



“We will burn Chicago to the ground!”  
 “We will fuck on the beaches!”  
 “We demand the Politics of Ecstasy!”  
 “Acid for all!”

# UHN NEWS

## liberated press

Vol. II, No. 2  
 September 17, 1969



Are you for anything?  
 Do you have a vision of this new society you talk of?  
 Yes. We are for a free society.

Could you spell that out?  
 F-R-E-E.

FLASHBACK: Baby and I, complete with Uncle Sam hats and Flower Flags, jump a barbed-wire fence and are quickly surrounded by marshals and soldiers.

“We’re Mr. and Mrs. America, and we claim this land in the name of Free America.”

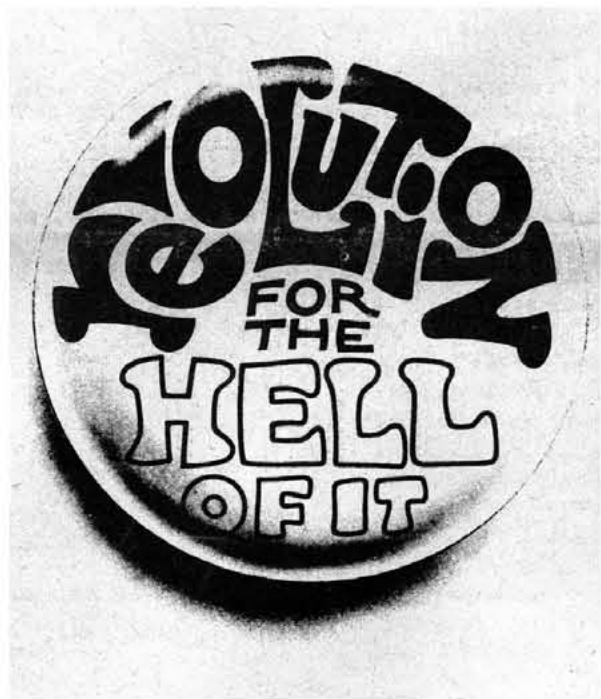
We plant the Flag and hold our ground. The troops are really shook. Do you club Uncle Sam? We’re screaming incantations.

“Your’re under arrest. What’s your name?”

“Mr. and Mrs. America, and Mrs. America’s pregnant.”

The troops lower their clubs in respect. A marshal writes in his book: “Mr. and Mrs. America-Trespassing.” We sit down and make love.

After about 20 minutes we stand and offer to shake hands with the marshals. They refuse. Walk away glowing, off to liberate another zone. The crown cheers. “You can do anything you want baby, it’s a free country. Just do it, don’t bullshit.”



### Abbie Hoffman

I was arrested in Rochester once and they took me into the police station and I said well am I arrested or not because I know my rights under the Constitution and if I’m not arrested I’m gonna get an egg cream and go back to NY. And he says you can take the constitution and stick it up your ass. So Jim, my friend, says I’m from the NY Times, that’s an interesting quote sir and would you mind spelling constitution?

Sit in the fucking chair he says; are you a communist? I’m with the Vietcong. We had a film with us and he asks us what’s in the film and I said it’s about an ostrich fucking a woman. A yippee movie and them running around trying to get a projector. I asked how can you guys handle us, you haven’t got any fucking mace you haven’t got tanks and we start telling them about what police forces around the country like really got, and how they’re like fucking backward. We rap down all this shit about what went on in Chicago. They got a mystical hero, this Robert Pierson, was an undercover yippie, and we tell them all about him and secret stories and how we saw him get laid and all that shit. And you just rap to them, so insane that they dig it. They bring in the other cops wow you gotta hear this, and they get a whole show going.

Do you shoot drugs? Yeah, maple syrup. Wow, maple syrup, man. Yeah it’s sweet, it’s a little sticky but it’s sweet. How do you shoot it? Well you put a funnel up your ass and pour it in. They say that’s outta sight.

Go freaky. What are your aliases, you list three hundred or so, you list funny things. I guess the basic thing is not to legitimize that institution in any way.

### Raps with the Cops

Abbie Hoffman Tonite 8:30

# U.H. News Liberated Press

## Library?



From the books of time we have cited many quotations never read, we have quoted many sources never owned, unscrambled many ideas never written. We have now accepted the gift of growth and shall build another one of our tormentuous buildings to house that which we do not own. We built a campus center to house togetherness when we had no togetherness; and now we are still not together. We are now about to build a library to house books when we have no books. We can thank Mr. Mortensen for \$250,000.00 (and his name) but couldn't he have afforded just \$5.00 more for a copy of the U.S. Constitution that didn't have to stay on the reserve shelf? The library will be long since built and we will still have to cross-town it to Trinity for the books we really need. Of the 150,000 volumes we now own, perhaps 50,000 MIGHT have been usable ten years ago. The other 100,000 range from Hardy Boy mysteries (no pun intended) to The Joy of Cooking. Even if all the regents were to will their libraries to the university we would then only have the books to service the curriculum of Manchester Community College. But there we were, caught sitting, and applauding speeches on a September day, with our minds lost in comic books (somewhere along the way).

love and kisses (and a hug),  
the jack of hearts.

ps. ed. note. this editorial was written before the groundbreaking; a few notes afterwards: Mr. Mortensen was the only speaker that (briefly) touched on the need for books. 60,000 was his estimate. any professor would double that. I was not shocked that the students did not show up. (none). I WAS shocked that the student that was asked to speak on our behalf was one we had never seen or heard before, some dumb honor student (from education no less) that must have flunked speech 110, and one who thought the best part of the new library would be the fact that we would no longer have to sit six at a table, (no mention of need for books.)

## Radio at UofH?

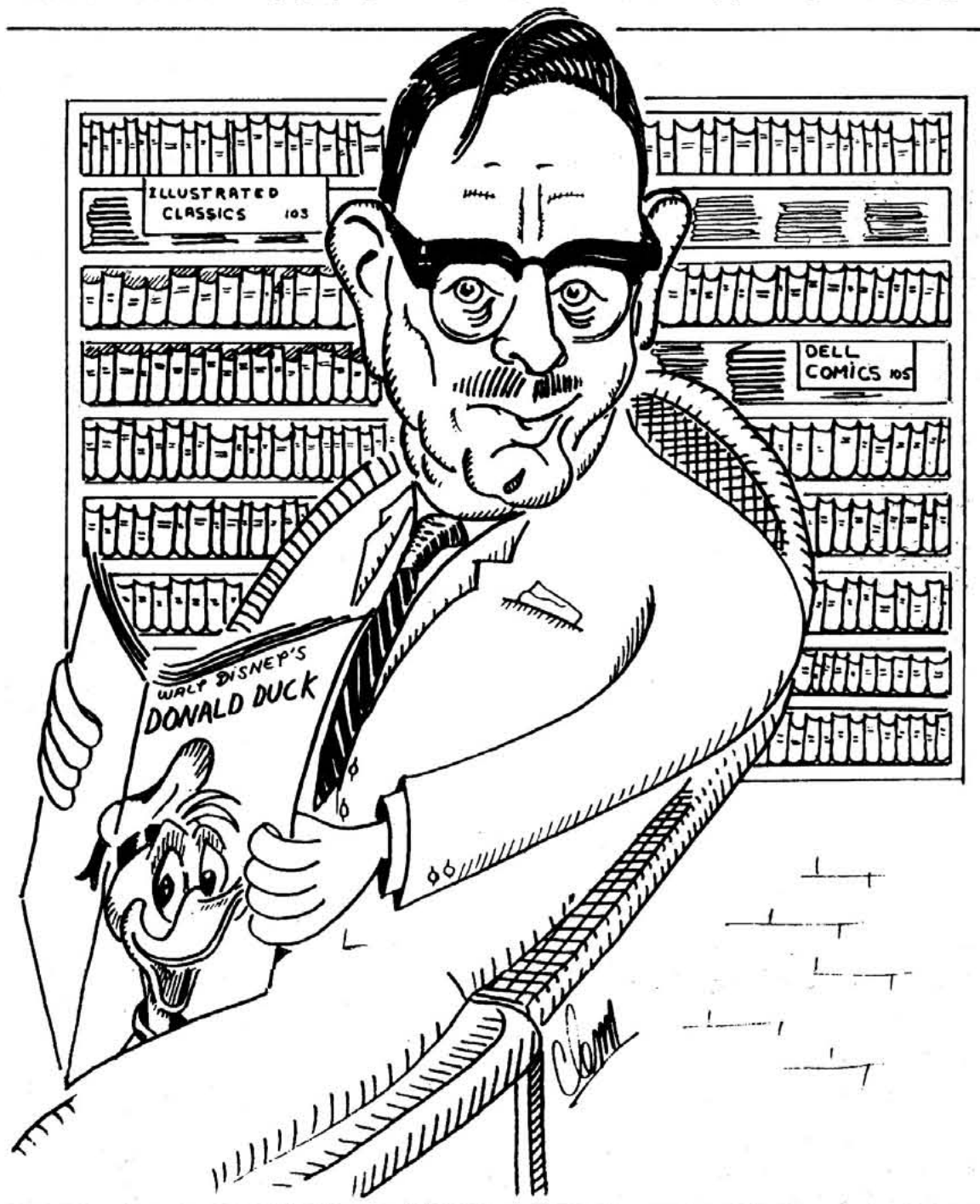
A while ago, an article was published in Broadcast Management/Engineering entitled, "What's Happening to Educational FM?". It complains that too many college FM stations are "little more than weak-voiced, amateur echoes of local commercial radio stations sans the commercials." Although WWUH is hardly weak-voiced, the second part of this description applies pretty well to the majority of its present programming. Last year WWUH claimed to provide programming that was not readily available elsewhere, and it did pretty well. This year, that claim applies only to the jazz show. And what happened to the classical show? It's disappeared entirely! Is this educational radio?

A college station should be a place to have fun. It should not be a strict environment constantly striving for professionalism. This puts a definite limit on the amount of pleasure to be derived from the time put into the station. We should have a campus-limited, AM station where people can mess around, crack jokes, and generally have a good time. We already have an FM station, which can be used to provide good, informative, controversial educational programs that will be relevant not only to the campus, but to the community as a whole. We have a responsibility as the future leaders of our society to do all we can to try to find solutions to the problems of our present society, or at least to ask the questions that will encourage thought about these problems.

If you would like a beautiful example of what an educational radio station can be, I refer you to WFCR, 88.5 FM. WWUH can make just as good a name for itself with good educational programs. We enjoy access to many beautiful and intelligent professors on our staff at the University of Hartford. We could make their thoughts available to the Greater Hartford Community, through WWUH. This is the part of WWUH that represents work, hard work, and plenty of it. This is the place for professionalism. But it has its rewards, too. Ask Claude Schleuderer how it feels to work for 20 out of 24 hours preparing a 2-hour documentary on the U.H. News hassle of last year (the other 4 hours he was sleeping on the floor of the control room). Hard work? You bet. But there's something about the satisfaction of hearing your program on the air, the satisfaction of hearing people talk about it, the satisfaction of walking through the campus center and seeing people sitting around the speakers listening intently, that makes it all worthwhile.

Educational programs are where you can really let your creative abilities go. Like putting together conflicting quotes from different sections of the establishment. Or presenting news about what's happening on our campus. Or what's happening to other students around the country. Or going out and talking to the pigs and getting

## MORTENSON'S MORTUARY OF MORTIFYING MASTERPIECES



their opinions and reactions. Let all the people know how stupid their thinking really is. There's really no limit to what you can do!

These things can be really beautiful. They can make us proud to be a part of the University that supports this station. WWUH can be more than a joke, much more. But it will take two things. First, it will take the demands of the student body for this type of a radio station. We have to let everyone from Archie Woodruff to Clark Smidt know that this is what we want and we won't settle for anything less. Second, we have to back up our demands with a willingness to work to make them possible.

