

THE GUILFORDIAN

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EDWARD SOREL

New York Politics: Public and Private

6TH AVE. & BLEEKER ST.

Police broke up a quietly spectacular Anti-Imperialist parade Saturday morning in the West Village, breaking a quantity of heads in the process and arresting about sixty. The inhabitants of the Village are becoming increasingly political, if the events of the weekend are indicative. The talk in Washington Square is of politics and the impromptu speeches at Garibaldi's statue are of the war, the ghetto, and the restrictive marijuana laws. There seems, however, to be a lack of shrewdness somewhere and the bearded people seem to be fascinated with the folklore of it all, remarkably in the same American Gothic way that many people in the midwest yawn through wars and recessions, and then suddenly get excited about the Republican National Convention. There is a rich and real heritage of folk-politics here, though, for these few blocks of New York have produced most of the country's really astute political buttons and many of our most formidable songs of protest.



EDWARD SOREL

What will the effect on national affairs be of this suddenly-politicized bloc who take pills, read the newspapers and occasionally have visions? It cannot be predicted with any accuracy. Statesmen who spend their working hours making laws and their electioneering hours telling us that it is the people who, in fact, make them, are fond of saying that the Common Man has the power and even the obligation to change society. And this is a hard statement to dispute in a year during which the President decides to revert to a non-political existence where he may exert more influence, and our ambassador to the United Nations follows suit, having decided to work for peace from a more powerful and prestigious position, his apartment on Seventy-ninth Street.

(We were greatly surprised to run across Mr. Goldberg in a tiny restaurant on Second Avenue not far from the UN. We were tempted to offer him a McCarthy button but there was the nagging thought that he might have reservations about supporting a man actually seeking public office. So we left him alone with his coffee.)

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS—

Columbia University, which has for decades perched on its granite crag overlooking the ghetto, complaining about the view, got a dose of student activism this week which proved to be somewhat more than its administration could handle. The academy is at the moment an armed camp, student sitters-in surprisingly holding the inner campus while surrounded by hundreds of city police, attempting to retake the premises for the Board of Trustees. President Kirk's office was ransacked earlier in the week and his trustees have instructed him (pending, of course, his recovering control in student matters) to suspend permanently all rioters.

The trustees have shown no intention

of withdrawing their proposed Gymnasium from Morningside Park, regrettably in the poor Negro section of Harlem, and so they probably cannot be expected to exercise their bargaining powers any more reasonably with errant students and faculty than with the protesting community leaders whose neighborhood they have made a practice of disrupting. By a dismal coincidence the crisis with the black neighborhood arose in good time for the International Student Strike on Friday, and pouring thousands of Columbia and Barnard students into the streets for a combined strike against racism and the draft, led by Mark Rudd of the Columbia SDS and Charles Kenyatta, a black nationalist. Rudd, at least, is certain of expulsion should the administration obtain their military solution of the problem; a similar purge is planned for the civil-disobedience minded Afro-American group.

Even with Columbia, at last pacified by force, the student temper, we observed, seems unlikely to remain settled and will erupt again in a matter of months. Columbia is notoriously short-sighted in its public relations, irritating its black neighbors by its proclivity for building ivy-league gymnasias over razed tenement houses, and irritating its students by maintaining its strict establishmentarian posture, farming its faculty out for top-secret military research, and harassing undergraduates with swarms of Boeing and Dow representatives. By analogy, the trustees of a university direct its political policies, as does any ordinary corporation Board of Trustees; yet the student and faculty consensus seems to be that when they refuse to behave in a democratic fashion they must be made to do so by force.

CENTRAL PARK WEST—

While Columbia sweltered under its police canopy, and while uptown Harlem and downtown Greenwich Village mobil-

(See Politics P.5 Col. 1)