Warrian. Cameron's version has Warrian saying, "Student power will take over the universities, we will wreck them or we will burn them down."

In his opening speech to the CUS congress, Warrian actually said, "Some people say that this is the year to sock it to the administration and sock it to their buildings, but we must also take it to the students, knowing that democratization and liberation are achieved not by manipulation of a few but by the struggle of all."

By JERRY FARBER

Students are niggers. When you get that straight, our schools begin to make sense. It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit, where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hangups. From there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First, look at the role students play in what we like to call education. At Cal State where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I bring a student into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a "nigger-lover." In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use. Also there is an unwritten law barring student-faculty lovemaking. Fortunately, this anti-miscegenation law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 per cent effective.

## Choose Homecoming Queen

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections — their average age is about 26 — but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run, for the most part by Uncle

Toms, concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered: the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor" and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter.

They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the Man what he wants to hear or he'll fail you.

When a teacher says "jump" students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out — each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a provo; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students in to a stupor and then screams at them in rage when they fall asleep.

## Class Is Not Dismissed!

During the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying "This class is not dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than his Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years. They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor, tortured heads.

## Like Medieval Churchmen

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your finger, your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School

and then couldn't get out of the goddam school. I mean there was no way out. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment, I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous "code of dress." In some schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to kneel before the principal, in a brief allegory of fellatio. If the hem doesn't reach the floor, you go home to change while he, presumably, jacks off. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

Others — including most of the "good students" — have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in general education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old grey-headed house-niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

## They Cheat a Lot

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is all turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor. They go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during a class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgment, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why, and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie.

In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the governor and legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch-phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

## They Copped Out

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues, not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment: "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war.

# Nigger -- Encore

It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it, but a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are coping out again. And in the high school you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

At any rate, teachers are short on balls. And, as Judy Einstein has eloquently pointed out, the classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power.

Your neighbours may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you, your wife may dominate you; the legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say-or-else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on your hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim — anytime you choose — you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the "pleasure" of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with a title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

## Respect For Authority

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear — fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging person. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy iron. And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance — and parade a splendour learning.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white men so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which makes castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shrivelled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

## Perversion is Intellectual

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening.

In Swinburne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be flagellant. With us their perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter — sanitized and abstracted thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embar-

assed, to be very up-to-date. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

## Underneath the Petti-pants

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's happening — turned-on awareness of what's underneath the petti-pants, the chinos and the flannels. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school; sex is pushed enough. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. I don't insist that ladies in junior high school lovingly caress their students cocks (someday, maybe); however, it is reasonable to ask that the ladies don't, by example and stricture, teach their students to pretend that they aren't there. As things stand now, students are physically castrated or spayed — and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia; because they're a threat.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance that the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

## Hands in Some Clay

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and laid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hands in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page term paper would be required — with footnotes.

As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA, method are turning them off.

## Make Them Willing Slaves

Another result of student slavery is just as dangerous — students don't get emancipated when they graduate. As a matter of fact, we don't let

them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness — over 16 years — to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years just to make sure.

What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is the fact you have to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics, in our country and in other countries.

Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. But dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell."

## Organize for Freedom Now

How do you raise hell? That's another article. But for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all, faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in the reat Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized. They've decided to get freedom now, and they started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration rather than on fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could put the grading system in a museum.

They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could turn the classroom into a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And they could study for the best of all possible reasons — their own resources.

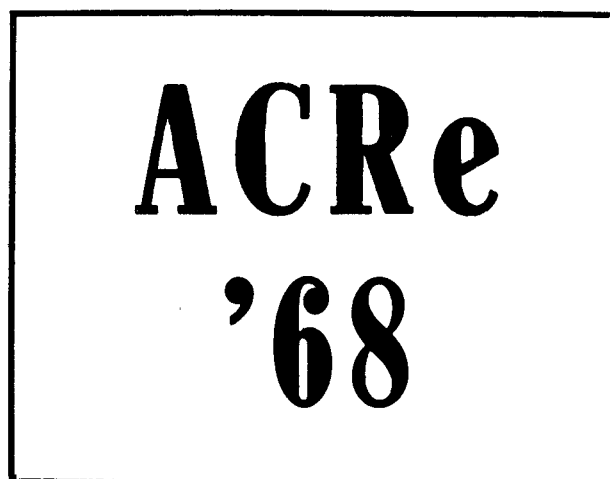
They could. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

## Openness . . .

(continued from page 1)

Dr. Gowans also suggests that the University collects the AMS fees illegally. I would just like to point out that if Dr. Gowans would read the Universities Act he would see that only the Board of Governors can collect fees for any campus student organization. A solution would be to make the AMS fee voluntary, if that were to happen, I think students must be aware of all the implications of such a move.