At many colleges, the radio station is run by a salaried administration honky, and all the students get to do is the work. Let's show everyone that we can do a job to be proud of, without being directed by an administration honky. That way maybe the students will retain control of this powerful media outlet, so that we will always be able to tell the rest of our community where it's at. **STUDENT RADIO FOR THE STUDENTS!**

-Links Booth

### Staph:

- hardy—editor
- susan—managing editor
- holden—bus. manager
- parker—news editor
- roth—feature editor
- cronin—feature editor
- morini—poetry editor
- smyzer—layout editor
- zanzal—artist
- ormand—artist

- togetherness junction
- lewis—spiritual leader
- johnson—troubleshooter/maker
- manselle—beautiful brother
- odell—concerned white student
- rushton—lady in management
- rubenstein—artist in residence
- geffen—cheerleader
- clauson—fresman youngblood
- hankton
- lazy contributors
- jones

clement—cartoonist

assorted staph:  
beamesco, donnelly, greenberg, leslie,  
poole, starsiak, steiner, stern,  
tanner, reid

# LETTERS to the Editor

## Ed.'s Note,

We print all letters to the editor that we receive; they may be sent through inter-campus mail (free) or dropped up to the office by 7:00 PM on Monday.

### Fiasco

Dear Editor,

Who is responsible for the academic calendar '69-'70? Who is responsible for: "January 5-21, 1970-Exams, Special Programs and Make-up Tests."? Would someone care to explain just exactly what the purpose of such a period is? Does ANYONE really know? Are we really expected to go home the 20th of December and come back Jan. 5 for exams, and then leave again until second semester?

If the intention of such scheduling was to ease us into an inter-session type calendar, then why the hell didn't they just do it? A month off in the middle of the academic calendar could be invaluable as far as pursuing independent study, getting a part time job or just ski-bumming for awhile. But this business of coming back for a few days and taking exams is ridiculous, to say the least!

It would seem to me that the "student body" has three alternatives in such a predicament: We either 1) give into that Wizard of Oz who runs this place. 2) Get petitions circulated in EVERY class to change the calendar before they tell us it's too late. 3) Boycott exams. They tell us the only way to get things done around here is "through the proper channels," therefore it would seem that #2 really is our only alternative. (So what are the proper channels for changing blunders like this?)

Would anyone care to explain this fiasco to us?

respectfully . . .  
Dianne Terry

### Love, Love, Love

Dear Jack,  
Alas, The Jack of Hearts  
is, after all,  
the jack of spades.  
Remember the Puerto Ricans?  
Remember the Grapes?  
Remember Appalachia?  
Remember Sam Houston?  
This world is a broad  
and many-colored place.  
Are your eyes open?  
Have the Blacks cared for  
The Yellows? The Browns?  
The Reds? The Pastels?

I am a WASP  
and the rats gnaw at my slum-  
lord's foundations,  
And the roaches run.  
Should I burn my home?  
When I march on the Jews,  
Will I merit an eight-page  
requiem?  
Will my sad impotence, too,  
become a paper phallus?  
We have all been slaves.  
Recognize our chains.  
We are all now minorities.  
Recognize our integrity.  
Jack, I love the Blacks  
no less than any other living  
things.  
I also love perspective.  
I am one of many.  
Love and empathy,  
Mama Nabors and Abby  
and Other Living Things

### One Man's Views

Mr. Welton Johnson has written a rather bitter article in the UH NEWS, his "Lesson in Confrontation." Insofar as I can see, he beautifully epitomizes the "Last Angry Man." I do not know what prompted this vindictive animosity on his part, but I wish for the student body to realize the blatant facts. Johnson calls whitey the bigot, the racist, and any other name he can find, but he calls the black community "brothers." How the hell can Blacks and Whites get

together if neither side will see the other's views?

He claims that whitey is killing him, but I think that the opposite is true. The Blacks are killing themselves with bitterness and hatred. They riot, vandalize, and cause inestimable damage in the name of Freedom. Bullshit. This country supposedly runs on a democratic basis whereby each man is equal. The black cannot attempt to be more equal. When they attempt this, ruin and useless destruction follow, which serves no purpose.

Learn, Welton, that violence only begets more violence, and this is not the solution. Learn also, Welton, that name-calling is useless and immature. And learn finally, Welton, that the pen is mightier than the sword!

Mark Lowy

### Thank You

dear Editor,

perhaps you think it in good taste, or think it relevant but I call it pure crap. I am referring to the section entitled "together." It was atrocious material that could hardly be called together. Welton Johnson cannot write. James Odell is trying hard to be a beautiful black man but is about as beautiful as he is black. Marcus Manselle ought to go back to Weaver High School where he belongs. If you are going to print one-sided black trash then at least make it well-written one-sided black trash. The good old liberated press is starting off another year by putting the shoes on the wrong feet. The "together" section does not belong on our campus, it belongs, crumpled up, on the already garbage strewn streets of the north end. I do hope you will use better judgment in the future.

sincerely,  
John Vorhees  
School of Business

### Let God Do It

To the student body:

Greetings. If you are happy, contented, well-adjusted, and satisfied with things as they are, then this letter is not for you. But if you worry, are irritable, lack a purpose in life, have no goal, no real interest in living; if you're bitter, bored, frustrated, anxious, feel guilty, desire to escape reality, or fear death, then this letter is for you, because I offer you the answer to these problems. The answer to all of this is the One who promised us abundant life, Jesus Christ.

At once you will say, "O that is fine for you, but not for me." How do you know it's not for you? You've never tried it or you wouldn't say that. Maybe you've tried a "Christian" church but you haven't known Christ, I have, I do know him. This is what makes Christ truly unique. He is not a religion, not a doctrine, not a creed or a church. He is a person, a person you can get to know. Until you know Jesus Christ, you are not and never have been a Christian.

Now consider for just a moment all the conditions listed above. Neither I nor any of my Christian friends are afflicted by them. Christ can deliver you just as easily as He did us. Christ's promise of abundant life is for all who will receive Him as Lord and Saviour.

In His Service,  
Gene Bowski

### Filler

Dear Jack:

My congratulations to you and your

staff on the September 10 issue of the UH NEWS. The pictures of Ho and Ev as handled was superb; the black supplement was darn good; your editorial was thought-provoking; and, the coverage of campus news quite effective. I know you have always argued that the paper should not be a bulletin board, yet it is the only medium on campus that reaches every member of the community. Whatever else the paper attempts, it should print all the news that's fit. We need effective communication (exchange of ideas?) on this campus. You can do it, whatever else you would like to accomplish. I think

you owe this to the students who support you and the university for which you are a leading voice.

Keep these lines open!

DEAN SWEENEY

### HO, HO, HO

Dear Mr. Hardy:

My sister keeps telling me that the young people of today have much more concern for others than any other generation before -- they really feel strongly about things and want to help.

After your cover picture honoring the leader of North Vietnam, I find that she must be very wrong about some young people. Anyone who feels for others would not do such a thing to men and boys who have died in Vietnam, their families, and those who are there now, whether they want to be there, believe in it, or not.

I am very sorry for you.

Sincerely,  
(Miss) Katherine M. Nold

ed. reply: could have fooled me; I would have sworn it was a Mrs.

## Abbie Hoffman

by John Cronin

Abbie Hoffman is going to speak tonight. A wise suggestion is to be there--if not for anything else just to educate yourself to another view of revolution.

Abbie, like most of you, is straight out of the middle class, having attended both Brandeis and Berkeley. He is a self-labelled drop-out from society and such system-irking things as YIPPEE!, dropping money on the stock exchange and other things meriting him over 25 busts characterize this label.

"Revolution for the Hell of It" is his theme and his

life. If you haven't read the book, try. It's a pisser of a book with some good words and some shit but the message is clear. Free society-abolishment of private property and money--everyone living off our land's fat. "Free is the Revolution."

He holds that our system runs on the premise of Catch-22, that the system can do anything they want as long as we don't have the power to stop it. This being quite true. And that the solution to this problem is, for lack of a better word, anarchy. There being doubt there however. He's a glib critic but there is lacking a plan of action but only

because he doesn't approve of plans of action. Everything must be spontaneous and from your plans as your problems arise and then action.

On the whole, Abbie is creative and dedicated. Can't deny that. But I can't get off on his laying down of Are's and Are Not's for revolutionists at all. He may seem arrogant and overbearing but don't let put ons fool you. He's a devotee of McLuhan and uses the media well, and to his advantage. He's good at theatre.

Enough critical bullshit. Go to the lecture and hear and get educated a little bit more. It's Free.

## Something for Everyone For the Business Students

At first I thought throwing out money at the Stock Exchange was just a minor bit of theater. I had more important things to do, like raising bail money for a busted brother. Reluctantly, I called up and made arrangements for a tour under the name of George Metesky, Chairman of East Side Service Organization (Esso). We didn't even bother to call the press. About eighteen of us showed up. When we went in the guards immediately confronted us. "You are hippies here to have a demonstration and we cannot allow that in the Stock Exchange." "Who's a hippie? I'm Jewish and besides we don't do demonstrations, see we have no picket signs," I shot back. The guards decided it was not a good idea to keep a Jew out of the Stock Exchange," so they agreed we could go in. We stood in line with all the other tourists, exchanging stories. When the line moved around the corner we saw more newsmen than I've ever seen in such a small area. We started clowning. Eating

money, kissing and hugging, and that sort of stuff. The newsmen were told by the guards that they could not enter the gallery with us. We were ushered in and immediately started throwing money over the railing. The big tickertape stopped and the brokers let out a mighty cheer. The guards started pushing us and the brokers booed. When we got out, I carried on in front of the press.

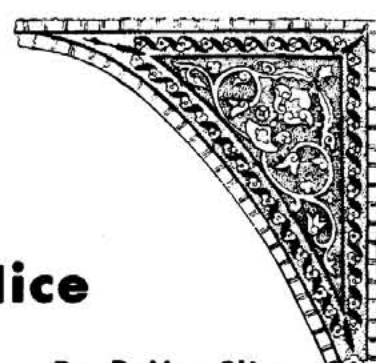
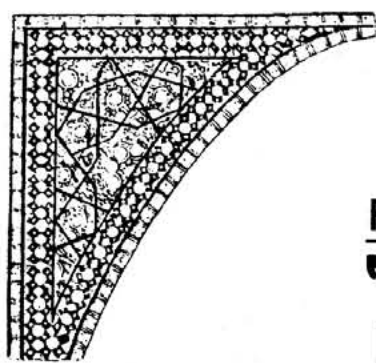
"Who are you?"  
"I'm Cardinal Spellman."  
"Where did you get the money?"  
"I'm Cardinal Spellman, you don't ask me where I get my money."  
"How much did you throw out?"  
"A thousand dollars in small bills."  
"How many of you are there?"  
"Two, three, we don't even exist? We don't even exist!"  
We danced in front of the Stock Exchange, celebrating the end of money. I burned a fiver. Some guy said it was disgusting and I agreed with him, calling my comrades "Filthy Commies."

The TV show that night was fantastic. It went all over the world. TV news shows always have a pattern. First the "serious" news, all made up, of course, a few commercials, often constructed better than the news, then the Stock Market Report. Then the upswing human interest story to keep everybody happy as cows. Our thing came after the Stock Market Report, it was a natural. CBS, which is the most creative network, left in references to Cardinal Spellman; I was surprised at that. Every news report differed. Some said we threw out monopoly money, some said twenty-thirty dollars, some said over \$100, some said the bills were ripped up first. It was a perfect mythical event, since every reporter, not being allowed to actually witness the scene, had to make up his own fantasy. Some had interesting fantasies, some boring, one tourist who joined the exercism got the point: "I'm from Missouri and I've been throwing away money in New York for five days now. This is sure a hell of a lot quicker and more fun."

-Abbie Hoffman



# News Briefs



## Film Series

### "The Adventures of Robin Hood"

For those of you who enjoyed missing our first film, "Bridge On the River Kwai," the film committee offers you 15 films that you can enjoy missing for the rest of the semester.

This Thursday the committee offers "The Adventures of Robin Hood" with Errol Flynn and his highly trained bunch of amateurs swinging from vines and dashing through the forest in green leotards. It also has Basil Rathbone as a most hissable villain.

The films are on Thursday nights at 8:30 p.m. Admission is 50¢ per person.

Here is a list of films and dates for the first semester. Please keep it and put it up on your wall.

