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If you're not part of the
solution,
Then you're part of the
problem.

20 November 1969

This paper is written, edited,
and published by SIG, a non-political,
non-sectarian, non-sexual,
non-racial, non-national, non-affiliated,
non-profit aggregation.

POUFF Disappearing
- Act -

OUR PURPOSE

This paper's purpose is not to polarize the Madison campus. The few interested students who made this publication possible do not reflect one absolute philosophy. We have no common goal, save to express ourselves. We do not expect everyone to agree with what we say. We do not want readers to accept our word as being above question. We are striving for a meaningful exchange of ideas, a confrontation of minds. If we fail in our objective, it is not because of what we say, but how it is received. The lines of communication at Madison have been cut, if they ever existed, and the sole purpose of this paper is to reopen these needed channels of dialogue, not only between student and administration, but also between student and student, between the student and faculty, and within the faculty itself.



The award this week goes to the campus cop who, at a recent mixer, referred to one of Madison's Black students as "that nigger." Hang in there, humanitarian!

So you say: 80 per cent of the address labels on last week's Time covered Spiro Agnew's mouth. Hmmm. . . .

Student Handbook: "Failure to correct an application form submitted prior to entry to Madison which contains falsification is a violation of the Honor System, if not corrected within thirty days after registration at Madison College." (p. 67)

Dear Friends,

To those of you who are unaware of the strange disappearance of your fellow student, Toni Flitter, let me inform you.


When I applied for admission, I falsified my records by not acknowledging my attendance at West Chester State College. I did this knowing that otherwise I could not have been accepted here due to poor records from West Chester. But I have been accepted and have made the grades here. I took the opportunity to make something of myself and make something decent of my life. My education has become a part of my life; it is not just something that everyone else does. I have been pursuing this goal for the past three years in spite of one bad experience at West Chester. Now, President Miller is making it virtually impossible for me to achieve my goal anywhere. He, along with the Administrative Council, has decided to take away all my credits, saying I was never a student here at Madison. I have nothing to show for my hard work, so that if I wanted to transfer to another college, it would be impossible. By doing this, President Miller has denied me one year of my life. How can I explain my one year of disappearance?

Being a concerned parent, my father called President Miller, who was in Richmond. My father contacted Mr. James Fox telling him of my situation. He explained about my one bad year at West Chester and expressed my most sincere desire to pursue my education. He asked Mr. James Fox to help me at my hearing before the Administrative Council, not to deny or hold me back from obtaining my education. My father begged Mr. Fox to show some kind of mercy so I would not get caught up in a terrible trend of events. Mr. Fox said

disappearing act . . .


he would help out as much as he could and contact me immediately. My father, believing this, was much relieved. But never did Mr. Fox in any way contact me or help me. He had deceived my father with a false promise. This is no better than my falsification of records.

In our society most criminals are allowed time to rehabilitate themselves. After a period of reconstruction they can go back into society and make something of themselves. Though not a criminal, I have been denied the chance for rehabilitation. Is one life so insignificant that no one should care?

 Flatter than a Skittin' Pancake

The recital given by Dr. Gordon Ohlsson, baritone, on Nov. 16th was almost everything a listener could have wished for. The program ranged from Handel to Britten, and included a short song by Beethoven, whose vocal works are too seldom heard. Dr. Ohlsson displayed great sensitivity to every word of each text. His voice is naturally excellent, and his technique is intelligent and flexible. Mrs. Ohlsson provided, as always, a dependable accompaniment, only occasionally drowning out the singer.

There was one major flaw in the performance. Dr. Ohlsson sings flat. During modulations he can go appallingly flat. At the end of a piece he usually is damnably flat. Anyone who doubts this should have heard him sing Brahms' "Wiegenlied." If the performance as a whole had been mediocre, the listener might not mind a few wrong notes. But to mar an otherwise beautiful recital with such an easily corrected fault is inexcusable.

 Bring your own Schtick

Women's olive rolling intramurals will be held every Wednesday afternoon from 4 to 6:30 on the steps of Dining Hall 2, starting December 3. Olives will be provided by the Food Services Staff, but students must bring their own pushing poles. Sign up before Thanksgiving vacation in Dr. Morrison's office.

Harambee's

The ideas behind Harambee aren't that innovative. In fact, there are probably plenty of more imaginative groups around. And what Harambee proposes to do isn't that startling either. Men have needed to express themselves since about the time they lost that really hairy look.