I would be happy to discuss the ideas in Dr. Gowans' brief with anyone interested.



# Mean pigs running wild — the blood's on Daley's head

by Dan McCauslin of  
the Liberation News Service

"Nobody in this world can put on a political convention like that great executive Dick Daley of Chicago. He makes it so much fun being a Democrat that you don't see how anybody could be anything else."

Quotations from Chairman LBJ,  
Chicago, October 30, 1964

CHICAGO, August 30 (LNS)—The guard and the cops had really lost control. All week long the Chicago police had shown vicious ease in crowd dispersal, but they never really handled the crowd. They couldn't stop them from forming again, there were too many and they split too fast for mass arrests; gassing, beatings and shots just scared them for a while and made them madder.

Now the cops and the National Guard stood half a mile from the Hilton while acrid gray-white wisps of their tear gas drifted along behind hundreds of students, blacks, greasers, radicals and hippies as they walked right up to the front door.

Naturally they freaked out.

The newsmen they had beaten for days picked up their cameras and twirled their shiny color lenses, and delegates and dowagers and demonstrators gasped scroching air through wet bandanas or shirt tails or coat sleeves and people bumped into each other and coughed and cried and puked. "For spacious skies . . ."

"Get out of here," and 300 split for the Amphitheatre, 15 miles to a barbed wire fence or two blocks to a jail. It's crazy but it sure puts them uptight when we try to get close. Run straight up the sirens. Blue cop lights spokes slap around. "Take away the ones I pick out. You, you, you, you. If somebody won't control her, I'm going to have to. All right send these north and these south as I send them out. Okay . . . okay . . . get out of here. Let's see you run. Ha!"

Delegates are throwing water glasses and toilet paper on the pigs as the lines charge chopping and kids rock a paddywagon full of cops with shotguns and run all over the Loop and get maced and gassed and Ribicoff yells, "Gestapo" on the floor and kids get clubbed and get crashed through the hotel bar window and Daley screams back and cops stream in and smash old ladies and the guard races back and forth from the south to the Loop and back in mile-long columns and doors get ripped off squad cars and a cop pulled out and beaten and Wisconsin wants the convention adjourned and everybody grabs a corner of the Hilton and picks up slow and drops it . . .

Before last Saturday night the scene looked really bleak. There were few Movement people, few yuppies, lots of cops and Chicago mass three story sprawl of resentment. The word from the local people was that the Blacks here weren't on our side. There isn't much long hair in Chicago, and the kids on the streets, black and white, supposedly resented what there was. Hunched shoulders and paranoid heads were the arrivals' uniforms.

Chicago Police Department to the rescue. Sunday night from nightmarish Lincoln Park they drove a splintered scared mob into the instantly exhilarating grace of a two-mile dash toward the Loop. Along the route the hard-core of maybe 200 to 300 marchers drew twice its number of blacks, night-clubbing McCarthy kids, and hard-assed street boppers.

The break into the streets Sunday came after a frenzied hour of shouted running debates in the park on how to deal with the busts expected at 11. As the bust approached, some Yuppies and a few Chicago street kids shouted for recruits to battle the cops, while a mixed crowd of 5,000 spectators edged closer to the Clark Street escape route. SDS, MOB people and some of the more experienced longhairs urged people to take to the streets. The result was the surge toward Old Town to the southwest led by local kids who looked like good Marine-recruit material, waving Vietcong flags.

But the cops were expecting it, and confronted the head of the column a block down the first street to the west. The vanguard doubled back and headed south. The cops pursued and cut off most of the marchers at the edge of the park. Sidewalk recruits joined all along the route



## Cops are friends . . .

through the near North side and passed the Rush Street clip joints. Cars caught in the rush honked in support and V signs flashed from the windows.

The break onto Michigan Avenue, Chicago's broad glittering main drag, was a real high. The marchers danced and cheered down the final three blocks to their first street skirmish at the draw-bridge over the Chicago river. Four busloads of cops had just pulled up and were unloading across the river. The column feinted, fell back to cries of, "It's a trap," and charged again. So did the cops and that march was ended.

On the way back to the Park, a few people tried to take a scab bus (there is a transit strike in town). The driver got the doors shut in time, and before the crowd could call them back, some kids smashed most of the bus windows.

