



★ The Coming of George

Dec. 10, 1970

This is a questionable George. We're asking if you want him. He will be for next semester--often--if you want him--if you need him.

"We", at the moment are a group of four persons (and some friends) who have put this motley man of few words together over a phenomenally long period of time. But what matters is that you see him, take him home, consider him in the warm cockles of your Christmas vacation hearts and

let us know how many thirsty people populate our campus.

WELCOME TO THE ALSTHETIC SIDE OF GEORGE
Now a poem by johnntomson of berkelycal

PRAYER

Oh God! fill me with wonder
i have shunned small gifts too long
someone offered me a lifesaver today and i refused
im talking on the surface of a mirror
the greatest unknown poet in the world has forgotten his name

Oh God! let my breath stir the trees
i went to the store the other day to fathom the mysterie of apple
i took one home and put it on a table and stared at it for six hours
considerin skin pulp core seed juice stem and small mark on surface
made by man or bug after six hours one minute it still looked as apple
so lateit a snake craled in the window ikilled it tore its entrails and
out fell thousands of tiny golden apples with the music of a
young girls laughter the greatest unknown poet in the world
wants to cry but has forgotten to bring his eyes

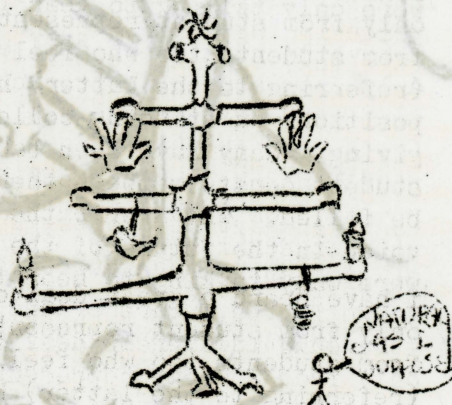
Oh God! my halo is slipping down around my face
everything looks shimmery please bring me a lake to slip beneath
the surface of my flat pebble mine lately the sunshine makes me
depressed
i can't come even when i play with myself for hours ive lost the knack
of
insinuating myself between the pages of my dirty books oh god im about
to loose my head the greatest living poet in the world has changed his
name

to david and is looking for his slingshot

imposing metal monster
eating nasty colors
claiming violent spirals cry people
wanting needing
mental monsters
breeding
metal monster
bleeding stp

We three who spent Tuesday night holed up in
the Student Activity Room would like to publicly
express gratitude to Sr. Cecil Terese for her
gracious donation of sodas all around. We were
refreshed of body and spirit. The Lord be with you.

on the next page is real for real contribution to George. it was written
up by Pat Beard--well known by many here for contributions to Fontbonne college
both written and vocal over the years. it is presented here today as an example of what
what I don't want to see in George--idling non-issue (meaning edition(meaning its
weird) and only at getting you provoked. what i have just said is also an example
of what George should try to avoid, i'm trying to relate that George should try to
talk in points not circles.



ONLY FIVE DAYS LEFT

Reflecting on that February morning when I first ascended Ryan Hall steps at eight o'clock (classes began at 8 sharp then) to today, which, for all practical purposes was my last class in my major field, the school has changed quite a bit, and yet, not at all.

We had bells in 1967; we had a dress code; donned academic dress on occasion; SGA monthly meetings were a must; (attendance was taken); mass was always with chapel hats; there was a sodality, a Legion of Mary, Young Democrats, Young Republicans; The Font was the official publication of the students, later to be replaced by the RAD, George, and the Free Spirit. Arnold Memorial Center was the Ballroom and the alumni lounge, which became the exchange, and then AMC. The cafeteria had hot lunches where the machines are now. The library was on the Fourth Floor of Ryan, and had rocking chairs, and the students could use the elevator. Everybody was friendly then, Sr. Ann Rosinda was Dean of Students, and Margaret Guzzardo was Student Body President. Life consisted in getting to classes before the bell rang, lunch in the cafe, and in generally learning the ropes of college life. Some of the problems we had were, communication gap, lack of coordination, red tape in the scheduling of the events, pre-registration trauma, bad courses every so often, but the attitude was one of "Grin and bear it". The age of protest, of student power, of more complicated procedures and a gulf now, for a communication gap, had not occurred. They were ushered in in the year of 1967-1968 during Institutional Analysis which was a program to discover how Fontbonne could be better. What it did discover was how really confusing a college is, and perpetrate the already widening communication problem. This was the year Ellen O'Hara was Student President, and Dr. Charles Ford was brought to Fontbonne to be in charge of Institutional Analysis; he left two years later... During this time new organizations began to appear; SOAR, SACC, and ABC... and something happened? More people became concerned... Bitch-in's were held, gripe sessions, and the parking problem became the major issue of debate, and led to the beginnings of student power... However, this year, (1970), student power took a serious blow... with the demonstra-

