

English Fifty

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The New Left

Disunity of Radicals

By Charles Mammarella

Now that the October and November moratoriums are over, there is much to look back on — for example, the disorganization of the new left. Among the chants in Washington was, "Ho-Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is going to win," which was drowned out by "Peace Now." Yet a couple of years ago the new left was unified.

There were differences, of course, but these were settled in private, and the different organizations still worked together — the SDS with the women's League for Peace, and the Student Peace Union with Youths Against War and Fascism. Now that is gone, and something else is taking place. There are many more "hard-core radicals," either because of sheer frustration or because it is the in thing to be.

It is very cool to be seen carrying a copy of the red book. It is also very in to be against everything and to have no answers for the problems to be solved. When one "radical" was asked, "What form of government would you like to see set up after the revolution?," he

answered, "I don't know, but after we take over, things will fall into place." What he really meant was that the one person with the most supporters would govern.

It is easy to see that most radicals are out to destroy just for the sake of destroying. The Weathermen destroyed Chicago in October; they just kept running down the streets breaking store windows and overturning cars. This was no way to get to the working people. It happened once again last month in front of the federal building in Washington, where 2,000 - 3,000 ego-tripping radicals spoiled it for 500,000 people. How can they get people together when they can't get themselves together?

Now as to what most of the new left is doing. Most are acting independently — joining with close friends, protesting together but still following their own ideas and not those of a self-appointed leader. Peace is an individual feeling, and we must bring ourselves to work with our differences and not join some tightly knit organization and give up our individual way of thinking. PEACE.

S.I. Teacher Says Prejudice Thrives In Public Schools

By Earline Williams

Port Richmond, Staten Island schools are designed to maintain a prejudiced status-quo environment.

This was the impression that the Afro-American history class at SICC received when visited by Mrs. Helmi Harrison, a teacher at P.S. 20 in Port Richmond during the past five years.

Most striking to her was the observation that the majority of her black pupils went in one direction toward home while the white pupils went in another.

She also noticed that classes for less intelligent pupils were heavily populated with black children but those for more intelligent pupils were mostly white. When she complained about this inequity, she was voted out of the Teachers Union for a year.

Some general statistics of the grading system of P.S. 20, as compiled by Mrs. Harrison for one specific period, ran as follows:

Out of a total of 20 children in class 2-1, 1 was black; in class 2-2, 6 of 22 were black; in class 2-3, 7 of 20 were black; and in class 2-4, 9 of 15 were black.

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Campus of the 60's

Causes of Violence

By Jeanne Daurio

When the youth movement of the sixties becomes history, it will undoubtedly be identified with its violent expression on the college campus. The smoldering unrest which has erupted into lawlessness and rioting has assured for America the verdict of "infamy."

The current situation has been nurtured by the emergence of a new society typified by anxious and uncertain parents. The authority position has been overturned. Children manipulate their parents. Leniency has developed. The focus is on youth who no longer wish to emulate their elders, but seek other idols. While young people have become better educated and have achieved greater sophistication than their predecessors, they remain immature. They reject ordered and predictable lives. They lack positive values.

It is undeniable that students have legitimate grievances, definite ideas and pertinent thought which warrant consideration while seeking attention and conciliation; however, the student owes responsible behavior in return. Care must be taken not to substitute one injustice for another and to refrain from a capitulation to force.

True democracy can only be sought. Since it cannot attain complete realization, it must be flexible and disposed to criticism and change. Only that which best serves the majority should be expected. All inequities and omissions will never be eliminated but reason must prevail lest man becomes synonymous with the animal who lives by instinct alone.

A genuine cause can be jeopardized by mob rule and hysteria. Adults are justifiably shocked and deeply distressed by the furious events. Mediation and arbitration will become increasingly difficult and retaliation may be precipitated. Valid suggestions for needed or desirable improvement are being studied but widespread annoyance and impatience may evoke a refusal to negotiate. Authority may assert itself. Retrospective criticism is easy. Calm, workable substitutes must be offered. The welfare of the majority must remain paramount. The past is not totally deserving of the disrespect generated by over-righteous indignation.