Back at the park the beatings had begun. Like the Pentagon, like Berkeley, like Columbia, and every ghetto in America, the cops got people in the dark and hurt them. The only difference in Chicago seems to be that the people know it's coming. There have been no sit-ins here and no passive resistance. Crowds wait till the last minute, then split. Unless people are caught alone, they don't get beaten too badly. The cops have nothing to do with this, they just don't have time to do their usual thorough job.

The cops also seem to be very scared. Chicago demonstration veterans think this is because they have had comparatively little experience with student demonstrations. Most of their crowd-control work has been done in the ghettos under the constant fear of sniper's bullets. Their only major contact with a peacenik-type crowd was last April at Chicago's Civic Centre, and the cops' onslaught there was brutal. Their over-reaction at almost every confrontation has moved the crowds here to retaliations only dreamt of by New York radicals.

So the stage gets set for the Democratic freak-out of the entire U.S. of A.

Monday night the word was march again. It had been so easy Sunday that few even wanted to wait around in the dark part till the Man forced them to the streets. It also seemed that splitting early would catch the police by surprise.

The first contingent left the park down Wells around 8:30 p.m. Three hundred people headed south with Sunday's banners and slogans. The excitement was subdued this time. Spontaneity was replaced by some pre-planning and a sense of cunning. It wasn't going to be so easy this time, so the talk was, "If the cops split us, everybody regroup in small units and keep heading south." This time there was a target—the Sherman Hotel across from the civic centre and Picasso's huge rusty put-on.

This march was only 20 minutes out of the park when a second and larger one followed. It was led by SDS people who split from their movement centre in the middle of a Newsreel flick on last April's Chicago Peace Massacre. It was prophetic.

Nearly a thousand followed them to the southwest toward a black neighborhood that had been the scene of sniping against the cops twice before this spring and summer.

While they were snaking toward the west, the first march was being busted by cops shooting into the air. This sent all but the most experienced scurrying back toward the park. Many blacks, barely in their teens, continued south only to be met by more cops and Guard troops at the bridges.

The second column was soon split by cops who chopped it in half at an intersection. The head raced south and was a block from the ghetto when it too was smashed. Cop cars just screamed into the crowd from front and back. People ran for the sidewalks and the cops jumped out and charged with nightsticks flailing. Few arrests were made. Once the initial terror tactics had split the crowd, individual cop cars kept harassing smaller groups continuing south. Only couples or individuals on side-streets were fairly safe from the squeal of police brakes and more swinging nightsticks.

Walking through this ghetto was a victory in itself. V signs were flashed by blacks from windows, porches, bars. This was the first evidence of error in the pre-convention line that Chicago blacks, especially in this neighborhood near plastic Old Town, would hassle long-haired outsiders. But my enemy's enemy is my friend.

Only 30 or so people out of the 1500 who started ever made it downtown and they stayed only long enough to cool their feet in the Civic Center reflecting pool before heading back.

Back on the near North side, deep in Lincoln Park, almost to the Outer Drive along Lake Michigan, the first big mass confrontation was shaping up.

The marchers had trickled back into the park, and in frustration, they built a long curving barricade of overturned trashcans and picnic tables. Near the center of this flimsy skirmish line was a pair of North Side Chicago kids waving NLF flags.

The crowd chanted and beat on overturned trash drums and the faces in the front ranks were eerily underlit by a few fires. The sight was absurd but awesome.

Faced with clubs and gunfire in the street, over 2000 kids had the guts to make another stand. It was futile, and just about everybody knew it, but they stayed anyway.

The cops gave three "first warnings" before sending a double line of cops along the length of the barricade, and a single squad car straight toward the crowd.

But Hayes of the Chicago Medical Committee for Human Rights gave LNS reporter Judy Coburn the following account of what happened then:

The car drove into the park and slipped up behind a group of marshalls on the crowd's side of the barricade. People began throwing rocks at the car, breaking windows. The cop clearly panicked,

## . . . they help lost kids





tried to put the car in reverse and hit the gas. He had missed reverse, the car plunged forward, ramming a girl into the barricade, pinning her under the car. He put the car in reverse and sped backwards over the girl. In panic, he stopped, changed direction again, and drove back over the girl for the third time.

Bricks were thrown through the open car windows, hitting the cop. The second the car stopped, a 16-year old kid threw himself under the car and pulled the girl out. No one knew, the next day, what had happened to her.

Then, before the cops made their sweeping attack from the east side of the park, there was a barrage of tear gas. Cops wearing gas masks began beating people in the edge of the crowd. Rev Roy Reis, a seminary student, took a bottle from a kid who was about to hurl it at a cop. Immediately a cop standing right on top of the scene slammed Reis above the right eye with a rifle butt. Reis fell to the ground and the cop hit him again.

