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.

Hmmmm...
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 re-construction 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 Shittin' 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 all-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.

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 need 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 presumable somebody knows, try stacking it 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 aggraved 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.
I've waited for this. We've need 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 na
given to different organizations on campus. Let's consider the Faculty Judiciary Committee. One would thi
t's made up of faculty members—w
a deception! You'll find President
Miller, Provost Hall, Dean James F
Dean Bowers, and Dean Reubush ther
Also, the Student Organizations ar Clubs Committee, which is the fir
step a group must take to get the organization "recognized" on campus
is made up of the Dean of Men, De
of Women, Director of Student Acti
ties, the Vice President of each
class, the Chairman of Panhellenic
the President of Interfraternity C
cil, and three faculty members app
by the President. That's hell!
Where are the students of Madison
way? It seems like they're in thel
dorms studying all the time. Some
times they gripe and even yell one
in a while. That's only if they're real mad. Alet even dig the weeds around here.

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

Poor Toni went to classes and
everything for a semester and a hal
and then was told that she never w
a student here at "good ole" Madis
legally, the college was right; shi
did put down that she had gone to
one other school before coming her
Actually she went to two. But lke
tried to explain the whole situ-

Well, folks, we Madison students
have been suckerized again. We signed
a Basic Studies petition, and we ac
tually expected the administration to
notice it. As much as I hate to ad
mit stupidity, I can't ignore this
 display of asinine faith in human na
ture. How could we have really be
lieved 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 pe
tition and kiss your concern goodbye.
In a dead college, life is a point-
less 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 before. A lawsuit 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, attends classes, gets her involved, and then WEPs 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—inconceivable. How many people are now calling Connie Fisher and telling her I'm under 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 code 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 lines of "Let the Bells Catch You Crying," but they faded quickly. Next, the Head (that 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 "demonstrators" 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?—something that's what the whole thing is about. Let the Bells 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?

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11/15/69: Beautiful...cold you didn't feel...arms linked across the Mall...lunches shared between strangers...modern Christ would have been...mothers...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 in facade 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 witness...for the future...people who march to the sound of a distant drummer...