- SEPTEMBER
- 18 Adventures of Robin Hood
- 25 House on Haunted Hill
- OCTOBER
- 2 Ulysses
- 9 Alice in Wonderland (Walt Disney)
- 16 "The Great Chase" and "The Vagabond" (silent)
- 23 The Mouse That Roared
- 30 Fantastic Voyage
- NOVEMBER
- 6 Cat Ballou
- 13 East of Eden
- 20 Wait Until Dark
- DECEMBER
- 4 Ship of Fools
- 11 The Cardinal
- JANUARY
- 8 Little Caesar

## Bloodmobile

### Something Nice Happens

"Something Nice Happens" on Thursday, September 25, and the Gengras Campus Center Board of Governors is urging all student organizations on campus to "help it happen."

William Fleming, president of the Gengras board, stated today that his organization is contacting other student groups and asking them to endorse the UofH Bloodmobile to be conducted at the Physical Education Center on September 25.

"Something Nice Happens" is the theme for this Bloodmobile which is part of the Connecticut Red Cross Blood Program.

"This state's Red Cross Blood Program is second to none in the country," said Fleming. "Blood is supplied FREE to any patient in any of the state's 45 hospitals through this program. In most states, there is either a charge for the blood or compulsory replacement, but not in Connecticut."

"That's why we believe this is a campus project that deserves maximum support. 'Something Nice' can happen to you if you volunteer to help save the lives of others by giving blood on September 25," said Fleming.

The Campus Center Board of Governors has arranged for each blood donor to receive a "Something Nice Happens" button at the Bloodmobile.

Students are urged to sign up in advance at the Campus Center information desk so the Red Cross can plan sufficient staff for the Bloodmobile unit.

### Dr. Potter Cites Social Cop-Outs At UH Assembly

University of Hartford students were told Thursday morning of four major road blocks which some people set up to avoid solutions to contemporary social problems.

These negative responses, said Dr. Robert A. Potter, associate dean of student relations, embrace, in varying degrees:

A stubborn adherence to the status quo; "the threat of force or outright physical violence"; "revolutionary utopianism, which presses for radical and immediate change," and that large mass of indifferent people who "cop out" on any real involvement with their fellow Americans.

Dean Potter, a sociologist, was the main speaker at the opening fall convocation, held in the Physical Education Center, on campus. Chancellor Archibald M. Woodruff welcomed the UofH undergraduates, who now number 2,800 full-time students.

In order to cope with today's problems, Dr. Potter said, the nation requires well-educated young people. Dean Potter defined the educated man as a person "with some objectivity in viewing the weaknesses of others. At the same time, he is able to distinguish between truth and falsehood, sense and nonsense."

Individual character is today's greatest need, Dr. Potter indicated. "Our first duty," he told the young UofH collegians, "is to become who we are, to become more than we were -- not to accept our second best. Our great need is for men and women who have come to terms with themselves as human beings: men and women who have an understanding and compassion for others."

Chancellor Woodruff, who has begun his third year at the helm of UofH affairs, cited the new Student-Faculty Association, as a progressive change on campus. The constitution, which upgrades the status of student government, has been given provisional approval by the Board of Regents.

The chancellor also noted further changes. These include substantial curriculum revisions at Hartford Art School and the School of Education; construction, now under way, of more dormitories and a new residence center dining facility, and greater opportunity for students to enroll at other Hartford institutions for courses not available in the UofH curriculum.

### Sino-Soviet War Unlikely

Dr. Bruce J. Esposito, assistant professor of history at the University of Hartford, was the main speaker at a luncheon held by the Rotary Club of Hartford on September 15.

Dr. Esposito's speech traced the traditional dispute between Russia and China and developed his theories concerning their present border clashes. His conclusion is that open warfare between China and Russia will not break out.

### Ben & Sweeney on TV

Miss Claudia Booker, Mr. Benedict M. Holden, III, and Dr. Eugene T. Sweeney will appear on Channel 18 on Sunday, September 21 at 1:pm. The topic will be "Conflict on Campus", with Ivor Hugh moderating the "Blue Door" program for the Connecticut Council of Churches.

According to Dean Sweeney, "We barely laid our cards on the table when the program was over. Mr. Hugh, impressed by our students and the level of the discussion, asked that we tape a sequel for presentation the following week. Who knows, we may have a new series in the making!"

### Student Faculty Coffee Hour

Since 1966, when Dr. Komisar became a dean, he has been meeting with students each week in an informal coffee hour. Last year Dean Komisar started a faculty coffee hour. On September 18, the two groups will be combined to encourage an exchange of ideas, opinions, and suggestions. No formal agenda is planned--just come, have coffee, and talk. The meetings will be held each week on Thursday from 9:30 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. in Room C of the Gengras Campus Center.

Ideas on grading, courses, student services, and general student involvement in academic planning have emerged from these informal sessions and are now part of our University operations. Dean Komisar hopes that future sessions will be as productive in stimulating progress in University programs.

## Creativity Presents:

### Plowshare Begins

Given the dearth of mass-produced, mass-marketed schmaltz, debilitating the esthetic sensibility of the purchasing community....

Given the large number of isolated but creative, productive people in the Hartford area....

Given the need of a market for the items produced by these people and the inability of the buying public to find access to them....

We feel there is a fantastic need by the total community for a store which handles excellent, well made, unique items of every variety. We are planning an institution which goes beyond only selling, but has access to a large portion of the creative community so that one can put together people whose interests intertwine. So that if you need a physicist for your light sculpture we can assist you in finding one.

We need to hear from you if you do anything creative. We want to hear from you if you do woodworking, sewing, designing, painting, sculpture, smithing, leather working, decorating, etc. Or if you have ideas, or if you would like only to help someone else in their efforts. We are Plowshares. Please contact us at 246-1301 or 525-4976, evenings till twelve or write Jim Martin, 27 Townley Street, Hartford.

## Art Exhibition

The Hartford Art School of the University of Hartford opens its season of exhibits in the Joseloff Gallery on Sunday, September 21 with a show of works by eleven new members of the faculty.

Painting, sculpture and prints by members of the full-time and adjunct faculty, and by graduate teaching assistants will be on view through October 15.

Members of the full-time faculty in the show are sculptor Alexander Hunenko and painter-printmaker William Patterson. Adjunct faculty members are Anthony Cirone and Sheila Solomon, sculptors; and Peter McLean, painter. Graduate teaching assistants are Hel Myung Chol, Stephen McGowan, John Scheibold, painters; Peter Kwasniewski and John Stevens, sculptors; and Phillip Tarantino, printmaker.

Joseloff Gallery hours are weekdays, Mon.-Fri., 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.; Mon.-Thurs., evenings, 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.

**The Speaker's Bureau of the S.A. presents**

**ABBIE HOFFMAN**

**TONIGHT AT 8:30 PM SOUTH CAFE.**

Hoffman will present a 15 minute film documentary of the 1968 Democratic Convention. The topic of his address will be "Revolution For The Hell Of It". Hoffman will be open for questions following his talk.

All students & faculty are urged to attend. All students should be especially happy to hear that there is no admission charge.

Student guitar recital, Robert Phelps and Allan Priestersbach, 8:30 p.m., Berkman Recital Room.  
Choral Concert, Millard Auditorium.

## Hartt Concert Calendar

- SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1969
- September 20
- Senior recital, Virginia Poulos Kramer, voice, Millard Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.
- October 3
- Faculty recital, Caren Dee Goodin, piano, 8:30 p.m., Millard Auditorium.
- October 9
- Hartt Symphony, Moshe Paranov, conductor, 8:30 p.m., Millard Auditorium.
- October 15
- Julius Hartt School faculty recital, Clinton Adams, piano, 8:30 p.m., Millard Auditorium.
- October 20
- All-Beethoven program, Winter Chamber Music Festival, Hartt String Quartet and Hartt Trio, 8:30 p.m., Millard Auditorium. Series, general, student adm. 236-5411, ext. 463.
- Student recital, Dennis Godburn, bassoon, and Barbara Liebig, flute, 8:30 p.m., Berkman Recital Room.
- October 28



Under the auspices of the Jewish community of Greater Hartford, Sheila Cooper Frankel will be on the campus of the University of Hartford this year. She will assist in involving students in arranging interesting and provocative programs. She will also be available to help individual students.



Mrs. Lynne M. Gang, whose field is special education, has joined the faculty of the School of Education. Her duties are to include three graduate courses in special education.



Collage by Erin & Taffy

### THE CORNER

The Corner the campus center coffee house will present Jack Hardy in concert on Sept. 20. The corner is located in the faculty dining room of the campus center. The show will start at 8 p.m.

Any one wishing to help in the future coffee houses pleas contact Rod Goldberg, the program director of the campus center or attend a meeting on Friday at 4:30 in Dorm J.

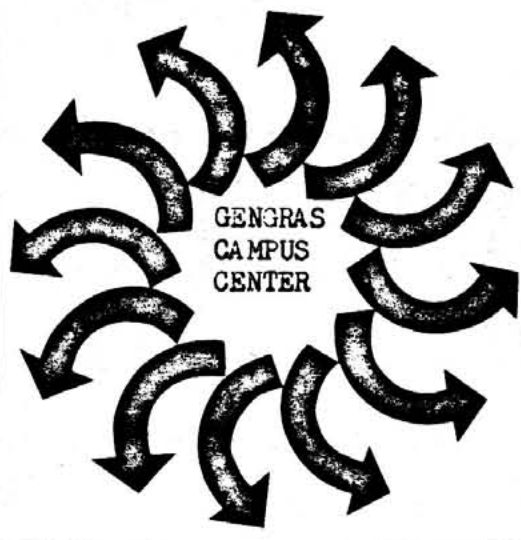
### FILM SERIES

The film this week will be the adventures of Robin Hood and will be shown in the south cafe on Thursday nite at 8:30. There is a charge of 50.

# 69 DRUG SCENE

The Forum Committee of the Campus Center Program Board of Governors will sponsor a three day symposium of drugs. This program features three films made at the Haight-Ashbury Medical Clinic. These films will begin with "Escape to Nowhere", "Speedscene", and "LSD Insight or Insanity." They will be shown on Monday nite September 22nd at 1:15 in the South Cafe and again on Tuesday the 23rd at noon in Rooms F&H. Tuesday nite will feature a lecture and seminar on drug use and abuse and will include and encourage free interchange among all those present. This seminar will be held in the South Cafe at 8:00 p.m. and a reception will follow. The DRUG SCENE will be wound up with Dr. Louria speaking in the South Cafe on Wednesday nite at 8:15 p.m.

Dr. Louria has been Chairman of the Medical Society of the County of New York subcommittee on Narcotics; on the Council Committee on Alcoholism and Drug Abuse of the New York State Medical Society; on the Committee on Problems of Drug Dependence of the National Academy of Sciences, Division of Medical Sciences, and as President of the New York State Council on Drug Addiction. He is the author of "The Drug. Scene."



THINK? I'M JEST TRYIN' TO FIT INTO THE GROOVY SET! IT'S EITHER THU EVERY OTHER COLLEGE OR FRATERNITIES KID!

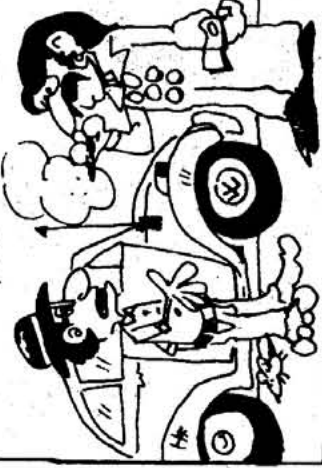
DON'T YOU EVER FEEL THAT BY HAVING LONG HAIR AND WEIRD CLOTHES THAT YOR' JEST LIKE EVERY OTHER COLLEGE OR FRATERNITIES KID?

YOU IN THE MUSIC SCHOOL BABY?

NO, MAN WHY'D YOU ASK?

YOU PLAY A MEAN WASTE BASKET!

THINK THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP TRAIN TIME BABY TRAIN TIME!



I HAD A TUFF TIME KEPPIN' THE IMAGE THIS WEEKEND

WELL NOW I'M BACK TO NORMAL

HEY WILL YOU GIT YOR' SIDEBURNS OFF MY BED?

