

A Real Democratic Party?

The Great Policeman, Mayor (King) Richard Daley, is being challenged by a well-known liberal, Adlai Stevenson III. Stevenson has founded a study group of concerned Democrats whose unofficial but obvious goal is the usurping of Big Boss Daley. To give the group the aura of legitimacy, Stevenson asked Hubert Humphrey to drop by and confer the blessing of his titular party leadership.

It goes without saying that Daley didn't take too kindly to this and used his political muscle to try to force nonattendance on the part of the legislators who wanted to attend. One, in fact, was threatened with non-existence through that great political killer, reapportionment.

After attending the dinner in Springfield, Humphrey visited the Mayor in Chicago after which Daley said that Humphrey was no "peace-

maker" since Illinois didn't really need one. That may not be the case now however since Humphrey had his picture taken with all those legislators who attended the conference. Daley was needless to say not too happy about that, but Stevenson was not too worried about that either. Though Daley still has plenty of political clout, he seems nevertheless curiously diminished. With Nixon in Washington, Daley will no longer be sleeping in the White House on the Abraham Lincoln bed. When Humphrey called on Daley last week, he may well have noticed a symbol of change in Daley's plush office on the fifth floor of city hall. The swinging door that was once supposed to indicate Daley's accessibility to the people has been replaced by a thick hardwood portal that slides on steel tracks and can only be opened by a security guard or Daley's personal secretary.

The Rebirth of Sgt. Spencer

by Mark Sabu Persky

Spread the Good News for He is risen, the Lord is risen indeed! Yea, verily; Sargeant Spencer, leader of the seemingly defunct Lonely Kazoo Band and Billy Graham Look-a-like Contest winner, has risen from the cave of oblivion. Months ago the aggregation was disbanded for fear of undermining the American position at the Paris Peace Talks. Now the Prince of Peace, who only months ago "stood stiffly at half-mast," stands firmly erect in anticipation of Spring. Miracle of Miracles!

Dynamic editor Jack Hardy -- having the nose of an eagle, the eyes of a bloodhound; uh, the eyes of an eagle, the nose of a bloodhound -- had sensed an important story breaking. Following the regular paper policy, he was going to ignore it. Fortunately, however, I was at the right place at the right time: the Student Services office, headquarters of Dean Sweeney and Sargeant Spencer, intent on receiving my financial aid check from the Sargeant and a "Keep Clean with Gene" button from the Dean. I strode into the office. When what to my wondering eyes should accrue, but a miniature Sarge and eight tiny kazooos. Glowing lights and a halo seemed to surround Sargeant Spencer, gallily bedecked in his Band uniform. Doubling Thomas Lupinacci, standing at my side, disbelieved that the Sargeant had actually risen and so touched Him. Immediately Tom (as he is known affectionately to his friend), turned into a pillar of salt (I think I should have been more awake in Sunday school).

The Sargeant walked to my side, anointed my head with fragrant oil, and spoke: "I am abundant in kindness and my mercy endureth throughout all generations. I may even give out a few scholarships next year. In the holy days of Spring, the season of life reborn, my heavenly host of kazooers shall play music as sweet as King David's. Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do. Yes, Sargeant Spencer's Lonely Kazoo Band Will Appear This Spring. Again!! GET READY, AMERICA!

SARGENT SPENCER'S KAZOO BAND is being RESURRECTED

"old" and new FEMALE members are invited to JOIN

please contact: Miss Wisemon Program Advisor G.C.C. 307D ext. 396

The Fantastiks

A wooden platform and a paper moon set the stage. The characters are a girl, a boy, their fathers, and a wall. How, from such simple evidence, can one conclude that THE FANTASTIKS is, indeed, one of the most beautiful and meaningful works of our time? That, one must draw from its poetry. It is, in fact, most fitting that the set be simple, for the idea to be conveyed is possibly the most basic of all -- the idea of growing up, of perhaps, growing ripe.

There is a curious paradox That no one can explain. Who understands the secret Of the reaping of the grain?

Who understands why Spring is born Out of Winters laboring pain? Or why we all must die a bit Before we grow again.

