10-1968

Ignite: Big Homecoming Issue

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We, the editors of IGNITE make no pretenses about being unbiased.

WE ARE BIASED.

L.N.
The Weed
Janelle Hongess
and others
more to come...

Written contributions, drawings, cartoons, letters to the editor, etc. should be sent to Janelle Hongess 522 Hamline St. Grand Forks, N.D.

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Editorial

Janelle Hongess

According to the October 11th Dakota Student, U.N.D. has a "pervert-in-residence." Supposedly, this "pervert" was seen in his car unclad from the waist down, "playing with his genitals." The article went on to explain that campus police and the Grand Forks Police Department were given a description of the man and are keeping the campus under surveillance. Really now, playing with his own genitals, tsk, tsk... in his own car, tsk, tsk.

Furthermore, the young lady who witnessed this act of perversion was quoted as having been "repulsed" and "turned off" as a result. How terrible... To be walking down the street and to be actually turned off, to have all that pulsating warmth suddenly become still and cold. (I don't know what stimulates other females, but the sight of a male's genitals usually turns me on, not off.)

Was the young lady raped? Was she accosted in any way? Was she even asked to do anything by this "pervert"? The article would have us believe not, for she was quoted as having admitted that she wasn't even scared. And rightly so, for according to Dr. Paul Gebhard, co-author of Sex Offenders: An Analysis of Types, (Harper and Row), "These men (exhibitionists) are generally harmless... the exhibitionist in most cases, is not really making a sexual overture; in fact he would probably flee in panic at any sign of interest..."

Still the police were informed and regard it a serious enough matter to be looking for the "offender". Was the crime indecent exposure? The human body is indecent? Not in my bed it isn't. (Or my car for that matter.) And since when is it perversion to touch one's own body? If such is the case a lot of us are in bad trouble. And I take it for granted that it is not a crime to be considered repulsive by another, or to turn someone else off. For if that were so we would all be in jail save a very fortunate few whose physical attributes are extraordinary indeed.

As the editor of IGNITE I wish to go on record as repulsed and turned off by all this over-reaction and hypocrisy. And as a service to the community I wish to make it known to those who wish to exhibit themselves in safety that my door (back door) is open any time and I can assure an audience of any desired size.
MARIJUANA has been known to man for three thousand years, yet its realm is still shrouded with myth and fantasy. Still, certain facts do exist, and it is in this area that our interest lies.

Marijuana is the most ancient of the "psychochemicals"—or the drugs that affect the mind. It is neither an opiate, nor an amphetamine, nor a barbiturate, but instead it is one of the hallucinogens, which include mesocaine, psilocybin, and LSD. It is obtained from the Indian hemp plant, which is cultivated either legally or illegally in almost every country in the world. Marijuana is a smoking mixture made up of the crumpled and dried parts of this hemp plant. It can vary in strength depending on the part of the plant from which the mixture was obtained (the tops of the plant are richer in resin and therefore more powerful), the methods of preparation, the individual smoking style, and the mood, physical condition, and surroundings of the user.

Perhaps the myth heard most frequently in connection with marijuana is that it is habit forming. Repeated tests have shown that marijuana is not addictive in the sense that heroine, morphine, or other "hard" narcotics are. That is, the body develops no tolerance to marijuana and when the user quits there are no withdrawal symptoms. The only way in which marijuana could be referred to as habit forming is in a psychological sense, much akin to that of becoming addicted to ordinary cigarettes. A myth closely related needs to be made clearer.

There is absolutely no biological effect that primes the marijuana user for hard narcotics, and most marijuana smokers do not go on to become junkies. The only connection between marijuana and narcotics addiction is that marijuana sometimes, but not always, leads to experimentation with other drugs.

Marijuana was once thought to drive its users to violent crimes, sex orgies and insanity. Research in this field has proven this to be false. The physiological effects are these: marijuana raises the blood pressure, lowers body temperature, raises the pulse rate, slows breathing, dehydrates the body and increases the need to urinate, lowers blood sugar levels, stimulates the appetite, and renders the hand slightly less steady. All these effects are slight and transitory, lasting only a few hours. No one has yet demonstrated any long-lasting effects on the body. Marijuana acts on the nervous system...
as part relaxant, part stimulant. Its effects may vary from sleepy contentment to wide-awake euphoria. In unstable individuals it has been known to, on rare occasions cause anxiety and panic, and even to precipitate psychotic incidents. Research studies have failed, however, to turn up any correlation between marijuana and major crimes. These tests have also indicated that marijuana is just as likely to diminish as to enhance sexual desire, thereby destroying the theory of a link existing between marijuana and sex crimes.

