

Rick Hollingsworth, astute and adept president of the Social Regulations Council, bows in humble recognition of the power of women scorned, especially those from the new dorm. The fresh-women received no hours for third term, pending administration approval, at last Tuesday's meeting of the S.R.C.

Brazen Skullduggery Rampant In Refectory Theivery Episodes

By Allison Cowan

If perchance you've been wondering why all of a sudden there are so few salt and pepper shakers, or why the supply of glasses is always running out, or why we have to use china bowls so often for the salads, here are a few enlightening facts:

AT THE BEGINNING of the school year the refectory had 1437 glasses. Between then and now SGA has purchased 2400 more new glasses. As of breakfast Wednesday the refectory had on hand 400 glasses, meaning (in case you haven't figured it out for yourself) that the total number of glasses broken and stolen so far this year has been 3437.

Now that's a lot of glasses, and at 11c per glass, it's \$378.07 worth. China loss so far this year has been \$3871.80, and silverware loss has been \$193.10. Add this up and you get a total loss of \$4442.97. By the end of the year this figure will probably be over \$6000 according to the Saga managers.

IN CASE you didn't realize it, all this money has to come out of the food budget. And realizing that no conscientious Southwestern student, at least none of us who eat in the refectory, wants to jeopardize the Saga food budget if they can possibly avoid it, why don't we lay off

the glasses, and plates, and bowls, and salt and pepper shakers, and silverware.

And to those of you who have been saving up for a rainy day, or hoarding for a big beer bust as the case may be, do us all a big favor and bring a few of the things back.

SRC Endorses Abolition Of Second Term Hours

By Barbara Fowke

The Social Regulations Council, in an open meeting in Frazier Jelke, voted Tuesday night to abolish curfew hours for freshmen women for the remainder of the school year.

Rick Hollingsworth opened the meeting and read a petition from the freshmen women asking that curfew hours be abolished. The proposal, which contained several reasons in favor of the proposal as well as several possible objections to it, had already passed the Executive Dorm Board.

SOME OF the possible objections to the proposal were listed as (1) the need for a standard for discipline for freshmen that would be lost without a curfew (2) an increase in the noise in Townsend and Voorhies caused by freshmen coming in after midnight (3) the added financial burden of extra security guards.

Reasons given in favor of abolishing the curfew included (1) girls would no longer be inconvenienced by having to interrupt studying outside the dorm because of a 12 o'clock curfew on weeknights (2) girls would no longer feel compelled to stay out until curfew hour (3) there would no longer be a sudden influx of freshmen coming through the dorms at 2:00 a.m. on weekends, therefore cutting down on the noise.

It had been suggested by the Executive Dorm Board that the petition be approved with the provisions that it apply only to this year's freshman class and that all future freshman classes be given the option of voting to abolish curfew second and third

terms and presenting a petition to that effect to the Executive Dorm Board for approval.

THE FLOOR was opened to discussion of the petition and the suggestions by the Dorm Board. Dean Williford mentioned the financial impossibility of obtaining additional security guards for the New Dorm and the noise factor involved in allowing the freshmen to come through Voorhies. Ducky Smith said that she thought that the Dorm Board had considered this problem before it approved the petition and felt that the noise would not be greatly increased by the freshmen, as the upperclassmen created a good deal of noise themselves.

After considerable discussion, the motion was made and seconded that the SRC abolish curfew hours for freshmen women for the remainder of second term and third term as a trial period, with the provision that the freshmen women of next year will have the right to vote on this issue second term, to be approved by the Executive Dorm Board and given final ratification by the SRC.

THE MOTION carried with only one opposing vote. The meeting was then continued as a closed meeting.

The proposal to abolish curfew will be drawn up by the SRC and presented to the administration for review in the near future.

March Showdown

Showdown, the program of campus interaction, will present President Bowden's Rap Session Monday, March 23, at 8 p.m., FJ-B.

Showdown was created this January in an effort to effect better communication between students and administration. The program is sponsored by the Education Commission and incorporates President Bowden's promise to maintain a monthly rap session with students.

The first Showdown teamed President Bowden with a series of award winning films on youth and youth culture. This session is strictly an opportunity for students to meet with the president in a give-and-take discussion period. No topic will be off limits, and President Bowden promises to have some solid answers. If you can't come send a friend.

Convocation Announces Availability Of Counseling In The Psych Shack

By Margie Howe

Every night until midnight two upperclassmen are on duty in the psychology shack to give counseling service. In addition, there is a professional clinical psychologist on call.

Carole Bandy said, "There's nothing specific I can tell you, just that we are here to listen to problems and give practical advice when it is evident. No one has to worry about names, we have no connection with the administration and nobody has to worry about anonymity. All people who come are kept strictly confidential."

STUDENTS WHO KNOW friends with problems are urged to come talk. "We try to help people help their friends."

Phone numbers to the psych shack are 275-1824 and 275-1936. Students who know people or who wish to talk can either telephone or go in person for counseling.

TUESDAY MORNING Convocation was held in Evergreen Presbyterian Church. President William Bowden and Dean Jamison Jones made a plea to Southwestern students and faculty to "open up and care." Dean Jones said that the responsibility lay on everyone to rebuild the college into a community.

Gary Snow announced the program that some of the up-

perclassmen had instigated to give counseling services at night in the psychology shack.

S.G.A. Elections Flex New System

Student government at Southwestern has undergone many changes this year. Among the most notable was the abolishment of the student senate. In its place was erected a tripartite of the Executive Council, class officers and commissioners; the Budget Committee; and the Information Bureau.

The philosophy behind such a structure is a firm belief that grass roots participation is more valid than representative democracy. SGA will no longer be plagued by the pedantics of senate orators. It also places class officers in the direct and responsive role of serving as the elected members of the Budget Committee.

Today is the last day for turning in a petition for the offices of SGA President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary. Petitions may be submitted until 6 p.m. today to Susan Van Dyke, or Rob Riley. The election will be held in the student center Wed., March 25.

