



KENT STATE FOUR—Alex Lippert, organizer of the massive Kent State rally held May 8 in the theater, opens the discussion while a standing room crowd looks on. The rally was the largest assemblage of students in UA's 30-year history.

Photo by John O'Leary

Cal Western Buys

The present University campus, UA's home for over 16 years, has been sold to the International University of the United States (formerly California Western University) for 7 million pesos, according to Dr. Otto Nielsen, executive vice president.

The contract, which was executed in March, calls for the property to be vacated and turned over by June 30.

A partial payment was received at the time the contract was signed to guarantee the sale with the balance to be paid by June 30.

Classes in the new university have been scheduled to begin this September, according to information received here.

"I'm not sure what kind of program they will initiate in relation to their campus in San Diego, California," stated Nielsen. But he did say the school changed its name about 18 months ago and has acquired campuses in other locations throughout the world.

Homeowners along the Lower Road have reported that they have been approached by a buying agent asking them to sell their property. The agent refused to disclose whom he was acting for, but it is assumed that the International University plans to expand the campus to include all the surrounding property.

However, he has described it as "a big enterprise, much bigger in terms of students and buildings than the present university."

The university will apparently completely rehabilitate the campus and then set up some kind of international study center in addition to its other locations in London, Milan, Hong Kong, Athens and Nairobi. Construction has already begun on a new building behind the Creative Writing Center, but again by an unknown party.

Nielsen stated that the move to Cholula, the third such move in UA's brief history as a result of a need for expansion, will be made during the period June 4-18 in time for registration for the first summer session on June 19.

Horacio Cooper, UA business manager, has already begun preparations for the move and said that he anticipated no difficulties.

As the campus sale included only the buildings and the physical plant, an inventory has been made of all University furniture and equipment, most of which will be taken to the new campus.

"Two transportation firms will handle the move and will be assisted by University personnel," explained Cooper. "We have already begun to move parts of some departments, but the majority of the University's belongings will be moved after finals."

In describing the procedures for the move, he said that all furniture will be marked according to department and building, floor and room number at the Cholula campus, before being loaded on trucks here.

Several teams of University personnel will be assigned to assist the transportation companies in Cholula. They will have plans of the campus and will direct the trucks to their respective buildings as they arrive and make sure

New Puebla Campus To Be Inaugurated

The University gymnasium at the Cholula campus will be ready in June, in time to house the official inauguration and dedication ceremonies on July 15-16, according to Dr. Otto R. Nielsen, executive vice president.

"The new campus will be dedicated by the archbishop of Puebla on the 15th and officially inaugurated on the 16th in the new gym, which has a seating capacity of 3,000," said Dr. Nielsen.

"Invitations to the ceremonies have been extended to distinguished leaders from throughout the Western hemisphere and honorary degrees will be conferred upon several Mexican and U.S. representatives during the inauguration," explained Dr. Nielsen.

The principal speaker for the inauguration will be Dr. John A.

the furniture is moved into the right office.

"The majority of faculty and about 30% of the clerical staff will be making the move," continued Cooper, "so we are fortunate to have hired Pueblans who are willing to come to Mexico and learn their new tasks in advance. That way, we will have a fully-trained staff on hand when the school opens again in June."

He went on to explain that the new campus will have plenty of room for expansion as it has a total area of 680,000 square meters as opposed to the present 58,500 square meters. As an illustration, he pointed out that the roads and walkways alone at Cholula are equivalent to the total grounds here.

"I estimate that the University enrollment could increase to 5,000 before we would have to add new buildings, much less purchase additional land."

He added that the landscaping and gardening has been done by the noted Japanese-Mexican, Mario Oguri, who has already planted 4,000 trees on the campus.

Hannah, director of the U.S. Agency for International Development and the former president of Michigan State University.

Other speakers will include Manuel Espinosa Yglesias, president of the Mary Street Jenkins Foundation; U.S. Ambassador to Mexico Robert McBride; and former Ambassador Thomas C. Mann.

Nielsen also disclosed that new classroom furniture has been purchased for the new campus and that a gold deep pile rug will cover the first floor of the Learning Resources in Cholula.

"The new furniture will be similar to the seats in the Palacio de los Deportes here in Mexico," he explained, "with flexible black fiberglass bodies and stainless steel legs and writing desks."

UNIVERSITY OF THE AMERICAS



Collegian

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Students Hold Rally, Protest Kent Killings

by Adrián Acevedo

As one student commented afterwards, "If this is happening at UA, just imagine what they're doing in the States."

She was, of course, speaking of the mass rally held in the UA theater May 8 to discuss and/or protest the American military involvement in Cambodia and the slaying of four Kent State University (Ohio) students by National Guardsmen.

True, the countless, often violent rallies, demonstrations and protests which took place almost immediately after the Kent killings all over the U.S. made UA's

seem pale and anti-climactic by comparison.

But for a student body which has long been characterized by its uninvolved in social issues and which could never turn out more than a few hundred members for anything more serious than a beer bust, the two-hour rally was a tremendous accomplishment with an estimated 700 students participating.

But even more amazing to veteran observers of the UA scene was the fact that the spirit of the rally, which was organized single-handedly by UA junior Alex Lippert on the spur of the moment, was great enough to produce concrete resolutions.

Although it appeared at times that the poorly-organized meeting would result in nothing more than words because there were too many students with too many differing viewpoints, two resolutions were finally passed by a majority of those present.

They decided to send three students to the massive conference

and rally in Washington the next day and to organize a boycott of classes and set up a program of speakers, films, discussions and petition tables for the following Tuesday.

After the rally, two students were selected and sent to Washington. Jack Gilbert was to represent the liberals, and Bruce Alcan, the conservatives.