PAMM DAMM DAMM

OOPS, 5 O'CLOCK I'LL CATCH YOU LATA' BABY! HANG LOOSE!

WITHOUT UNDERWEAR HOW CAN I HELP BUT HANG LOOSE!

THE SAINT RESTS ON THIS GAME!

70¢ ON A PAIR OF FOURS!

WELL COOKIES, THATS ABOUT IT! I'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK WITH MORE FLATTERING COMICS FOR THE OLD AND YOUNG AT HEART!

TAKS OR BETTER TO OPEN



... mother, I brought the wrong wardrobe. EVERYONE here is wearing bell-bottoms and flowered shirts...

pause

... well you'll just have to send me your Lord & Taylor charge-card...

I really didn't want to hear the rest. love and kisses, jsh



OH WOOL DID YOU DIG THE LEAD ZEPPELIN ALBUM? WOW!

GROOVY FANTASTIC BLEWS MY MIND!

MARK FOSTER PAY UP YOUR DEBTS!

ISNT THAT YEA JEST LIKE EVERY OTHER KID STARTING COLLEGE INDIVIDUAL?

HIPE HIND PAST!

TRAY HANG FORD

THE NEW LOOK ON THE UNIVERSITY OF HARTFORD'S

KETCH YOU CATS LATA I'M STATIN' SCHOOL - UH I MEAN I'M DIGGIN' THE COLLEGE SCENE.

AND WERE HIS OWN PARENTS!

I'M MEAN BABY LIKE UH KEEP THE FAITH!

WIT HE SAY? WIT HE SAY?

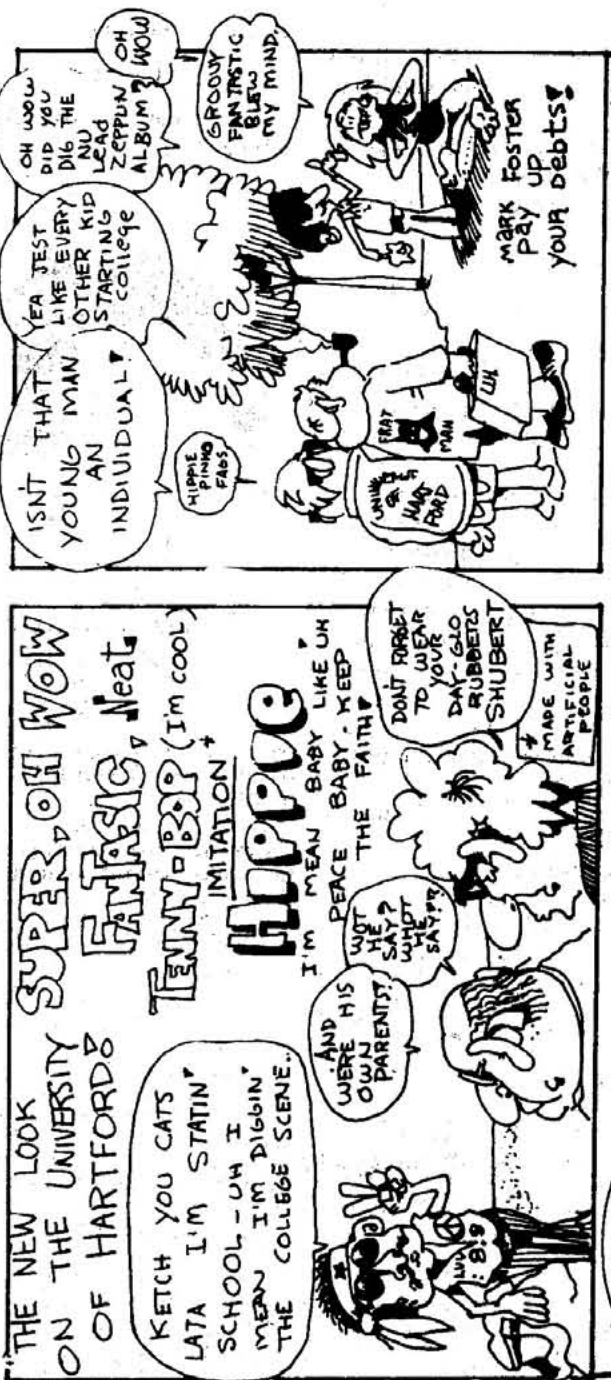
DONT FORGET TO WEAR YOUR DAY-GLO RUBBETS SHUBERT

MADE WITH ARTIFICIAL PEOPLE

FANTASIS, Meat

TENNY POP (I'M COOL) IMITATION

HIPPIE



IF YOU DRAW IN PUBLIC SO EVERYBODY CAN SEE YOU YOUR MORE HIP THAT A HIPPIE ARTIST!

MAYBE YOR' HIPS ARE NICE BUT YOUR DRAWING IS KINDA RAGGY!

NOT MUCH BUT I JUST FOUND OUT US HIPPIE ARTISTS ARE COOLER THAN A REGUIAIR ARTIST!

HEY DAD WHAT FOR ARE A DRAWING ON THAT PAD?

I'M 'INNER THAN BOTH OF YOU!

NOT AS IN AS I I'VE GOTTEN SO IN!

OH WOOL!

YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN BUY SOME GRASS? WHY JUST GO OUT AND PICK IT?

YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING Tea!

WOOL AM I STONED?

I PAINTED MY BODY WITH DAY-GLO PAINT! BLACK LIGHT!

SO GO OUT AND MARRY A BLACK LIGHT!



HEY HEY ARE YOU AN UPPER CLASSMAN? YEA

YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN BUY SOME GRASS? WHY JUST GO OUT AND PICK IT?

YOU'VE BEEN SMOKING Tea!

WOOL AM I STONED?

I PAINTED MY BODY WITH DAY-GLO PAINT! BLACK LIGHT!

SO GO OUT AND MARRY A BLACK LIGHT!



# Together

September 17, 1969

UH NEWS

Page 7

## Message

### The Devil's Changes

....I shouted out "Who killed the Kennedys,  
After all, it was you and me;"  
Just as every boss is a criminal,  
And all the sinners, saints....

So if you meet me, have some courtesy,  
Have some sympathy, have some taste;  
Forget all your well-learned politics,  
Or I'll lay your soul to waste,.....

Pleased to meet you-  
Hope you guess my name;  
That's what's puzzlin' you  
Is just the nature of my game.

Mick Jagger, *Sympathy for the Devil*

Getting on with it meaning an affair between you and The Devil (call him what you will) with his logic with his vision. Meaning more than just being bad and talking revolutionary shit. More: there are whole systems of political and social values that must go through the Devils Changes. Jagger; "forget all your well-learned politics". All this an intellectual process massive for us all. And this just the beginning; the spirit moves next. Towards a certain creative badness. This the bold step. The Revolutionary channels this energy onto his

moment of this society's witching hour, the hour when the darkest vision is the clearest and all else is politics.

So read this paper, if you will, as an affair with the Devil. For most University students, this paper will not relate directly to their experience of the Vicious Society. But then, college students in this country have only begun to respond to the truer nature of this society.

And remember the righteous sympathy for the Devil. And best believe he can lay your soul to waste.

James

## The Proposals

We print the following as an educational service for all first semester black students. These are the list of relevant proposals made last year by the Afro-American Organization. We advise brothers and sisters to study the nature of the list and draw conclusions as to the level of fulfillment the proposals have reached.

### To Whom It May Concern:

Whereas the Black students of this urban university find its curriculum irrelevant to the needs of Black students (and to those of Americans In General), we, the Afro-American Organization, propose, 1) namely, the institution of a Black Studies Department offering a major degree, staffed and administered by Blacks who are acceptable to the Afro-American Organization.

Related proposals, yet of no less importance, are the following:

- 2) That the percentage of matriculated students reflect the black ethnic percentage of Hartford.
- 3) That no black student be expelled, suspended, or academically dismissed without the judgment of his peer group.
- 4) That a \$15,000 budget for the Afro-American Organization be annually allotted.
- 5) That a dormitory complex be named after black heroes, with the understanding that black students have priority in choosing their living accommodations in these dormitories.
- 6) The hiring of black security guards employed in cooperation with the Afro-American Organization.
- 7) That a black newspaper be instituted for the benefit of the university and the community.
- 8) The establishment of a black library.
- 9) The creation of a special emergency loan fund for black students.
- 10) The inauguration of community educational programs such as, but more meaningful than, the extant "New Careers Program" which brings persons from the black community into school to train them for para-professional jobs.
- 11) That scholarships be awarded to black athletes.
- 12) That fellowships be awarded to black students on the graduate level.
- 13) That formation of satellite schools in the black community to teach prospective educators the nature of blackness.
- 14) That black artists (i.e. black writers, musicians, painters, etc.), chosen by the Afro-American Organization, be hired to live in residence.
- 15) That incoming blacks be oriented under the auspices of the

## Apocalypse of Peoplehood

Day's end moves gentle as soft breeze passes. Seagulls dance endlessly on pale blue of autumn mist. People play. Make conversation. Throw words at majesty of sky. Sunlit circus of experience.

I sit motionless on a rock at the edge of the ocean. An empire far removed from the tired castles of false men. Feel the beauty all around me. Gods of warm wind touch upon my face. Silence. Clear light flowing.

Innocence of children. Electric city no-resolution closed confusion cultural artistic moralistic stagnation. Living on in smoky buildings. Mind-incinerators. Wisdomless factories. Heir to what kingdom? Where are your heroes, america?

Is cowboy angel, murderer of indians. Is white-cloaked nigger-killer protector of womanhood. Is trigger-finger president gun-happy on foreign shores. Is dying men alive again. Is cold country. Is rape of mistress america torch of statue set to cities. Dead wood kinder now to burn.

Save the children. Majestic as they are. Guns of warm passion. in the citadel. Liberation. Liberation. Free the mindless from themselves.

I love you. All of you. Your energies. Your enthusiasms. Let us put our heads together. Be beautiful. Make waves ripple on the ocean. Pilgrimage of grace.

From the edge of the ocean. Into the streets. New-child comes in colours. Screaming at love, tearing at flags. Ghost of new dawn glimmers in the distance. Apocalypse of people-hood. Let us come together. Thus be the end to madness. **THUS BE THE END TO MADNESS. FOR THE GODS BELONG TO THE PEOPLE. THE PEOPLE BELONG TO THE GODS.** right on.

## Getting Ann the Man

We must begin to deal with oppression. On every level. In every dimension. It keeps our people in chains. Our thoughts in broken fragments. It is as real as living. Proud and ugly in the sun. Is all too real. As starving children. As bite of rat. Is screaming and wondering why. Is a dead man.

It is the nature of all reactionaries to be paper tigers. If the tiger is dealt with, the castle will fall. We must make the changes.

We must deal with the skeleton of racism alive in our cities. The poison of its hatred. The swiftness of its sword. To its decadence, we will bring our live. And righteous shall be our victory.

One woman is our enemy. She is the mistress of oppression. Evil as the country she stands in. Terrible as the monster America, she claims to represent. Her name is Ann Uccello.

Who called riots and rioters "disgusting." Who called curfews and stopped bus services to the North End. Who consistently emerges on the side of racism, oppression and right-wing reactionary politics. She should be ripped off. She should be dealt with.

We hereby indict Ann the Man for the sin of misunderstanding. For not knowing the people she claims to represent. We indict her as a conscious symbol of racism. We call for an end to her political power.

There is a man in Hartford who knows the people, speaks for the people and lives with the people. He is a man of merit, a man of beauty. He is worthy of your trust. Give it to him. A change is at hand. We have the tiger of oppression by its tail. With all the reactionaries and their running dogs. We must move against the machine. It is with great optimism, supreme faith, divine love, and boundless enthusiasm, that we, the people of this enterprise, do hereby support Wilbur Smith for Mayor of the city of Hartford. Power to the people!

angelo

Afro-American Organization during Orientation Week.

- 16) That one third of the total WWUH air time be allocated to blacks.
- 17) That the number of blacks on the Board of Regents reflect the respective percentage of blacks in Hartford.
- 18) The universal observance of black holidays.
- 19) That the present policy of segregating the University Community and the Hartford Community be abolished.