Election of class officers and commissioners will take place the second week of third term.



Dean Jones left lofty Halliburton Tower to ascend to the heights of Evergreen's pulpit, acknowledging that there was a problem on campus, and acknowledging as strongly the fact that the administration has no answers. Jones, President Bowden, and Gary Snow spoke at this week's convocation, Tuesday morning.

Cecil B. De Rone invites the campus to have one last fling before exams at Cinema '70's *My Little Chickadee*, Sunday, 7 and 9 p.m. lecture room "B."

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Raucous Journey Bemuses Visions Of Roman Ardor

By Ed White

The hero of this tale, which I beg the muse to help me tell, is that resourceful man who roamed the civilized hills of Rome after he had fought the unholy rigors of a Sophist education. He saw the cities of many peoples, and he came to know them and their ways. He suffered much in vain and in perversity—however sweet they both may be.

Yet it was his own sin that brought him such agonies, for in his folly he observed the sacred rites of holy Priapus—bidden to the eyes of the uninitiate. And thus that powerful god of the mighty hook cursed the mortal to wanderings, impotence and pederasty til due penitence be paid.

The hero I speak of is that stalwart symbol of Claudius' Rome, Encolpius the Crotch, once known by other names, but now destined to that same fate of every man—to be buffeted by gods and man to live by his wits and strength. As is befitting a man of guile, may he tell his own tales.

Lucius Sanguinis and the Start of My Odyssey

My boon companion Aschyltus and his boy Gitton had come with me to the public baths to wipe the muck from the dusty blasts of Sophists' tongues and perhaps hunt for a bit of sport. At the foot of the entrance lay a huge ruffian obviously quite drunk from the glazed look of his face and the bellows of his coarse songs.

He must have been a soldier because the wine he drank was unmixed wine, as of the type rationed to soldiers or aura warriors — was singing naked this fellow as a soldier of sorts, amidst raucous belches and laughter.

Sensing a row with a drunk, and a boisterous animal of a man at that, I did right face and searched for another entrance. After all, Doris and her handmaidens attended these baths at this hour of the day, and I surely did not wish to miss the show — I shuddered even to think of the delight.

HOWEVER, Gitton and Aschyltus, unaware of my plans and sense of urgency, headed straight for the drunk. I called that the entrance we desired was down the way a bit, but Aschyltus (probably sensing a fine draft of heavy wine from the sot) and Gitton (you know a lad never can pass up the sight of those warrior types — I am surely grateful that I never had an interest in dirty, foppish boys) headed straight for the man.

The man in the gutter bellowed, "Ho, friends. Stop and have a drink with the greatest of all charioteers and celebrate my recent wins. Why, if I win much more, the queen company will have to mortgage themselves just to pay me off! Why, they no longer use dolphins for counters, they use busts of me! Ho, Ho!"

The behemoth of a man roared with such laughter that it seemed the columns would rip loose from the roof. Apparently taken by our charm, he offered us a drink from the jar, but Aschyltus had done so before the words had even left his mouth. Gitton followed suit — I did not wish to drink the unmixed wine, as my heart burned to see my lovely Doris, but Aschyltus was my meal and bath ticket, so I had to stay. I tilted the jar to his health and choked on the thick sulphured wine. He begged us to sit while we heard his tale.

"WHY, MY FRIENDS, there once was a time when no man, and I mean no one, could say there was a bloodier, gorier, more ruthless driver in the whole of the Empire than me, Lucius Sanguinus. Why, the other chariot drivers would pull their teams out of the race — even at the cost of a fine — when they heard they'd be racing against Bloody Lou. The horses in the other stables would whinny in fright when they heard my footsteps — they say some of the horses dropped dead in their tracks when they got a good whiff of me in a downward wind — but you can't really take stock in the rumors of stable slaves and bookmakers. All men feared me, and all the companies bid for my services — each trying to outdo the other. Ah, all that money — all for simple gory ol' me (chuckles).

"Now, you may wonder what I could have possibly done that was so heinous, so ghastly, so disgustingly cruel as to win the admiration of thousands of sadistic race fans? (Pause.) Ah, but before I get to that, let me tell you of my team and chariot. My horses were the finest money could buy — four perfectly matched white Persian stallions — all from the same mare — quadruplets. And their parents were both wild — yes, the fiercest and wildest Persian steeds in the entire world—they were too wild to be tamed. The only thing to do was to hand breed them.

"OH, AND WHAT of my chariot — built by Daedalus himself. Ah, it was second only to Apollo's fiery chariot. The wheels were pounded from the hardest Damascan steel so that no driver's hub could tear my spokes. The axle was made of the same stuff and greased with lion fat—why, nothing else would do. And the body was of Corinthian bronze and gilt with gems and

pure gold — only my horses could have pulled that load. The outer face of the cart depicted the entire battle of Troy in such exquisite detail that Hector seemed to bleed real blood — although it was only rubies. And the floor had the relief of Claudius, our Emperor, and myself clasping hands in friendship. That's where I stood."

By this time Gitton, who was wholly enthralled by this braggart, had snuggled under the drunk's arm. Aschyltus, who would have been much upset by Gitton's flirt, was far more interested in the jar of wine and appeared to be getting quite drunk. I could only think of my fair Doris and wish for this bore to quit or perhaps that Aschyltus might give me the price of the bath. But no, as most love affairs are tempered by waiting, so was mine. The oaf, with Gitton snuggled disgustingly close, continued.

"Now, you may ask, 'Surely your horses were the fastest, and your chariot a show second only to the sun, and you may never have lost a race, but what made you so popular with the crowd?' Well, I'll tell you. I was bloody. I was as bloody as they come. I began my rise to fame with simple pranks. You know, lashing my opponents with my whip, forcing them off the course, smashing them into the stands; you know, that sort of thing. The crowd liked it, but they weren't wild.