The first federal legislation on marijuana was passed in 1937 following a wave of publicity which characterized the drug as driving its users to violent crimes. In 1956 mandatory prison sentences were established: two to ten years for possession of the drug, and five to twenty years for its sale. State laws vary considerably in the severity of their penalties, but most follow the federal laws. (An exception is the state of Alabama, where the selling of marijuana to a minor carries the death penalty.) It is the belief of a great many people that the current penalties are too severe, and this has led to such figures as Dr. James Goddard, head of the Food and Drug Administration, to ask for reduced penalties, especially for first offenders.

The most recent legislation before the house in reference to marijuana is a bill, which if it passes, would legalize marijuana in Michigan. Says the author of the bill, State Senator Roger E. Craig, "Pot is certainly no more dangerous than liquor." An even which occurred in May of 1967 complicates things greatly, for it was then that the United States ratified an international agreement on marijuana control accepted by fifty-eight other countries. This would make it extremely difficult for the U.S. to now legalize the use of marijuana.

The battle for legislation, however, continues. Many creative people, such as Leslie Feidler, novelist and critic, argue that marijuana expands their consciousness and appreciation of the world around them. These persons feel that marijuana should be freely available, to wit, only enough restrictions to protect minors. The main argument of those opposing legalization is the fact that too little research has been done in the past, and that in lieu of this, marijuana should remain illegal until such time as complete knowledge of its effects, both physical and psychological, is obtained. Some people don't want to wait.

It is estimated that at least six percent of all college students have tried smoking marijuana at one time or another. At Tulane University, the percentage was thirty-one percent. In Vietnam as well, more U.S. servicemen are being court-martialed for smoking marijuana than for any other offence. Perhaps the greatest danger involved in the use of marijuana is the consequence of being caught. Those proven to have had possession of marijuana become felons for using a drug which scientists have been unable to prove any more harmful than alcohol; their chances in life are reduced and often destroyed not by marijuana but by out-dated laws.
SOME PROPERTY HAS NO RIGHT TO EXIST

by Robert Branconnier

On October 7 there began in Baltimore the trial of the "Catonsville Nine" for the burning of draft board records. Last May nine people seized 1-A files from a draft board in Catonsville, Maryland, and burned those files with homemade napalm. It was an act which stopped the drafting of all men of that board.

The week before the trial of the "Catonsville Nine," another group of 14 peace advocates staged a burning of draft records in Milwaukee. The protestors, who broke into selective service headquarters, took thousands of records and set them aflame. The burning incident took place in a grassy triangle across the street from the selective service office, where the war resisters conducted a religious service while waiting to be arrested.

The actions of the "Catonsville Nine" is best summarized by the statements they issued in May: "We, American citizens, have worked with the poor in the ghetto and abroad. In the course of our Christian ministry we have watched our country produce more victims than an army of us could console or restore... We destroy these draft records not only because they exploit our young men, but because these records represent misplaced power concentrated in the ruling class of America... We believe that some property has no right to exist. Hitler's gas ovens, Stalin's concentration camps, atomic-bacteriological-chemical weaponry, files of conscription and slum properties are examples having no right to exist... We have pleaded, spoken, marched, and nursed the victims of...injustice. Now this injustice must be faced and this we intend to do."

In a similar reference to the belief that some property has no right to exist, the "Milwaukee 14" explained their actions in a statement released to the press shortly before they had seized selective service draft records: "We destroy these files because some men need to be reminded that no property is sacred. If anything is sacred it is the gift of life and flesh, flesh which is daily burned, made homeless, butchered — without tears or clamor from most Americans — in Vietnam, Thailand, Peru, Guatemala, Nigeria, Harlem, Delano and wherever the poor live and die. Some property has no right to exist, for example occupation tanks in Czechoslovakia, pieces of paper in draft offices, slum holdings, factories of death machines, nerve gas."

The Milwaukee statement criticized religious leaders for "automatically conscripting the creator of life on behalf of the American high command." The religious establishment, the release stated "is preoccupied with mortgage payments, film-ratings and pills," leaving others "to apply the prophetic message the leadership virtually recites."