Lippert, acting as moderator, opened the rally by claiming it was not a rally, but merely a discussion in which all viewpoints would be considered. But it was obvious that the vast majority of students condemned the Kent tragedy and American involvement in Cambodia.

Before presenting the first speaker, Lippert stated his reasons for organizing the meeting by mildly rebuking the student body. "Schools have closed down all over the States and yet nothing has been done here all week," he pointed out. "Why?"

Dean of Students Lee Clark, who taught at Kent State during

the last decade, spoke first and commented on the increasing student involvement in what he called "domestic issues but also world issues."

But then he erroneously claimed that the Mexican Constitution stipulates that foreigners are not allowed to participate in political activities in this country. He urged students to abstain from violence and rely on talk to accomplish their goals.

Collegian Editor Audón Coria quickly corrected Clark by stating that the Mexican Constitution only prohibits foreigners from engaging in Mexican politics and that Americans were free to participate in their own internal affairs.

Coria proposed that the administration send a telegram to Nixon deploring the use of force against students. He also called for a week-long boycott of classes.

"But", he said, "the boycott should not be for fun, but for involvement, to discuss the situation."

(Continued on Page 3)

Civil Rights Pioneer Will Address Graduates

James Farmer, one of the first civil rights activists in the U.S. and the present assistant secretary for administration of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, will be the guest orator for the University commencement ceremonies on May 29.

"We are especially fortunate in having Mr. Farmer as the commencement speaker," commented Dr. Joffre de LaFontaine, assistant to the president. "His direct participation in many of the United States' problem areas makes him an apt speaker in view of our troubled times."

Farmer was one of the pioneers in developing the direct action method which has characterized the civil rights movement since 1942, when he was among those who founded the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE). He served as CORE national director from 1961 until 1966 when he resigned to head the Center for Community Action Education, a private agency established to develop and implement a national literacy program.

He also led the Freedom Ride of 1961 and was in the first group arrested in Jackson, Miss., spending 40 days in the city jail. After having tear gas and electric prods used against him in Plaquemine, La., he was again arrested along with 232 persons for "disturbing the peace and obstructing the sidewalk."

He was also arrested in New York during CORE's opening day protest against segregation and discrimination practiced by many of the states exhibiting at the New York World's Fair.

In addition, Farmer has been active in the labor movement, having served in the south-

ern organizing drive of the Upholsterer's International Union. He was also international representative of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees.

In 1958, he toured Africa as a member of a five-man delegation to the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. In 1964, he revisited Africa under the auspices of the American Negro Leadership Conference in Africa.

In March, 1968, Farmer announced his candidacy as Liberal Party candidate for the 12th Congressional District in the Bedford-Stuyvesant area of Brooklyn

and subsequently received Republican endorsement.

Prior to this, he had been working with the Education Affiliate of the Bedford-Stuyvesant Development and Services Corporation involved in planning and organizing a new education complex for the area.

Farmer was professor of social welfare at Lincoln University in Pennsylvania during 1966-1968 and adjunct professor at New York University in 1968.

His first book, *Freedom — When?*, was published by Random House in 1966 and he is currently working on an autobiography.



ACTIVIST—Spring commencement speaker James Farmer, assistant secretary for administration of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare, spent 40 days in the Jackson, Miss. jail after leading the Freedom Ride of 1961. He will address UA graduates in the theater on May 29.

To Mourn Them Is Not Enough

On May 8 in UA's theater, Nixon's silent majority spoke. Students, faculty and administration did not assemble to mourn and protest the senseless murders at Kent State. Despite the grave turn of events, the UA community had the lightheartedness to debate whether "all legal channels" had been exhausted.

Unfortunately, there is no appeal to a higher court after bullets tear into your body, and even the Supreme Court cannot repeal the snuffing out of a human life. In very un-American fashion, there was no due process of law nor division or balance of powers in Kent, Ohio, May 4, 1970. The National Guard was judge, jury and executioner.

Four days later, UAers were impressing themselves with their erudition. Instead of showing the basic human concern over a tragic occurrence and the resolve to repudiate and pressure the government that caused it, students were displaying their ability to speak at profound length about America's ills and every possible solution for them.

Protest is negative, said some. It divides, disrupts and leaves holes in America's foundations; the dissatisfied offer society nothing to fill up the holes with. If one has a cancerous growth, is it not better to extirpate it before it infects and destroys the whole body, rather than worry about what will replace it? We must get rid of the weeds that are strangling society before we can begin to think about what to plant.

Keep cool, said others. Think, don't react. As if you would stop to think if you came home and found someone burning your house and murdering your family. There is no time to meditate, to try to psychoanalyze and understand those who wield power and give them the benefit of the doubt. There is only the stark fact of death.

The question is not whether to think or react, but rather how we can react forcefully enough to influence those who make the decisions. Violence does beget violence. The violence of Vietnam spawned the violence of the campuses. And while it is foolish to march into a volley of gunfire, UA's sally into involvement at best salvaged a few consciences.

The two delegates sent to Washington did not go to protest and join in solidarity with people in the States, but rather to gather information. The ugly fact of four deaths was apparently not enough "information" for UAers. The spurious one-day boycott, in addition to being held on Tuesday, a light day for classes, was violated by enough students (as well as profs) to make it a farce. More could have been done while still keeping within the bounds of security and prudence.

A week-long boycott of classes (a feeble gesture in view of the measures taken by over 400 colleges and universities in the U.S.), would have firmly and unequivocally expressed our sympathy with the protest and its aims. A united student body could perhaps have persuaded the administration to send a telegram of protest to President Nixon.