"But, then I started to get crafty. During the night I'd send slaves to saw through axles or drug horses. Why, I did such a good job of horse doping once that when the beast felt his master good, he rose from the ground, bit off the man's arm, and dropped dead. Why, I even used to carry buckets of flaming pitch in the back of my cart. When I would pass another driver, I'd kick over the bucket on his horses. Oh, you should've seen it. The screaming horses covered in burning pitch — it melted the hide right from their bones. And the wrecks it would cause. If the driver was still breathing on my second trip around, I'd try to run over him or at least kick another bucket of tar on him. The crowd really appreciates those little gestures.

"Oh, but my masterpiece, my crowning blow was on the Feast Day of Cares. A week before the race, I had secretly had pits of iron spikes dug at the starting line. The whole thing was covered with an ingenious trap door that could be triggered by my man. When it came time for the race to start, I pulled ahead, the trap was sprung, and every last one of my opponents and their teams were impaled on the spears. The crowd rose with mighty cheers as I rode slowly around the arena. The Circus Maximus has never seen a more glorious day."

"But," interrupted Gitton, "why are you here — drinking at the baths instead of driving?" The braggart gave a mighty sigh and continued:

"Ah, a painful question, but you fine, noble lads deserve a truthful answer, and you shall get one. In truth, no one would race against me. No one would bet against me, and the Circus

(Cont. on Page 3)

Editorial-

Where Do We Go From Here?

Southwestern is a college suffering from devastating tranquility. Behind the facade of gothic order is a chaos of emotions and confusion of intellects. This should be surprising to few. There have been 18 attempted suicides and two successful ones this year. 'Business as usual' can go on no longer.

As Dean Jones stated in the convocation this week, we are like the shepherd who must leave his ninety-nine other sheep to rescue the one that is lost. Unfortunately the percentage of lost souls here may be much higher than we are willing to admit.

But to say that Southwestern is a sick institution is to defame every teacher, administrator, and student here. The deep and agonizing question we must ask is to what extent is Southwestern to blame for personal problems and what can we do to alleviate such anguish. The puzzling dilemma is that we have ostensibly planned such compassionate forms all along. What magical combination of suggestions, plans and metaphors can we find to unlock the mystery of our newfound despair?

Southwestern must first realize that if it is to continue to do what it professes—define man in the light of history and religion—it must compensate for the insidious realities it is about to reveal to its students. Youth is wasted on the young because there is nothing to grow up to be any more that isn't a conciliation of what adults profess to believe in. Hate, greed, war, poverty—these are not God's will or ours of this new generation. There is little to believe true.

Like a Peace Corp worker trying to bring a primitive country into the 20th Century, Southwestern must be prepared to fill the voids that educational despair often creates. There is a danger in such relevancy, for it often destroys objectivity, i.e. it often imparts meaning to life. But what may be lost is forsaking the ivory tower approach to education will certainly be recompensed by the meaning relevant education imparts to its seekers. Students must grasp this search for the meaningful as honestly and as dedicatedly as professors must teach it.

Learning, living must be a process that treats students and profs alike. Alienation is merely another word for neglect. We must come together as a community of humans. This means that everyone must rededicate himself to the renewed task of compassion.

The administration must ensure that enough escape routes are provided. But we must at all times be realistic about our demands. We as students are here to learn, and to live. If we push for no grades, no hours, it must be because we are sincere about our motives.

Before we begin to condemn anyone else, let's take a long, hard look at ourselves. We deserve to live, love, laugh and be happy. God knows, we will never be so free, so young again.

Dan Kenner

Colon Of His Brain

By Dan Kenner

There is no excuse for anyone ever writing another chatty, say-nothing column, and I would be the first to admit that such a deed would be thoroughly unjustifiable and besides, an indiscreet unkindness to the patient and innocent reader. But (and you might well have anticipated a long vacuous qualification), here it is anyhow.

Yet have faith, for I have intentions of departing from a long, whimsical prose piece to a short, pointless, acrimonious uh, poem, replete with obscure but scandalous notions. No one asked me to write anything for the annual, so this is what I have observed as worth remembering (Memories are like peanut butter sticking to the roof of your mind—9th century Haiku) as well as hiding; but, a fig for the damage, this is my last column and if you continue to read, you may sit there and hope that some sort of poetic justice will catch up to me,

and eventually do me in.

Careful nought to rock the boat,
Just stay stoned and stay afloat.

Hang on again through whisp and whim
And end it on a happy note.

On this trip our sin-sore ship
Went not so very far,
Our wind-swept cranes hit heavy rains

And still left things ajar,
But even if we did not please
Often did we dryly squeeze
And furthermore completely drain

The fertile colon of our brain.
But some annoyed the Oyster-bound

Ailin' with her Major Vermin.
Nothing in her truth we found
To keep from awl their narrow sermon.

So close the doors when on all fours

We can't have none of this.

"We got these rules to temper tools

To keep you from abyss.

For boys be boys and boys be men,

Boys be unsate when once'd they sin

Soon they awl will wont to bahl

And legslip broads they soon bring in."

One young man said they'll be in bed,

At least run naked in the hall,
And take them back at six o'clock

Dirty legs an' all.

And so it goes our friends and foes,

Our uncarved block, our virgin timber,

Our imperturbable, undisturbable place

Of which you are a member.
Careful nought to rock the boat

Don't long so hard to bring the new,

Lest unendurable, death-preferable

Numb set in and seize you too!

Impressions Of...

Rollo May

By Churchill Davenport

Things didn't happen exactly as we had planned. Our timing was off, the car couldn't be found, and the driver was late. At the airport, the immediate question of what to say to the Dr. Rollo May was forgotten in the anxiety of finding the right man at the right gate. Actually, we found each other.

During the drive to Southwestern, he was interested in the city, the atmosphere, and especially the people. The first buds on the trees caught his attention; to him trees and spring, nature and people all fit together into a whole.

