What kind of an age is it
When to talk of trees
Is almost a crime
Because of the crimes
It leaves unsaid

--Brecht
Berkelyl Tribe

Last week a student wrote a letter to The Fixer regarding his/her low opinion of Madison's Honor Council. Although the author made it quite clear that opinions therein expressed were only personal, I feel that many students agree with what was said. The article touched upon the two most often heard complaints; regarding this code and its resulting council. The first is the desirability of having such a code at this time and the questionned justice received from the Honor Council. It is indeed troublesome to have this serious indictment go without answer by the acting president (summer session) of the Honor Council. One would hope that a convincing argument could be put forth by such an official. Also I would like to hear what the Council has to say regarding the pending changes of itself by SGA. Hopefully someone will attempt to answer the objections to the (usa) Honor Council put forth in last week's paper. If not one can be found to defend this treasured tradition, maybe it is quite time to begin seriously considering abandoning it.

If anyone had any doubts about Nixon's announced visit to Peking as being solely an example of his partisan political maneuvering, one had only to hear the chairman of the Republican Party speak of the expected results from the announced journey. Did he speak of the trip as a voyage "for peace... for future generations...?" No. Did he speak of normalizing relations between the U.S. and the People's Republic of China? No. Or did he speak of working out a course which would enable us to cease the senseless slaughter in S.E. Asia? No, he did not! The point he did stress was his prediction that the announced visit would raise Nixon's standing in the national polls. It seems as though Nixon is playing with peace (not only presently but for future generations) in order to clinch his upcoming presidential election. Johnson did not do that. Hopefully even if the American people don't see (or refuse to see) the motives underlying Nixon's actions, he will be defeated in 1972--owing to the almost 1929ish conditions in the U.S. today. Genocide in Asia seems hardly to compare to layoffs at home. Register to vote, become politically aware and VOTE in November 1971 to defeat a victory-oriented Nixon.}

(continued page 2)
wits who have to be periodically confused for their own good. For a brief moment the Eisenhower Administration considered telling the public the truth about nuclear weapons, but "Operation Candor" was dropped as being too hot to handle. The Kennedy Administration perfected the techniques of "managed news." Crises in Berlin, Cuba, Laos, and Vietnam were orchestrated for public effect, appearing and disappearing from the front pages in dizzying succession. The Johnson Administration conducted a secret campaign of provocation against North Vietnam, including the "De Soto" PT boat raids, while it was telling the American people that the small country was itching to "test our will."

—from An American Manifesto, by Richard Barnet and Marcus Raskin

The Great Speckled Bird

POISONING THE KIDDIES: A JOB FOR THE FBI

NEW YORK (INS)—According to the Washington Post which recently ran a feature story on J. Edgar Hoover: "The FBI chief will not touch the delicacies he receives from unknown admirers; he fears someone might slip him some poisoned food. He donates these delectables to orphanages and other institutions."

What next!

COFFEE AND CANCER LINKED

COFFEE DRINKING may cause cancer of the bladder, according to an article in the British medical magazine Lancet. The article was written by members of the Department of Epidemiology and Krage Center of Environment Health at the Harvard School of Public Health. Women appear twice as susceptible as men to cancer infection through coffee drinking, the researchers said. About one fourth of bladder cancer in men may be attributable to coffee drinking, the article said, while for women the figure is 49 per cent. The possible connection between coffee drinking and cancer was discovered accidentally and needs more investigation, the scientists said.

—Muhammad Speaks

This day perhaps could be beautiful if I were not you . . . but

In a small north Georgia town we once discovered a church where God hides behind the nursery's bathroom door and a smiling Jesus Christ hangs from a thin silver wire nailed to the wall of "Young Adults."

Communion is impossible it seems as we float like bread crumbs in memory's wine, then sink trying to remember what we were before.

I have here unbreakable bread, glasses too dirty for wine, and somewhere in my mind a rock waits to be moved but no one has the strength.

Behind the rock dusty secret scream for freedom but I hear only unintelligible whispers.