These incidents at Catonsville and Milwaukee are only two among many other similar direct-action tactics. The Naval and Marine Corps Training Center in Eugene, Oregon was hit with fire bombs September 29, causing damage to building and equipment amounting to $100,000. Wisconsin selective service headquarters in Madison, was fire bombed on October 1. There has been a marked escalation of radical opposition to the war. Not only was blood poured over draft records in
Baltimore, but black paint has been poured into draft files in the Boston Customs
House. Draft board headquarters in Berkeley has been hit at least three times in
pre-dawn bombings. Records of the Xenia, Ohio, draft board were destroyed by
fire of "undetermined origin". The torch has been put to ROTC buildings at
Stanford, Berkeley, and A and I College in Nashville. And how many more that the
Pentagon knows about but the public does not?

A similar though less dramatic protest against property which has no right
to exist is the turning in or burning of draft cards. This is an action encouraged
as a means of undermining the Selective Service System by taking the position of
complete and open non-cooperation with the draft. It is also a way of liberating
yourself from the fear that reeks the lives of so many.

That the Selective Service System uses fear not only for manpower recruit-
ment for military needs but also in a far-reaching program of manpower control
is clear from an official memorandum issued in July, 1965, entitled Channeling.
By means of what the pamphlet euphemistically calls "channeling", "pressurized
guidance," and in a less cautious moment, the "club of induction", the National
Security Council and the national director of Selective Service seek to direct
the lives of American young men into institutions and vocations it defines as
"in the national interest". In speaking of the circumstantial climate in which
the System forces students to make decisions about their future, Channeling
comments:

"Throughout his career as a student the pressure—the threat
of loss of deferment—continues. It continues with equal
intensity after graduation.... He is impelled to pursue
his skill rather than embark upon some less important enter-
prise and is encouraged to apply his skill in an essential
activity in the national interest. The loss of deferred
status is the consequence for the individual who has acquired
this skill and either does not use it or uses it in a non-
essential activity."

For these and many other reasons, many are no longer willing to recognize
the authority of Selective Service. In October, 1967, approximately 1400 young
men in nearly 30 cities returned their draft cards to federal officials and
announced publicly that they would no longer cooperate in any way with Selective
Service. On last November 16 in Boston and on December 4 throughout the rest
of the nation, approximately 600 more resisters turned in draft cards and close
to 1000 men followed suit on April 3, 1968. Most recently on August 6, 17 men
in the Twin Cities alone turned in their draft cards.

Another nation wide day of non-cooperation is planned for November 14.
Thousands more will declare that draft cards are examples of property that does
not have the right to exist, and will turn in or burn their cards as a means of
liberating themselves from the fear of the draft which is directing their lives.
I urge as many as possible to resist the draft in this way. Although I am not eligible for conscription, I am disobeying the law by urging you to resist. I join with over 3000 men of draft age who have already refused to cooperate with the draft and thousands of others who have refused induction. I consider their decision just and necessary and an act which stands above the unjust law they violate. Both violations are punishable by fine and imprisonment. I take this risk to stand with you in your decision and will help you in whatever way I can as you face this decision. No government has the right to force men to obey a law which is inhuman. Every man has the duty to disobey such laws and choose instead the law of conscience and humanity. The "Catonsville Nine" and the "Milwaukee 14" dramatically illustrated by their actions that some property has no right to exist. What about your draft card? Join the Resistance — liberate yourself.

"Why, of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm risk his life in a war when the best that he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece? Naturally the common people don't want war: But after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine the policy, and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them that they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in every country.

Hermann Goering, Hitler's Deputy Führer, testifying at Nuremburg
Cure for Virginity Claimed

To the miracles of medical research - kidney machines, antibiotics, heart transplants - has now been added the news of a possible cure for one of the most horrible afflictions of mankind...virginity.

A report issued by the Sleepless Matress Institute for Bedroom Research claims that the disease is on the decline due to advancements in recline inducement techniques. While the emotionally crippling malady may never be completely eradicated, the proposed treatment could retard it to the level of a normal childhood disease. The cure according to the report involves a simple injection by a highly complex but relatively commonplace instrument.

