

D Ear John,

This will be a brief cavalier note since I am snowed under by ridiculous work. Congratulations on the expectancy of your second child. We are in the midst of a violent faculty revolution here. You may read about it in Harper's magazine later this year. I am in on the fun, along with 15 or so of the faculty, including several of the best liked and most experienced ones, so it's hardly a Young Turk thing. Two nights ago I, dressed in a black cape belonging to an Episcopal priest here, led a funeral procession to the President's door. There were about 60 of us (which is good at a college of 450, most of whom are up on pot or don't give a shit what's happening), and behind me were pallbearers with a huge coffin and a choir I was leading in the Dies Irae and Requiem aeternam. When we got to the president's house, we set down the coffin and I chanted part of the burial office from a Roman Missal I own; then a requiescat and some songs we made up of a non-funereal nature. All this went on under the glowering eyes of the Dean of Faculty, an Ulsterman and former Marine colonel who is one of the major reasons for the uprising. He is a total lackey (imperialist stooge) of the President, a big gray sponge who is willing to let the school disintegrate as long as he stays in power. The Dean and I had words.

Ulster will fight  
And Ulster will be right.

The Dean had tried to persuade us not to march, after first insulting everyone. In the end he begged us not to go to the President's house: please don't go up on de Massa's lawn; ain't no tellin' what he gwine do. The next day he issued a memorandum about how everyone should do this job and how students shouldn't be led astray by wicked and perverted faculty (there were four faculty in the march--all of whom are leaving at the end of the year). Some of us are seriously working on a new college that might be ready to go in 1968; if you are quitting your job, you might be interested, though things are extremely tenuous right now.

BUT ANYWAY, about England: I intend to sail in June, whenever I can get a freighter or something. Could you write your mother about possible accommodations in the house (the V.C. itself, that is) or if not there, then in the little cottage. I will write her directly later, but I want you to make straight the way of the Lord, so this won't come out of the oft-mentioned blue. Shimer has a contingent in Oxford, with headquarters at Rutland House; I very much want you to meet the man who ran the Shimer-in-Oxford thing last year, Harry Golding. He is the kind of garrulous delightful person you and I would sit up all night drinking with. Let me know if you can arrange things with your mother.

Yours in royalties,

J. Kerby-Bellars