Hayes ran over. The tear gas was so thick that he couldn't treat Reis' injury. "They've killed him!" Hayes screamed. Hayes and a friend were busted and Reis was taken to a hospital. When the cops found out that Reis would live they threatened Hayes and his friends that they just might end up in an alley somewhere.

Hayes was beaten with blackjacks. Reis is still hospitalized in serious condition.

Hayes said that Sunday and Monday nights between 180 and 190 people were treated in the medical station set up in the park and at local hospitals. Their figures do not include those who were hit or gassed but did not seek hospital help.

In general, the medics have been treated as brutally as the demonstrators. According to Hayes, the cops were trying to destroy the medical station. Sunday night the police dismantled one station and beat up the medics.

Hayes' story is just one of many accounts of the horror related to us by volunteer medics.

Late Sunday night, witnesses saw cops slashing tires. 39 cars with out-of-date plates or peace symbols sat on four ruined tires the next morning.

Gas canisters began popping. The crowd broke; ignoring the marshal's cries to walk, they sprinted the quarter-mile to the streets. But the

Google-eyes gas squad marched out of the darkness still lobbing gas canisters at the kids. Several hundred were trapped in a fenced-in parking lot a block away from the park and gassed again. Soon, in the side streets off the park, the first effective resistance to the cops began. Kids ducked into alleys and emerged with rocks and bottles to hurl at the windows of speeding cop cars.

Monday night the rock throwing was sporadic. By Tuesday, barrages would hit some cars. Wednesday night, small gangs would station themselves in twos and threes around an intersection and get most windows on every patrol car going by.

On Tuesday night we saw a cop car speed toward the park down Wells Street, through a ragged group of kids who had just been gassed from the park. As a shower of rocks and bottles hit, the top of the car seemed to explode into a shimmering fountain. The car swerved and screeched on down the street while the kids cheered and shook each other's hands.

Other groups weren't as lucky. Most cops confronted by a kid with a rock remembered Daley's shoot-to-kill dictum and let loose with revolver, carbine or shotgun.

David Weisman of Skokie told LNS he saw a cop lean out the window of his car and fire three shotgun blasts at running kids. "At first I thought they were firing up in the air. But then I looked back over my shoulder. They were aiming at me. I dove under a car and so did some others. I saw one guy: the back of his head was bloody, and he fell. They dragged him off.

Tuesday was celebrity day. South of Soldiers Field the Yippies feted Johnson with insults from Dellinger, Burroughs, Onch, Ginsberg and Genet. Bobby Seale spoke in Lochs Park. By nightfall, most people had ended up in Grant Park, singing hymns to the delegates in the Hilton. The hardy few at Lincoln Park were the object of surprise saturation tear-gas bombing that sent lung-searing clouds rolling into adjoining neighbourhoods. The Guard started its manoeuvres by relieving the tired cops in front of the Hilton. It was tense for a while, but as delegates started drifting down, the Grant Park vigil got permission to spend the night. Tear gas would disturb the delegates' sleep.

Uptown it was bust as usual. Not as much crowd violence, but individuals and small groups were subject to vicious random attack.

More shooting at rock throwers and lots of busts for traffic offenses. Only 50 people hurt, another 50 arrested, a few hundred gassed, a handful shot at, and the Guard called out — a lull in the week.

Then came the Wednesday night fights, seen and universally deplored by all good and upright men. It began as an attenuated bad scene. Speeches by everybody and songs too.

The cops kept in practice with one rush into the crowd to protect a flag. Someone started up the pole to bring the flag to half-mast, and a skirmish line in powder blue came wading in. The cops broke one club over Renie Davis' head. A gas canister was lobbed into the crowd and thrown back. Still, the gas sickened score near the band stand and smell of vomit hung over the rest of the rally.

A non-violent march to the Amphitheatre was then planned by most at the rally. So everyone who didn't want to get arrested sitting down like the good ol' days split for the Conrad Hilton.

There a crack LNS news team lied their way into the McCarthy headquarters on the 15th floor and got a TV-clear picture as the action shaped up: First, the Yippie-hippie terrorists feinted toward the south and tried to scare the Illinois National Guard out of its position in front of and atop the Field Museum of Natural History. The Guard held firm and the march turned back north toward the line of bridges leading to the Loop.

The police, six-deep, moved across the line of march; for two hours it was an impasse. Only a few stragglers moved out of the march and walked around the line of police. As this number increased, the Guard was called to prevent anyone from crossing the three main bridges from the Loop to the Outer Drive. This also stopped rush-hour traffic, and it was obvious that the demonstrators would be busted soon.