A historic affliction, virginity (Celebacy frustratus) was at one time called the "Catholic disease" by irreverent Protestants and the "missionary madness" by primitive tribes. An epidemic swept England during the nineteenth century and was accidently imported into North America where it combined with the native Puritan strain to produce a new virus. Even today, outbreaks of the disease occur despite modern methods of treatment. While not a contagious disease in the usual sense, "carriers" such as old maids, prudes and the clergy often pass the sickness on to young people weakened by bouts of religion. The affected are often female.

For centuries, the only cure for the disease was believed to be a long and painful treatment known as "marriage". Like many folk remedies, the ritual and superstitution of marriage masked a simple scientific cure...sex. Once divested of the mumbo-jumbo, sex was isolated and condensed for modern usage.

Today it is widely available at low cost an in an easy form to take.

Much of the credit for this advancement must go to the dedicated researchers who worked secretly in many universities to find a cure. Laboring long hours, in small, dimly lit dormitory labs, they struggled with the problem until a pattern of success began to emerge. Suggested remedies such as prayer and dedication to needlework were proven to be merely old nun's tales.

The research team from S.M.I.B.R. began their studies in response to a young woman's favorable reply to the question "How would you like to give your body to science?" The exciting and promising possibilities of this approach were immediately apparent.

Heading the team were Dr. H. Orny Oldman, B.S., V.D., L.S.D., who is renowned for his personal investigation into the effects of oral contraceptives on sexual adjustment. Using his standard "personal involvement" technique, Dr. Oldman immediately began tests in his uniquely designed bedroom-laboratory. Others members of the team shared both his dedication and his volunteers. The experiments were conducted under every variation and circumstances conceived by the imagination.

The project was financed through the sale of films made of the experiments to laymen interested in scientific research. The largest demand for these educational films was gratifying.
"George Wallace is Rosemary's Baby"! Hum...not a bad theory I think, especially after seeing his grace in panoramic living color on the sunny morning of October 11, 1968.

Upon arriving in Fargo at the impressive Civic Auditorium I was greeted with a friendly, "What the hell is that supposed to mean?". I tried to maintain my composure and super-student poise and replied with a starchy, "Just exactly what it means," (secretly I did not know to what this robust man was referring...) "Ah yes, my red revolutionary protest sign," I thought to myself as I smugly pulled my specially made army protest jacket around my quivering body.

"What this country needs, and you boy, is God and belief in the constitution of this great country."

"Aaach", I gagged, my stomach in my throat, and tried to regain normal body functions (success seemed highly unlikely in the face of such adverse conditions.) "Yes but,..." I said weakly before his bad breath was in my face, "You look like a Czechoslovakian revolutionary." Adults are always trying to change my identity...I had just gotten used to Che Guevara. How will I ever grow up to be a well adjusted Communist subversive if they continue such shattering psychological methods. And, I soon found that I had not been programmed to answer all the questions that the friendly right winger asked of me, like... "Boy, do you believe in God?"

"Which one?" I asked in honest concern.
"I suppose you think Communism is better than any other form of government," he demanded in a gruff voice.
"Which type of communism... Russian, Chinese, Marxist, Lennonist, Ho Chi Minh's, Castro's, Trotsky's...?" I asked.
"Well just what do you think of the invasion of Czechoslovakia?" he asked. With great vigor, (trying to impress the spectators) I replied, "What do you think of The U.S. invasion of VietNam?"
"The Commies are out to get us and don't you forget it. Vietnam is just another foothold for the eventual Communist rule of the world."
"Oh gosh...my mother never told me that," I replied in utter (used that word because he was a farmer) alarm and shock.
So began Friday morning, October 11, 1968.

I am not a very good singer so when they played "America the Beautiful" I just hummed along. Still, I could not help but feel that zing of patriotism down my spine (especially when the Wallace girls made their appearance.) The girls, the country western music, were very accommodating of old George though I began thinking what a prick he was for not serving apple pie and sending flowers to my mother too. Are not these the foundations of America?

Then he entered upon the stage and I thought I heard a sigh of awe from the audience, (surely it wasn't lust for his bod.) His mighty voice boomed,
"If any anarchist lays in front of my car, I'm goona run right over him."