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Nuremberg 1969

By Christine Mac Farlane

The My Lai massacre will have a great impact on the American people and the policies they will support. Lieut. William Calley and Sgt. David Mitchell, who are the only active servicemen who were accused of the crimes, will state that they acted under "superior orders." (The Army may ask President Nixon to appoint a committee to try the ex-G.I.'s, who are now civilians, under the 1949 Geneva Convention which forbids "deliberate mistreatment of non-combatants in a war zone.")

The post-World War 2 Nuremberg trial of 22 Nazi leaders affirmed that "a man's primary allegiance is to humanity and not to the state." Though the Nazis pleaded that they "only followed orders," 10 of the 19 convicted were hanged. In a later U.N. report, it was stated "the fact that a person acted pursuant to orders of his government or a superior does not relieve him of responsibility under international law, provided a moral choice was in fact possible to him."

According to the "U.S. Manual for Courts-Marshal," he is justified in not following an order if "a man of ordinary sense and understanding would know it to be illegal." The trouble is that a man who does not follow or-

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To Be Black at SICC

By Jay Johnson

As a black student at SICC, I am no different from any other black in a predominantly white institution. I am in the minority and benefited least by college programs and activities. I am here at SICC for the purpose of improving my well-being and my relationship with my community. Here is where I find a great deal of fault with the administration and the various faculty members in understanding the black situation. What they must comprehend is that I am not here to improve myself in a way that I would be physically black and mentally white, in other words, black on the outside and white on the inside, but to improve myself by taking courses and engaging in activities which show some relativity to my blackness.

I am here to gain the kind of knowledge that will not change my thoughts and feelings toward myself, a black. I came here to find some significant pathway back to my community. But I found that I have to unite with my fellow blacks to insist that SICC assist us in setting up studies and programs that relate to the black students of the college. I feel that the setting up of these activities is a must in order for my fellow blacks and

myself to aid in finding new life for the black community.

As a black at SICC, I can sense the ever-present prejudice surrounding me—in the classroom, in the halls, and even while speaking to a white classmate. There is no great exertion of prejudice at SICC, but it is here. It appears to me that the members of the administration and the instructors have a lot to do with this; the prejudice lies greatly with these people. I can't help but feel that some of these people have made up their minds to tolerate me and my fellow blacks, as if we were scars that will never heal. These people must realize that I am no longer going to stand by and accept anything taught or given to me without questioning the action. I want to experiment with and control those things which deeply affect my life and future as a black, and not somebody else's. Prejudice will always exist in the minds of people, but I don't want it affecting my purpose and goal as a black.

I can say from experience that SICC is gradually changing in its view of black students—to no great extent, but it's changing. This can be observed in the gradual incorporation, because of force from the blacks, of a

couple of studies that are supposed to relate to black students and the few activities which are now including or headed by students like myself. But the faculty and administration have to realize that since SICC is predominantly white and exists in a white environment, it should be a center for the exposure of the black culture to the white communities of Staten Island, who are not aware of the Black Revolution. I am deeply angry at them for allowing money to be spent on something like the Italian Cultural Festival, which I really consider to be a downfall to the college. This money could have been spent on more important events and programs of value to the communities. A black cultural center would have been most significant to the white communities in making them more aware of the black.

SICC should put itself in the position that it's supposed to be in—that is, as a higher institute of knowledge and learning, and not as an institute of conformation. The black student shouldn't have to lose his cultural identity in such a way that he cannot relate to himself or his community, but should maintain a high degree of individuality, which will not let him be fooled or shaped into being somebody he is not.

College 1969-70

By Josephine Vento

Colleges are once again open and students are back at their desks for the 1969-70 academic year. The students will not remain seated long before another year of riots, demonstrations, boycotts and beatings begin. Or perhaps the students will decide they have had enough and that the time is just right to sit in class.