I admit that I just can't figure out exactly what it is about Harambee that's so terrifying. But whatever it is, and presumably somebody knows, try stacking it up against this: For every suppression there is a separate but equal reaction. One word changed in an old truth doesn't invalidate it. Energy, creativity and thought cannot be destroyed. Stifled now, they will emerge at another time, in another guise, and with aggravated intensity.

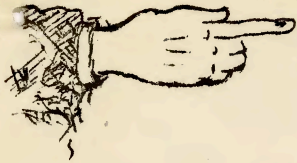
Harambee isn't asking to be given anything. All we want is the freedom that a dozen years of studying U.S. history have taught us to expect. Let us exercise our right to speak and you will hear reason; let us employ our right to act and you will see productivity; let us use our right to be all that we can be and you will see maturity. Is Madison now so faultless that reason, productivity and maturity can go unrecognized?

THE TIMES ARE A-CHANGIN'

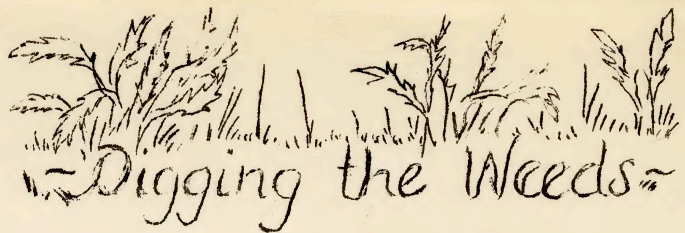
If Madison does not like the name "Harambee," how would they like it spelled S.D.S.?

WANTED

- WANTED: One enormous closed mind to be generously dispersed at the next President's open meeting.
- WANTED: One large muzzle to curb rabid administrator.
- WANTED: Three large bandages to cover up wounds inflicted by rabid administrator.
- WANTED: A copy of the Bill of Rights. We need one desperately because our last copy was confiscated without a warrant.
- WANTED: An approved organization for students' rights.
- WANTED: A cure all for hoof and mouth disease.



off the Ragged Cuff



Digging the Weeds

- TOPIC: President Miller's second Open Meeting
- Trivia spiced with catastrophe . . . Student
- Delightful, mind-expanding . . . Administration
- I came, I sat, I left . . . Student
- What Board of Visitors Meeting . . . Students & Faculty
- But . . . Student
- Enough . . . Administration
- Pollution, cough, at Madison? NEVER, Cough . . . Administration
- What ever happened to that Basic Studies petition I signed? . . . Innocent Student
- Take courage, petitions never die, they just fade away . . . Delighted Administration
- Know where I can buy some gasoline, cloth, and bottles? . . . Damned Student
- What's the sense? . . . Student
- There isn't any, that's the whole point. . . Spider Webbed Administration

I've waited for this. We've needed a paper of students' opinions for a long time. I just happen to have a list of topics all ready.

I sometimes wonder about the name given to different organizations on campus. Let's consider the Faculty Judiciary Committee. One would think it's made up of faculty members--was a deception! You'll find President Miller, Provost Hall, Dean James F. Dean Bowers, and Dean Reubush there. Also, the Student Organizations and Clubs Committee, which is the first step a group must take to get their organization "recognized" on campus is made up of the Dean of Men, Dean of Women, Director of Student Activities, the Vice President of each class, the Chairman of Panhellenic, the President of Interfraternity Council, and three faculty members appointed by the President. That's hell! Where are the students of Madison anyway? It seems like they're in their dorms studying all the time. Sometimes they gripe and even yell once in a while. That's only if they're real mad. A lot even dig the weeds around here.

Dig this--a certain student tried to requisition the lower quad for Oct. 15. He even went through all the procedures, from kissing asses to signing pretty blue and pink paper. Administration said that too much noise would result from our one speaker; therefore, we would be disturbing the students in Harrison. Okay we had it in Wilson. The real reason we couldn't get the quad was that people riding by in cars would see Madison speaking out. The Administration couldn't have that. But Veterans' Day rolled around, and behold the Augusta Military Academy band marching unit, with permission from what's his name up on the hill, we marching and playing and even looking like military men ("Lovely Rita") once in a while. Well, I don't mind the fact that they were there, though it was funny seeing 12-year old boys learning to march, or maybe it was sad. . . "Shrink, I wanna Ki But why couldn't we use the quad then? Discrimination maybe? Dig those weeds.