Because he had been up since 4:30, he persuaded us to let him take a nap rather than attend the scheduled dinners and conferences.

At his afternoon seminar, in the midst of cameras and questions, each person to whom he spoke became a part of himself. Those who were satisfied and honored to meet him without asking intellectual questions were rewarded by the warmth and personality of an intensely vibrant man.

Dr. May was delighted to see Coffin, an old friend of his from New York, and he spent much of his free time with him.

When meeting new people, he was appreciative of any recognition of himself or his books. It was almost as if he was surprised each time a person knew his name. Quietly focusing his attention squarely on people, he gave them an acknowledgment and empathy rarely found among first acquaintances.

It was as if we were on an adventure together. He was

new to us, and we were new to him, but we were in it together, regardless. Time passed, and though all the little details didn't work out, we grew closer with each new experience.

I was nervous about introducing his evening speech, to the point that I wrote the introduction and read it word for word. It should have been harder to put myself before people who knew me than for May, a veteran speaker, to address an anonymous sea of faces. But it wasn't. Every audience is a group to whom he is very close. Though he speaks often, his terrific desire to communicate with his listeners makes every speech an intensely personal experience. Because of his energy and expectations, he was quite nervous as he gave Carole Bandy a pat and stepped on stage. He had a feeling for everyone, a sensitivity and closeness to each person in the audience.

After his speech, though extremely tired, Dr. May was relaxed and bubbling. As he autographed books, he expressed the hope that he had tied together the various ideas presented during the weekend in his address.

On the drive back to the hotel, no one could quite believe that what seemed like yesterday morning was all part of the same day.

At the airport Sunday morning it was strange that he should leave just as we were beginning to know each other. We almost got onto the plane with him rather than say goodbye.

George Miller

By Vivian Dellinger and Hershel Lipow

Scientist. Cold, calculating, highly objective. Ecologist. Humane, compassionate, concerned. To call a scientist compassionate is almost a contradiction in terms, yet Dr. G. Tyler Miller managed to combine facts and figures into a humane scare tactic.

He believes that man will be able to cope with his problems, but only if he is aware of them. Thus he anxiously advocates an understanding of what it takes to make a "quality life" for all men. Miller is a man of optimism. He works with science to awaken people to the possibility of a world of less people living better lives. He is a scientist who cares.

these," Lucius cringed. "In truth, I stepped in some horse dung and infected a blister. My foot had to be cauterized before the deathly green took my whole leg."

Aschyltus laughed, Gitton hugged his defeated hero, and I stuttered with exasperation, "Here, I've suffered through your inflated tale and have missed my dearest Doris whom my heart has sought so long. My precious time is lost, and I may never see her. Life is not worth the breathing without the view of her gentle soul. Oh, woe!"

Lucius responded, "Ah, do you know the fair Doris?"

"No," I confessed, "but I had hoped to introduce myself today."

To Be Continued

Dilemma Weekend leaves many people with many varied feelings and experiences. To some it is an opportunity to meet big personalities brandishing big ideas. To a select few it is a chance to meet them personally and to interact on an interpersonal plane. These are the two students assigned to each speaker. Their personal reflections are presented here along with the intrepid review of *Feiffer's People* by Johnny Rone.

John Chaisson

By Mike Kelley

"Are you going to ask him how many babies have been burned?" was the first reaction I received when it became known that I had been asked to host the "war-mongering" general. I laughed nervously and began making excuses "after all he did graduate from Harvard, you know," and "to become a Major General he had to be somewhat intelligent," and all the while I wondered whether he was a "village-killer" or a "practitioner of the act of genocide."

When the general arrived I was slightly paranoid—there was going to be a demonstration and I knew the general was going to look askance at my appearance—I was so preoccupied that I did not recognize him when he stepped off the plane. As I drove back to Southwestern my nervousness began to evaporate, for not only was he as nervous as I, but he also was coming across as an intelligent human being who was far from the ogre I was expecting.

If I could characterize the general with a single word, it would be "human." His feelings on VietNam, that the U.S. should withdraw but on Nixon's terms of gradual Vietnamization and that the U. S. could have won in '65 with a massive invasion of forces, I could have forecasted, but his obvious sincerity, his humanness, and his caring were not the traits I associate with "Sieg-Heils" and cries of "fascist-pig" that greeted him when he arrived for his talk.

Needless to say I became an admirer of the general during the week-end. Not because of the uniform or his views on Viet Nam, which were antithetical to mine, but because he was human. He restored my faith in the military not as an institution, but as human beings who have conscience, ideals, and feelings of caring toward their fellow men.

The general said the politicians make decisions; the soldier does his duty; but I would like to add a fervent hope of

William S. Coffin

By Carol DeForest

It is extremely difficult to evaluate a man like William Sloane Coffin without using cliches or understatement. The man is brilliantly read and totally at ease with himself as well as with all with whom he

has contact. Like most truly great men, Coffin shows as much interest in other people as they show in him. This adds to his acceptability; as his quick wit adds to his charm.

Coffin is a warm and compassionate man with incredible vibrance and energy. He kept up his energetic drive and humor through all of the seminars and lectures and numerous personal confrontations. He was able to give constructive criticism of Southwestern, suggesting more workable ways to live and love each other, and gave most people encouragement to continue.

It was a privilege and a joy to be with Coffin for two days—he made all of us feel like we were intimately a part of his life and added as much to his life as he did to ours.

Feiffer's People

By Johnny Rone

Where does one find an insecure young man leaving a trail of breadcrumbs when out on a date so that he can find his way home? Or a stranger standing next to a flower in order to meet people? Or a special dance to 1965, '66, and '67?

The answer, obviously, is to be found in *Feiffer's People*, a wise, witty collection of sketches and observations by (naturally enough) Jules Feiffer. The play, composed of fifty-some-odd scenes, was one of the brightest spots of the whole Dilemma '70 week-end, and the "Giving-Credit-Where-Credit-Is-Due" Department gives Prof. Ray Hill the coveted "Silver Whip" for shaping his large and frequently unruly cast into amazing order and skill in the short time allotted him.