Tom Jones, THE FANTASTIKS, Act II

THE FANTASTIKS begins in September, when the girl is colored with dreams and the boy with ideals. It carries the audience through the winder of reality, and ends with spring, when the girl and boy, having touched the world in their separate ways, tasted of its cynicism and felt its hurt, come to realize themselves in each other.

We must all live through life's seasons, and ripen under the sun of life's experiences. Therein lies the beauty of this play. For from its lovely melodies to the purity of its poetic script flows the essence of our lives. We are born, we grow, we love, we are hurt, and then, a little wiser, we continue to grow. Therefore, let us recall the bitter-sweet pain of growing ripe; "Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow --" THE FANTASTIKS: March 13-17, Auerbach Auditorium.

Psych. Honor Society

There will be an organized meeting of Psi Chi (National Honorary Society for Psychology Majors) at 11:15 A.M., Tuesday, March 4, 1969, in Room C of the Gengras Campus Center.

All interested and eligible students are urged to attend. Qualifications for membership are:

- 1) Psychology Major
- 2) 11 hours in Psychology
- 3) Cum. QPA of 3.00 overall
- 4) Cum. QPA of 3.00 in Psychology

Interested, eligible people who are unable to attend the meeting can contact Dr. A.R. Brayer in Dana Hall 333.

Priviledges, Rules and Regulations For On-Campus Dorm Students With Meal Tickets

TO: All on-campus dorm students FROM: S.F.A. Food Committee Re: Priviledges, rules and regulations for on-campus dorm students with meal tickets

(1) DEFINITION OF UNLIMITED SECONDS: The first time through the line, you are entitled to: 1 entree, 2 vegetables, 1 salad, 1 desert and unlimited bread and beverage. After you finish this; you can return for seconds.

(2) PROPORTIONS: FOOD FROM GRILL: 2 servings per person at one time. Homemade sandwiches: One per person at one time. Deserts (pie, ice cream, etc.) 1 per person at one time.

(3) USE OF CARDS: The cards are not transferrable -- only those persons whose names are on the

cards can use them. Each student must show his card before he is allowed through the line -- excess will be removed by the checker.

(4) RULES AND VIOLATIONS: The rules constructed and enforced by the Judicial Board, say that no dorm student is allowed to take food with his meal card and give it to a non-dorm student.

If a dorm student is caught violating this rule, his card will be taken by one of the food managers. A report will be made and filed with the Judicial Board. The student can pick his card up at the next serving period from one of the checkers. The Judicial Board will then take action.

The student will be summoned before the Judicial Board. His case will be heard and a fine levied.

The fines are: \$5.00 for first offense, \$25.00 for the second.

(5) Due to the failure of students to return the food trays when they finish eating, a service problem has arisen. As of Wednesday night, food trays will no longer be picked up. It is hoped that all students will return their dirty dishes when done.

(6) If any students have any complaints or suggestions, they are urged to attend any Food Committee meeting. They are held every Monday, 4 p.m. in the Board Room.

TO: All other students -- Please help keep your dining area clean by returning your trays. This will enable the food service management to do bigger and better things for us.

Blood? Get Rid of Some at the Phys Ed Center, Feb. 28

Aframdots-For Blacks (And Nosey Whites)

by Elliott Dixon

Ed. Note: This article along with the one printed last week (also written by Mr. Dixon) express merely a personal opinion and by no means the opinion of this publication -- (but we dig the responses anyway). Love and kisses JSH

Our bodies lie crammed in coffin-crib; our minds are slain and buried in the ghetto; yet, as resurrection goes, our SPIRIT haunts and rocks this entire "nation."

Teacher: In whatever SYSTEM you have, son, some sort of exchange will be its economical base.
Student: Yes, and somebody's always going to have more change to exchange!

ANNUAL DELUSION 2/22/69

Today, the day after MALCOLM X Day, America really came around. Oh, how she honored Malcolm! -- the man who shook me from a long, lazy sleep; who injected me with the courage to accept bullets at the podium, as he had; who revealed to me how the MARCH ON WASHINGTON was really the HOAX ON HARLEM; who showed me how to really finish off a reefer.