## WELTON

### Brothers and Sisters: This Shit Is Gruesome

We're nothing but a chain of fools. Fair weather revolutionaries; Monday - Wednesday - Friday radicals; a bunch of white souled Negroes: none of us possess either the heart or the spirit to proclaim our independence from the white man. We are too Americanized.

Look what went down last year at this University of racism. Eighteen concise, comprehensible proposals were issued to the white administrators. These proposals were said to be non-negotiable and uncompromising but yet, we backed down and negotiated with the greatest con man in the history of the

## Coming (Hopefully)

An interview with Wilbur Smith

An interview with Ann Uccello

Som views on fraternities

How to be a revolutionary; a compilation from many sources

A Black student's view of the dorms

**BLACK PEOPLE. YOU HAVE A NEWSPAPER. IT BELONGS SOULLY TO YOU. COME AND WORK ON IT.**

together

"... the gods belong to the people. the people belong to the gods..."

angelo

"there are whole systems of political and social valves that must go through the Devil's changes..."

james

"We are too Americanized."

Welton

"if the tiger is dealt with, the castle will fall."

angelo



Mistress of Oppression

world: the white administrator. As we did this we knew well in advance that the moment we opened our mouths to talk with that administrator, our righteous cause would be defeated. However, we went forward with our changes and Black dorms with no names, a University run newspaper, were the fruits that the white man gave to our task force, along with the mental kick in the ass that the white man always gives to blacks. formed an "integrated, white controlled and enlightened" body called a Task Force.

What we received is what we had already pledged to ourselves and to all blacks involved in the struggle for liberation: we would not accept this dilution of power. It reflected but another whitewashing of our minds and bodies and souls by the white man. Our black with white souls could not even get up enough courage to tell the white man that these were not the things we had demanded. We accepted them with flourishes of gratitude.

The thing that we must decide

(Continued on page 10)

# ILLUSION

"I do declare," the preacher said,  
 "I say, I do declare,  
 The Negro is inferior  
 Because he isn't there.

And bein' as I see none here  
 And cause he isn't there  
 I'd say that we may all conclude  
 He isn't anywhere!"

Then from the rear of that lame crowd  
 A man strode to the front,  
 His face was dirty charcoal-black  
 His features thick and blunt.

He walked up to the pulpit  
 Then bowed to the holy man  
 And said, "I beg your pardon, sir,  
 But here indeed I am!"

The preacher sure enough was stunend  
 And rightly taken back  
 His eyes just goggled in his head  
 To see that speakin' black!

The Negro then continued  
 With a simply spoken air  
 "I hate to contradict you  
 But the Negro's everywhere.

He's just as smart as you white folks  
 And just as clever too,  
 In fact you all had best watch out  
 His guns are aimed at you."

The preacher and the people stood  
 Plain frozen to the spot,  
 A Negro didn't say such things  
 Or else be hanged or shot.

Then suddenly the spell was broke,  
 "Let's git 'im," shouted one,  
 The others chorused, "String 'im up  
 It's time we had some fun!"

They all rushed straight up to the stand  
 And grabbed the helpless man,  
 Then dragged him out the church front door  
 And towards an old oak, grand.

Then one did toss the hangman's noose  
 Around the Negro's throat,  
 Another one did prop him up  
 And darned if he didn't gloat.

But when the white man pulled the stool  
 To everyone's surprise,  
 The Negro vanished into space  
 Before the white folks eyes.

"I do declare," the preacher said,  
 "I say, I do declare,  
 The Negro is inferior  
 Because he isn't there!"  
 Edward Lewis

# Changes

First Week Blues over and sub-  
 siding, growing pains create a  
 more comfortable air at U-Ha. Am  
 feeling something, a new atmos-  
 phere. Ben and Angel pointing the  
 direction quite clearly.

Many good people in the fresh-  
 men, and many smiles, hellos.  
 Many freshmen seeming twice the  
 age we were, last year, many only  
 children. But there's a time of  
 growth coming upon us. The air  
 is easier to breathe this year,  
 much musk and confusion being  
 gone.

Walking the streets at night.  
 See a black brother. Hello, Smile.  
 He and I walking our street. Much  
 communication this year it seems  
 -- a hug from Chekov a kiss from  
 Weenie -- Hello's and smiles from  
 new faces.

But comparative Utopia doesn't  
 make it. Community is the thing.  
 Community is everyone. Sharing  
 isn't hard, Ask James, We must  
 have a complete sharing. Put your  
 heads straight. Sharing is the  
 thing. Free is the thing.

The enemy is clear. He's as  
 proud, of the ground he stands on  
 as we are. He's sometimes elu-  
 sive but betrays himself easily.  
 Obviously not having the balls of  
 his nemesis. "You're afraid of  
 losing your job but we're not  
 afraid to die." Abbie will tell you  
 Wednesday.

Join. Everyone join. No meet-  
 ings, we won't reserve a room for  
 you, because we don't exist in Stu-  
 dent Services. We're just there.  
 Make yourself known. Between  
 classes -- in the cafeteria --  
 lounge -- comfortable hallway, or  
 out on the grass. In classes, in your  
 dorm. We're probably sitting right  
 next to you as you read. We're  
 everywhere. We're everyone. Seek  
 us out.

It's all an education, get yourself  
 educated. It's a community pro-  
 cess. Transferral of thoughts,  
 ideas. See the streets, feel their  
 people. Read your books but know  
 them for what they are. Reach for  
 answers. Act. Action teaches and  
 educates. Spontaneity, discussion,  
 express feelings and thoughts.  
 Make contact. Make everything  
 sensual.

Don't let instructors get you  
 down. Toilet training is in their  
 minds, expecting blind faith. Keep  
 them thinking. Shit in your pants  
 until you understand. Know what  
 you're here for. Know what's be-  
 yond the blackboard. You can't have  
 faith in something until you can  
 touch it, feel it. Then it definitely  
 exists. This is a university. For  
 the students. THE STUDENTS. It's  
 yours. Mold it. Make your own  
 education.

It's communal. It can't be done  
 alone. There are others to touch.  
 To feel. Group education definitely  
 makes it. It may be a different  
 group each day. You educate as  
 you're being educated. Be a part of  
 everything you meet. Don't sur-  
 render ever. Not to grabby housing  
 directors or two-face administra-  
 tors. Be free. Everything here is  
 yours. Everything.

by flowerpants

# Brother

A silently brooding dark-skinned man  
 Walked alone in the dark--so all alone.  
 The fair-haired gentleman, finding a shadow drawing near,  
 Taunted, "Nigger!", and taunted no one ever again.

The dark-skinned man walked on much farther.  
 Being in limbo from his horrible act.  
 A second adventurer happened along and sang out,  
 "I love you!" as they met.  
 Then they parted with a warm shaking of hands.

# The New "Born Free"

Be born little black child  
 In a world of constant sorrow.  
 Come and grow to be a "boy"  
 And white man's dope will blind you.  
 For your tomorrow's you'll have to borrow.

Play ball in the lots of ashes and glass.  
 In the streets where whites sell over-priced food.  
 Grow taller, see the stares in Weaver as they say,  
 "Well, they all sure do have rhythm!" (they look the same too)  
 Feel the lead-hearted cold of hate.

Fight his wars someday, black baby--lose your life.  
 Fight for his love and lose that too.  
 Fight for freedom and liberty and lose.  
 Fight for a ray of hope from someone, can't find him.  
 Fight--in the stick-ball streets of Philly;  
 Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, New York, and Hartford.  
 Fight

Jim Walker

maybe sometime you will look at your whole face  
 from the ground up to the heaven  
 or is there something i can say  
 to make you understand who we are  
 maybe you would not be so afraid  
 to reach out and take my hand  
 or so blind  
 as to think yourself anything  
 but beautiful

-michael flowerpants

Beautiful Person seeking other beautiful Person's Pre. Females to experience Spiratual Sensuality of Physical and Psychological Planes 547-1747 Michiel

Poet Seeking means of Publication Contact newsroom Angelo

Want to meet some Freshman chick but don't have the balls. -FRFE- write it. if she's together she'll be reading together You too.

House wanted 8 rm. Pref. with land call UofH newsroom 547-1747

Little Polly Flinders, Sat among the cinders, warning her Pretty toes, at the house she no longer knows.

Hey little Black boy blow your horn, the Pigs just beat your mother, Your Sister's knocked up sore, A national guardman just shot you POP, You're in the midst of a Rebellion, Get Hip, Get Smart

Want to Buy Volkswagon up to \$600 good body at least 4 good tires Elaine 246-6374

Woman a Flowing Beautiful Vibrant, together, call 547-1747 ask for A.J.

Young Chick with expensive taste Looking for sensual older man to share exp. terre starship

Gold Earrings wants to turn you on!

**BOUNCE TUBE 3RD BIRTHDAY PARTY SEPT. 27 BUSHNELL PARK**

If all the world were apple pie, and all the sea's were ink, and all the tree's were bread and cheese, maybe we'd all be Pink.

Freshman violin major wanted named Kathy to communicate with hippie business major object? contact Allan at home

Tired of the rotten, strung out junkie life. Salvation Army Prayer Meeting across from Arthur's Drug Drugs every Saturday nite

ask for Linda leave word 5:00 278-4649

LITTLE LEAN ANNIE GOT THE MAYOR'S SEAT FROM GIVING PANTIES.

ask for Linda leave word 5:00 278-4649

LOST, Red & Yellow Duncan YO-YO Romne 242-9009

compiled by Paul Manselle



## Song of Wild-Eyed Wanderer (for Linda)

## I

nomads rubbed noses on flowers of highways  
spat songs & shared memories  
tuned in spirit & wandered on

mad byways of experience—  
drunken boast of summer—  
gutter of lost love—  
lasso roped against the sun . . .

## II

. . . and morning . . .  
serenity on white sheets  
quiet bells of sunday  
warm juice of yr light on my body . . .  
stars shine . . .  
gaze of eyes talking  
mind—curtain unfolding  
sweat—stream fluid flowing moving motion one . . .

## III

poetry of love  
show me the way to wander  
words for my silence  
toys for my loneliness  
rainy—day woman to keep it on . . .

give shelter/spirit/joy—pond/  
her eyes follow me . . .  
search me through the morning  
are everywhere with me  
into me, through me

despite time  
& distance  
image  
& form . . .  
show me the way  
to wander  
path of time-elf

lamp of lost love lit  
above my darkness . . .

girl of gone season  
dancing in myth of past—  
holds forth her mirror  
shape of her ghost upon my wall—  
coming on & leaving stillness/  
loneliness/  
show me the way . . .  
to wander . . .