AS THE CENTRAL CHARACTER, "Bernard," Dick Jarman was properly timid and bewildered by the situations life thrust upon him; his perfect counterpoint, Huey, the lady-killer, was convincingly leered by David Allen. The other male roles went to Bill Holloway, Larry Adams, Les Landon, Dick Heien, Levi Frazier, Dan Hieber, and Bob Tigert, all of whom had exceptionally fine moments.

The best of these were the discussion between Heien and Heiber about the beauty of a sunset, and the problem faced by Tigert when he was personally integrated by Levi Frazier (perhaps the best line in the entire play was given by Tigert when he mourned the fact that the

Civil Rights struggle was so much more tolerable before the Negroes got in on it).

As for the women, Ciare Orman and Ellen McElduff came on hot and heavy. Miss Orman was exceedingly fine in everything she was called upon to do, but at her best as an apathetic television addict remembering the events in her life as being either before *I Love Lucy* or after *Have Gun, Will Travel*. Miss McElduff was outstanding in her rendition of a folk song from her "native land," and also as a mother who doesn't care if her son is miserable, "so long as he's happy." Linda Pilcher was alternately funny and touching as one of Huey's conquests.

BUT, SURPRISE, surprise! Right out of the clutches of all these funny folk the show was wondrously stolen, and the theft of the evening was none other than Irene Drumm. She was absolutely fantastic as the graceful dancer, expressing the true philosophy behind the play in her meditations which she translated into dance. Her role, much more so than that of "Bernard," held the play together and gave it meaning. Miss Drumm just cannot be praised too highly for interpreting her part to the fullest and giving it great meaning.

This Communication Arts production was additionally enhanced by Mike Hunter's original music. It was both effective and creative as performed by Sue Robertson on cello, Lauriann Lines on oboe and English horn, and Hunter on piano.

Raucous Pilgrimage Muses Visions

(Continued from Page 2)

began to lose money. The other companies could find no drivers and were also losing great sums of money. They hired assassins, and my life was in jeopardy. I killed assassins like ants stuck in honey, but I was growing weary. Finally, the Fates caught up with me and this happened." He pointed to a footless leg and wiggled the nonexistent appendage.

"THE ASSASSINS attacked you while you were asleep!" shuddered Gitton.

"You were run over by the wheel of some demon's chariot!" shouted Aschyltus drunkenly.

"It was bitten off by one of your own steeds," I yawned.

"No, in faith, it was none of

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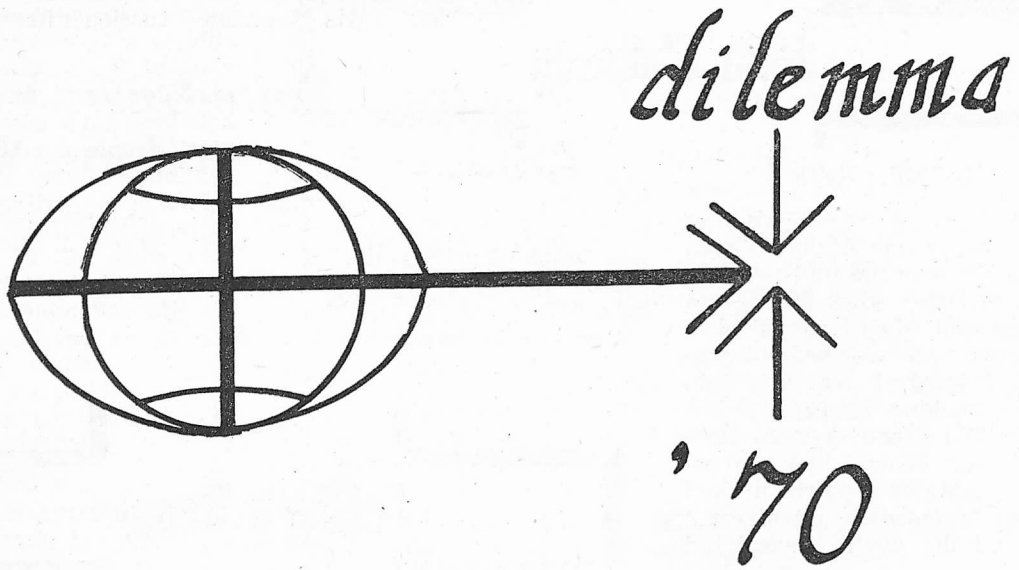
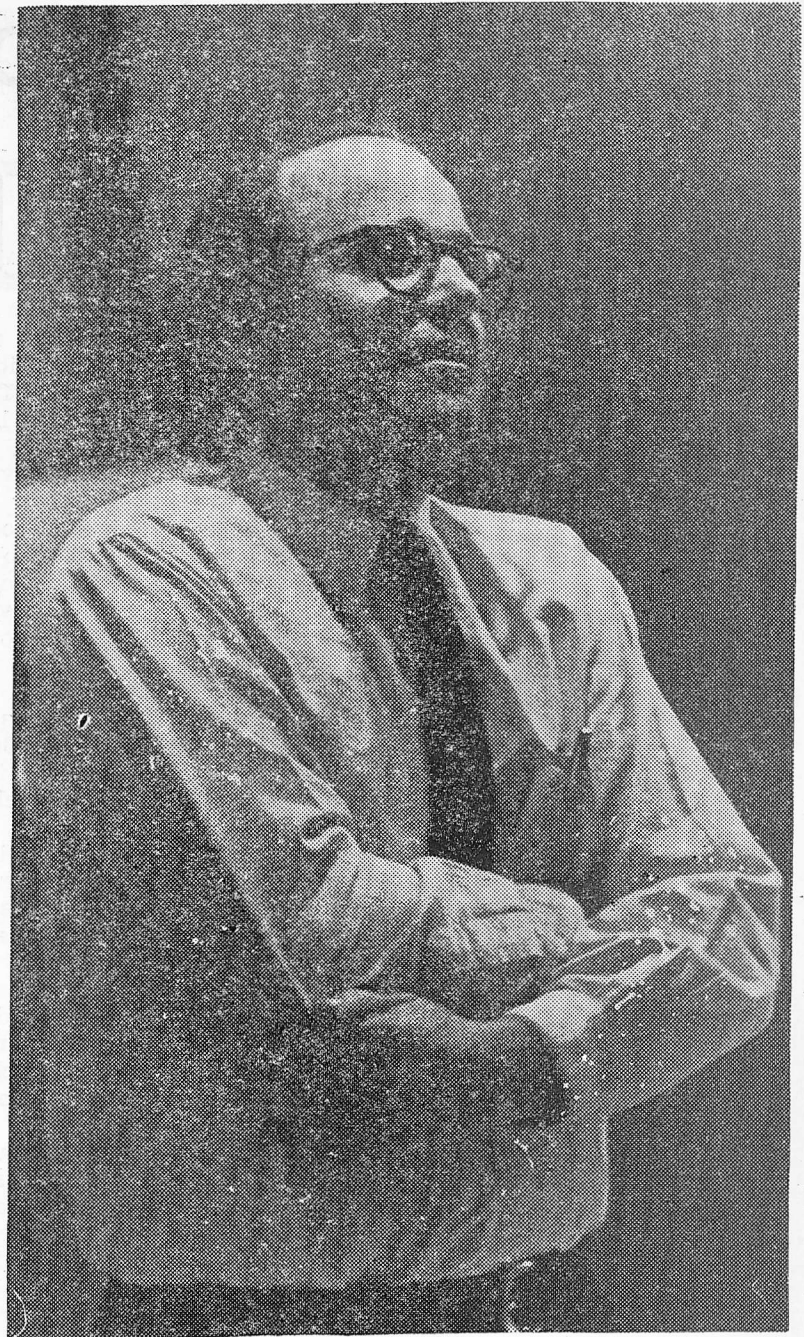
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Actors Are Strongpoint In "Waiting for Godot"