We got to the sidewalk sporting our liberated NBC hardhats and the clouds of gas began rolling toward the Loop right behind hundreds of coughing, sneezing, nauseous kids, who walked right up to the front door of the Hilton.

# Wallace speaks to hippie applause

By GUY M. MENDES  
of the Kentucky Kernel

LEXINGTON, KY. (CPS) — George Wallace, a man who has contributed greatly to the political polarization of this country, visited the University of Kentucky last Saturday and was greeted by a complete reversal of the polar stereotypes.

While eight "straight-looking" anti-Wallace pickets paraded and a number of neatly-attired members of a campus action group passed out anti-Wallace leaflets, some 35 scroungy, bearded, beaded, sandaled, long-haired "hippies" (as they called themselves) demonstrated for nearly two hours in support of the former Alabama governor.

Carrying placards reading "Turn on with Wallace", "Keep America beautiful, get a haircut," "Sock it to us, George," "America — love it or leave it," "Hippies for Wallace," and shouting slogans like "Law and Order Now" and "We're for Polleece Power", the group was curiously received.

Many of the crowd of 10,000 who turned out to hear Wallace were supporters from across the state. Some of them were able to perceive the tongues in the hippies' cheeks, but many were unable to cope with the reversal of stereotypes.

After watching the hippies parade for several minutes, one elderly woman asked uncertainly "They ARE hippies, aren't they?"

"I thought hippies were for McCarthy," said a Wallace

supporter who appeared dismayed by the prospect of association with freaks.

Some Wallaceites were convinced the hippies were serious. "Hippies have SOME sense," said one.

Another said, "If someone like that is for Wallace, I don't know if I'm supporting the right man or not."

Other Wallace supporters could not overcome the stereotype and were sure the hippies were goffing on them. "You can look at them and tell they're not Wallace people," said one. "They're either doped up or ignorant."

"I think they think it's a happening," said a resolute middle-class matron.

Even Wallace was somewhat bewildered by the group when they gained his attention during his oratory. It was a typical Wallace speech, complete with catchphrases, Wallace witticisms and emotional appeals to the working man. All the same old lines were there:

"... who can't park their bicycles straight . . . they looked down their noses at the people of . . . will be the last car they lay down in front of . . . never made a speech in my life that reflected on . . . got some free speech folk in this country . . ."

As the atmosphere grew tense, as the favour spread in the crowd, the hippies came through to lighten the mood. They started chanting, "Sock it to 'em George, sock it to 'em George."

Wallace, thinking the shout came from one of the usual groups of adversaries

who attend his speeches, pulled out several patented retorts from his repertoire: "All right, you're not goin' to get promoted to the second grade . . . you people don't know how many votes you get me each time you . . ."

Then, pointing toward the group which was sitting high in the balcony, he said, "You need a haircut," though he was too far away to see how correct he was. The hippie group began chanting even louder—"We want Wallace."

Wallace hesitated, took a step backwards, approached the mike again and said, "Oh, I think they're for us up there," which brought wild applause from the group. The little man with the slicked-back hair had been goffed on and didn't know.

Later at the airport, when asked about the hippies he was to say, "If they're really for me I'd be glad to have them."

To the hippies, it was a romp at a high level of satire. They converted the new left victory signal into a three-fingered "W" for Wallace and they also amended the "Hell no, we won't go" chant to "Heck yes, we want George" — a somewhat morally re-armed version of the anti-draft original.

The dialogue between the large pro-Wallace group, the small anti-Wallace group and members of the crowd added to the delight of the 2,000-plus crowd who watched from the sidewalks during the demonstration.

Members of the anti and pro-Wallace groups knew each other and engaged in

mock debate when the picket lines passed one another.

The pro-Wallace hippies would shake their fists and call the neatly dressed anti-Wallace pickets "Communists . . . hippies . . . anarchists . . . you ought to be shot . . . boo, boo, hisss . . . lay down and I'll roll over you," were a few of the hippies' remarks.

The pro-Wallace hippies drew such comments as "Dirty love fascists . . . filthy patriots . . . go club some kids."

After nearly two hours of pacing back and forth, the hippie group moved to a grassy area for a "patriotic

love-in." There they sang "America the Beautiful" and "Dixie." They passed around cans of water which attracted a policeman checking for alcoholic contents. As the policeman checked the cans, the hippies applauded and got to their feet shouting "Law and order, law and order." They smiled and offered water to the policeman, who managed to slip away after a few pats on the back.

The policeman was no doubt confused — as were many others. The actions of this band of unkempt youth were certainly not of the same cloth as that of the usual hippie.