If enacted, these proposals would have meant a louder and more powerful voice against the Nixon administration and its policies. Extreme actions? Certainly too extreme for the majority of students here. Perhaps Professor Schwartz's exhortation came too late.

In the deaths of the Kent State Four we find not the passive sorrow of resignation, but the active roots of strength necessary to continue the movement for which they sacrificed their lives until the change they fought for has become reality.

A Professor Speaks

Move to Cholula Raises Hopes Of Cultural-Artistic Revival

by Merle Wachter
Chairman, Art Department

(Scenario for single-frame animated film)

On this revolving macro-stage ironically called *terra firme* there are several permanent culture sets which have intrigued me the most: Germany, Spain, Japan, the U.S. Southwest and Mesoamerica. It has been fascinating and frustrating to witness the economic and demographic growth of the enigmatic Mexican people. Their art, archeology and records are undoubtedly the most multi-veined (stratigraphically speaking), layer upon layer actually, atavistically and spiritually of any country in the Americas.

The early years of UA (then Mexico City College) were marked with outstanding students and faculty members. The cream of the intellectual elite among the Spanish refugees, the dedicated worldly G.I. students after the second world war and the young Mexican scholars who contributed so much to the formative years of this institution.

1970 a new chapter, the move to new quarters, a different *ambiente* and enormous challenges. Many have talked of the transi-

tion, the building of a Panamerican bridge. This structure already exists, although in a somewhat shaky state. The Good Neighbor Policy, Alliance for Progress and countless meetings at diplomatic levels formally have recognized the blue print for decades.

In reality the construction has been going on for a long time. It began with the visitation of early U.S. scholar-tourists — e.g. Stephens, Baxter, Campbell, Flaudreau and Morley and continues in our time with the residence work of Stafford, Murray, Paddock and others.

The poetic structural components of this suspended bridge are a mixture of red clay, bamboo, steel and flowers. An American do-it-yourself kit with a palette of heredity-environmental color: Pre-Conquest red, Colonial gold and Modern mauve were used to polychrome the frame. Abel Quezada created his own version for the Olympics. Wrap it all up in cellophane and take an authentic capsule souvenir back to Rosedale to decorate the TV parlor.

The formal and popular arts have reflected all that man desires and is. Since its inception in 1947 the school art center community has endeavored to guide the sincere student through the maze

of a paradoxical culture in a dizzying state of flux, yet escapes occasionally when "harto" or fed up with the pace to the old ethnographic pools (unfortunately drying up under hot industrial winds).

Life in Mexico is a continuous design experience. One can adopt an attitude of play safe Classicism or be tempted with suicide course Baroque. Whatever one's stylistic choice, it is doubtful that one will encounter cultural fatigue in rambling through Mesoamerican byways. In effect you pays yer money, you takes yer choice.

Much water has gone under the bridge — much is yet to come. There are several Mexicos and there exist several chapters of UA history.

It is hoped that an ambitious plan to reorganize and revive studio and art history courses will be materialized in a physically expanded Arts Center in Cholula. In any case, a single philosophy still prevails: to offer working space, a critical *ambiente* of technical and aesthetic counseling and to stimulate an awareness of design and humanistic conditions that floats above all political boundaries. It's time to paint the bridge again.

(Electronic fade)

Exterminating Angel

To the editor:

In the article entitled "Ecumenical Center Remakes the Scene" (Collegian, April 16, 1970), it was stated that the reason for closing down the center on the Lower Road last year was "due to an off-campus controversy about Catholicism and its political influence in a country with a rigid separation of Church and State."

This information is incorrect. The Ecumenical Center was open until the end of the Spring Quarter, 1969. It did not reopen this fall because Señora Carmela Elorduy who so kindly lent us her garage for the Center, could not do so this year. She needed the space for further construction on her house. This is the only reason why we no longer

have the Center on the Lower Road.

—Mother Michel, o.s.u.

Editor's Note:

In April, 1969, a number of anonymous leaflets written in Spanish were distributed on UA's campus, where they were hastily collected by the administration and destroyed. Thanks to Dr. Karl Lenkersdorf, then academic dean, the *Collegian* received a copy of the document.

The leaflets, of an inflammatory nature, were entitled: "Reactionary Nuns in the University of the Texans!" and appeared to have been written by Mexican students from the University of Puebla together with a group of Mexican students from UA.

Beginning with a formal accus-

ation against "the abuse of fundamental laws of the Constitution of our country — laws which guarantee the separation of Church and State," the leaflets went on to protest the official presence on campus of Mother Michel Guerin, a Catholic Nun, founder of the Ecumenical Center, and a "secret representative of the powerful international Catholic organization *Opus Dei*" (the latter a branch of the Catholic Church well known in Europe as a behind the scenes political force).

The Ecumenical Center, the writers claimed, violated the "spirit and meaning" of the Mexican Revolution, for through its seemingly harmless façade, Mother Michel was devoting herself to the "promulgation of reactionary and anti-

Mexican political ideas, compromising the image of our country in the eyes of the world."

The leaflet, signed by "El Comité Organizador", concluded with the declaration that "we Mexican students will never permit the presence of Mother Michel in Cholula, since... it constitutes an insult to all our heroes who sacrificed their lives to liberate the people of Mexico."

The same day the leaflet appeared and was confiscated, its unseen authors presumably attacked the garage doors of the Ecumenical Center on the Lower Road. Overnight the doors were painted with gaudy anti-clerical slogans such as "Death to the Political Clergy!", "Viva Méndez Arceo!" (a popular left-wing bishop of Cuernavaca), and others. The most extreme of the slogans were immediately painted over by Mother Michel so that the garage doors (see photo) simply appeared to be smeared with insults.