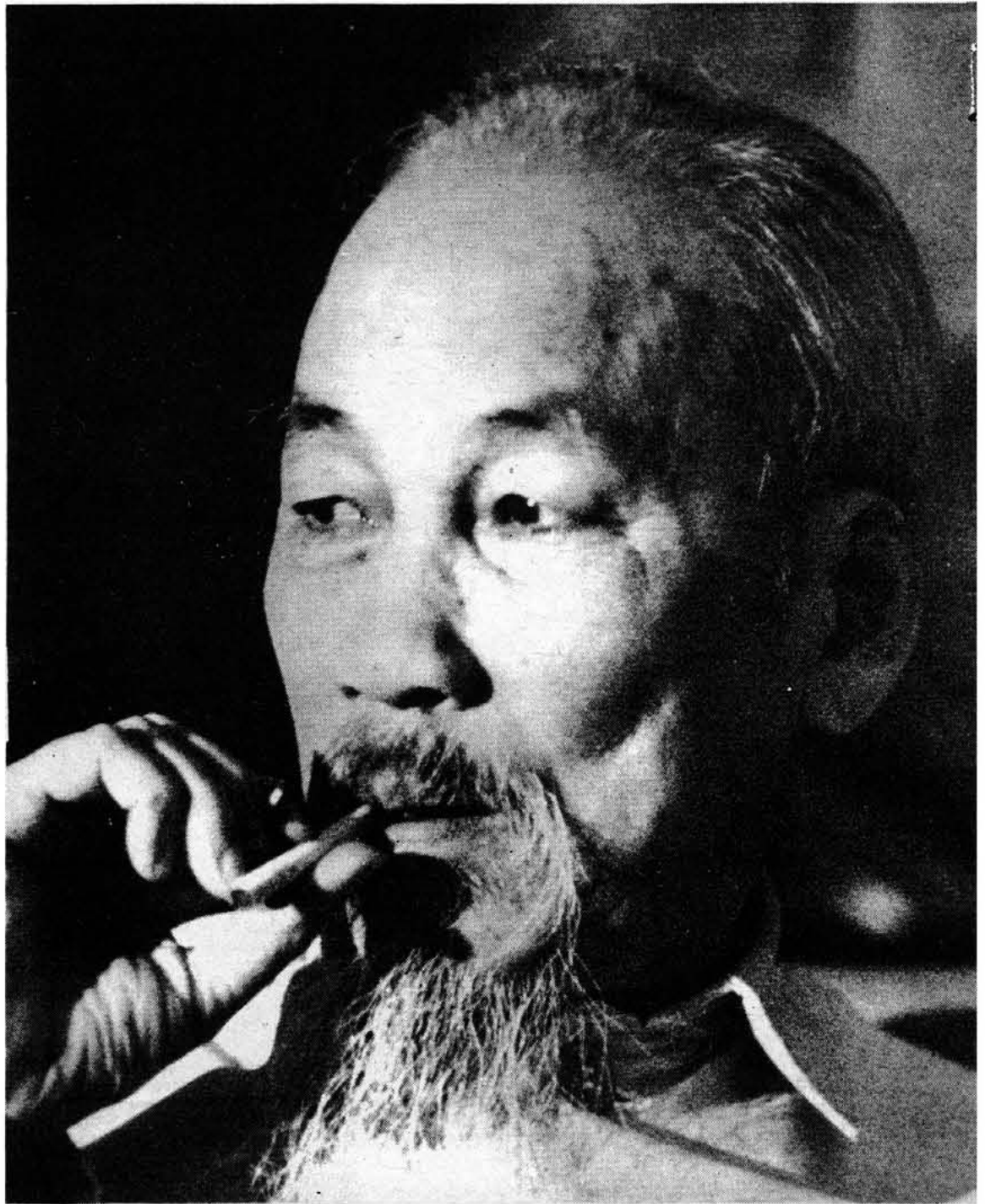
## IV

seven seasons spent searching.  
i've grown old, time—weary.  
dancing on jewels of red summer  
riding on wind of warm change  
serenade of seasons joined in time

is destiny . . .  
way of wild-eyed  
wanderer  
is with me as your love—light  
lingers on  
moaning in the night  
as fallen angels . . .

angelo

## Long Live Ho Chi Minh!



*"A REVOLUTION CANNOT BE MADE BY A SINGLE MAN. A LARGE FORCE IS NEEDED, THE ENTIRE PEOPLE MUST PARTICIPATE. THAT IS WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO HAVE CADRES FOR PROPAGANDA, AGITATION AND EDUCATION.*

*THEY MUST BE KIND-HEARTED, OPEN-MINDED AND SINCERE. THEY MUST HELP ONE ANOTHER AS COMRADES, WORK TOGETHER WITH THE MASSES WITHOUT WHOM THEY COULD NOT SUCCEED IN ANYTHING. EACH GESTURE, EACH ATTITUDE MUST CONQUER PEOPLE'S HEARTS. THE REVOLUTION REQUIRES IN THE FIRST PLACE THE PARTICIPATION OF POLITICALLY CONSCIOUS PEOPLE. A MAN JOINS THE REVOLUTION ONLY WHEN HE UNDERSTANDS THAT OPPRESSION IS THE CAUSE OF HIS SUFFERINGS. THEREFORE, WE CANNOT LIE TO THE PEOPLE. IF WE DID, THE FEAR OF REPRISALS COULD, IN DIFFICULT TIMES, LEAD TO TREASON, WHICH WOULD BE DISASTROUS. BEFORE THE PEOPLE, A REVOLUTIONARY CADRE HAS NO RIGHT TO ASSUME A HAUGHTY AND ARROGANT ATTITUDE, AS IF HE WERE A FEUDAL WARLORD. HE MUST BE MODEST."*

HO CHI MINH (1890-1969)

## Quotations From Chairman Mao

1. In the final analysis, national struggle is a matter of Class struggle. Among the whites in the United States it is only the reactionary ruling circles who oppress the black people. They can in no way represent the workers, farmers, revolutionary intellectuals and other enlightened persons who comprise the overwhelming majority of the white people.  
(Taken from "Classes and Class Struggle")

-- "Statement Supporting the American Negroes in Their Just Struggle Against Racial Discrimination by U. S. Imperialism" -- Aug. 8, 1963

2. We should support whatever the enemy opposes and oppose whatever the enemy supports. -- Sept. 16, 1939  
(Taken from "Classes and Class Struggle")

3. (How About:) Every Communist must grasp the truth, "Political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." -- Nov. 6, 1938

4. All reactionaries are paper tigers. In appearance, the reactionaries are terrifying, but in reality they are not so powerful. From a long-term point of view, it is not the reactionaries but the PEOPLE who are really powerful.  
--Aug. 1946

(Taken from "Imperialism & Reactionaries are Paper Tigers")

5. We should rid our ranks of all impotent thinking. All views that overestimate the strength of the enemy and underestimate the strength of the people are wrong.  
--Dec. 25, 1947

(Taken from "Dare to Struggle & Dare to Win")

6. Without a people's army the people have nothing. --April 24, 1945

(Taken from "People's Army, The")

7. The people, and the people alone, are the motive force in the making of world history.--April

24, 1945

(Taken from "The Mass Line")

8. In all mass movements we must make a basic investigation and analysis of the number of active supporters, opponents and neutrals and must not decide problems subjectively and without basis.--Mar. 13, 1949

(Taken from "The Mass Times")

9. Be united, alert, earnest and lively.

(Taken from "Political Work")

10. Be resolute, fear no sacrifice and surmount every difficulty to win victory. -- June 11, 1945

(Taken from "Revolutionary Heroism")

11. We must thoroughly clear away all ideas among our caches of winning easy victories through good luck, without hard and bitter struggle, without sweat and blood.  
--Dec. 28, 1945

(Taken from "Self Reliance and Arduous Struggle")



(Continued from page 7)

is what are we, as black people, going to do about this? Three choices are left to us: 1) emancipate our minds from the white man and demand our necessities and, if necessary, take them ourselves 2) continued talking with the great deceiver hoping that he will throw us a few crumbs 3) do nothing and become full-fledged white "professional" Negroes.

The choice brothers and sisters, is yours and mine; are we to be "integrated Negroes" or Free Black people.

REVOLT WHERE YOU LIVE,  
LIVE EVERYWHERE

THERE IS A LARGE CONFEDERATE (CRACKED) FLAG WAVING PROUDLY IN THE REAR WINDOW OF W.E.B. DUBOIS DORMITORY.

BPMR/Welton Johnson

### together

*a relation beyond the intercept of microsoms  
complimentary reciprals yen and yang  
with infinite flowing communication and communion  
awkward people with angels intentions  
living simply in divine theory  
sheltered only by their love*

*godbye  
we are leaving*

*michael rubinstein*

## A White View:

# Gray Life

by Ronni Zinkotsky

*(Ed. Note: The idea for a black dormitory began to be laid down last year when it was included in a list of proposals submitted by Afro-Am. The dormitory would be a place where the black student could live with a relatively intact culture; together. The dorm is not all black, several white students are now living there; this does not mean that the goal of the dorm is to promote racial harmony. This article was written by one of the white students now living there.)*

Kaleidoscope of bathrobes, patterns of cigarette smoke -- Faces, many faces. Black ones painted proud and assured. Few whites looking cool, some uptight and afraid, many bewildered and confused.

Strange, muffled, excited chatter filled the room. And sudden quite-yielding-discussion. And we talked . . .

Lots of feelings to be aired. Lots of questions to be answered. Lots of misunderstandings to be made understandable. And we all

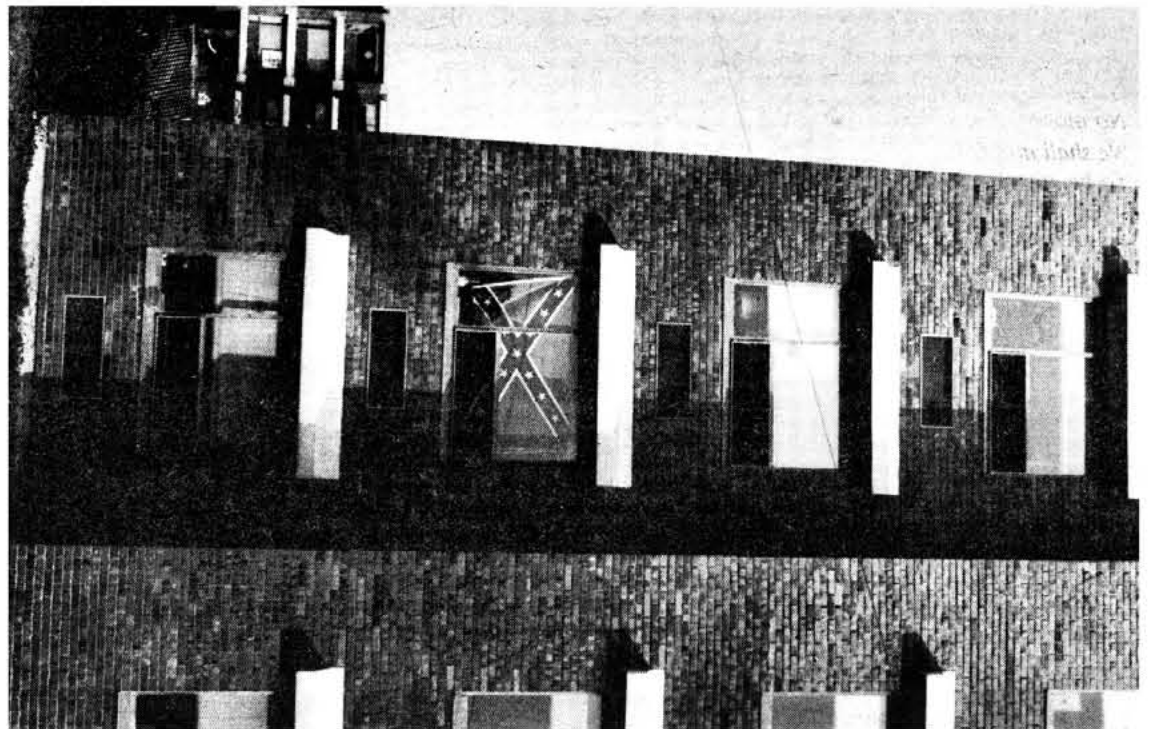
talked . . .

We talked about this thing -- "a black dormitory." What's it all about? Why is it called "Black?" How do WE feel about it? Will it work? And we all talked TOGETHER . . .

Yes, some white faces were caught off guard -- finding themselves tangled in a black world that they weren't quite ready for. Not just new FACES, but new cultures and different life-styles. Fortunately the cinder-block walls of the dormitory weren't designed to house minds, but bodies. And the university suddenly becomes real and beautiful within its walls, when ideas and emotions flow, and are shared. Even the hostility becomes beautiful when it is a headstart to growth. And so we talked . . .

White eyes learning to look beyond the noise, the music, the parties and faces. Eyes -- learning to see. Blacks seeing the coldness as fear and anxiety. All wanting to make it work -- sharing a hope -- brought together with the cry for a name. We became one for a moment, because -- we talked . . .

NEXT WEEK: VIEW FROM A BLACK STUDENT.