The colleges have reopened with quite a few of the student demands granted. Experimental programs have been set up in a few colleges, doing away with required courses, grade marks and strict attendance regulations. Afro studies have been introduced into the majority of colleges and Black study programs are accredited. The social life on all male and female campuses has increased with co-ed classes and dorms.

In 1970 we will witness the open enrollment for all who wish to attend college. Many of the colleges will support open enrollment. Even now, programs are going on in and out of the high schools to prepare the underprivileged students for college courses.

Much has been attained by student unrest during the 1968-69 college year. The college student can protest for nothing else, for

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ENGLISH FIFTY

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Dr. Bernard Blau, Faculty Adviser

MARCH ON WASHINGTON

Is the new generation really new? The young people of today are as blind as their parents.

500,000 people spent millions of dollars to parade around the White House. Do these people believe that their voices will cause the government to change its policies? One word from Westinghouse is more potent than a million people on the President's lawn. Open your eyes, America!

—Anthony Mastronardi

WAITING TIME

Freshmen, during orientation, are shown the layout of the college in order to get them acquainted with college grounds.

The real problem, however, is not how to get about the college but rather how to get out of it at a decent hour.

The distribution of required classes is such that one is often forced to wait three and four hours for one's next class.

Result, one's energy is slowly and detrimentally sapped.

Shannon Jones, Civil Technology, spends 23 class hours in school per week. He spends 3 hours waiting for his English class on Tuesday, 4 on Wednesday, 4 on Friday and five hours waiting for his physical education class on Thursday.

One further note: Shannon lives in Nassau County.

Staten Island from 9-5, 5 days a week, 4 weeks a month and no cuts allowed — until you've proven yourself!

—Earline Williams

THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE EXPANDS

There is a great possibility that SICC will become a four-year college, as will all the other community colleges in New York. Many SICC students are happy about this. They feel at home at the college and won't have to transfer to a senior college.

Possibly the idea is a poor one. The practical purpose of the community colleges is to admit students who would not be accepted by the four-year colleges. That is, to enroll in the four-year colleges there is great competition among the thousands of high school graduates and usually the students with the highest averages or class standing are awarded seats in the senior colleges. The community colleges enable students to get through at least two years without too much pressure, and sometimes they give uncertain students the chance to choose courses of an exploratory nature.

With the new open enrollment policy, all high school students are guaranteed a place in college. To provide room for them, all colleges, two-year and four-year, will be over-expanded and over-crowded. The only possible damage in this is there will be no opportunity anywhere for the student who is unsure of his goal or aptitude. That is, the community colleges, with their special ability to develop potential in freshmen, will disappear. Many students will probably flounder helplessly and fail or drop out.

—Josephine Vento

THE FRIENDLY DOLPHIN

Like the first issue of English 50 last semester, this the second could not have been published without the encouragement and support of the editorial board of The Dolphin. Similar acts of generosity by The Dolphin toward other SICC publications—Black Awakening, Evening Student News, and Vanguard—must also be applauded.

The Inquiring Reporter

By Robert Rogers

Home . . .

For most college students, the most controversial topic at hand is the Selective Service. While it would be safe to say that the draft affects everyone between his 19th and 26th birthdays, the impact and direction of it varies from person to person. The newly revised quota-filling system, referred to as the draft lottery, has relieved much tension and anxiety for some and conversely has built up unwarranted fear in others.

Both men and women on campus have expressed adamant views concerning the established Selective Service System. In an overall picture, students appear to be thoroughly opposed. One girl spoke against the draft when she said, "I don't think anyone has the right to take two years out of a man's life. It's like slavery."

Another student did not only disagree with the draft, but also protested the lottery system when he said, "No one should have to be drafted. It's almost like the idea of pick-a-winner, and then you're caught by it and don't know how to get out of it."

Throughout the course of the semester, students are plagued with many problems. It is quite ironic, however, that although they may complete their term papers or pass their exams, they still have the fear of Uncle Sam's "Greetings."