After a meeting scheduled for April 25, the Ecumenical Center quietly closed down. It remained closed during the rest of the spring quarter and all through the summer.

In the fall of 1969, the owners of the house in question did indeed begin construction on the garage headquarters of the Center, with what seemed like a most unnecessary addition to the huge main house, which contains some 20 rooms, several different wings and a guest cabin.

The official reason, as Mother Michel states, was that the "space was needed." The unofficial reason, true to Mexican courtesy, was to avoid difficulty, evade explanation, and tactfully eliminate the Center's physical presence in a private house. It only seems a pity that Señora Carmela Elorduy had to spend (at a conservative estimate) some 30,000 pesos in order to do so. The Center has remained closed until this spring, when it relocated itself in the Catholic school Merici on Km. 15½.

We have gone into the background of this case primarily to explain to American readers the potential explosiveness of the Church-State battle in Mexico. Students who come here from the U.S. are often ignorant or innocent, since they live in a country where the Catholic Church has been reduced to a philosophy, rather than existing as an active political machine with its hands well into the pockets of big business and government.

It is hard for Americans to understand that Mexico may still be sensitive about the position of the Church in the Revolution of 1910, and nowhere more so than among her students, young idealists for whom the Revolution is still a vital and living force, and for whom the Church of Rome is not a harmless social pastime but a dangerous exploiter of the poor which relentlessly continues to seek its lost political power.

It would be well for all of us at the University of the Americas to remember the warning of the leaflets from Puebla. There are thousands of students in the nearby University of Puebla, many of whom are already professionally "anti-gringo". Since these students will be our neighbors, it is no more than common courtesy mixed with an instinct for basic physical safety for our administrators to understand and underplay Catholicism in its Latin American sense.

To openly promote it would be more than an insult to Mexican nationalism; it would constitute a direct invitation for a second attack — this time not in the form of the printed word.



Photo by Adrián Acevedo

GARAGE GRAFFITI—This is the garage door of the former location of the Ecumenical Center which was painted with anti-clerical slogans in April, 1969. The two lines which have been smeared over with paint declare in Spanish, "Death to the Political Clergy".

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Viva Mediocrity!

To the editor:

Two issues ago, your *Collegian* published a complaint of students on alleged mediocrity in faculty ranks. I don't see why they should object to it. On the contrary, they should be grateful that it is around. We should have more of it.

In my country, the Philippines, students frequently say, "It is not good to be very intelligent — brilliant people get shot on the Luneta." They were referring to the Filipino scholar, José Rizal, whom a Spanish military unit exe-

cuted in Manila on December 30, 1896.

Scholars, if they do not get shot, cause the world a lot of trouble. Karl Marx was responsible for Cuba. In Asia, Confucius relegated the youth for centuries to the despotic rule of their elders. Physicians may not realize it, but from Oxford to the University of the Americas, people like Bertrand Russell and Immanuel Kant cause many a student ailments ranging from simple *dolor de cabeza* to neurosis.

I say, *Viva mediocrity!*

—F. Delor Angeles

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Mother Earth Has Day But Only for 24 Hours

by Alex Lippert

On the Scene Report: Earth Day, April 22, 1970.

Cough, cough. Hurrumph. Hemmm... Excuse me, it's just that I've got this respiratory ailment. Cough. Anyway, there I was, fiery reporter for the *Collegian*, America's *numero uno* muckraking journalist, fighting my way through the trash of the cafeteria, exposing my body to the harmful gases that were slowly creeping up the hill, trying not to notice the insecticides covering the vegetables or to think about the radioactive isotopes in the milk.

Somehow I groped my way to the theater where Marvin Bank, UA chemistry professor, was scheduled to give a speech in support of the worldwide Earth Day demonstrations.

Cough. I managed to find a seat in the theater, filled with what seemed to be cigarette smoke, but then it's hard to tell nowadays, there are so many types of smoke in the air. I took out my press correspondent notebook and prepared to write the biggest news story of the month, Earth Day (cough, cough).

Earth Day in itself is really a strange concept. The idea is to make people aware of what's happening to their environment (cough), to make people aware that the black cloud hovering over Mexico City and just about every city in the world is not "a

dark mist of fog", but a filthy, disgusting air made up of huge amounts of poisonous gases.

Earth Day is to make people aware that the reason the water is filthy when they go swimming is not because it has always been dirty but because factories are dumping their wastes in it so they can make more profit. Earth Day is to make human beings aware that the planet on which they live is being destroyed and that unless something is done about it, immediately and drastically, there won't be any human beings.

Cough, gulp, achoo, er... Excuse me, it must have been something I ate. Anyway, Bank, using up valuable oxygen and spewing CO₂ gas, explained that ecology was the interdependence of plants and animal life (humans included) with the physical environment. Man is destroying this delicate balance, he stated. Man's waste products, previously returning into the earth or breaking down eventually into usable molecular structures, are no longer "degradable" (new word, not in dictionary) — which means that they will just continue to pile up. Man no longer has space in which to get rid of these enormous wastes.

A major cause of smog, Bank declared, was the internal combustion engine. DDT and other chemicals added to our foods have not been tested to the point where they are 100% safe for human consumption, he claimed, and it is suspected that DDT might be a cause of cancer.

Bank concluded his talk by stating that the world's natural resources — wildlife, air, water, food, etc. — are rapidly becoming contaminated by poisons alien to all living things on the planet. "We are poisoning everything!" he exclaimed. "By the 1980's parts of the globe will be uninhabitable; by the year 2000, perhaps the world."