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# Warrior on violence

By SUSAN SWAN

Toronto Telegram Reporter

Peter Warrian, 25-year-old president of the Canadian Union of Students, is very serious, very thoughtful. He walks in a slouching half-apologetic gait. His eyes, deep-set under craggy brows, are kind.

Peter Warrian is a thinker, not an orator and at times, while sitting, legs crossed, one toe tapping slightly against the floor, he has the pristine air of a Dominican friar.

Just the same, Peter Warrian believes that violence for the right cause is sometimes justified, that our government should be socialist and humanistic, and that our universities should be controlled by faculty and students.

Recently, he was widely quoted by the news media for urging the CUS congress that this was the year "to sock it to the administration" and "burn buildings if need be."

His rationale of violence is summed up in a sentence from the text of that speech: "If we have encountered in our experience a social institution which is destructive of human potential, then we may symbolically or physically burn it down or do what seems necessary."

## A VIOLENT SEMINARIAN?

How does a person who once spent three years at a Roman Catholic seminary in Baltimore arrive at this kind of viewpoint?

This is his explanation:

"Violence can be a very rational act. Faced with the fact that the media and others are talking about violence, I'm concerned that the question of violence must be placed in a rational framework of analysis and values.

"There are conditions under which I could justify the use of violence. Herbert Marcuse's thing is correct. We need a wider conception of violence than is usually considered.

"We must consider that there is not only physical violence but cultural and psychological violence. In light of that, I think we can see that this is a very violent society that we live in.



WARRIAN  
CUP PHOTO

"I think Marcuse suggests one is justified in using violence if the condition one can bring about is less repressive and less violent than the original situation.

"Partly, I guess this could be called letting the means justify the ends. But I don't say that in an absolute way. The means shouldn't preclude the end, that is you can't use means which are a total negation of the ends you want to achieve.

"For instance, more people were killed yearly by the secret police and army under the Batiste regime than the total number of people killed in the Cuban revolution. What was brought about there was a less violent condition.

## STATUS QUO IS VIOLENT

"We must consider the violence of the status quo. One example is English Canada which has practised and continues to practice cultural violence in the French Canadian community. If you destroy a people's values, culture and way of life, then you have done violence to them.

"It was in reply to that kind of violence that the FLQ were striking and their acts must be looked at in this context.

"Violence is probably most likely not necessary for students to gain control of their universities. One thing I am pretty sure about, is that if there is violence I would be doing my best to make sure students don't initiate it.

"There are some kids who are really ready to make their campuses blow. But right now I discourage it because I don't think it is necessary.

"The student thing must also be considered in the broad context of violence because the degree of repression in the university is a form of cultural violence.

"To grind people out of an educational system in a way that makes them unable to critically and creatively relate themselves to other people in society, is in fact to have done violence to their minds.

"Right now I think the situation on campus is explosive. It will be a year of major confrontation, student mass action in the form of strikes, sit-ins or taking over buildings.

"From the people I've been talking to at the congress, it could happen at any campus, large or small. Student power and alienation are at every university. It usually just takes a single issue to set it off, like the right to distribute political literature at Berkeley or the gym project at Columbia.



"We must consider the violence of the status quo."

"I really don't know which campuses are going to blow. It will depend on the local issues that come up. There are a few reliables like Simon Fraser University in British Columbia where it is more likely to happen.

## FED UP JUST TALKING

"A lot of students are fed up with talking about university reform and having nothing done—they've been through this endless process of brief-submitting. All the ideas of building new universities have been around for a couple of years and now we're going to actualize it.

"Getting back to the way education has done violence to people's minds, take me for instance. The reactions of the average guy picking up the paper and reading statements attributed to me are most likely authoritarian and violent. He may have wanted to have me locked up in jail or sent to a mental home as a psychopath.

"People have been conditioned to this sort of response. Education has not made them look critically at the social milieu. They are taught an unquestioned acceptance of it and are manipulated by it.

"I feel the media's treatment of my speech was a sensational treatment. It revealed the exact kind of tendency to close-mindedness of which they accuse me in their editorials.

"At least a number of people in the mass media were looking for an intonation of violence in my speech. Therefore, they reacted irrationally by sensationalizing it."



"Right now I think the situation on campus is explosive. It will be a year of major confrontation, student mass action in the form of

strikes, sit-ins or taking over buildings."

Above students from B.C. universities, technical schools and high schools confront educa-

tion minister Lesley Peterson on the Legislature steps, January, 1967.