"Thank God for Uniroyal Tires, the all purpose tire, I thought to myself. And I wondered about the guarantee in case one of the anarchists had a razor blade or knife in his pocket (for whittling, of course.) Two men with little gold stars on their coats approached me and stood one on either side of me a little to the rear. That was when George made his statement about police being second class citizens and I began feeling sorry for those cops... they had every right to stand beside me or in front of me if the so chose... they didn't have to stand behind me. And I remember feeling so secure knowing the police were guarding me so well.

Then, like a divine revelation, George informed us that we North Dakotans "are smart enuff to take care of our own educational systems." Man, I had never realized that! But I decided he was right... I thought of our own education system and how we North Dakotans were smart enough to know how educational ROTC summer camp is. We don't need some guy from Washington to tell us what's important in education!

Listening to George I soon realized my own philosophy was way off base... I mean things like concern for human beings, the study of other cultures, their histories, educations, values, religions... and especially believing that there might be a better way of solving problems than through violence. These ideas all became a part of the past when I heard the wise and worthy Wallace. Kill the people who are "creating" the "problem"; don't give a damn about the causes of the problems; throw liberal professors and hippies in jail to save freedom of speech; turn America into a military state to maintain law and order.

So ended my day in Fargo, October 11, 1968... so ended life.

THE BLACK VIEW

by Melvin Wade

reprinted from
The Drummer, V. 2/No. 3
Stillwater, Okla.

This white cat wants me to tell it like it is, hum? All right, baby, let's see if you can understand it, let's see if you're strong enough to stand it. Now don't get me wrong. I'm past bitching anymore. Because I got my dignity. No white Jesus or even Black Orpheus can take it from me. It's as simple as that. But I feel for those people that struggle for theirs. Because I had to struggle for mine. So I'll talk. But what makes you think you have the personal or artistic experiences to feel? Can you understand what I felt when I was real little?

And I used to watch television. All the time these white cats would talk to each other, and kill each other, and kiss these white foxes. After a while it got noticeable that there were no black cats and black foxes. So I asked my old lady, and she laughed, kinda hurt and tired, and said, "Boy, TV is the white man's. This whole world is. He's just letting you live in it."

So little old black me sat down and
figured I'd grow up to be a white man. Now if you're laughing to yourself and saying, "You stupid nigger," or "You ludicrous lunatic," Right? OK that doesn't matter. What does matter, cat, is that you can't tell comedy from tragedy. When you can't put yourself in another cat's skin the serious looks funny.

How can you understand what college was like to me? And this white cat that majored in sociology like me would never speak to me in class. He must have partyed hard. Because he'd miss class. Late at night when everybody had gone to bed, the cat would come to check my notes.

I always studied in the restful black night. There was something about the daytime that bugged me. Like a white man sending down white rays on a black world. No black. I always answered the door at night with my black bladed stiletto in my hand. Of course, I would never have used it in this white world. Funny thing, the white cat never noticed! I don't think he could see black. I asked him once why he was in sociology. He said it was his easiest subject and the pay scales were going up. I told the cat that I majored in sociology because people were the funniest joke I know, and I wanted to know more about them so I could laugh so hard I'd crack my sides, and die, and meet the white JC because he might be even funnier than people. Feel free to laugh if you wish, baby. You won't emasculate me.

I understand. Sickness is funny sometimes, OK the next semester, I worked as a janitor (because I had to stay in school) in the cat's apartment complex. Those apartments were the boss-est places in town. I decided I wanted one. The apartment manager, Sam White, told me to get a reputable, (spelled w-h-i-t-e) reference. I found out the sociology cat didn't know me anymore. So I went to the biggest church in town and tracked down a minister. Of course, he decided against a personal reference. He could get hauled into court. He said that he thought that segregation was wrong (off-the-record) but social problems, and politics were not the problem of the church. He had enough trouble with his church and preparing people to enter the next world. He did quote the parable of the Good Samaritan to brother White (over the telephone) who said "Amen." I still wanted those apartments. So, my ace-in-the-hole was "I'll put up a long term investment of $100 if you'll give me overtime work. Brother White said, "OK, son, you're learning how to play the game. Earn your way into my place." I wasn't overloved, that's for damn sure. I got the money working double overtime. But then somebody decided I shouldn't live in the apartment because I was a janitor. I was so pissed I decided to tear the place down — even if I got killed doing it. I couldn't find enough blacks then. Things would be different now!