In the question period, students asked what they could do personally to save the world from destruction, to prevent an economy run by the profit motive from destroying the environment around it. Answers ranged from suggestions to stop drinking from non-degradable aluminum beer cans to demands for the government to "do something about it." (Remember Moratorium Day?)

So, cough, cough, after it was all said, and nothing done, I went outside only to find that the smog had gotten worse, the trash was a little deeper. As I climbed aboard the Toluca Smokebomb and sat back to watch the sun set behind the "dark, hazy mist", I thought of what had to be done.

My conclusion: If the economic system which produces for profit and not for the benefit of man isn't changed, and if people go on consuming those non-degradable aluminum beer cans, there is only one thing for me to do, cough, cough: move to another planet and hope that the poor suffering masses on the planet Earth don't get the same idea.

Stinging Critic Tears Up Movies

by Dianne Taylor

"As the old saying goes, every critic is really a frustrated creator," said the outstanding painter and controversial film critic Birgitta Segerskog, whom readers will recognize from her tart and stinging movie reviews in the *News*.

Her statement was in answer to the question of any conflict which might arise from her pursuit of two such different fields, that of actually creating art, in contrast to criticizing the art of others.

"In reality, I would like to make a film that is an extension of my painting," mused Miss Segerskog. "That is, a sort of painting in movement. But this is not possible when you consider everything, including the money, that is involved. So I am doing what a frustrated movie maker would do — criticizing films."

Birgitta Segerskog is not offended when others attack her opinions. She says that she is flattered. It is a sign that people read her reviews. She likes to know that people are reacting to her work, because the comments, whether positive or negative, prove that readers are at least partly aware of her observations.

The same attitude applies to the artist's paintings. When people react to her portraits, Miss Segerskog feels that to some small degree she has had her "little say". For this reason she does not paint landscapes; all of her work concerns people and human situations.

In her double role of critic and painter, Miss Segerskog feels that most people are attracted by "the

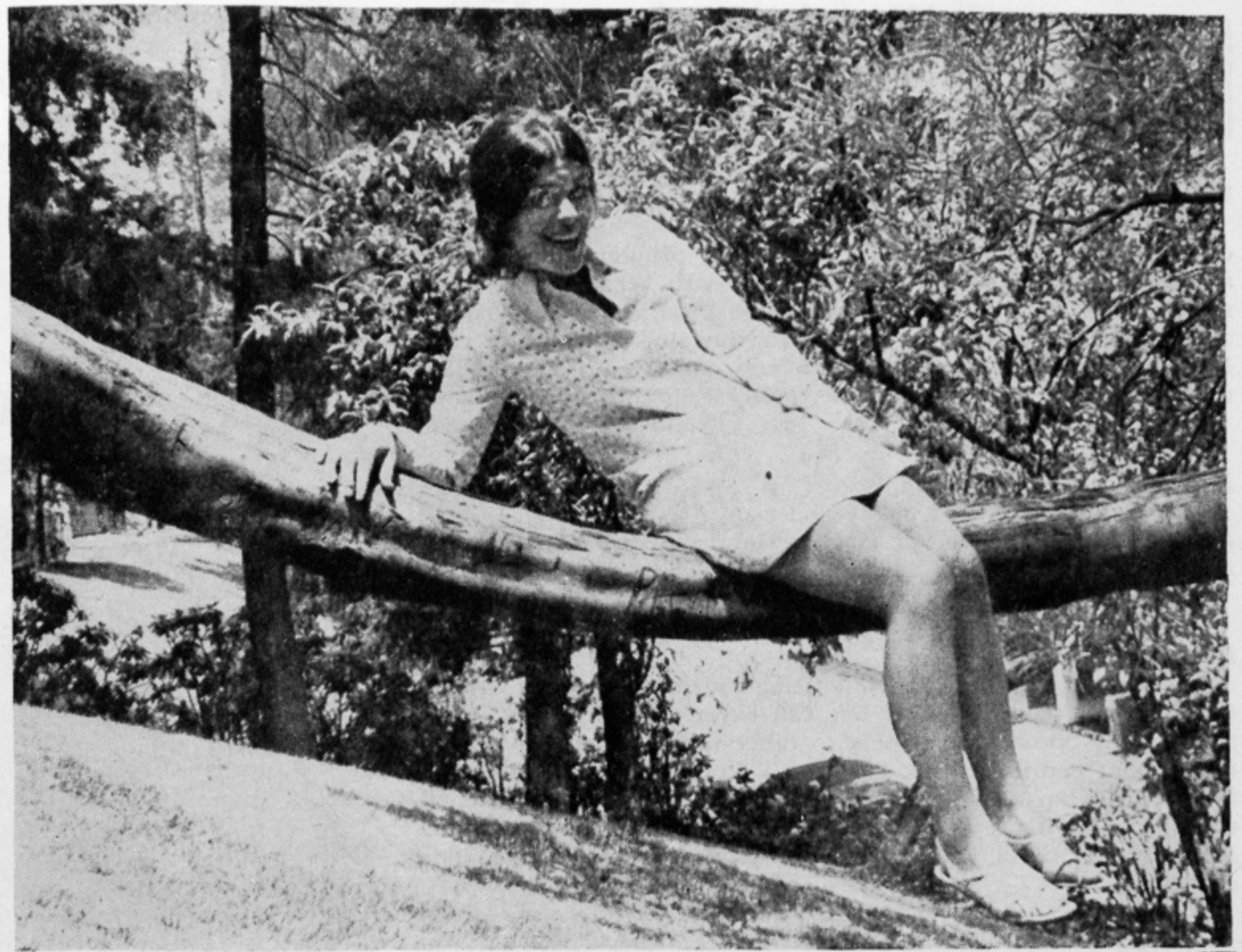


Photo by Adrián Acevedo

OUT ON A LIMB—Rosalind Roland, UA's only self-declared hedonist, lounges on a tree limb while waiting for her friend, Sgt. Preston of the Yukon. Rosalind commented, "I always get my man."