tion and potentially explosive issue of Black-White relations, student leadership missed an opportunity to demonstrate the abilities of Student Government to deal with problems. Maybe what they did do was demonstrate its inability or the lack of leadership? At any rate, a college is more than things, it is its people, and in the past as well as now, the College has had some very interesting persons. Do you remember the late Fr. Longley, who in my bad opinion, said the most meaningful liturgy every time he said Mass? Mr. Shaw who made personal Finance fun? Mr. Edgers who could make the simple look complexed as all philosophers do? Frau Holdheim who tried her best to teach me German, and the most I remember is Guten Tag! Sr. Thomas Marguarite who always had some comment on anything when you'd see her in the hall. Or how about Maureen Kennedy who was always in the cafe, and Terry Pottebaum who is now engaged? And then there are the people who are still here... Sr. Teresine, the cornerstone of the Math Dept. who attempted to make math interesting, but when it came to derivatives, I knew it was time to become a Historian. Dr. McMahan whose comments in Constitutional Development class led to my fascination with law and constitutions. Dr. Kaufman who made historical writers out of us. Life as a history major would never be complete without a "Manley Course". A friend once very aptly described Dr. Manley's tests as "transplanting one's brain onto paper." Not forgetting our Benevolent Despot, Dean Woolley, always-bright and cheerful; Mrs. Crowe, "Only forty-five minutes per session, please?" Sr. Geraldine Mrs. Ashton, who has the supreme, (but probably the typical for Fontbonne) disadvantage of having her office on 4th floor Ryan (which makes is very bad indeed, if you're sick on 3rd floor Fine Arts.) Sr. Ruth Margaret who is always concerned, and smiles in the hall. And Mrs. Tobias who when I suffered through modern dance always exclaimed "Think beautiful, girls!" and I tried, but beauty never became more than a thought with me. Yet the one thing that does not change but grows through college is friendship with fellow students.

continued

ONLY FIVE DAYS LEFT

it is these people who add dimension to the rest, which add sympathy, because they didn't know who lord Macaly was either or with whom one can just be ones self. These personal friendships which are from here, have the potential of growing for the rest one's life... For me Pontbonne is the people, who along the way educated me in the academics, in student Government, in friendship, and whose greatest lesson to me has been that education is lifelong, and only really begun after college. Because it is there where one will apply, experience, and learn more of what he thought he knew. ---at Beard

i have heard a great deal of talk about student representation this year, not only from student representatives on how they feel they should function, but from students too who feel they are not represented at all.

These students (referring to the latter) had their chance and still do :nominations for positions on standing college committees have been open since before Thanksgiving. Many have been taken, but even after the positions were open to student senate members there are still three, possibly more positions yet to be filled. Why

the ARCHDUKE exists and Mary Claire Schaff (our own) plays & sings on Monday nites (and so should you) enjoy a cup of hot cocoa (55¢) with eugene on hanley right of tydown*****

DEAR Jeanne Mary Ann & Mary Jane & Peggy & Barb & Anne & Rose & Kitty & John & some-- thank you-----GEORGE

are'nt the students who don't feel represented or who want a voice in the future of the college nominate themselves?? It seems as if they were only talking to hear theirheads rattle!!BT

CORRECTION: there was supposed to be a line put between TRAYLER and andas tree-nom because the latter was written by the talented Freakdiady.....

SOME USEFUL THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH GEORGE.... you can refuse him you can open your hand and your mind to accept (but perhaps not agree with) him you can put your two senses in you can show him to your mommy and hear about radicalism on fontbonne campus you can show your appreciation and pat him on the head you can burn him to the ground with fiery rhetoric you can let your eyes marvel at the many jeweled tones of his expression.

you can make up a jewel -dified expression of your own (and submit it to the student activites mail-box addressed to GEORGE UN**til further notice thank you) you can ask me to stop writing in such vague figurative sentence - circles. I will see what I can do--but do you think such a request should be printed??? You can see what GEORGE is really trying to say to you--that he wants needs lives on your scriptural messages and your hands are his mouth and teeth --dont be the wad of chewing gum in his mouth or the beans in his ears or even the rock in his shoe.

Handwritten notes and signatures at the bottom left, including "I can do + all" and "Shut up George".

Handwritten notes at the bottom right, including "Drop the World I don't" and "all student production".