By Johnny Rone

The Department of Communication Arts is currently presenting Samuel Beckett's intriguing and controversial play, **Waiting for Godot**. Director Ray Hill admits this is one of his favorite works and that although the roles are physically demanding, the play itself never tires him.

David Hardy, who portrays "Vladimir" (Didi), enthusiastically concurs, "We've been in rehearsal six weeks and I'm still fascinated." Mike Patton, as "Estragon" (Gogo), revealed slightly different feelings about the arduous task of preparing the production, "It's been hell."

DIFFICULT OR NOT, the cast, which also includes John Verlenden as "Pozzo," the master, Dale Worsley as Lucky, the slave, and Linda Pilcher as a boy (?), has developed into a finely tuned ensemble which inter-acts beautifully. Each has interpreted his role with great energy and intelligence. They effectively create a surrealistic

mood which is guaranteed to affect one quite deeply.

Patton and Hardy work especially well together, with the former turning in a surprisingly strong character, and the latter giving forth one of the best acting jobs he has done thus far (which pleases me, for I had long since given up on David Hardy as the perennial Irish laddy of **Playboy of the Western World**).

THE SPIRIT of the play really comes to life, however, with the advent of Verlenden and Worsley, both of whom are excellent in their parts. Worsley

has a particularly taxing bit in the first act which he brings off very well, and Verlenden has both stage presence and an excellent voice which seems to carry him effortlessly through his difficult role. As a boy, Linda Pilcher should remain a girl.

The single set is effective in its barrenness, as is the lighting, which rather reminds one of the cheery glow given off when one opens one's refrigerator door.

Make plans to see this fine production and also to stick around for the informal discussion afterwards.

Alcatraz Take-Over Verifies Indians On Modern Warpath

Excerpt from **RAMPARTS MAGAZINE**, February, 1970 issue. Copyright 1970, Ramparts Magazine, Inc.

From "The Red Man's Burden"

By Peter Collier

When fourteen Indian college students invaded Alcatraz on a cold, foggy morning in the first part of November—claiming ownership "by right of discovery," and citing an 1868 treaty allowing the Sioux possession of unused federal lands—they seemed in a light-hearted mood. After establishing their beachhead, they told the press that they had come there because Alcatraz already had all the necessary features of a reservation: dangerously uninhabitable buildings; no fresh water; inadequate sanitation; and the certainty of total unemployment. They said they were planning to make the five full-time caretakers wards of a Bureau of Caucasian Affairs, and offered to take this troublesome real estate off the white man's hands for \$24, payment to be made in glass beads. The newspapers played it up big, calling the Indians a "raiding party." When, after a 19-hour stay, the Indians were persuaded to leave the island, everyone agreed that it had been a good publicity stunt.

If the Indians had ever been joking about Alcatraz, however, it was with the bitter irony that fills colonial subjects' discourse with the mother-country. When they returned to the mainland, they didn't fall back into the cigar-store stoicism that is supposedly the red man's prime virtue. In fact, their first invasion ignited a series of meetings and strategy-sessions; two weeks later they returned to the rock, this time with a force of nearly 100 persons, a supply network, and the clear intention of staying. What had begun as a way of drawing attention to the position of the contemporary Indian, developed into a plan for doing something about it. And when the government, acting through the General Services Administration, gave them a deadline for leaving, the Indians replied with demands of their own: Alcatraz was theirs, they said, and it would take U. S. Marshals to remove them and their families; they planned to turn the island into a major cultural center and research facility; they would negotiate only the mechanics of deeding over the land, and that only with Interior Secretary Walter Hickel during a face to face meeting. The Secretary never showed up, but

the government's deadlines were withdrawn.

"On this island, I saw not whether the people had personal property, for it seemed to me that whatever one had, they all took share of, especially of eatable things."