Hedonist Enjoys Travel; Takes Frequent Trips

by Jon Schmucker

"I'm a confirmed hedonist," said Rosalind Roland, graduating senior at UA. "Life for me is one big sensual trip."

Born in Los Angeles, California, some 25-odd years ago, Rosalind learned about UA from her high school Spanish teacher who spent his spare time in Tijuana, rolling drunks for pocket money. She

came to the University in the fall of 1968 and has been here ever since.

Rosalind describes UA as "one big freakout. It reminds me," she remarked, "of a combination of three things: a Fellini movie, a constant nightmare, and several levels in Dante's Inferno."

However, Rosalind did admit to a few good points. "UA is the most unique university in the world. The student body is a psychiatrist's dream come true. We have everybody from Joe College to Sally Speedfreak."

Mexico is not Rosalind's first trip out of the United States. She lived in Germany for two years while her first husband was in the Army and visited the surrounding countries. With her second husband she saw Jamaica, Trinidad, Saint Lucia, and British Guiana where he was from.

This summer Rosalind plans to return again to Europe, this time with just a traveling companion. She hopes to see Western Europe, in addition to North Africa, Greece, Turkey and Israel, if her money lasts that long.

"I hate a static condition," commented Rosalind. "After a few years in any one place the people and the area start to bring me down. I always know when it's time to pack up and move on."

After returning from her travels

abroad, Rosalind plans to enroll at Stanford University in California, and work on a Ph.D. in American folklore. To finance her education she hopes to buy a barge, dock it and rent rooms on it to other students. "I'll just drift with the tide," said Rosalind.

If given a choice of places to live for any length of time, Rosalind stated that she would like to settle down on an island off the coast of Greece, where she could enjoy the sand, sun and relaxed living of the Greeks. "I guess I owe my love of the sand and sea to my father who was a charter fishing boat operator in California."

Despite her extensive travels, Rosalind admitted: "I speak English so-so, struggle with Spanish, and gave up French after my teacher tried to seduce me. The only real language I am fluent in is sign language and lip reading."

When Rosalind finally receives her Ph.D., she will try to find some kind of a career that will suit her life style, such as "door-to-door saleslady for the Fuller Brush Company, ferris wheel operator at Coney Island, or customs inspector in New York City."

Rosalind sums herself up as a combination of "Queen Elizabeth I, Cleopatra, and Lady Brett Ashley."

Students Hold Mass Rally...

(Continued from Page 1)

work out constructive proposals and show sympathy for the Kent students."

The next speaker was Dr. Dennis Lou, UA's guest lecturer on Asian affairs. After stating that he regretted "to be teaching U.S. policies in Asia", he explained that he wouldn't make a speech, but would answer questions only about Asia and not on American internal affairs.

In answering questions, he declared that he was against intervention in any form and the U.S. might be involved in Southeast Asia for a long time, with the American move into Cambodia possibly prolonging this involvement.

"Military intervention is not the

solution," he continued, "because it's a political problem. The governments, not the people in Southeast Asia, want American help."

Sociology Professor Levi Schwartz proved to be the most popular speaker as he received a resounding ovation for his comments on today's youth.

"The thing is that youth is suddenly more intelligent than old people," he declared. "Because of this, the establishment fears youth and their ideas."

"You have to do something before you're stifled like old people," he warned. "You can't turn the other cheek because they're going to bash it for you!"

Another warning was given by

a student who said he was a sergeant in a riot control unit of the California National Guard.

"They're out to kill you," he said, explaining how his unit was being trained to suppress civil disturbances with much of the sophisticated weaponry of the Vietnam War.

"We're up against a lot, but we're going to win because we have spirit," he continued. "But we have to play it cool and use our intelligence."

The two-hour meeting was finally concluded at 2 p.m. after suggestions which ranged from marching on the U.S. Embassy both individually and in groups to returning to the States where it would be possible to do more to help the situation.



Photo by John O'Leary

ISSUES BUT NO ANSWERS—Professor Marvin Bank of the science department shades his eyes from the stinging cigarette smoke in the theater while Professor Zev Bairey drops a few statistics on air pollution on "Earth Day", 1970.

JON and ALEX
At the Zoo

by Jon Schmuecker and Alex Lippert

Dear Jon:

I'm a hippie acid freak with beads and long hair, ex-manager of a heavy rock band, and I've got a real problem. For the last six months I've really lost control of myself, been taking uppers and downers, reds, whites and blues, shot speed, ate peyote, tripped and in general flipped out — so you can imagine my surprise when I came to take my final for the winter and wound up flunking the midterm for the spring. Like, Man, what should I do?

—Freak

Dear Freak:

Our drug specialist here at the Collegian, Adrian Acidvito, suggests that you drop your brain off at the science department with Professor Marvin Bank. It may be polluted.

* * *

Dear Jon:

I am taking my first creative writing course this quarter. I have written three papers already but can never manage to get above a C. I have shown the papers to other members of the English department and they think I am an A student. It would be good for me to be an A student because the university is good and all the people in it are very, very good and because these are good and troubled times with fine problems and true solutions. Any suggestions?

—Hem

Dear Hem:

Have you tried counting your words? You may be a few short. According to the department in question you have to have 3267 words for an A, and 2,729 for a B, exactly.

* * *

Dear Jon:

I really want to be a Playboy Bunny, so I've come to the University of the Americas, knowing that '69's most distinguished student was the September foldout. How do I go about getting discovered?