Or merely secret whisperings of cardboard-Jesus fans cooling the sweaty faces of this day

—Lydia Anne Moore
Watching the sun unwind its spiral
Wildly through the woods in pure
Never felt a mountain shake and
Nor dangled your feet in a lazy
Never picked nayapples or black
Who ne'er just "sat a spell" on
You, who never stood on a high
You, who never danced to wild
Outpourings of nimble-fingered
Who never searched the glens for
Never felt a mountain shake and
To partake of human sacrifice?
And hunters shouting with joy,
Where breezes from the hills
Because mountain folk know it's
Where breezes from the hills
To tranquilize the sorrow and joy
I tell you, stranger, hill folk
To tranquilize the sorrow and joy
I am Appalachian! In my veins
Runs fierce mountain pride: the
hill-fed streams
Of passion; and, stranger, you
don't know no!
You've analyzed my every move—
you still
Go away shaking your head. I re-
main
Enigmatic. How can you find rap-
port with no—
You, who never stood in the bowlas
of Roll!
Never felt a mountain shake and
open its jaws
To partake of human sacrifice?
You, who never stood on a high
mountain,
Watching the sun unwind its spiral
race?
Who never searched the glens for
wild flowers,
Never picked nayapples or black
walnuts; never ran
Wildly through the woods in pure
delight,
Nor dangling your feet in a lazy
creek?
You, who never danced to wild
sweet notes,
Outpourings of nimble-fingered
fiddlers;
Who never just "sat a spell" on
a porch,
Chewing and whittling; or hearing
in pastime
The deep-throated bay of chasing
hounds
And hunters shouting with joy,
"He's treed!"
You, who never once carried a
coffin
To a family plot high up on a
ridge
Because mountain folk know it's
best to lie
Where breezes from the hills
whisper, "You're home";
You, who never saw from the valley
that graves on a hill
Bring onement of pain to those
below?
I tell you, stranger, hill folk
know
To tranquilize the sorrow and joy
of living.
I am Appalachian! and stranger;
Though you've studied me, you
still don't know.

Muhammad Speaks

staff's note—...not to mention
the recent visit paid Franco by
our beloved VP.

TEXARKANA, Ark. (LNS)—Cameras
and tape recorders now record
each class in Texarkana's junior
high and high schools. The policy
was adopted following several
weeks of racial problems.
The main reason given for
this action was that it would
serve as a psychological deter-
rant against further problems.
However, one official admitted
that they also hoped to record
students who "talked back" to
their teachers.

PDA ACTS TO STOP DIRTY CANDY BARS

WASHINGTON (LNS)—The Federal
Food and Drug Administration dis-
closed on July 16 that more than
200,000 candy bars and 7,100 boxes
of candy were found to be contam-
inuted with rodents and insects.
Most of the bars and all of the
boxes, FDA said have already been
sold and presumably eaten.
SUPREMACIST QUOTE OF THE WEEK:
In the November Harper's, John Corrill discusses what he sees as the similarities between Black Panthers and feminists. "For one thing, the members of both tantrum a lot. For another, neither the Panthers nor the ladies care much for themselves and they both have great doubts about whether or not they can make it in life. They wear oppression like both a badge and an excuse, and they do not seem to be seriously engaged in anything other than being oppressed and in telling everyone about it."

WOMEN SLAVE TRADE ALIVE IN SAIGON

SAIGON(JNS)--Four American women escaped from a plush villa in downtown Saigon where they had been imprisoned as prostitutes for ten days.

The four women, three white and one eighteen year old black woman, told officials at the American Embassy that they had been recruited in Chicago as "entertainers."

However, when they arrived at their residence in Saigon, about a quarter of a mile from the residence of U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker, they found bars on their windows. In the villa the women were kept under armed guard at all times, and allowed outside the compound "escorted" by a guard. They were forced to serve as prostitutes for a clientele of American soldiers. The other women were Vietnamese.

When the three American men in charge of running the villa prison had left the compound the four women brandished kitchen knives at a Vietnamese guard and dashed out into the streets.

The villa prison was too large (it contained a large gambling room and bar) and so centrally located that it could only have been run with the protection of the South Vietnamese police and the American military.

U.S. military generators were used for the villa's electric power and the house contained an American military telephone which was connected to the "Tiger" switchboard, the main U.S. military communications network in Saigon.

"The first significant discovery we shall make as we rocket along our female road to freedom is that men are not free, and they will seek to make the argument why nobody should be free. We can only reply that slaves enslave their masters, and by securing our own manumission we may show men the way that they could follow when they jumped off their own treadmill."
Germaine Greer, The Female Eunuch/Great Spotted Bird

THE FRIEND

"We sat across the table
he said, cut off your hands
they are always poking at things,
they might touch me.
I said yes.

Food grew cold on the table.
he said, burn your body,
it is not clean and smells like sex.
it rubs my mind sore.
I said yes.

I love you, I said.
that's very nice, he said
I like to be loved,
that makes me happy.
Have you cut off your hands yet?"