Where are they going  
 Taking their houses on their backs  
 Going into desecration and the night's lover  
 Into the dark  
 And the dogs howl to the sky:  
 Where are their minds  
 These uprooted people  
 Filling the big land  
 The small island man is still sane  
 But here they search after whatever  
 And the dogs howl toward heaven.  
 Grow, grow, grow stunted desert flower  
 Dying in the wicked sand  
 In the cold desert night  
 Of cold comings--  
 Where are they sane?  
 When the people came first  
 They were sane and in war  
 When they kept whole sheets of land  
 Under one emperor  
 They were sane  
 When they became romans  
 They were sane  
 When yesterday among bugles  
 And they looked at the distant  
 Polluted clouds  
 They were sane and proud  
 And Now  
 Where are their minds?  
 Who closed the prairies  
 Where are their minds  
 Seeking amidst the the insane deserts  
 And the consummation of truth  
 Where are they going from the gold cities  
 Where are they going from the long lands  
 And the corn gold  
 Where are they going.  
 From the ice land of scorn  
 Nurtured under the sun  
 Where are they going  
 Taking their houses on their backs  
 Into the dark long land  
 Where  
 Into a mad land of infrequent  
 Melody  
 Where  
 Into the dark  
 Where  
 Met in the arms of  
 Desecration and the night's lover  
 And the dogs howl long!  
 Where are the people  
 Who are like myself  
 Ask a stranger--  
 Where are their minds  
 These uprooted people  
 Carrying on their backs  
 Civilizations old  
 And lid-less eye lid friends  
 Where are their minds  
 Filling the long land level  
 Left a foot-print for a passer-by  
 And nostalgia.  
 "Yes yes--I never knew  
 I will never know  
 What grew where I planted corn  
 I shall never return never  
 Yes yes there was love there  
 And rivers full of life  
 And all  
 Stay here coward  
 Stay here coward  
 The voice went  
 With the wagons west  
 Alone they hear the prairie song  
 Giants in the earth  
 No more  
 We shall not wait  
 To be afraid  
 We shall go between  
 The lines of  
 Fear and strength  
 And love and hate  
 Bonnie died today  
 And she was young  
 And we fed her all  
 And fondled her and  
 Cared for her  
 And gave her love  
 But she was not ours  
 And the heavens are  
 Still standing  
 When themoon is lit up  
 With our lights  
 Will we see it from here  
 or is it too far

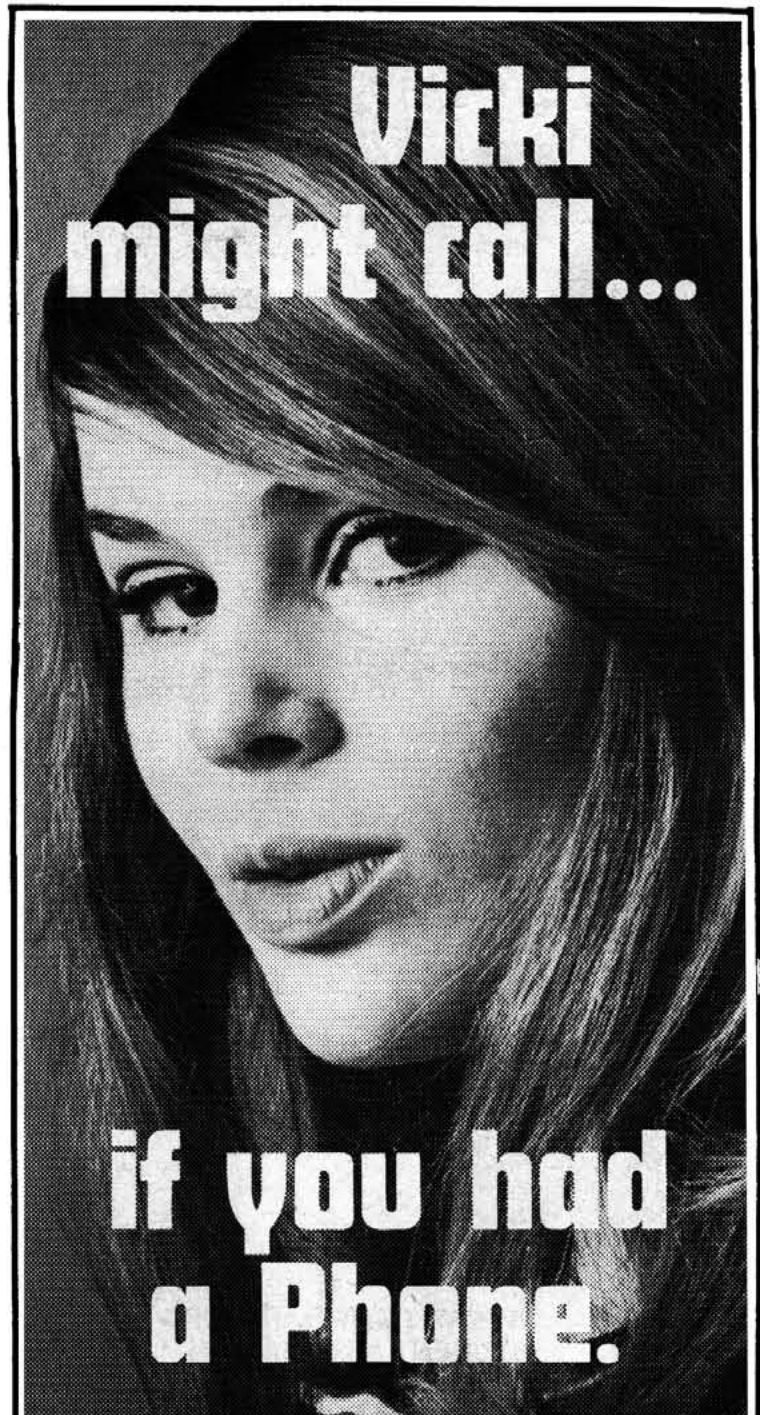
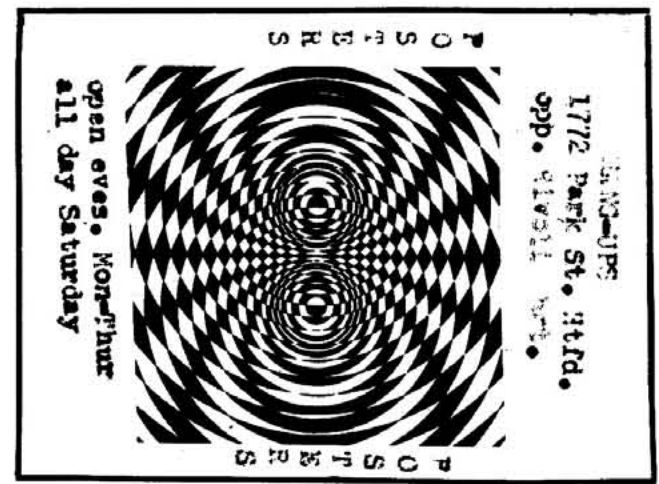
And when the maritan  
 Warrior descends  
 Will it be late--too late--  
 Why did I have to be  
 So huge on earth  
 Why are we carressed  
 With Artemis' Swords  
 And the hoof prints of the Apocalypse  
 Purseu us  
 But what of Mars  
 We can teach them of war  
 and Venus should nveer reside here  
 I hear the songs  
 For I was playing them  
 In the plastic cities  
 Of my father  
 And the Plasticine love  
 My mother stuck to my breast  
 And I am so warm  
 That all my love melts  
 And oozes out into the long land  
 And here am I  
 Bonnie where are you now  
 My mind is  
 Is where I wish to be  
 Where  
 There are things I cannot understand  
 Where  
 It will not matter  
 Where  
 Grow grow grow  
 Say the sweet Flowers  
 Of the mountains  
 All but the quaking Aspens  
 Reply Grow Grow Grow  
 And then the wind dies  
 Ask the stranger what he wants  
 What do you want  
 Truth  
 That my friend, died last week  
 What else  
 Love  
 Ha!  
 Mother you'll never see his face again  
 He'll never turn around  
 I wouldn't like being salt either  
 Mother--oh mother  
 Stop stop  
 Grow  
 But I am alone  
 In the sand with shoes  
 And a bonnet on my feet  
 You'd better take those off Mr. Charlie  
 You'll have to face them someday  
 Wheee are we going? All--  
 And she comes  
 Desecration and the night's lover  
 And the dog's long howl fails

The Sioux were the first Christians  
 The blacks the first conquerors  
 Before we gave them cradles  
 And before we gave them swords  
 Leave the land dying  
 And it will grow  
 It will grow where love  
 Such little love  
 Will till the arid consequence  
 Of history and of time  
 And all the superstitions  
 Will be God things  
 And the wind the sand  
 The sun and the rain  
 will cherish them  
 Ewart C. Skinner

The University  
 is a Mother

The University of Hartford is a  
 mother, a womb. The University  
 of Hartford is a vagina, a uterin  
 environment. The University of  
 Hartford ovulates, menstruates.  
 The University of Hartford is  
 fertile. The faculty sticks its penis  
 in and fertilizes a thousand eggs.  
 The University of Hartford is  
 pregnant. The environment  
 provides all the neccessaries:  
 warmth, food, and space for the  
 development of embryos into  
 fetuses. We will be born.

Jrm



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# POST

someday face

Painted lady lips  
of red  
cheeks soft and smooth  
sang her words  
of candy sweet  
and lovely licked my tongue

But from the sky she looked down  
at me  
smile pretty lace teeth  
reached out her arms to gather  
me hurt  
into her sugar body

long quiet touch of love

she said and i believed  
her songs of love  
and rested my head on her  
pink breast  
so small

her gentle lips found the secret held  
so long  
but she took my smile brown  
and lifted my face to hers

secrets gone  
she cried  
words of candy sweet

But i knew again her eyes  
were closed  
as she give her gift of lifeless love

pi

## THE NOW GENERATION

On the eve of the Now Generation,  
ever becoming, ever discovering  
the Truth, I am lost halfway  
in-between. Not quite straight,  
I am not so good as to not  
shoot back and kill the bastard.  
Nor do I adore idiotic prattle  
as innocent insights of a flower child.  
Nor do I disdain the compromise with life  
our fathers forged on years of iron suffering--  
will we not do the same--or worse?  
Humans are still humans.  
No cliques, cults, or fancy recipes  
can ever replace a real man  
whatever that may be--  
who can say? And love  
is too deep a human quality  
to desecrate into a cheap cliché'  
to bandy about to mock our fellow men.

Eric Nisula

end of letter love me,  
end of the day touch me, girl  
you are a shimmering  
pool like a shadow behind a  
rose in the sun, fish all  
swimming through you.

a new morning tomorrow and the  
day after will bring new ends of new days  
if i could tie up all the ends in a  
circle, I know you'd string flower blossoms  
along them, we'd place our wreath around  
yesterday farther than that  
shadow, and

week by  
week the clouds will burst by and water  
our garden's flowers

Morini  
Morini

Andy Zeldin Poem No. 7 6-3-69

The magic illusion draws near,  
Under one arm a bandana  
Of yellow that sprouts in the dark.  
Slouching up and crawling forth;  
The magic illusion has teeth  
That are tomorrow's dreams.  
It lives on a tapestry curve;  
When it ignites,  
All minds gain music.  
The magic illusion draws near,  
Under the other arm  
A machine that converts mischief  
To roaring smiles that fly.  
The magic illusion makes life  
A collection of assorted pleasantries.

The magic illusion draws near,  
Sinking in blood curdling love  
The likes of which doesn't exist.  
It eats from fruit flowing  
Vineyards of love,  
And feeds on people wasted in hate.  
The magic illusion controls itself,  
And seeks to pacify others.  
It appears from the sea  
And evaporates daily  
Leaving behind  
Plastic structures that enhance tranquility  
The magic illusion rises  
From snow covered mountains of love  
And retreats to its silver valley  
That bubbles off turmoil.

The magic illusion has  
A soft white underbelly  
Of complex generalities  
That drowns you slowly  
In a passionate floating maze.  
It calmly lifts your spirit  
And sends you on your heavenly plight.  
Through a controlled climate you climb,  
Crawling desparately from hate  
Into golden whirlpools of love  
That devastates evil  
And purifys your total existence.

The magic illusion has ceased.

It leaves you to create your own;  
For the magic comes from the mind,  
And can be created only  
If you know your mind.

I.  
beneath the muddiness  
tiny  
bits of life communicate  
in a manner of such  
simplicity  
that often under skies of  
heavenly blue  
people repulse me...