But my sickness is gone. OK I hear you panting and sighing and carrying on, "Cut the melodrama and solve the problem." OK, What would you say if I ASKED YOU TO DESCRIBE the ideal American? WASP? Serve the military? Work from rags to riches? We disagree! I'd say "Caught breaking no laws. Not "Break no America laws (which are more binding than white God's laws). HA, HA! Seems funny that your whitegod is a victim of your own sickness. See, your values can be measured with a ruler, a computer and a family tree. You see
GOODIES by Addison

( A regular feature...we hope.)

It is understood that our campus was lucky enough receive a visit from "White Bucks Boone" because of a half-assed verbal agreement that could not be rescinded, for fear of being sued. Who made it? Can one person commit University money (a part of the $60.00 student service fee) without official approval?

The campus hunters must be out of practice this year. It took them two shots instead of the usual one to knock out the University Drive and University Avenue corner street light. Maybe they got off the wrong side of their AT toilet seat (upside down.)

We now have a "Free University"... very interesting. Mortar Board initiated it. President Starcher is their advisor, they set up the curriculum... how free can you get?

We, the student body, are incorporated. Each of us (students) has one vote. The corporation is run by a Board of Directors. But each student has one vote. What would happen if a student collected enough proxies to take over the meetings of the Board? Approval and disapproval would lie in the hands of one student. Each student has one vote!

The State Board of Higher Education is meeting with Blue Key and Mortar Board soon. The members of these two honoraries are supposed to represent the students of U.N.D. Come on now.

Next issue... Iron Mask exposed at last??? This secret organization has been very busy already this year. Big Brother is watching.

THE Sibyl SPEAKS

The coliseum once was filled with happy, screaming, blood-thirsty plebians who found joy in the spectacles their federal government offered to appease them. They, being poverty stricken, taxed to their ****, to pay for a dying second rate empire, fast declining, needed something to reassert their faltering pride. Something that frosted over the decay and seething unrest that ripped Rome was the extravagant spectacle provided by the emperor to calm the doubts of the people.

It didn't work. Reassurance of dead or nonexistent glory was obviously was not Rome's solution. Treating the disease of corruption with disguises seemed only to accelerate the decay.

You may feel that this is a reminder of our own national situation, but I'm not talking about that now. We already know all about that comparison. However I am referring to homecoming at U.N.D. Shocked? I am. Of course, I'm also avoiding comparison between gladiators and football players as we also know about that situation. (After all, it's obvious we still like bloodshed. We manage brutality to conform to our Christian ideals at home, and bloodshed abroad where we don't have to see it. It doesn't seem to clash with our moral structure and we get our kicks.)

Back to homecoming. Does our college have something to hide? Is it stagnating? Is it corrupt? I don't know. Once I thought not, but now I wonder. After all, school spirit is a diversion, but from what? And an extravagant spectacle like homecoming seems so hollow and wasted the day after the game. Sure is important, isn't it? Come to think of it, it's not even a good diversion. What
we need is something other than athletes to be proud of. Maybe we don't have it, thus homecoming may be partially justified — but I still don't like it.

This is a threat. I'm going to find out just what it is that stinks in the campus closet, and like the Roman scene, if it continues to be ignored we turn into a sewer. Abolish homecoming (and other stupid time consumers)! Find something to be proud of at U.N.D. (If we can't find something, we'd better make something.)

As a sequel to the cover of our first issue by Art Young we offer

SCUM RESURRECTED

by Wanis Kouri

JERUSALEM (Caesarian News Service)

Roman authorities, acting on information from a paid informer, have arrested the leader of a dissident group of pacifists, Jesus Christ, of no fixed address, was brought before the Magistrate Pontious Pilate and bound over for trial. He was arrested in the company of several suspected homosexuals while loitering in an olive grove near Jerusalem. The Romans stated that their attention was first drawn to Christ when he was observed kissing another man under a tree.

Authorities feel that with the arrest of Christ, the anti-military group will become disorganized and disperse. The former carpenter and magician drew a large motley following of malcontents with his idealistic philosophy of peace and love. While paying lip service to the law, his teachings are believed responsible for draft dodging and the desertion of tax collectors.

In a public statement, King Herod said that the Christian group is a social blight on the city. Their refusal to work at normal jobs and lack of decent home lives are an insult to decent citizens and a bad example for children. "Christians are scum, and scum always rises to the surface," he said. Herod expressed the hope that the group could be brought back into society.

