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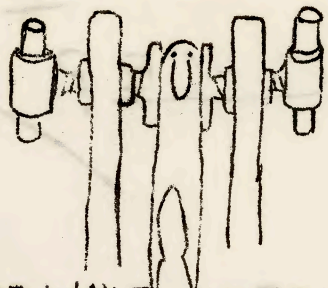
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The Fixer

Volume 4
Number 6



THE WAY I LOOK AT IT,
WHAT I LOSE IN FREEDOM, I
GAIN IN SECURITY...

MADISON EDUCATION?----- 72-73

This school has created a semester disagreeable for learning. Although we are a month away from exams, the pressure to cram is as great. Everyday students package themselves into the library, penning their contents on thousands of "term" papers. Many have even lost the time to go to class.

Madison is becoming known for its firsts. The latest is the accredited "crash course." Learning is outmoded, (Why learn? You can always keep the book). This semester we dumb animals are headed through the Bluestone Gates "express rate." For as you know the semester is three whole weeks shorter than it should be. Yet, in keeping with the price for ground beef, we pay more but enjoy less.

I will agree that added ingredients this semester are better, (I always wanted a football team in my soup). But what has happened to food for thought?

When the plates are stacked in early May they won't be empty. Head and stomachs will be. For whenever you eat too fast you get heartburn or you puke.

diane huddle

The man who found himself....

Once upon a time there was a young man named Kafka Quince. Like most young people these days, Quince devoted his waking hours to finding himself.

"After all," he said, "the most important thing in my life is me. But how can I relate to the world unless I know who I am?"

So he went to college to find himself. But he wasn't there.

"College simply isn't relevant," he told his father on dropping out after receiving three C's and seven incompletes.

"Well" said his father, "maybe I can get you a job at the life insurance company."

So young Quince took a job to find himself. But he wasn't there either.

"How can I relate to life, or the insurance thereof," he told his father, on quitting, "when I don't know who I am?"

(cont. on top of page)

He tried painting, writing and music. No luck. "I can't express what's in my head," he said, "until I get my head together."

He retired to his room where he spent four weeks in bed, staring at the ceiling. "Don't worry," he said to his increasingly impatient father. "All I have to do is find myself."

"Why don't you try looking on the sidewalk?" said his father, kicking him down the front stairs. "maybe you're out there."

* * *

To find himself, young Quince joined an encounter group. Unfortunately, he monopolized the first three-hour session with a detailed analysis of his dreams for the past 30 days, his reaction to women who didn't shave their legs, and his innermost feelings about banana fritters.

As no one else could get a neurotic word in edgewise, he was never invited back.

Occasionally, he would run into an old friend who would inquire, "how are you, Quince?"

"I'm glad you asked that question," Quince would say. "I found that I became depressed after two fried eggs sunny-side-up for breakfast, but after ordering them over easy with a side of kippers, both my peristalsis and angst are much better. On the other hand"

Soon Quince noticed he wasn't running into old friends anymore. He spent the next years trying to decide whether they avoided him because they detected his basic dishonesty and insecurity or because they envied him his basic truthfulness and self-confidence. "Once I find myself," he said, "I'll know."

At 32, he married Millicent Mork, who was attracted to him because she was a psychiatric social worker. But she gave him back his ring after he spent six months on her front porch trying to determine why she wanted to marry him. Was it a fatal flaw in her character? Did she think of him as a sex object? Was it that she...

After that, Quince tried psychoanalysis, various chemicals, transcendental meditation and stansing on his head for ten years in order, he said, to get a better perspective of himself. But where ever he was, he wasn't there. (cont. p. 4)

PEACE?

"Let those who continue to advocate a coalition government of three parts stand up and be counted. I am certain that the people and the army will not let them live for more than five minutes."

HONOR?

- Nguyen Van Thieu,
Dictator of South Vietnam,
October 12, 1972

WHO ARE THE PRISONERS?

There are over 200,000 political prisoners in South Vietnamese jails according to Amnesty International and the Overseas Vietnamese Buddhists. Many of them were imprisoned for the "crime" of advocating peace or a coalition government. Hoang Duc Hha, Thieu's closest advisor, has said that 40,000 more "Communist agents" were arrested in a few recent weeks alone, (Washington Post, November 10). Some were subsequently released, but many more were not-by South Vietnamese law, suspects can be held for two years without trial. When the draconian laws are not severe enough, they are violated by the government: Tran Nogoc Chau, a prominent Saigon legislator is still in prison two years after the Supreme Court ruled that his trial had been unconstitutional and annulled his sentence.