. . . And Abroad

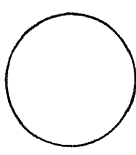
The insignificance of student organizations is reflected through many of our community college campuses. Although there are many organized groups, clubs, and the like on campus, the percentage of active memberships with relation to total enrollment is surprisingly very low.

Lack of interest is not a trademark of this upcoming generation, and even the students themselves are unable to establish concrete reasons for this dilemma.

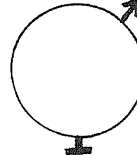
Mark Butler, a sophomore at Kingsborough Community College, says, "Clubs are out of style. The only reason for someone to join one, like the Business Club, is to avoid writing a term paper."

Cathy Mulligan, a freshman at Manhattan Community College says that campus activities, although somewhat organized, are "not too bad for such a new school." But it would not be practical to compare intercollegiate activities on such a new campus to those in full swing at such an established college as Kingsborough or SICC.

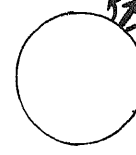
It is crystal clear, however, that this generation has rejected another phenomenon of the establishment and is probably searching for something with a definite, established base, but with an entirely new and different substance.



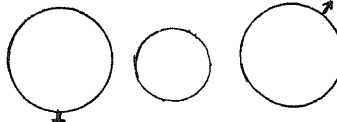
"Those army barbers are too much!"



"Hi, Sweetie!"



"Boy, have I got problems!"



"What am I, Mommy and Daddy!"

Marijuana — A Killer?

By Stephen Garelli

"The killer drug"—this was the term used in 1942 to describe what is commonly known today as "pot." The propagandists of that earlier period insinuated that smoking it allegedly drove people to acts of rape and murder.

Times have changed. Today in America alone there are an estimated 10,000,000 people who smoke "pot" either regularly or occasionally. Its usage is no longer confined to the "hippy types"; many prominent businessmen and socialites are now known to be using it. If the 1942 rumor proved to be correct, then logically there would be 10,000,000 rapists and murderers presently roaming the streets of America.

It is obvious that the 1942 rumors were based on blind fear rather than concrete fact. Recent scientific studies have found marijuana to be harmless and non-addictive. In fact, many investigators claim that marijuana is less harmful than alcohol and tobacco, both of which are addictive. The facts on marijuana are best summed up in the 1942 La Guardia Report which concluded, "Those who have been smoking marijuana for a period of years showed no mental or physical deterioration attributable to the drug. . . Marijuana is not a drug of addiction, comparable to heroin. . . Marijuana does not lead to heroin addiction. . . Marijuana is not the determining factor in the commission of crimes. . . . The recent publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marijuana smoking is unfounded."

The La Guardia Report leads to the conclusion that marijuana should be legalized. However, the Federal Government has recently declared an all-out war on marijuana and its users. Operation Intercept—just discarded—cut off

they were doing so then. In short, he told her that he enjoyed his job and status in the community and therefore would do nothing. Mrs. Harrison has since then compiled statistics, held meetings with interested black committees on Staten Island, and gone before a number of school boards in an effort to get the situation changed. Her unflagging efforts were vividly described in a lengthy article in the Staten Island Advance last spring.

Port Richmond Schools . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

This system of placing black children in lower classes, said Mrs. Harrison, dulls their intellectual stimulation due to a feeling of inferiority.

In relating her experience with Port Richmond schools, Mrs. Harrison told the Afro-American history class of the meetings she had with the Principal of P.S. 20. He told her that if he allowed the classification system to run differently, the whites would move out of the area even faster than

80% of the marijuana traffic crossing the Mexican border into the U.S. The purpose of this blockade was, in the words of the Attorney General John Mitchell, "to reduce the rate of heroin addiction" which he concluded was caused by marijuana. Unfortunately, the plan backfired in that it caused an increase in heroin addiction rather than a decrease.

The reason for this was twofold. First, the weak-willed marijuana users, unable to procure it, started to turn to other harder drugs. Second, making the most of the situation, the underworld radically escalated the heroin traffic and in doing so made it much easier to purchase.

