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## Another College Upheaval

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## Another College Upheaval

### Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Still another raucous demonstration has rocked the academic world. At Woebegone U., activities were in more than their usual state of inertia yesterday, when certain vital facilities were seized and occupied by a howling mob. Striking at a strategic hour when the campus was empty of students- 8:30 in the morning- yelping faculty members took over the pool tables, the TV room, and the candy-bar machines. By the time the students were stirring for 12:30 classes, the insurrection was a *fait accompli*."

### Cover Page Footnote

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## ANOTHER COLLEGE UPHEAVAL

Still another raucous demonstration has rocked the academic world. At Woebegone U., activities were in more than their usual state of inertia yesterday, when certain vital facilities were seized and occupied by a howling mob. Striking at a strategic hour when the campus was empty of students—8:30 in the morning—yelping faculty members took over the pool tables, the TV room, and the candy-bar machines. By the time the students were stirring for 12:30 classes, the insurrection was a *fait accompli*.

Your reporter made his way through a picket-line of old duffers with hair hacked off at the collar and sporting gaudy lengths of cloth down the fronts of their shirts. They were toting such sings as "Learn, Baby, Learn!" and "Better Read, than Dead!" However, I found the Main contingent of the wild ones encamped in the recreation rooms. But those walls had never witnessed such scurrilous scenes of salacious desecration: billards were being played on the pool tables, a transistor radio was blaring out a frenzied Bach fugue, pizzas were being eaten without a protective covering of peanut butter, the TV was tuned to the Education Channel.

As I moved through the milling mob, I could overhear bits of conversation: "I tell you, the safest place to keep your money is between the pages of your Reserve Shelf books." And, "I have nothing against students, you understand; it's just that I wouldn't want my daughter marrying one of them." Spotting me, a Prof wagged his finger, "Now, don't write us up as the New Yippies; we're just the old Yappies."

In one corner at a microphone, the President of the Student Board was vainly trying to persuade the leaders to march back to the lecterns. But he was being drowned out by shouts of "23 Skidoo" and chants of "Hell Yes! They Won't Pass!" One real old geezer—he must have been almost 34—kept waving a copy of demands, typed on the back of an essay that had been handed in for nine years in a row—"And for different courses!"—someone sputtered at my elbow.

Hoping to get the student reaction, I wandered out to a group of earnest scholars sitting under the drees drinking beer. Most were plainly unsympathetic towards the rebels. Thus one mophead muttered, "The fools ought to lose their pensions. I think they must get their brains trimmed with their hair." Another observed, "In my day, teachers were seen, not heard." And a third added, "Yeah, and just look at the way they dress—typically bourgeois middle-class—and this is the class that produces rebellion: just think of Robespierre, Washington, Lenin, Tiny Tim." "Well," commented another, "what can you expect when certain students give them ideas and encourage them? You know how impressionable these Profs are."

But a few of the younger students thought they ought to be supported. "After all," observed a Soc. Major of one month, "pre-emptorily their heretofore eremetical inner-self area has now transmoted itself into a more centrifugal pattern, from whose vibratality gregarious and proletarian aspirations might become escaladitorily operable." No one could deny that.

Frankly, I don't know how all this will end, but as I left, I almost had my head bashed in by a sign that read, "Ah Fate! The Pill Is 18 to 21 Years Too Late!"

Rev. Leo Hetzler

## The West Wind Blows in Pittsford Town

The Sid-Biafra organization is one of the more worthy projects sponsored on campus this year. It seems a shame in this "Age of Ideals" That in order to insure its success the organization had to promise free beer. Is this modern idealism?

The west wind blows in Pittsford Town  
But Shelley lived in Italy  
Nor visited the Campus Club  
When, for Biafra, beer was free.

The cause was good, and so's the brew;  
Five-hundred modern liberals  
Sententiously quaffed. . .  
Expounded on first principles:

"We drink to aid a nation brace  
Resist a tyrant's brutal laws;  
Besides, it helps our *hangovers*  
*To know* we got them in good cause."

A grand humanitarian drunk!—  
It is, I'm told, the only way  
Philanthropy in Pittsford Town  
Can be successful, made to pay.

"Help feed the children?—Certainly,  
But something for my money please;  
First pay the brewer, then the band,  
Send the remainder overseas.

"Biafra shows us vividly  
The cost of independence's dear;  
We lift our cups and thank the Lord  
Our land is free and so's the beer."

Mary Ann Davis