

# University Forum

Articles submitted for publication on this page from the university body must be typed triple-spaced and signed. Articles must be submitted no later than 12 noon on the Friday before publication.

## University and the grocery store blues

If grocery stores were run like universities: (1) You would first have to be screened to see if you could be permitted to enter. This screening would involve an examination of reports from other stores about your behavior and your credit rating. (2) You would have to pay your bill before you knew what you would buy and before you really knew what the store had to sell. But regardless of this the cost of whatever you would buy would be greater than your bill by quite a large margin. This feature of the store is so attractive that only most restrictive initial screening prevented long queues from forming at the entrance. (3) After you were given a cart to wheel in front of you, you noticed that only goods you didn't especially want were available; the rest were all in plain sight but behind a locked door. After reading the posted in-

structions, however, you learned that taking and eating on the premises three cans of tomatoes and one pickle or four summer squash and two stalks of celery would enable you to take a blood test, and that passing the blood test would give you a key to the locked door. (4) Once past the door, you discovered that the rest of the store was run the same way — sort of like a name with several locked doors each of which carried different entrance instructions.

You met other shoppers and discovered that some had been lost in the store for two or three years. One of these shoppers had discovered that one could leave the store at any time but that the only way you could end up with some groceries was to reach the check out counter which was the other side of three additional sets of locked doors. There were clerks running around changing

instructions, adding new supplies of canned goods and discarding some of the existing supply. None seemed able to answer your questions.

You speculated that they were either foreigners or insane. But most acted as if you were insane or drunk. Some clerks seemed to want to help but didn't know how. (5) Having passed successfully through a section marked "high protein content foods" the consumption of which made you feel sick — but not as sick as your friend who chose "high carbohydrate content foods" — you came finally to the check-out counter. There you were asked to take two vitamin pills and one pound of dehydrated potatoes before receiving your groceries. (6) You were somewhat disgusted to find that the groceries given to you consisted of all the things you had eaten in getting through one

or another set of locked doors — but in somewhat damaged condition and covered with what looked like vomit. But you were pleased to discover that a new automobile came with the groceries plus a license to hunt for a job in a part of the city that could be reached only by automobile. You were finally distressed to discover that the car did not have any gasoline but your parents helped you pull the thing home.

On the way home you noticed a large group of people carrying placards against the management of the store. And you agreed that the store and its clerks were essentially insane. You even thought about joining the demonstrators but you feared that someone would take away the car if you did.

John Buttrick

## The great library robbery: promises, promises

If you were here last year, you may remember the way the library was set up at that time. You walked into Steacie and you were faced with this mass of shelving, books piled to the ceiling, no room to walk in the aisles and not a librarian to be found. But we, the children of knowledge, were appeased, for on a certain day and at a certain time it was proclaimed unto us, "Ye, the children of knowledge (read, 'dirty hippies') shall have unto you an edifice. In this edifice ye shall find escalators, electronic light shows, funny-looking nails, vast expanses of indoor-outdoor carpeting and yes, my children, books!"

Well, you know what? The bastards lied to us. There aren't any books in that goddamn building — there are just a bunch of card catalogues to make you think there are books in there. And there's a whole lot of librarians hanging around to look after the card catalogues making you think there are books in there but it's all some kind of massive put-on. There's something to talk to Big Dave (Slater) about. Ask him where

they're hiding all the books. Let me tell you a little story, friends.

Here I am all excited about this marvelous essay they're gonna let me do in this marvelous course they're letting me take. (I like using the 'amorphous they' — they can't get you for libel that way.) Anyways, here I am. Now, I need books to refer to so that I can write this great philosophical dissertation. Where do you get books? Why at the library of course! So I go skipping over to the library all bright-eyed and innocent-looking and a purpose in my heart — I want books.

So there I am, goin' up the escalator (stainless steel), walking across the carpet (shocking orange) and tripping merrily over in the general direction of the card catalogues. Aha! There are probably seven or eight thousand of these little drawers and I can pull out any one of them and find inside seven or eight thousand little cards which will direct me to seven or eight thousand books. Well, friends, I took out one of these seven or eight thousand drawers

and took a look-see inside it and sure enough, there were the seven or eight thousand cards. So I figured that I didn't need all that many books and I'd just choose a few. I chose ten of those cards, naively believing that they would unfailingly lead me to ten books. Ha! Here's where the story really gets juicy.

Do you know, friends, that there was not one book on the shelves for all those little white cards? Not one. Well, I was truly disappointed. So what did I do? Well, just give me a moment now and I'll tell you exactly what I did. Friends, I swore. I said all sorts of not very nice types of words (words you don't find in books unless they're written by Leonard Cohen, and then you can't find the book.) After a while, I ran out of words. So, in the true hippie style, I decided that this matter could use a little bit of old-fashioned meditation. And I meditated folks. Now, having run out of meditations as well, there was little I could do but go talk to one of those fancy-pants

librarians they got hangin' around to look after the cards.

Now friends, she was very nice about the whole thing. She offered to help me find the very same books I was looking for at the time, and friends, I thought that was downright nice of her. So she brought out these two great big goddamn lists of books, one was blue and the other red, and they both came out of the very belly of our little old computer. It was all pretty official-looking. Anyways, she looked through these books of hers, and do you know what she said? Well friends, let me tell you exactly what she said. She said, "None of the books you are looking for are out. None of them are on reserve. Somewhere in this building you can find those books." It's not true friends, I can't. I tried and I can't. They're not on the shelves, they're not anywhere. So here I am, telling you this story in the hope that some joker getting paid in that building over there will go out and find me my books. It just ain't fair friends.

Rob't. L. Colson.