After seeing their mistakes, the Federal Government cancelled Operation Intercept (under fire also by the Mexican Government) and initiated other measures to deter marijuana smoking. The penalties for marijuana possession were made more severe. The present Federal law imposes a two-to-ten-year sentence for first offenders caught with even a minute amount of marijuana. Second and third offenders receive two-to-twenty and two-to-forty years, respectively.

While these sentences seem outrageously harsh, in comparison to State laws they are light. There are cases on record of up to fifty year sentences for a first offense possession of marijuana in various states. Rapists, murderers, and grand larcenists usually get off with much less.

These heavy sentences are levied by an elite corps of "arm-chair alcoholics" who are still living in 1942 and who still believe in the old wives' tale that marijuana is a "killer drug." These people certainly do not adhere to the philosophy of Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado: "Let the punishment fit the crime."

Smoke-filled hazes of brain Breathing through the skin of night Piercing the maddened panic of rebellion. Sights of the delirious spectrum Approaching the ultimate and unique phases of enchanting gloom Greveled with luminous meditations on the feeling of sound.

Viejo

By Fred Rohan

Once there was an old man who lived all alone in a big house. The house was so big that it was hard to see how one person could keep it looking so well. People would wonder about the old man and his big house. Why? Many months before, the old man announced time to time that his end was near. The doctor of the town would say that his mind was the only thing that was coming to an end. Some people sympathized with the old man, and some people would just ignore him. In general, the majority of the people agreed with the town doctor.

The old man's house was painted and repaired. He would spend days just cleaning the furniture. All the windows and doors were locked. The people who were concerned about the old man called the priest of the town to see what happened to the old man. The priest arrived at the great big house and knocked at the door. Not a sound was heard. The priest knocked again. The inside of the house still remained silent. At this time the priest began to become worried. Trying to get in the house, the priest had to bang the door open. He felt that there was something strange going on.

Walking through the house, the priest noticed the appearance of the old man's furniture. It seemed to him that the old man was planning to move. All of a sudden, he heard a chair being moved upstairs. The priest's curiosity leads him to wander upstairs. At the end of the hallway, there was a closed room. The noise seemed to be coming from that room. When the priest entered the closed room, he found the old man sitting in the corner. The old man had all his valuables surrounding him.

Looking at the old man, the priest asked him where he was going. The old man didn't bother to look up. The priest asked again, "My son, where are you going?" The old man finally looked up at the priest and replied, "My end is near." The priest, astonished by the old man's reply, advised him to see the doctor. But the old man wanted the priest to give him his blessing. The priest refused to bless the old man until he saw the doctor. The old man replied that he didn't have much time. The priest impatiently replied, "Do you expect to move into God's House?" The old man answered, "You should know more about that than I, Father."

The priest was puzzled. He turned around to question the old man. The priest felt disturbed about the old man's reply. He turned around to question the old man's answer, but the corner was empty.

Smoke-filled hazes of brain Breathing through the skin of night Piercing the maddened panic of rebellion. Sights of the delirious spectrum Approaching the ultimate and unique phases of enchanting gloom Greveled with luminous meditations on the feeling of sound.

—Christine Mac Farlane

To Be or Not to Be Mangus

By Diana Blafford

Characters

- Narrator, Mother, Father, Old Lady, Old Man, Negro, Cop, Desk Sergeant

Act I

Scene: The basement laboratory of Mother and Father. The laboratory contains a big glass womb. Inside it is Mangus, who is sitting down with his legs folded. There are microphones and wires connected to the womb so that Mangus can converse.

Narrator: Eighteen years ago, two people, both biochemical engineers, married and set out to produce a superior being. In the basement laboratory of their home, they secretly produced Mangus through artificial reproduction. Their purpose was to make him superior to all. At the age of eighteen, he was to be born. Within this womb he was able to converse. Mother and Father would teach him and give him their love through the womb. They overlooked one aspect. They hid the evils of the world and presented only its beauty because they themselves failed to see evil. Now this play will be brought before you and you will be both judge and jury. (In the dark lab there is one light focused on the womb. Mother and Father struggle to remove Mangus from the womb. Mangus is impatient to be freed from his prison.)