Oh, how America honored HIM, today. Closed schools. Store sales. Patriotic music. Television specials. Ceremonies. All this day I felt his spirit, lingering from yesterday. Until now; I ponder the sorrowful truth -- WHY THE HELL WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON BORN SO CLOSE TO MY HERO'S DEATH? (god? you MUST be white!)

Miss Ma Coe sent me a telegram from Montana the other day:

Elliot stop I'm curious about Mo Riss stop Where is that car really at stop I bet the only time that dude doesn't have his mug hanging in front of some white bitch's is when he's pissing in the men's room stop I bet that nigger has them white nude posters all over his apartment -- in his hallway stop on his doors stop and even on the window right in front of the stool in his bathroom stop

and according to PAVLOV then that dude must shit in his pants every time he looks at one of them pictures stop.

Euglogy to Raymond Fudge

I walked over your bridge last night, Raymond Fudge, and stopped at that part of the wall which belonged to you -- you know, the part right under the third global streetlight?

And down there on the pig's river remained, I thought, your famous red cap and broken lenses. Beside them, new ice had sealed already that jagged hole -- now your icy tomb.

And I wondered, Raymond Fudge, whether you were reading that evening some LeRoi Jones or Harold Cruse just before it all happened. Or maybe some John A. Williams -- but you only WHISPERING "I am."

I'm sorry, Raymond Fudge. I didn't hear you. I wish you had whispered a little louder.

Should Ken Dorn, the trempor saxophonist in the Unofficial Jazz, ever ask me for the secret of jazz improvisation, I will simply place one hand coolly on my hip and shake the other's finger at him sharply and say, "Go soak your reeds in grease, Kenney!"

Next week keep your eyes open for LeRoi Jones' Theatre Troupe and Julius Lester who wrote LOOK OUT WHITEY, BLACK POWER'S GONNA GET YOUR MAMMA. They, along with the Elliot Dixon Quintet, Black artists' displays (hopefully including Rap Walkers), and an evening of genuine soul music will be the major attractions during BLACK WEEK, given by the Afro-American Organization. (Mind you, this is not a week in which Whitey will say, "I guess I'll go on out and see what these niggers are talking about, it's only once a year, and I'm liberal any-how." it is black week introducing BLACK YEAR.)

By the way, there's a great possibility that the famed SONNY ROLLINS group will appear. Should Sonny come, I extend a hearty invitation to both the UNOFFICIAL GROUP and THE QUARTET to sit in -- but please don't forget your chairs, as it will be for you a badly needed music lesson.

The Revival Of The Lynx

by Rick Carlson

Students' for a Democratic Society has been dormant for a semester. Graduating students are taught to plaster little brown bodies against tree stumps with M-16's. S.D.S. succumbed to a "lack of interest."

Whether it be a lack of interest, or a lack of direction, the ghost of S.D.S. lurks in the shadows of Jack Hardy's office. The ghost of S.D.S. slinks in the shadows of our school administration, and the administration of the state. What is but a ghost on our campus is a living beast across the nation, slashing its claws at the Nixon Administration.

There have been scattered voices, weak, but prying, for the revival of S.D.S. Some took offense at the national image and policies, and didn't want to get involved. Others felt that when the time comes, someone is bound to do something, then I'll hop aboard.

A sense of direction fills the newspapers every day. Those who share dissenting views are clubbed shot, gassed, plundered, and raped by massive police forces who are trained in the tactical use of force to protect freedom and equality. The following was found in Chicago on August 25th and was recorded by Norman Mailer.

The Youth International Party Ran Pig For President On This Platform.

Revolution Towards a Free Society: Yippie!

1. An immediate end to the war in Viet Nam. . .
2. Immediate freedom for Huey Newton of the Black panthers and all other black people.
3. The legalization of marijuana and other psychedelic drugs.
4. A prison system based on the concept of rehabilitation rather than punishment.
5. . . .abolition of all laws related to crimes without victims. That is, retention only of laws relating to crimes in which there is an unwilling injured party, i.e.; murder, rape, assault.
6. The total disarmament of all people beginning with the police. This includes not only guns, but such brutal devices such as tear gas, mace, electric prods, blackjacks, billy clubs and the like.
7. The abolition of money. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help, and pay toilets.
8. A society which works for

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