# NOTICES

## Men's grass hockey

The team needs bobs because they want to form a second team to play in a local league. Practices are Wednesday and Friday noon. Telephone John Pendray, 384-3491 for more details.

## Women's volleyball

Games scheduled in the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Ass. Practice times are Tuesday, 5:30-6:30 p.m. and Thursday, 7:30-9:00 p.m. in the gym. Details — Anne Jeffrey, 652-2228.

## Rah Rah Rah

Cheerleader tryouts are scheduled for the near future. School-spirited girls should sign up for the cheer team in the gym before noon, October 7.

## Swimming anyone?

All interested swimmers (boys and girls) please attend meeting in P-Hut 10 at 12:30 Monday.

## Course changes

Deadline Friday, October 4.

Students who wish to change a course may make application to do so by completing a change notice available in the registrar's office. Students should consult the calendar before doing so in order to ensure the change will fit the degree program in which they are enrolled. Also it should be noted that certain courses do not permit late entry for various reasons. Preliminary consultation with departments is necessary.

## Refunds

Anyone wishing refunds for tickets purchased for 'Your world of fashion'

should apply at the SUB general office.

## Supervision

Persons interested in study hall supervision at the Tsartlip Indian Reservation School one night a week should contact Barbara Hughes — 385-4921 after 6 p.m.

## Polit-Sci Forum

Tommy Douglas, NDP leader and candidate for the upcoming by-election in Nanaimo and the Islands speaks Tuesday, October 15 in the SUB upper lounge.

## Players Club

The Players Club and Uvic Theatre Division are holding a rally in the SUB upper lounge on Tuesday, October 1 at noon. All facets of theatrical work will be displayed including our famed chopped-off-heads collection. Come in and look around.

## Campus crusade

Organizational meeting Monday, Sept. 30th at 12:30 in Clubs A & B. Come and meet the staff. Plans will be made for action groups and for Clubs Day. All welcome.

## Varsity Christian Fellowship

It is rumoured that Jim Slater will be at the SUB, Clubs A, B and C on Tuesday, October 1. Better come and make sure. Anyone with curiosity welcome.

## Future Medics

All students considering a medical career are invited to attend an important meeting El. 205 at 7:30 Tuesday, Oct. 1. Details of MCAT and other topics will be discussed.



The Marquis entertained on Wednesday, and irate telephone feedback indicates the shock waves were heard for miles and miles and miles.

## CLASSIFIED

RATES: Students, faculty, clubs — 3 lines, 1 issue 50c; 4 issues \$1.75; 8 issues \$3.00. Commercial—3 lines, 1 issue 75c; 4 issues \$2.50; 8 issues \$4.50.

### For Sale

MOTORCYCLES — RETAIL — Yamaha — Triumph sales, service, repairs and accessories — Mullins Marine Sales, 925 Yates, 382-1928.

HART METAL SKIS, 200 CM, VALID warranty, Salomon step-in binding. Cost new Nov. 67: \$185, \$125 or offers.—477-6544.

### Transportation

CAN GIVE A RIDE TO 3 PEOPLE from downtown to 8:30 classes. I leave at 3:30 every day. New car. —Phone Collin, 386-8601.

### Wanted

ARTIST WANTED FOR COMMERCIAL sketching. Part-time.—384-3634 after 7 p.m.

### Typing

TYPING—MRS. M. WALLACE, 2507 Wootton Crescent.—382-2661.

The Circulation staff of the McPherson Library is conducting tours of the Library to acquaint new students with the Library resources and procedures. These tours will be from Monday, September 30th, to Friday, October 11th, at 11:30 a.m., 2:30, 3:00 and 3:30 p.m. Interested students are asked to meet tour guides in the Art Gallery to the right of the main entrance at the scheduled times.

## NEEDED:

Two students to fill Executive Council positions

- 1 Academic Affairs Chairman
- 2 Student Campus Development Co-ordinator

Nominations close on the 4th of October at 5 p.m.

Nomination forms may be picked up at SUB General Office 8:30-5:00 Monday to Friday.

## Wanted

16 students to fill positions on Representative Assembly

- 8 - 1st year students
- 4 - 2nd year students
- 4 - 3rd year or above students

Nominations close on the 4th of October at 5 p.m.

Nomination forms may be picked up at SUB General Office 8:30-5:00 Monday to Friday.

## Noon hour concerts resume

VICTORIA, B.C. — A new free series of noon concerts at the University of Victoria begins October 8, with the first appearance of a chamber ensemble formed by faculty members and other local musicians.

The group, to be called the Victoria Chamber Orchestra, will perform at 12:30 p.m. October 8 in the auditorium of the MacLaurin Building. Conducting will be Hugh McLean of the music division of the School of Fine Arts.