The International Control Commission set up after the 1954 Geneva Accords was prohibited by the American-supported Diem dictatorship from entering areas where political opponents were being repressed. The reports which the I.C.C. did receive led B.S.N. Murti, an Indian working with the Commission, to conclude that Diem's "Anti-Communist Denunciation Campaign" included the murder and arrest of "large numbers" of his Communist and non-Communist opponents. According to the Pentagon Papers, 50-100,000 people were put in Diem's "detention camps" in 1955 alone. This reign of terror is a very real memory to netralist and NLF supporters now.

THE USE OF TORTURE

The current treatment of prisoners by the Thieu dictatorship provides no reassurance of respect for civil liberties. American Quakers who provided medical and other aid in South Vietnamese prisons have been denied access since they reported the use of torture and the almost universally inhuman conditions. The International Red Cross has also been denied regular visiting privileges. Vietnamese sources say that there are over 500 prisons, ranging from the massive Con Son complex to small local detention centers. It is likely that the danger is greatest to inmates in the small jails, where there is no possibility of public scrutiny and exposure of maltreatment. The New York Times (DEC. 8) noted that, "prisoners often relate stories of torture and mistreatment during interrogation. The truth of such allegations does not seem to be in doubt..." Here is an excerpt from a letter concerning Le Cong Giau, former leader of the Union of Saigon Students. The letter was smuggled to a group of Catholic priests by student inmates in Chi Hoa Prison on October 11:

"According to the testimony of our fellow students who have been transferred here from the municipal police department, all Giau's fingernails and toenails have been torn out his fingers and toes burned by a high voltage electric current. His body and even the end of his penis are marked with cigarette burns. Giau, whose body is extremely swollen as a result of the beating, suffers terribly from the slightest touch."

The American Friends Service Committee workers have personally viewed the results of torture by the Thieu police on many occasions.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

In 1963 there were 16,000 men in the Saigon government's police force. According to the New York Times (Dec. 8), there are now 119,000, of whom 15-20,000 are in the "special" secret branch responsible for arresting and interrogating suspected political opponents. The respected French newspaper Le Monde has estimated the total as 300,000 (Sept. 8), paid for with increased U.S. aid. The U.S. public Safety Office in Saigon admitted raising its aid for police and prisons from \$20.9 million in 1970 to \$30 million in 1971. The total for 1972 is currently considerably higher. We know where some of the prison funds went: 384 more of the infamous tiger cages on Con Son island were built by the American firm RIMK*BRJ. Here is a description of conditions in the tiger cages given by Frank E. Walton, Chief of the Public Safety Division in Saigon in 1963; "may include immobilization: the prisoner is bolted to the floor, handcuffed to a bar or rod, or legirons with the chain through an eyebolt, or around a bar or rod." Most of the interrogation centers, where torture is frequently employed, were built with U.S. funds.

The American Friends Service Committee has documentation that, "Thieu's police his brutal interrogators and his prison system received not only U.S. financial support, but advice and consultation from U.S. advisors."

If we are going to stop these practices, the time to do so is now.

KEYSTONE KOPS

Well, folks, get ready to shell out an additional \$75.00 to our beloved Alma Mater come next fall. Yes indeedy screwed again...or are we? These are the facts as we know them- you exercise your intelligence and decide.

Many of you now reading this have first hand knowledge of how efficient, brave and loyal our campus police are. Why, it only takes two of them to write out a traffic ticket. All of this will soon(!) change - your hard earned \$\$ will bring the services of Harrisonburg's finest to impliment our boys in blue. Better protection-or provocation? Sweet November

"GET TOUGH" POLICY WITH LATE BOOK RETURNERS is in effect at the library of the U. of Missouri in St. Louis. A book is assumed to be lost when it becomes seven days overdue and the borrower is assessed the cost of the book plus a \$5.00 service charge. If the book is subsequently "found" and returned, the book price is refunded but not the service charge.

ELECTIONS???

In the April 12 elections only 155 (12%) freshmen decided to stir themselves enough to vote in the SGA freshman representative elections. Out of 1200 freshmen the "spirit of 76" really showed up. At a time when the SGA needs broad student support it was pathetic to see only 12% turn out in the freshmen class. What did turn out is a vote of confidence for more administrative totalitarianism.