Poor Toni went to classes and everything for a semester and a half and then was told that she never was a student here at "good ole" Madison. Legally, the college was right; she did put down that she had gone to one other school before coming here. Actually she went to two. But like I tried to explain the whole situa-

-Constitutional Lollipop-



Well, folks, we Madison students have been suckered again. We signed a Basic Studies petition, and we actually expected the administration to notice it. As much as I hate to admit stupidity, I can't ignore this display of asinine faith in human nature. How could we have really believed that any student effort would be noticed? We should know by now that we don't have the right to make any decisions concerning what happens here.

So, Fellow Mourners--bury this petition and kiss your concern goodbye. In a dead college, life is a pointless contradiction. The sooner you face the truth, the sooner you can order the flowers. Rest in peace, Petition. I guess the grave is the best place for you.

Amen.



tion to the Administrative Council. We really got into it and talked about the "experiences" she had at that other school. Well, Toni is no longer with us at Madison. By the way, she wasn't flunking out and had never been in any trouble here. Salute the Administrative Council! People with grades way below 2.0 come back semester after semester. However, the college makes a mistake of not checking applications, admits the girl, lets her register, attend classes, gets her involved, and then WIPE OUT. She'll never see another day of college now. ACLU has been contacted, now we just have to wait. Students, will you please do something?

Another thing--three girls were taken in front of Honor Council for "stealing" an orange crate. They were turned in by a housemother--it was her duty. She was the same one who called the campus police last spring

at the "demonstration": Well, Honor Council's decision was this--innocent of stealing. How many people are now calling Connie Fisher and telling her I'm undermining the Honor System at Madison College? Honor Council is one of the best organizations on campus. It will change if the students want something changed. They at least keep up with the times. Don't knock it! Well, anyway, the girls were taken in front of House Council twice and told to relate the truth about what happened. About one month had gone by when the decision was made that the girls should get three call downs (strict campus for a week) for concealment. That's what the Head(?) told me. Since there is no such charge as concealment, I began to wonder. Later on, the Head(?) said that no official determination had been made, and we could still "argue it out". A change of tune-- I caught a few bars of "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," but they faded quickly. Next, the Head (that term means so many good things) told the girls that I had no business meeting with the House Council (I had been their student advisor). Well, we've appealed to Student Government. The whole affair has been going on for over a month. Remind you of a cup of ice, Gale?

Well, if you've gotten anything out of this, show your support for Toni by showing up in front of the "D" Hall on Friday at 12: noon. Toni will be there. She won't lie to you. She has been dehumanized and can't remember where she has been since February 5, 1969 but vaguely recalls gray walls and a dirty lake named Miller--or was it Newman? No matter. The weeds will cover everything up one day, and no one will remember. "...recognizes the President and the Faculty of the college to be final authority upon all matters..." Also, "students who cause the college to receive unfavorable public notice, or who conduct themselves in such manner as to interfere with the educational functions of the college, may be required by the President

to withdraw from the college." SIEG HEIL!

--Les Hammond



EVERYONE GIVES AWARDS:

1st prize: to our President-- a 1949 calendar

2nd prize: to Provost Hall-- one tranquilizer and a copy of The Making of a President



3rd prize: to Dean Reubush-- a special pair of shoe to help her when entering the Administrative Council meetings by the front door and leaving by the back



"What did it prove, Son?"

11/15/69: beautiful...cold you didn't feel...arms linked across the Mall...lunches shared between strangers...modern Christs where Christ would have been...mothers v cared about other mothers' sons... veterans who never wanted to fight another war...cops flashing the peace sign instead of billies...foreigners who saw America at its purest...frosty ears and warm hearts ...thousands and thousands and thousands of beautiful people and a sterile, white house obscured by the buses that had brought them ...Spock speaking to his children ...one GI lamenting the many who are voiceless...postpone Christmas until the war is ended...get out of Laos...peace, peace, peace--send Agnew back to Greece...another effete snob for peace...this is your planet--love it or leave it... museums embodying the past and witnessing the advent of the future ...people who march to the sound of a distant drummer

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OUR POLICY

A student paper needs student control. If you have any desire or talent, please help us. The paper so young that many important decisions have yet to be made regarding its publication. Every interested student can help form our paper. Articles are needed from everyone, students, faculty, and even the administration. "All power to the people" can only occur if the people want the power. Anyone wishing to help with the paper please contact the paper through the following boxes: 2213, 444, 793, 373, 1351, 866, or 1262.

Some of the workers on this edition are Carl Bailey, Marie Roland, Dean Brown, Debbie Darr, Mary Donahue, Toni Flitter, Les Hammond, Marsha Henderson, Dave Mercier, Jay and Tina Rainey, and H.E.E.