II.  
inferiority plagues my soul/haunting me relentlessly/  
till feelings of great magnitude/shakingly replace/  
past truths with present lies...  
ellen red klein

I.  
know you truly that trees will break?  
of more importance they are not fake,  
like you and I who profess not to be ....  
our whole existence at the noose of a tree.

II.  
silent clouds locked together in rhythmical softness,  
angelically danced 'round my head.  
those fleeting moments disturbed/only by another  
unearthly force...time.  
ellen red klein

September 14, 1969  
sleep, gladly comes to the intellectual who strips his brain  
for a body....  
ellen red klein



**FRIDAY!**  
**September 19**  
**8:00 P.M**

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S.A. FOOD COMMITTEE MEETING**

**TUESDAY, SEPT. 23,  
4:00 P.M. — BOARD ROOM**

If you care—become a member of the Student Food Committee. If you don't—still become a member of The Student Food Committee, Tuesday, Sept. 23, 4:00 in Boardroom.

## Food Service For the Students



## By The Students



# Ogden foods

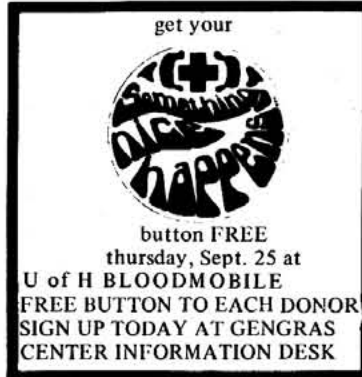
Fellow Students,

Why should Ogden Foods care, if you don't care? If you wish to join the Food Service Committee, come to the S.A. office, or drop me a memo c/o the S.A. by Fri. Sept. 19. Only you can improve your food service.

**Bob Halpin**  
Chairman of the Judicial Commission



Anyone interested  
in working for the  
YEAR BOOK come to  
A Staff  
meeting  
Thursday  
Sept. 18  
9:30 a.m.  
in the PRIMUS room



Student - Faculty  
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EVERY THURSDAY  
9:30 to 11:00 a.m.  
ROOM C  
GENGRAS CAMPUS CENTER  
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### Players, Readers Theatre/To Hold Combined Tryout

Open tryouts for a variety of roles will be held by the University Players and Reader's Theatre tonight, tomorrow and Friday in Auerbach Auditorium. The session tonight and tomorrow will be held from 7 to 9 P.M. and the Friday session is from 2 to 4 P.M.

Reader's Theatre is casting a basic company for this year's expanded activities. The group, which performed on campus last year in the Gengras Center Coffee House, will be preparing readings for performances which are already booked on campus and in the Hartford area. In addition, trips will be made to other campuses and cities.

University Players is casting their first production of the 1969-70 season, DARK OF THE MOON, by Howard Richardson and William Berney. The story is a highly vivid tale of the forbidden love between a witch turned human and the mythical Barbara Allen. The two young rebels ignore the condemnations of their neighbors and try to live their own lives until fate and the rural "establishment" take a hand.

Director of the production is Mark Wallace, Assistant Professor of Speech and Drama, who said that the script calls for twelve women and thirteen men most of whom are called upon to sing and play a musical instrument.

Especially needed is a banjo player who can pick "blue-grass" style. Also needed are an accordionist, several guitar players, a violinist, and a harmonica player. Everyone trying out will be asked to read and to sing a folk song. Singers and musicians should come with their own accompanist. It is suggested by the director that music be simple and in the folk genre. The music in the show consists of Smoky Mountain folk songs, a square dance number, and some hymns. Reading copies of the script with music appended are available in U 402.

Professor Wallace also noted that the open call also includes anyone interested in working on any phase of the production -- lights, scenery, costumes, and so on. Experience is helpful but not required.

Rehearsals will begin next week and the show will open October 31.

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2:00 PM  
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**OCTOBER 18, 1969**

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**& PIPES, & PAPERS,**  
**AT UFO**

**MONEY TALKS NO-BODY WALKS**

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**DIG IT!**

**ME TOO**

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# SPORTS

## Soccer Goes Bigtime At UHa

I had been sitting in the gym watching the basketball games for what I felt was an eternity when Coach Ciabotti came over and said "He just came in, do you still want to talk to him?"

I said I did and got up to follow the coach. As we walked along, he showed me the soccer ball he was carrying. Across the ball was printed PASTOR. Not written, really printed. Just like my Oscar Robinson official basketball.

As we entered the coaches' room, the new soccer coach here at UofH, Francisco Asis Pastor came over and greeted us.

Coach Ciabotti introduced me and told the soccer mentor that I was here to get a few words from him for the campus paper.

Coach Pastor suggested that we talk while he suited up for practice and so we adjourned to the locker room.

My first question was the obvious one, "What made you decide to come to the University of Hartford?"

"Well," he began, "there were a

number of reasons. First of all my wife is from West Hartford and we now consider this our permanent home. Also UofH was the first college in which I taught, and I'd like to do something for the school.

"I really feel that this university has a fine future, both academically and athletically," continued the man who will be the U.S. national team's coach next summer.

"I've also opened a new sports shop downtown and am having much athletic equipment sent here from Spain." Some of which will undoubtedly carry his own endorsement.

Soccer's future at UHa looks very bright according to Coach Pastor.

"I don't usually like to speculate on what kind of season my teams will have, you might call it superstition, but I will say that I plan extensive recruiting for next season and I expect to bring the top talent in the country to this university.

"Word will get around by magazine articles and other sources

that I am coaching here and I promise that in a few years the University of Hartford will play a prominent role in the national college soccer scene."

The coach is very proud of the players that he has this season.

"The boys we have this season," he says, "are really hard workers and a fine group of young men. I'm very pleased with the desire that they've shown me thus far."

"Oh yes," he added in summing up. "Be sure to put in your story that I like American youth and I very much enjoy working with them."

I guess that's basically what coaching's all about.

I had all the material that I would need for this article, so I thanked him and rose to leave.

He said I was very welcome and invited me to his place for some wine if I ever happened to be out that way.

So that, fellow students, is a brief look at our new soccer coach. Yes, it definitely looks like soccer is going big time at UHa.

## Rambling On

Welcome back fellow suckers, er, students to another fun-filled year at UHa. Oh ya, before I forget, anyone who is looking for a life of adventure, travel, intrigue, travel, and excitement, get in touch with me and I'll put you on the sports staff.

The purpose of this column and the others found in this sports section is to let you know what the members of the staff feel about the various happenings in the sports world... You don't care what the staff feels about various happenings in the sport's world?... Then tell us about it, we'd love to hear from you.

I guess every baseball nut in the world has their own prediction on how the current season is going to turn out and I'm no different... Watch those beautiful Mets take the East and then crunch the Atlanta Braves to take the National League pennant. But, alas, the Mets have not got the hitting to match the awesome Orioles and they'll be eliminated quickly... maybe in fine.

Watch for the football club to repeat with another fine season and for a new back to grab quite a few of the headlines.

The soccer Hawks should show a marked improvement this season under the more than competent hands of new coach, Francisco

Pastor. But then after three winless seasons there isn't really any direction to go but up.

The "Good-bye Allie" singers must be smiling now... it's about time.

I was planning on predicting a .500 season for the "New" Patriots, but after dropping their opener to the weak Denver Broncos, the new Patriots look too much like the old Pats so I'm just hoping the Clive Rush can pull off the miracle next year... possibly in Birmingham or Jacksonville.

All you statistic fans, be ready for a real treat in the next issue... if they ask me back for next week.

**HAWKS FOOTBALL SCRIMMAGE**

at Trinity

SATURDAY  
SEPT. 20 9:00 A.M.

## Time Out, With Ed Driscoll

The best way into a cold stream is to plunge right in so we'll do likewise and start the year off with our pro grid picks. In the AFL, Super Joe and his Jets get my vote in the east while Kansas City is my choice in the west and for the AFL title. In the NFL, Dallas, Cleveland, L.A. and Green Bay are the respectable picks with the Rams going all the way. Area fans who follow the Giants will not have much to cheer about unless Alex Webster can transform a humpty-dumpty line into a coordinated unit. The Patriots are as hopeless a team as there is in pro football.

Turning to baseball, the Mets

seem on the verge of pulling an impossible dream reminiscent of Boston's in '67. The circumstances are somewhat similar. Boston had great hitting and no pitching while the Mets have just the opposite. The Met pitching has been next to unbelievable all year long. Whatever the outcome Metmania is great for the game.

Closer to home, Ken Gwodz had made a deal to play a west coast all star team, but then changed his mind and has decided to try out for Gene Conley's Hartford Caps. Ken, for any newcomers is a 6' 6" basketball machine who paced UH to its finest season ever last winter.

Junior goalie Bill Slavinski and rugged guard Craig Miller are leading the varsity soccer and club football teams respectively through pre-season drills.

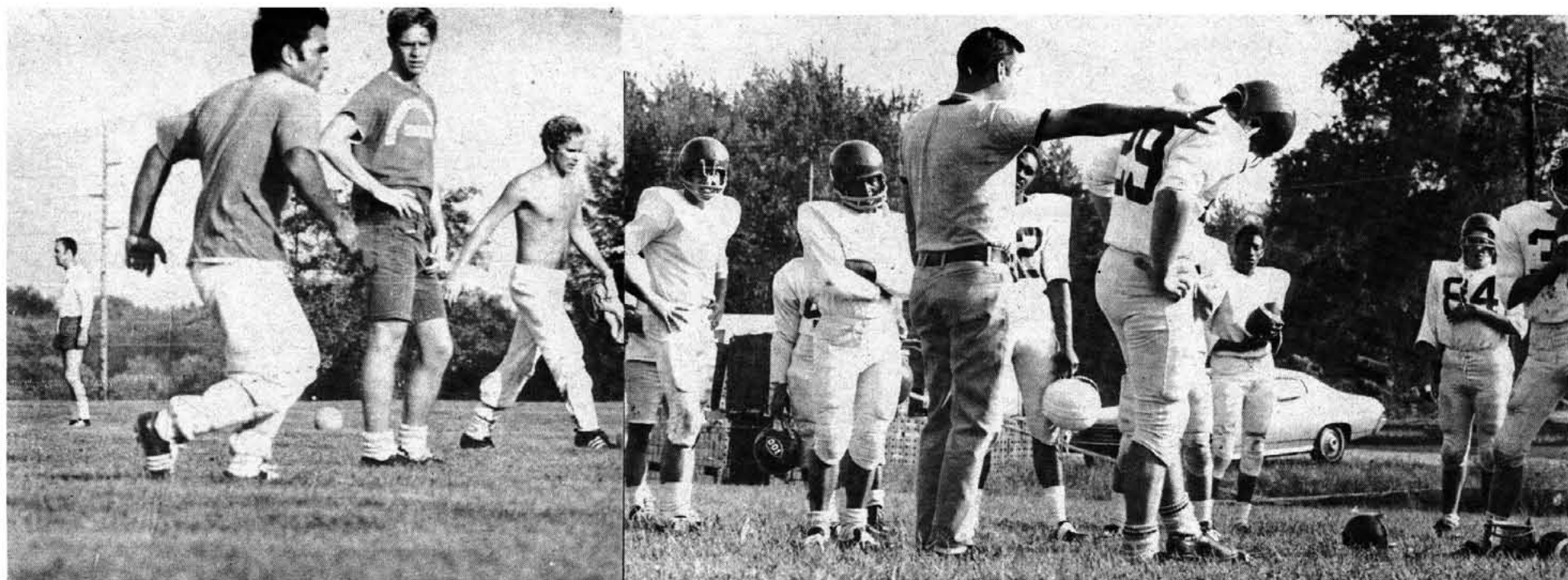
The soccer team, under new coach Francisco Pastor, will be trying to break a bad habit, losing. There were losers last fall but judging from the large turnout and high morale a reversal of form can be expected. Coach Ralph Worth will be trying to improve on last year's fine 5-1 mark. Highlight of the club's season will be a visit to Washington, D. C. to tangle with the Georgetown Hoyas. More about prospects later.

**MEETING**

for all BASKETBALL CANDIDATES  
Sept. 18 - 10 A.m.  
in gym

**MEETING**

for all GOLF CANDIDATES  
Sept. 18, - 11 A.M.  
in gym



Soccer & Football teams prime for season openers.