E. & K.

IT

Just when I think
I'm getting it right,
There's stress in my head,
I stay up all night
Trying to figure
Obscure future's plight,
And how I can find,
Some more strength to fight
Sweet freedom's songbird
Ever anxious for flight.

Sometimes I feel
That I'm going insane.
As though all my trying
Is really in vain.
But one of these days
I'll throw a fit,
And say fuck it all,
That I don't give a shit.
Perhaps then I'll find
I really have it!

S. Baxter

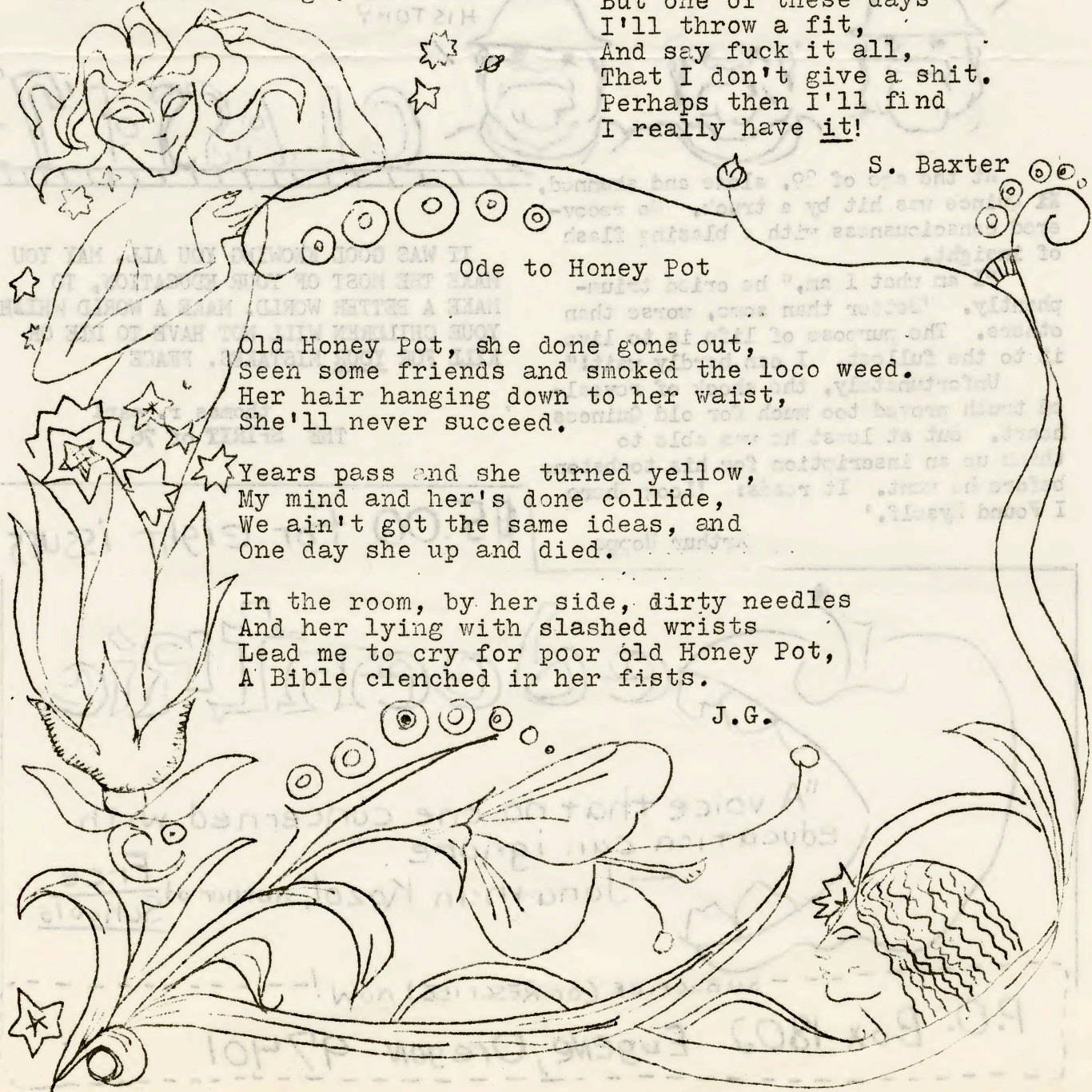
Ode to Honey Pot

Old Honey Pot, she done gone out,
Seen some friends and smoked the loco weed.
Her hair hanging down to her waist,
She'll never succeed.