Conducting duties in future appearances will be shared by Dinah Hendrie, wife of Dr. Gerald Hendrie, who is head of the music division. Mrs. Hendrie holds a doctorate in musicology and conducted orchestral groups in Britain. Visiting conductors will also be involved in the chamber orchestra's schedule.

The music division, sponsors of the noon concerts, will also offer an evening subscription series beginning October 14. Tickets are: students, \$5.00 for the full series, 75c for individual recitals; others, \$10.00 and \$1.50.

There are a limited number of vacancies for Naval Reserve Cadets at HMCS Malahat. Interested students should contact Mr. Chudley at the SUB.

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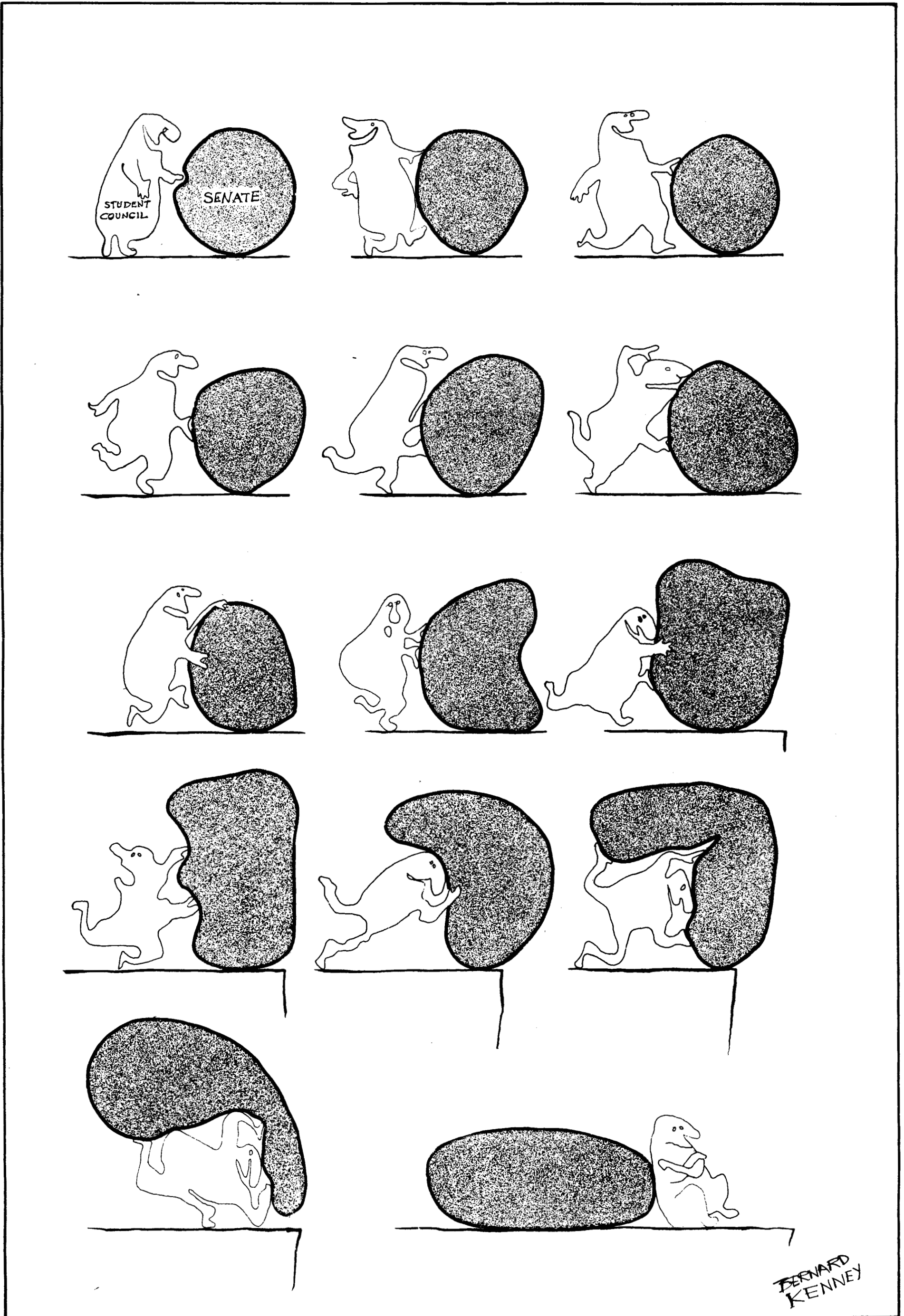
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