

## ATROCITIES AT COLUMBIA (con't from page 4)

tics, not abstract art, a world of ovals and wiggly lines, far removed from the realities of political life.

And the conclusion of that lecture, I remember, was equally embarrassing. The Professor talked about Khrushchev. Things were getting better in the Soviet Union, he said. As people demanded more consumer goods, it would become an open society, just like the U.S.A. There was still hope. It was a mawkish and sentimental finish.

*I could remember no one incident which captured my feelings about the English Department, but my general impression was of a joyless, hostile place. The Department stifled the pleasure of reading. Laughter and tears were emotions to be deposited outside the gates of Columbia. At the same time, if literature was interpreted in ways which radically questioned the values and ideas of the society, the effort was frowned upon. I remember talking about Heart of Darkness and Benito Cereno in a course on Comparative Literature. The topic was the relationships between the white man and the black man with respect to colonialism in Africa and slavery in America. The Professor was surprised, shocked that I took literature in a serious social sense. Slavery, imperialism, the black man, he noted, were strange sounding words in a discussion of Melville and Conrad.*

### III

The Columbia College which I attended from 1959 to 1963 was a repressive institution. It penalized specialized in academic atrocities. It sustained the Cold War mentality. I escaped. I fled to England, and now I teach English 60 miles away at Stony Brook. That's too close, Columbia seems to fell. So, they're after my flesh and blood. From 1959 to 1963 it was the mind. Now, it's the body.

And the body snatchers came. On Friday, February 7th, 1969, almost three months after Gus Reichbach's first tribunal, at 7:45 A.M. two men from the DA's office arrested me. They were servants of Frank Hogan and the trustees of Columbia University. The bell had awakened me. I quickly put on a pair of trousers, went to the door and opened it. Outside stood two men in shiny suits who looked like Fuller Brush men. I wasn't sure, at first, whether it would be toothpaste samples they would be giving out, or brooms they would be selling.

"Are you Mr. Raskin?" one of them asked, handing me a copy of the New York Times. I said I was, but would they please come back later because it was early, and I wanted

## ABUSIVE LANGUAGE & NUDITY IN TEXAS

BY HARVEY STONE

ting down a production by the Curtain Club (a campus drama group) of "Now the Revolution."

During the first performance of the "do your own thing" production, one female member of the cast viciously and with malicious intent took off her clothes. And, horror of all horrors, she was not wearing a bra.

Several plain clothesmen were at the rally. At one point the crowd surrounded the cops, but nothing further happened. Apparently the crowd was distracted by two disrobing individuals.

Three other warrants have been issued. The two people who undressed have thus far escaped arrest.

### THE STRUGGLE

(con't from page 4)

It's this next time  
When you accept defeat  
But sweat your last ounce of strength  
in effort  
That you find yourself standing  
And you take one small timid  
step

And then another

Of course you'll fall again  
You'll continue to fall  
(But only if you continue to rise)  
But it won't matter  
Because you've done it  
You've walked

And you'll reach for that glory  
with each fall  
Forgetting the pain

For at the summit of that glory  
Is love.

by Tony Sparger

At 1 a.m., Friday, Feb. 14, three members of the Friends of Progressive Labor Party (FOPL) faction of Austin SDS were arrested by 10 state cops wearing Dick Tracy trenchcoats. Subsequently, Dick Reavis, Howard Hertz and Garlos Asocar were booked for "abusive language."

The arrests stemmed from an SDS rally on the University of Texas campus a week before. A couple of hundred people gathered to protest the Administration's action in shut-to get another hour of sleep. They waved a photograph in my face, and said they wouldn't take up much of my time, but when I tried to close the door, they took out their badges. Cops. They showed me a warrant signed by Mr. McGoey. It was odd because on one side it authorized the arrest of John Doe, and on the other side is said John Doe, believed to be Jonah Raskin. And in the court room, the Judge first addressed me as John Doe. There had already been confusion about my name. Most people assumed that Jonah was only a mask, not my real name. I wondered how long the jokes about my name would go on.

While I washed my face, put on a tie and jacket the two policemen stood in my apartment hallway. They seemed to be enjoying the posters of Cleaver. I saw them shake their heads and mumble a few words, and I thought they must be saying, "yes, this is the right place, all right." There is also a phrase from Bleak House in Gothic Letters on the Wall--"Cunning, Folly, Words, Wigs, Rags, Sheepskin, Plunder, Precedent, Jargon, Gammon, and Spinach"--which described the Law. 100 Centre Street always struck me as a Dickensian place, and I thought it was rather appropriate that those words from Bleak House should be before me as I went off to jail. Dig that irony, Professors of English.

We went down in the elevator, one cop on either side of me, and whenever we were on the street, they kept me between them. By the time we had gotten downtown and were walking from Centre Street to the 5th Precinct where I was booked, I grooved on the situation. As we walked through Chinatown I gazed at rickety steps leading into dark cellars, looked sharply into old tenements, and watched the cops nervously watching me. I had expected that I would have been transported in a squad car down to jail. Instead, I sat in the back seat of the cop's own private car. There was a plastic statue of Jesus Christ on the dashboard. I knew we'd have a safe trip.

I was charged with attempted petty larceny and disorderly conduct. On the 24th of February, I

must appear in court for a hearing. Definately a case of derangement from Low Library. A clear case of repression and harassment. The dehumanized institution which had mis-educated me now seeks to imprison me. Thanks Columbia. Hats off to the Gem of the Ocean, the Light Blue, Alma Mater. I've seen the insides of jails and courts. I've been treated to a glimpse of the cold heart of the Imperial University. Education at last.

by Jonah Raskin