—Christopher Columbus

Alcatraz is Indian territory: The old warning to "Keep Off U. S. Property" now reads "Keep Off Indian Property;" security guards with red armbands stand near the docks to make sure it is obeyed. Women tend fires beneath huge iron cauldrons filled with food, while their kids play frisbee in what was once a convicts' exercise yard. Some of the men work on the prison's wiring system or try to get more cellblocks cleared out for the Indian people who are arriving daily from all over the country; others sit fishing on the wharf with hand-lines, watching quietly as the rip-tides churn in the Bay. During the day, rock music plays over portable radios and a series of soap operas flit across a TV; at night, the prison is filled with the soft sounds of ceremonial drums and eerie songs in Sioux, Kiowa and Navajo.

In the few weeks of its occupation, Alcatraz has become a mecca, a sort of red man's Selma. Indian people come, stay a few days, and then leave, taking with them a sense of wonderment that it has happened. Middle-aged "establishment" Indians are there. They mix with younger insurgents like Lehman Brightman (the militant Sioux who heads a red power organization called the United Native Americans), Mad-Bear Anderson (the Iroquois traditionalist from upstate New York who fought to get the United Nations to stop the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers' flooding of precious Seneca Indian lands), Sid Mills (the young Yakima who demanded a discharge from the Army after returning from VietNam so that he could fight his real war—against the state of Washington's denial of his people's fishing rights), and Al Bridges (one of the leaders of the first Washington fish-ins in 1964, who now faces a possible ten-year prison sentence for defying the state Fish and Game Commission). The composition of the ad hoc Indian community changes constantly, but the purpose remains the same: to make Alcatraz a powerful symbol of liberation

(Continued on Page 6)



Secretary of Interior Walter Hickel was the featured speaker of this year's College Editor's Conference held in Washington. The topic for debate was environmental control and remarks from the floor became very polluted as Hickel proved unworthy of the task.

College Press Conference Reviews Urban Pollution

By Hershel Lipow

Genius, says Sartre, is what a man invents when he is looking for a way out. Sharing such genius were over six hundred delegates attending this year's College Editor's Conference in Washington, February 27-March 2.

Their crusade was one of environmental control and as the issues of race, student power and the war had gone before, their task is to bring a nation's conscience to bear on the industrial negligence that is destroying our planet.

AS EDITORS, they were equipped to actualize their experiences: they possess the powers of the student press. Before it was over, a Cabinet

member was verbally abused and a petroleum firm president dumped with oil. Before it was over the temperament of this country's student press was sounded.

To say that the collegiate press is experiencing a new radicalization is to over generalize, however. Perhaps the one thing that was most clear is that they are not all of the same temperament. Indeed most were highly opposed to what may be considered a radical confrontation with featured speaker Secretary of the Interior Hickel, sponsored by a highly vocal minority. Their objective was to make it impossible for him to continue speaking. As he entered the room there was an electric tension created by the expectations of disorder.

Secretary Hickel must be credited for coming into that massive room unarmed and unaided. He began in an impassioned plea for understanding. His voice was strained, almost a shout. Cries of bullshit followed each of his feeble attempts to answer questions that were precise and obviously well researched. A red flag waved in a corner of the room. Enraged obscenities followed continued fatuity.

THEN SUDDENLY someone shouted, give this man a chance to speak. Consuming applause. An obviously unexpected silent majority had spoken, but this does not mean they were pleased with what they heard.

Hickel made an ass of himself. Complete political suicide. Among his overt errors was condemning the ABM system and then "choosing to stand by my president" when pressured to elaborate. But he finished his speech, and integrity triumphed over stupidity.

As the program progressed, peaking at the splendid performance of Margaret Mead and wavering upon the inane babble of a bereted madman preaching communication, delegates became aware that pollution and ecology were topics

that grew stale after endured discussion.

Perhaps the speakers were a bit too endearing, too eager to impress a sense of immediacy and activism. Perhaps college editors are one notch above only listening. At any rate, a grass roots movement emerged to turn the temper of the conference to journalism. Spearheaded by the editors of the larger dailies, e.g., Berkeley and Illinois, delegates were asked to relate their discussions to the practical applications of journalism. As editors theirs was more than a necessity of comprehension. It was also a task of relating and activating knowledge into stories.

On the prominent periphery were the compatriots of black journalism and women's liberation. Both were serious, both clawing for recognition.

THERE IS no way to keep six hundred young Americans down. As serious as their mission was, delegates desired to release the emotions of continually carrying a newspaper in their psyche. Catharsis.

Alcohol stood beside drugs. Both were accepted, both consumed. Rock concerts and light shows drove frenzied minds and bodies to a rare communion of spirit. Devoid of personality in the blaring, reverberating chambers of a pulsating room, people united, danced and held hands in complete anonymity. Strangely apart; strangely more together than ever before. And amidst it all the Hog Farm communers from New Mexico, showing their movie and pointing to a new way of life.

It is a strange power to realize your thoughts are potential actions. It is an uneasy feeling to realize you are the carrier of a message of salvation, but as the conference ended, it appeared that now, perhaps more than anytime before, environmental control will unite this country and maybe, just maybe, save it from destroying itself.

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National Collegiate Poll Recognizes Seven Jocks

Seven Southwestern athletes have been chosen to be honored in the 1970 Volume of **Outstanding College Athletes of America**. These seven represent seven varsity sports: junior John Churchill and senior Randall Mullins in football; senior Eddie Hart for basketball; junior Jerry Stauffer in baseball; junior Bobby Doolittle for cross-country and track; junior Jim Pascal in golf; and junior Charlie Durham for wrestling. Nominated by their schools earlier this year, these athletes were chosen to appear in this awards publication on the basis of their achievements.

Outstanding College Athletes of America is sponsored by the Outstanding Americans Foundation, a non-profit organization dedicated to honoring Americans of achievement.