Yours for the asking,

—Betsy Busty

Dear Betsy:

You know the old saying, "When a girl is discovered, she's always uncovered." Why don't you stop in and see our photog some time, John O'Leer? He's always ready to lend a helping hand.

* * *

Dear Jon:

I am very sick. Since I came to UA six weeks ago I have had Montezuma's Revenge, the Aztec two-step, turistas, amoebic dysentery, hepatitis, a tape worm, and last week my doctor told me I would have to have my stomach pumped and my small intestine removed. Before coming to UA I had never been sick a day in my life. I eat two meals a day in the school cafeteria. Do you think this has anything to do with my problem?

—Ervin Upchuck

Dear Ervin:

Our school cafeteria maintains the highest standards of operational cleanliness. No paper cup is ever used more than twice, the vegetables are soaked in H²O 603 S4, the dog and cat meat is always fresh for that day, the silverware and dishes are washed in a caustic amonia solution, and no other animals are ever allowed in the cafeteria. You must be a hypochondriac.

* * *

Dear Jon:

According to my tuition receipts I have been signed up for the SAUA for three quarters now but haven't been able to find the class. Where is it located and what kind of credit does it carry with a \$3.00 price tag?

—Broke Jones

Dear Broke:

The SAUA is a class given by students in which fellow students are taught how to blow big wads of other people's hard-earned money on such cultural items as third-rate rock music, freaked-out parties, and a secretary who types out memos to other SAUA members. The only people who receive credit are the SAUA people themselves who, after they graduate, can pad their résumés with such titles as "Student Body President", "Treasurer", etc. Not a bad racket, huh?

* * *

Estimado Juan:

Digo, yo soy ciudadano mexicano, ciento por ciento mexicano. Yo creo en la Revolución mexicana, en los Niños Héroes, en Hidalgo, en Juárez, en Madero y claro que en Luis Echeverría. Y estoy en México, estudiando aquí en la Universidad de las Américas, y desde que empecé no he oído ni hablado ni una sola palabra de español. Los únicos que hablan español son los porteros y los golfos. Aquí en México, todos deben hablar el idioma nacional, la lengua de México — que es, español!

—Viva Zapata

Dear Zapata:

All letters addressed to the Collegian must be in English. I couldn't understand a word.

* * *

Note: All letters accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope will be discarded. The stamp will be used. Address your inquiries to: The Hour of Decision (it takes that long to think up these trite answers), Post Office Box 968, Mexico 1, D.F. No answer can be given unless you enclose your student number, tuition receipt, birth certificate, passport, tourist card, grade point average, 3 photos, front and side, and a certified letter from your doctor saying you are in perfect health.

Coed Climber Hits the Bottle

by Judy Wise



Photo by Adrian Acevedo

DANGLING CONVERSATION—Judy Wise, Collegian reporter, begins to wonder if she deserves her last name as she stops to ask directions on the way down La Botella. Said Rick, "Don't freak, Judy!" Said Judy, "I'm not, Rick, just hold me!" Tune in next week, folks...

The sun broke into a clear warm day. I raised my head to look at the rock in the daylight. In the night it had been a cold mass of shadows with which my imagination ran wild. Now in the security of a new day the shadows settled to a distinct pillar of rock.

I could remember watching Rick and Adrian scale La Botella with ease the day before. The rock acquired its Spanish name (The Bottle) because of its tall slender shape as it stands out by itself from the surrounding forests of a park near Pachuca in the state of Hidalgo.

Only too soon I found myself at the monster's foot, first in line for the climb. Rick had already scaled the top and secured a rope which was tied around my waist. Adrian remained at the bottom pointing out footholds and offering moral support. Slowly I began to climb, fear running through every vein in my body. I begged for advice from the ground.

"Put your foot to the right."

"Where? I can't see any foothold."

My opinion of a foothold had always been a hole or edge in which I could insert my foot at least two inches. They were pointing out slight one-fourth inch cracks and curves to serve as my support.

I tried to rely on my hands to pull me up, but remembered my instructions. "Just use your hands for balance, climb with your legs." I was stuck in the crevice surrounded by rock on three sides. My object now was to work my way up by bracing my back against one side of the crevice and inching up with my feet. My hands grappled for a hold but nothing felt secure. I yelled for Adrian's help.

"Can you bring your left foot into the crevice and jam it into position?" It seemed impossible for my body to adapt to such a twisted figure. I pulled on the rope for tension and any bit of security I could get. Slowly I made my way up the crevice. I was rewarded by Rick and Adrian. "Great! Good girl, you're doing fine!"

Just as I had begun to get the feel of climbing I happened to look up at Rick on the top. I had been so absorbed with the fear of falling that I had forgotten there was actually a top — a destination — the summit. Rick offered his hand for my last move, but I rejected it. I had come this far alone and I wanted to finish.

In one move I was sitting beside Rick on the cap of La Botella. I looked around me at the spectacular view below as my fear took a turn for joy. My pure-joy trigger had been released. Rick laughed and said, "Well, chick, you made it, didn't you?" We smiled at each other. He knew what I was experiencing without words for he had climbed many a rock.

But my rest was short-lived, for Rick began instructions for my descent. One rope was to be tied around my waist. The other one was wrapped around my back enabling me to control my descent by sliding the rope through my right hand.

Rick explained the process as best he could. "All right, now lean back." Fear bounded through me. —"Don't freak, Judy!" —"I'm not, Rick — just hold me!" My legs dangled off the edge as I clung to the top. The fear that enveloped me now surpassed anything I had felt on the way up.