Deputy Chief Centurian Fiskus of the Romans later announced that the arrest presaged an intended crackdown on the Christian community. He referred to the raid as a warning to Christians against congregating in Jerusalem this summer. Fiskus also said that the Romans had conferred with legal experts to find some existing laws that could be used against the group.

The charges against Christ include: Loitering in an area not meant for public building; having no visible means of support; practicing medicine without a license; conducting an unlawful assembly; public mischief; assault of money changers in a religious building; creating a disturbance; failure to pay income tax; obstructing an officer; and several counts of advocating an illegal act.

Christ is also held under suspicion under the Narcotics Control Act. He has claimed to have seen visions and claims supernatural powers for himself. Authorities feel
that this is probably the result of using drugs.

An official referred to the Christians as a group of parasites who added nothing to the betterment of society. They wander aimlessly around the country, he said, frequenting the company of thieves, drunks, and prostitutes. "This anti-social behavior goes against everything we have been taught to believe in."

Antonio Soderius, one of the producers of the Seven O'Clock Show at the arena was "re-assigned" to other duties after publicly comparing Christ to Moses.

Two hundred irate citizens throw clay tablets charging "saoriliga" and "heresy."

Roman and Hebrew officials feel that with the arrest of Christ, his unkempt following will quietly disperse. "This is a passing fad," one said. "If we stop it right now it will never become a major problem."

The trial of Jesus Christ is set for Friday and a group of responsible interested citizens have announced their intention of attending and making the views of the community known.

With luck, Rome will have heard the last of this bearded trouble maker and his strange philosophy.

The Black View cont. from p. 10

what I mean, cat? Blacks are hurting for dignity. You light skins are hung up on solving a personal problem with something not personal. Yes, baby. Money is useful. But not because it raises living standards. Because it has the potential to make the people that offer it appear to be friends. Raising living standards will not prevent the Black kamikaze; creating new friendships will. All right don't get twitchery. Here we go. Put these in your diary. The people left after the second civil war might want to know why this war was. They always get shook up after a Hiroshima or an Auschwitz. I say: Redo your penal system, especially your police force, to eliminate police brutality. Put the black man in American textbooks, especially history books. Place ghetto blacks on opinions investigating riots and the War on Poverty. Set up cheap theatres so white and blacks can learn the experience of the arts. Let ghetto blacks govern their own community as much as possible. Face intermarriage and get the miscegenation laws off the books. HEE HEE! That last one ought to shock you. Shock is the way you talk to a schizophrenic. So you're grossed out! Next shock coming up everywhere in the land of the free and the home of the brave, it's socially desirable to be prejudiced. Limited as in limited war. You know. Part of the American Way of Life. If you're white and you fool around with blacks too much, you're queer. Right cat? Now the ways that raise living standards but create friendship are a lot easier to come by. You guess! Right! Percy's home ownership plan and Kennedy's business incentive plan. Plus open housing and opening of labor union apprenticeships. But remember carrying the plan out so that blacks are whites in the right light is the most important thing. This is where we've screwed things
up in the past. I can hear you again. It’s a hellava job! Isn’t it? That’s right. We probably won’t get it done in time to stop the Black Kamikaze. I accept that. But we won’t stop it because a Black Kamikaze will never top the list of biggest problems like the war on the GNF. You know that, Brother Schizo. After all, those blacks are outnumbered nine to one. So the day comes closer. And white Christian crusader, you will run out of patience. And I’ll feel for you and my black brothers because your sickness is so tragic because you don’t know you’re sick. The paranoia of my black brothers will speed the day. See how they both look like each other. Both black and white. Scared, insecure cats. Can you feel it? I tried to tell it like it is! Didn’t I Orpheus, baby?

HEARSAY.

Shortly after the Dem convention the mayor did not like what the Chicago Daily News was saying about the police. So the cops stopped ten delivery trucks from entering some working class neighborhoods long enough to prevent distribution of the paper that day. Apparently a few Chicago-Daley public-relations drive is also going full blast. Some people stopping at gas stations in the interstate system within Chicago, get free bumper stickers reading “We love Daley”, although most of them never know it.

Rumor has it that John Preston is soon to go into competition against the ORGY BUTTER Co. His new product will sell at half the price of ORGY BUTTER and will be called ORGY OLEO ... for prudes.
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