John Putman, one of the 1966 Ten Outstanding Young Men of America award winners and president of the Foundation, said, "It is the purpose of **Outstanding College Athletes of America** to recognize and encourage the all-round abilities of the young people who have distinguished themselves in the sports competitions of our colleges. These young people carry the mantle of their school, their state and their nation each time they participate in competitive

sports."

Outstanding College Athletes of America is an annual awards volume featuring the biographies and accomplishments of approximately 5,000 young athletes who have proven themselves outstanding in sports, campus activities and curriculum.

Nominations for this awards volume are made by athletic departments of colleges and un-

iversities throughout the country. Criteria for selection include an athlete's sports achievements, leadership ability, athletic recognition, and community service.

Outstanding College Athletes of America stands as a tribute to the young athletes of our nation who have accepted the challenge of excellence. The publication date for the awards publication will be July, 1970.

SW Track Team Opens Here With Saturday Afternoon Meet

By Bruce Parker

The Southwestern thinclads open the 1970 outdoor season tomorrow against Lambuth here at Ferguson Field. This year's version of the Lynx, under new coach Bill Bretherick, is particularly dependent on new talent.

IN LAST MONTH'S TIAC meet, freshmen scored 20 of the 23½ points recorded by Southwestern in its 3rd place finish. Ralph Allen and Levi Fraser accounted for most of these, with Allen winning the broad jump and Frazier the high hurdles.

The Lynx should be particularly strong in a number of

events. The broad jump features Allen and Jim Gannon, both of whom have gone 23 feet. The current SW record is 23½', set by Barry Boggs in 1967. In the discus, John Churchill and Stan Slayton have each thrown over 140 feet, and should be strong contenders for the CAC championship.

THE 120 HIGHS have more than enough talent with current CAC record holder Tom Shoffner, Gannon, Frazier, and Allen. Another record which could fall is the mile relay, the current standard being 3:24.5.

Tomorrow's action begins with the field events at 1 p.m. with the running events starting at 3:30.

Indians Occupy Alcatraz

(Continued from Page 5)

springing out of the long American imprisonment.

The people enjoy themselves, spending a lot of time sitting around the campfire talking and gossiping. But there is a sense of urgency beneath the apparent lassitude. Richard Oakes, a 27-year-old Mohawk who worked in high steel construction before coming West to go to college, is one of the elected spokesmen. Sitting at a desk in the old Warden's Office, he talks about the hope of beginning a new organization, the Confederacy of American Indian Nations, to weld Indian groups all over the country into one body capable of taking power away from the white bureaucracy. He acknowledges that the pan-Indian movements which have sprung up before have always been crushed. "But time is running out for us," he says. "We have everything at stake. And if we don't make it now, then we'll get trapped at the bottom of that white world out there, and wind up as some kind of Jack Jones with a social security number and that's all. Not just on Alcatraz, but every place else, the Indian is in his last stand for cultural survival."

The Alcatraz occupation is still popularly regarded as the engaging fun and games of Indian college kids. In its news coverage of the U. S. Coast Guard's feeble attempt to blockade ships running supplies to the island, one local television station found amusement in showing their films to the musical accompaniment of U. S. cavalry bugle calls. It was not so amusing to the occupiers, however. The California Indians now on the Rock know that their people were decimated from a population of 100,000 in 1850 when the gold rush settlers arrived, to about

15,000 thirty years later, and that whole tribes, languages and cultures were erased from the face of the earth. There are South Dakota Indians there whose grandparents were alive in 1890 when several hundred Sioux, mostly women and children leaving the reservation to find food, were caught at Wounded Knee, killed, and buried in a common grave—the old daguerreotypes still showing heavily-mustachioed soldiers standing stiffly over the frozen bodies like hunters with their trophies. Cowboys and Indians is not a pleasant game for the Alcatraz Indians and some must wonder whether, in another 150 years, German children will be gaily playing Nazis and Jews.

But the past is not really at issue. What is at stake today, as Richard Oakes says, is cultural survival. Some of the occupiers have known Indian culture all their lives; some have been partially assimilated away from it and are now trying to return. All understand that it is in jeopardy, and they want some assurance that Indianness will be available to their children. It sounds like a fair request, but fairness has never ruled the destiny of the Indian in America. In fighting for survival, the Indians of Alcatraz are challenging the lies perpetuated by anthropologists and bureaucrats alike, who insist that the red man is two things: an incompetent "ward" addicted to the paternalism of government, and an anachronism whose past is imprisoned in white history and whose only future is as an invisible swimmer in the American mainstream.

"He is dispossessed in life, and unforgiving. He doesn't believe in us and our civilization, and so he is our

mystic enemy, for we push him off the face of the earth."

—D. H. Lawrence

Strangled in bureaucracy, swindled out of lands, forcibly alienated from his own culture, the Indian continues to be victimized by the white man's symbolism: he has been both loved and hated to death. On the one hand, the white looked out at him from his own constricted universe of acquisition and grasping egocentrism and saw a Noble Savage, an innocent at peace with his world. Here was a relic of a better time, to be protected and preserved. But on the other hand the white saw an uncivilized creature possessing, but not exploiting, great riches; the vision was conjured up of the Murdering Redskin whose bestiality provided the justification for wiping him out and taking his land. The Indian's "plight" has always inspired recurrent orgies of remorse, but never has it forced us to digest the implications of a nation and culture conceived in genocide. We act as if the blood-debt of the past cannot be canceled until the Indian has no future; the guiltier he has made us, the more frantic have been the attempts to make him disappear.

Yet, having paid out almost everything he has, the Indian has survived the long exercise in white schizophrenia. And there are some, like Hopi mystic Thomas Banyaka, who give out prophecies that the red man will still be here long after whites have been destroyed in a holocaust of their own making.

Those wishing to support the occupation of Alcatraz may do so by sending checks payable to "Alcatraz Relief Fund," 3189 16th Street, San Francisco, California 94110.

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