Years pass and she turned yellow,
My mind and her's done collide,
We ain't got the same ideas, and
One day she up and died.

In the room, by her side, dirty needles
And her lying with slashed wrists
Lead me to cry for poor old Honey Pot,
A Bible clenched in her fists.

J.G.



WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL I LEARNED GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD ALIE

SLAVES WERE HAPPY ON THE PLANTATION

THE MEN WHO OPENED THE WEST WERE GIANTS

WE WON EVERY WAR BECAUSE GOD WAS ON OUR SIDE

BUT WHERE MY KID GOES TO SCHOOL

HE LEARNS GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A SLAVE OWNER

SLAVES HATED SLAVERY

THE MEN WHO OPENED THE WEST COMMITTED GENOCIDE

Why can't student organizations hold outdoor activities on campus after midnight? Why does BoBo need a new house? Why are Mr. Preist, Dr. Reinhartz and Dr. Heller leaving? Why were the pretty bushes in front of Spottswood torn out? Why were all those bushes planted in mud instead of topsoil? Why do we have to keep growing? Why will all students have to sign their guests in and out of open-dorms next year? Why Honor Council? Why indoctrination instead of education? Why can't girls have keys? Why can't girls get a single bedroom apartment at showalter? Why don't incoming freshmen have the option to get into a seven day a week open dorm or a co-ed dorm next year? Why Student Services? Why Madison, Why?? Why so much BULLSHIT?

AND THE WARS WE WON WERE VICTORIES FOR U.S. IMPERIALISM

NO WONDER MY KIDS NOT AN AMERICAN

THEY'RE TEACHING HIM SOME OTHER COUNTRY'S HISTORY

CLASS of '73

At the age of 39, alone and shunned, Quince was hit by a truck. He recovered consciousness with a blazing flash of insight.

"I am what I am," he cried triumphantly. "Better than some, worse than others. The purpose of life is to live it to the fullest. I can hardly wait!"

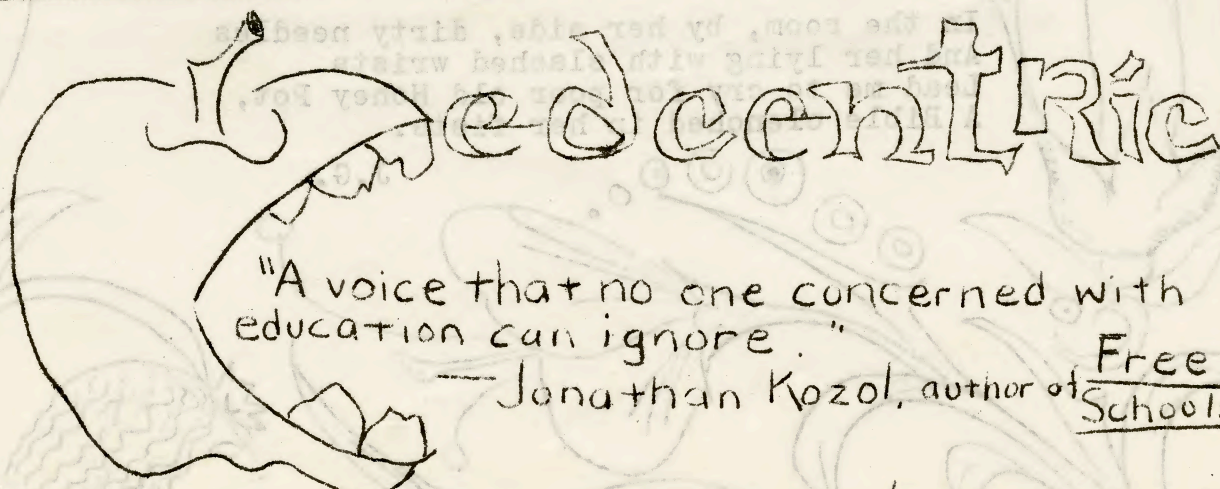
Unfortunately, the shock of revealed truth proved too much for old Quince's heart. But at least he was able to think up an inscription for his tombstone before he went. It reads: 'Look where I Found Myself.'

Arthur Hoppe

IT WAS GOOD KNOWING YOU ALL. MAY YOU MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR EDUCATION, TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD. MAKE A WORLD WHICH YOUR CHILDREN WILL NOT HAVE TO DIE OR KILL FOR YOUR MISTAKES. PEACE

thomas r. earl
THE SPIRIT of '76

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