## The heathen way

"I am calling this an open letter — to you heathens. Every one of you is a callous, backward, vulgar heathen with a step forward here and a backtrack there and never a motion worthy of print. So I'm not going to mention your productivity, because it's nothing. Nothing!"

"You wretched cowards who dare to challenge me. . . to what? Is it fists? Come closer, you damned fools, and put down your arms, for I've killed before with these hands. Killing isn't difficult. I've come through too many challenges the easy way, and I don't intend to follow that route again. You are heathens, admit it. You know reality, don't you? Killing is real enough, and your books have told you that to kill is a natural. . . a natural what? A natural excuse? Yes, you've watched killers and you've seen the simplicity of that last freedom — the freedom to tear the life out of an utter movement. Watch it move and then watch it stop moving. Stab! if you like. That's easy enough. Real enough. I hate you heathens.

"And I have good reason to hate you. You want to fight me and that makes you my enemies. Don't deny it. I despise you, I hate you, I could kill you. . .

"But how simple. If I were to kill you, you would all die heathen deaths. Come a heathen, go a heathen. No, sir, I'll be there when you truly suffer, when you haven't the alternative to cold-under-the-earth-type death. I wouldn't mind seeing you go to Hell — so feel privileged, you barbarians. I'm not even going to let you off with a slaughter-house death; instead, I am going to keep you moving, growing, limping maybe, but squirming nevertheless. Yes, you think that the cause of whatever-the-last-war-was is man's lust for power, or will to kill — I used to know all those words — well maybe it is. Who cares?"

"But truth has led us here, let's face it. The truth has been told: man is an aggressive animal, just like all the other beasts, so let him kill. Who kills? Everyone

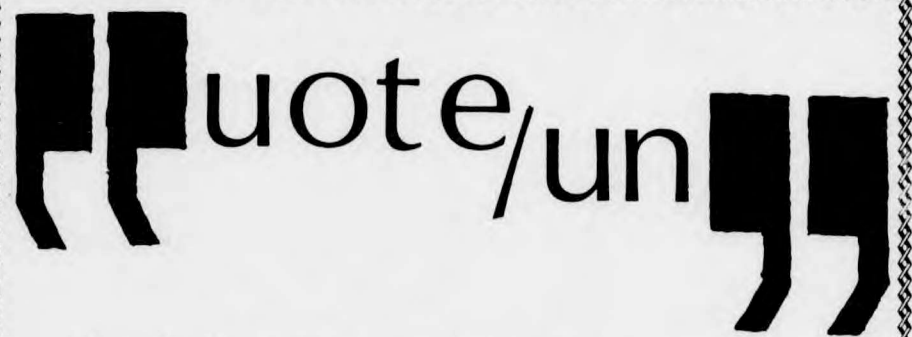
kills. Who cares? Ah, you heathens know the truth and you smell of truth. And you smell awful. Do you know what I heard it called? The 'sphere of reality.' Not only that, but I heard that if you were outside of the sphere of reality, you were a 'phony.' You heathens will say anything, won't you?"

"So what's wrong with being a phony? Or what's wrong with being 'superficial' (to use the latest heathen word)? You sloppy pagans are the ones who figured out that it was man's natural instinct to slaughter, to 'aggress.' So what would superficiality be? Peace? Well, who cares? I, for one, would rather have a pretentious peace than a war of reality. But you heathens wouldn't understand that, you're so busy plundering. Yes, plundering. I'll bet reality is a plunder. Sphere of reality? I just fell out.

"Listen, here's some superficial advise: you're going to have trouble making sure you're right all the time, if any of the time. You're going to get into your reality sphere and it's going to feel uncomfortable, and you're going to see another sphere and it's not going to be quite what you had anticipated either. And while you're riding along in your sphere, the only way you're going to be convinced that you've found reality is by telling everybody else that they are phony. After all, if they're not in your sphere they must be phony. That's common sense. Anyway, to avoid feeling uncomfortable, or whatever, try to grab a sphere that you know is about two thousand miles away from reality. You see, you can know the superficial, but you can't know the truth. So what else is there to know? Yes, but you heathens couldn't have followed that, you're so useless.

"But then again I've got more faith in you heathens than you think. I happen to know that while you're busy aggressing and plundering, you're always reading magazines and newspapers (you're going to have trouble denying that). There! You just sealed you own fate, you stupid bastards."

Robert Dolman



Women should be barefoot, pregnant and in the kitchen. traditional

We should offer adequate methods of birth control, that is cheap, preferably free, so that nowhere in the world is there born an unwanted child.

George Wald 1970

A woman of any class is expected to sell herself — not just her body but her entire life, her talents, interests, and dreams — to a man. She is expected to give up friendships, ambitions, pleasures, and moments of time to herself in order to serve his career or his family. In return she receives not only her livelihood but her identity, her very right to existence, for unless she is the wife of someone or the mother of someone, a woman is nothing.

Myrna Wood 1969

Many women have experienced the initial exhilaration of discovering women's liberation as an issue, of realizing the frustration, anger and fear we feel are not a result of individual failure but are shared by all our sisters, and of sensing — if not fully understanding — that these feelings stem from the same oppressive conditions that give rise to racism, chauvinism and the barbarity of American culture.

Kathy McAfee 1969

That man over there say that a woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helped me into carriages or over mudpuddles or gives me a best place. And ain't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm. I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns and no man could head me. And ain't I a woman? I could do as much and eat as much as a man when I could get it. And bear the lash as well. And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children and seen them most all sold off into slavery. And when I cried out with a mother's grief none but Jesus heard. And ain't I a woman?

Sojourner Truth 1851