As far as I knew my life was in Rick's hands along with every inch of my faith. The rope slid through my hands spasmodically. I tried to follow my instructions and remain vertical with the rock, leaning back with only my feet touching the surface. I had seen men bounce down mountains in this manner in the movies. They made it seem so easy.

Slowly, following the boys' guidance, I rappelled my way down the granite slope. When my foot touched solid earth, I was exhausted, both mentally and physically. Little by little my system beat back to normal, my fear changed to relief.

Now as I try to relate the experience my fear is gone. The rush of emotions has dissipated. But I have experienced part of the unknown; I have voluntarily come one inch from death. I have encountered a new friend — La Botella.

Big Crop Farmer Goes West; Gives Up Corn for Catfish

by Daniel Green

The routine to which we are all accustomed three times a day, that of gorging ourselves with the delicious meats of our domestic animals, will probably someday move over to make room for something new. Yes, we will soon tire of eating roast beef, T-bone steak, filet mignon, baked ham and pork chops all the time, and they're bad for the heart anyway.

Our substitutes will probably come from the sea, or at least the water, and UA student Jay Dailey is forging ahead ready to be first in the market with — what else but catfish!

Jay's present home is in the recently developed and highly productive Imperial Valley of Southern California. True, the Valley is not an ocean, but as Jay says, "It hosts the largest and most sophisticated cultural catfish production center in the world." We would probably wonder at every aspect of the operation of this strange and novel type of farm.

The Daileys apparently had every detail worked out when they left a highly successful farm in Flandreau, South Dakota to come to Brawley, California and begin a new life. It would not appear easy for a man of fifty to pick up a family of six children and move them half way across the country to start a pioneering venture of this nature without confidence as to its success. To this effect, Jay relates a statement made by his father, "A man gets old when he takes security over opportunity."

Physically the farm consists of six large production ponds each a mile long and 250 yards wide

with other smaller ponds scattered around for the different stages of raising the fish. The larger ponds are separated by sloping grassy dikes upon which they hope to someday raise quarter horses. "Horses were a large part of our lives in South Dakota and we find it difficult now to live without them," remarked Jay.

The business of the farm comes from stocking fish for sport, supplying fingerlings, marketable fish and brood stock for new farms, and wholesaling fish to the food industry under guaranteed live delivery or already cleaned. The Daileys sold a large number of fish to the state of California which set up a center to ascertain the feasibility of raising catfish in California. Says Jay, "They are three years behind us in research."

"I spend most of my summers on the farm and although it offers fun and relaxation, the fish demand great care and hard work."

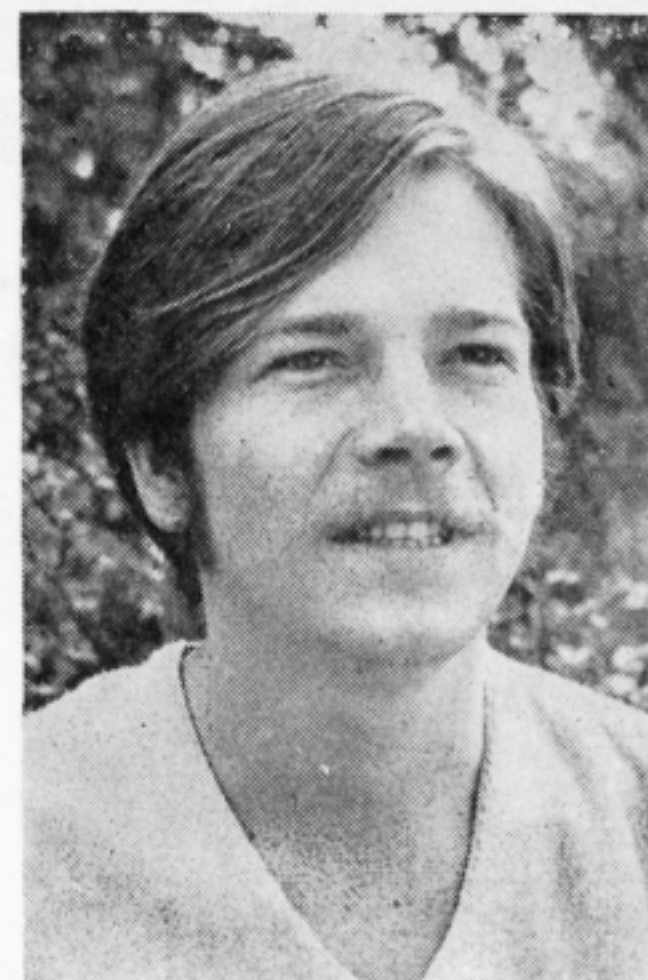
The care comes through maintaining an adequate supply of oxygen to the young fish (fry) and keeping fungus and communicable diseases that spread quickly through the fish out of the ponds. Jay feels that the most difficult task connected with the operation is "the fine art of walking in knee-deep mud and pulling a 200-foot net when a crop of fish has to be harvested."

Jay's father is often away at conventions and conferences where he provides information and advice to all those interested in the industry. This is when the family gets its water skiing practice. They tie up to a pick-up that runs along the dikes for the full length of the pond. "A

couple of trips up and down the pond warrants a welcome rest in the employees' lounge, where there is always a cold keg of beer on tap. When the heat is too unbearable, everyone jumps into the water to cool off."

But at this point one might wonder if the heat hasn't already done its damage to cause a person to jump into a pond with 100,000 hungry catfish.

Jay, who went to the University of South Dakota before coming to Mexico, has been working towards a degree in international relations after changing his major from business administration. His future plans and participation with the farm are concerned "only as far as investment. My true interest is law, with aspirations toward a political career. I think, however, that the catfish industry has a great unfulfilled potential."



Jay Dailey