



# You Are What You Eat -But When Gomer Cooks ?

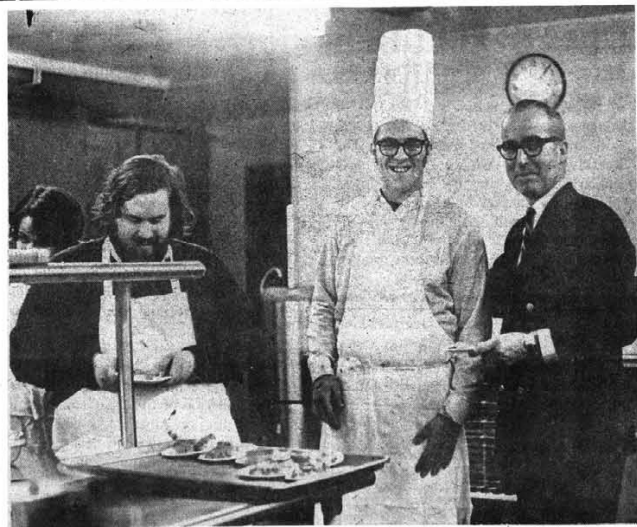
by Mark Sabu Persky

With Chef Gomer Fahey suppling the elbow grease, you just know that the main course will be his speciality, "short ribs slippery." Resigned to their fate, hungry students quickly chewed and swallowed the creations of Chef Gomer and crew. On Monday, February 10, a snowstorm forced the regular cafeteria cooks to remain home. Hoping to live up to the American Nazi Party nickname of the Kitchen Kommando, Chef Gomer gathered his forces and valiantly tried to solve the school's "Jewish problem."

Helping out, Baker Ben Holden concocted his own speciality, Superbrownies. Those in the know simply

groove on the little surprise inside each piece. Dean Addley, munching quietly away in a corner, lifted himself up and remarked "These are Alice B. Toklas Brownies, aren't they?" Sara Owen, also munching quietly away in a corner, couldn't lift herself up.

Slight trouble emerged when the cake rose and then fell. High delight emerged when the brownies rose and kept on rising. Students could only express amazement as the world suddenly took on a new meaning. Archibald M. Woodruff, known to his intimate friends as UH Chancellor, could only express dismay, "It seems that wherever there's smoke, there's Holden!"



Baker Ben, Chef Gomer, and Taster Addley do up some super-brownies. (Helene Weitzner)

# Afro-dotes- For Blacks

by Elliott Dixon

It's shattering, the effect these heavy whitey professors have on off-guard brothers and sisters. Take literature. When these heavies rap all semester about the genius of Dante and Joyce and finally rumble that WILLIAM STRYON will be the dominant force behind black literature (in other words, that there IS no such thing as black literature and that nigger LeRoi Jones ain't shit)-we brothers and sisters have to sit there and THINK about it, or worse, believe it, then all's not well in Denmark, baby.

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Hurrah! For our blessed administration, having alas instituted HIS 537, black america since "emancipation", after three years pressure from we pestering niggers; so will somebody please answer me HOW THE FUCK DID MOST OF THE BLACKS GET OUSTED FROM THE MOTHER (leaving three nigger tokkkens)?

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I wonder to what extent the question is entertained by black students concerning their beloved, liberal, he's-not-one-of-those-kind-he-makes-me-laugh professors: "What changes did this honkey have to put his mind through to even allow me to come here, let alone sit in his class?"

(Dig it-it's been spread that someone high up in our sociology department had sought at one time the LYNCHING OF SAM SCHLEY'S FATHER-and this is just appetizer for thought!)

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they must be happy knigger-knee grows these jive ass mother-fuckers who rap in that heavy black revolutionary shit, and who won't even revolve, shift, a buttock to realize their rap. (so their whole thing is finally- "YEA BABY, DIG IT, UM HUM, COOL. YEA-we're happy knigger-knee grows.")

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## THE UNOFFICIAL GROU1, SUPERFICIAL JAZZ

What happened in Suisman Lounge Thursday before last was the deploration that usually occurs when whities try to reach something transcendent of them, i.e., when whities try to swing black music (Phil Bowler, the bassist, notwithstanding.) The Unofficial Group,

an appropriate title. fucked over my art, my BEAUTIFUL BLACK ART.