--Marge Piercy
Berkeley Tribe
A White House Conference on Youth recently backfired on the White House. Delegates were carefully screened before chosen. Its purpose was to "learn what American youth are thinking." Delegates first endorsed the People's Peace Treaty and demanded an immediate end to the war in Indochina. They also demanded legalization of marijuana, the resignation of J. Edgar Hoover, legalization of abortion, and a guaranteed national income. Originally, $300,000 had been set aside for "implementation" of conference suggestions, but it doesn't look like a penny will be gotten now. Well, they wondered what the youth are thinking.

---Outlaw Times

---Muhammad Speaks

Landlord, landlord,
My roof has sprung a leak.
Don't you member I told you about it
Way last week?

Landlord, landlord,
These steps is broken down.
When you come yourself
It's a wonder you don't fall down.

Ten Bucks you say I owe you?
Ten Bucks you say is due?
Well, that's Ten Bucks more'n I'll pay you
Till you fix this house up new.

What? You gonna get eviction orders?
You gonna cut off my heat?
You gonna take my furniture and
Throw it in the street?

Um-huh! You talking high and mighty,
Talk on—till you get through.
You ain't gonna be able to say a word
If I land my fist on you.

Police! Police!
Come and get this man.
He's trying to ruin the govern-
ment
And overturn the land.

Copper's whistle
Patrol bell.
Arrest.
Precinct Station.
Iron cell.

Headlines in press:

MAN THREATENS LANDLORD
TENANT HELD NO BAIL
JUDGE GIVES NEGRO 90 DAYS IN COUNTY JAIL.

---Langston Hughes
The Harlem Renaissance/LNS

Here lies a yellow man,
Killed by a black man,
Fighting for the white man,
Who killed all the red men.

---Malcolm X, on seeing a photo of an NLF soldier slain by a black GI.
LETTER FROM PRISONER

Brothers and Sisters:

Thank you for The Fixer. It is appreciated and will add to the struggle to keep my mind free.

I work presently in the hospital. They do not like our freedom to grow our hair and beards and an at present scrubbing floors and cleaning toilets. I have no choice of jobs but do not look forward to being advanced as I will not slave. Advancement is nothing—they act as if you should be grateful. When they give you a better job, I do not mind work but I cannot stand being forced into doing something and being threatened if I don't do it.

Everyday I receive strength to continue resistance because actions speak louder than words—and the actions of the pigs show me blind ignorance.

Many thanks for your rag which gives me a view of what is happening outside. Peace and Power,

W. Chess
Monroe, Washington

MARIJUANA CIGARETTES TO BE SOLD ON WEST COAST

SAN FRANCISCO (LNS)—Sanctime in August, the first shipment of standardized, pre-rolled marijuana cigarettes should be available on the West Coast market, according to an underground group of Bay Area importers and dealers known as the Felix the Cat Consortium.

18 joint Grassmaster brand packages are to be initially priced at $7.50, ($7 in Santa Fe) with lower prices forthcoming upon the commencement of operations at the Consortium's two new automated subterranean factories.

Eventually, Consortium spokesman stated, it is stated that a fleet of trucks will be employed for rapid product distribution.

With reported reserves of $125,000 for legal purposes, the Felix importers plan to take bust cases to the Supreme Court.

If the outcome of these proceedings is as the planners hope, they said, "We'll all be in the clear."

We cannot tell for he is dead,
For many things that he has said.

With wonderment, I watch him lie,
On his hard bed of concrete street.

And yet, no one who sees goes down
To carry him to softer ground.

We are afraid of men that watch
And hear all that we say and do;

And punish quickly those that fight
Against the men, against the right.

So we must hide in cells of brick,
With fear and hope locked in our minds;
For Superman to come and save
The men that live within their graves.

Judy Reed

The monster I have to kill
every day is realism. The monster who attacks me every day is destruction. Out of these duels come transformation. I have to turn destruction into creation over and over again.

Annie Min
off our backs

The Fixer needs and wants the support of all sections of the Madison community. We do not want to see one side of an issue completely dominate any time. We want all persons to be a part of this paper. Our meetings are completely open to anyone who wishes to attend. We will print any article submitted to us only two restrictions: names must accompany all articles (names will be withheld upon request) and articles must follow copyright regulations. We censor no one. If you feel the paper is not fulfilling its purpose then work to change it, write articles, or work on the paper.

The Fixer is self-supporting and we survive on your contributions. Please send what you can to:

The Fixer
Madison College Press--Free
Box 4255
Madison College
Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801

With a little help from our friends...Judy, Paula Barb, Car, Ferald, Tommy, Tell and Jill.

Open Meeting

Friday 1:30
Huffman Rec. Room

The Fixer
Madison College Press--Free
Box 4255
Madison College
Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801