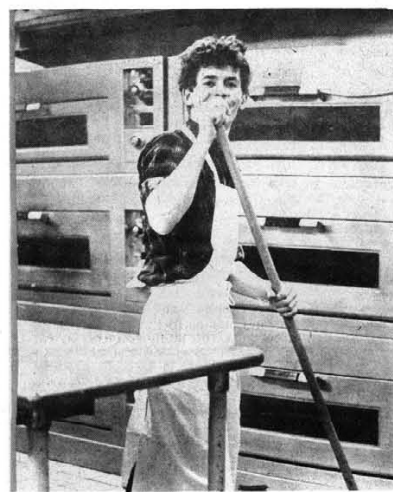
The unit's last number, "Free Improvisation," summed up where the group is really at: recent history is jammed pregnant with cats who upon realizing that they can't swing, hang in there by camouflaging their inadequacy via distorting the avant-garde, free music. Them honkies that Thursday weren't qualified to play "free"; they in a group wouldn't even cut a blues in "C".

Moreso, if ANYBODY is to screw up my music, let him be black; e.g., in this instance Phil Bowler should have been the sole/soul soloist. He should have been the only sell-out. By the way, the rubbing and hitting on the bass and the frustrated screams of Phill didn't seem relevant to the comedy, but seemed despite the audience's comprehension a violent masturbatory orgasm. That this is probably the case goes to reveal Phil's hippy-honkey philosophy, that music can be a means of releasing whatever frustration the performer might have pent-up. Enough of Phill. I received the other day the interesting note that follows:

Dear Mr. Dixon,

I am a Caucasian professor who is of the belief, after much study and thought on the subject, that whites must allow the Negro to fulfill his "revolution" exclusive of whites. Hence, whites must infest neither black political and economic endeavors nor, namely, cultural endeavors.

"Jazz, for instance, belongs in the Negro cultural heritage; it is his ONLY consistent art form. Let white musicians then stay clear of it so as to allow that art form to retain its necessary ethnicity and develop it into something to which



(Helene Weitzner)

Negroes can relate.

Obviously, my point is aiming towards the recent jazz concerts of The Unofficial Group and The Quartet. The music, I must admit was terrific, regardless of the one Negro constituent in the former. However, that they were otherwise all-white combos, perpetuates the cultural void within the Negro's crisis."

-Anonymous

The honkey is right-thank you sir. And I will sum up that when whities, especially in a group, as I am not here concerned with the individuals, try to adopt black jazz as their very own (or black anything, for that matter) the result, inevitably, is not even an imitation; it becomes a caricature of the real-a distortion of truth and beauty, and a black art fuck-up.



# "Caution Infirmary May Be Hazardous to Your Health"

by John Cronin

One of the most important responsibilities of a community is the protection of the health of the inhabitants and prevention of the spread of sicknesses which happen to occur. Unfortunately, on the University of Hartford campus, where there are approximately nine-hundred students living in a community situation, this responsibility has been poorly dealt with. True enough, we do have an infirmary where for one hour any weekday morning any or all of the students may visit the school doctor and ask help for any ailment, but if the diagnosis requires a blood test, you may be sent to a doctor in town where, for a nominal fee, you will be taken care of or sent home to your family doctor while your class time is wasted. (But so is your

health service fee). This is sheer nonsense and ignorance.

Last week, for instance, a dorm student went to the doctor fearing he had symptoms of gonorrhea. However he was told that the infirmary didn't have the facilities and the doctor didn't want such a thing on the student records anyhow. The doctor, however, gave the student the wrong number for a urologist in Hartford. Upon acquiring the correct number his appointment was scheduled for two days later. Unfortunately the student could not walk too well and suffered extreme pain in those two days: a total of three wasted in all.

Such ignorance and neglect is excusable. This situation is quite dangerous not only to our campus

community but to the entire Hartford community as well. Our infirmary should have the facilities to be almost self-sufficient in serving the health needs of our student community and prevent unnecessary suffering and expense. Such occurrences as this are not uncommon and it is high time that something should be done. During our out break of Hong Kon flu, many students were sent home and instructed to see their family doctors. One girl sent home for a blood test for mononucleosis missed three full days of classes and found she had a bladder disturbance.

So students, here is a thoroughly disgusting situation for you to have something done about. It concerns your friends and YOU.