Mother: (Excited) Hold his head up. Be careful, don't hurt him! Father: He's heavy. Help me. Grab his arm. Pull harder. Mother: Hurry! He's getting excited. Pull harder. Father: (To Mangus) Be calm. It will not be long. I'm cutting your umbilical cord right now. Mother: He's free from the womb. Let him stand on his own two feet!

Mangus: (Mangus is diamond blue in color and stark naked. He is four feet tall with a rather large shiny head and shrill voice.)

THE JOURNEY

It lived with him as weeds in gardens grow Among the flowers. Soon they are one bud. How strange to fight when you're your only foe! No difference, win or lose, you'll have less blood. He left the garden to the weeds and fled Where people help when they see one is hurt, Or so he thought. While he profusely bled They passed, and most remarks they made were curt. Despite their scorn he waged a private war, For every man, like Jason, has his fleece. He searched the world, he opened every door To find a place where he could rest in peace. So choosing the harsh desert, he died there. At least the sun will bleach his bones with, care. —Dennis Sullivan

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

A brand new law, in case you haven't heard, Demands all normal humans to be the same. With none can you exchange a pleasant word, Your number's in the file. You have no name. The word remains the same. From day to day Communication is a one-way street. There's always an excuse why they can't stay, If only winter's cold or summer's heat. White clouds are dragged by force through leaden skies. The day is overpowered by the night And as a mist appears before your eyes. They walk in shadows made by no real light. When people part, they part with no goodbye. For what's the sense in taking time, to lie? —Dennis Sullivan

At last I'm free. You call yourselves my parents. You've kept me imprisoned in this womb for eighteen years but now I'm free. Speak. What is your response? Mother: But we thought that we've provided you with a secure environment. Mangus: Secure environment? This beautiful world is waiting for me and you've kept me imprisoned. This is what I think of your womb.

(Mangus smashes the womb and runs out of the house still naked.)

Father: Mangus, come back. Don't leave us!

Act II (Scene I)

The place is a busy city street with newspaper stands, Negroes and Whites segregated and old ladies and old men walking.

Narrator: The superior being Mangus sees an open door and runs through it. Now Mangus will see the real world.

Mangus: (Runs up from the basement and into a crowd of old ladies and men stark naked. People screaming; old ladies start hitting Mangus with their umbrellas; the old men kick him; a squad car comes.) What's happening? What did I do wrong?

Old Lady: You degenerate bastard! What kind of a home do you come from?

Old Man: Pervert! Pervert! (Negroes and Whites gather around Mangus.)

Negro: Dig that crazy color! Cop: (Comes over with a club in his hand.) Hippie, trying to start a riot, eh?

(The cop hits Mangus over the head with a club. Mangus falls. The cop grabs Mangus by the arm and throws him into a squad car.)

(Scene 2) A typical police station. Desk Sergeant: (Leans over, looks at Mangus and laughs.)

What kind of a nut is this? (To Mangus:) What are you trying to prove? Mangus: Who are you? (Still puzzled:) What did I do wrong?

Desk Sergeant: (Laughs) Do you make a habit of walking around in your birthday suit?

(To Cop:) Frisk him for drugs. Mangus: Let me go back to my womb. Desk Sergeant: Thirty days. (Scene 3)

(Mangus is walking around aimlessly. People are rejecting him from society and he is puzzled.) Narrator: Thirty days later, Mangus is let out of jail and is given some clothes. He is still in a daze and does not know what to expect.

Mangus: (To himself:) What have I done? What will I do? When will I do it?

(A little kid comes over to Mangus and beats him up. Mangus gets on his feet and runs away.)

This world is a bad trip! I must find my womb.

(Sees a blind man sitting down and asks directions to his home.) Excuse me. Can you help me back to my womb?

Blind Man: What are you, some kind of nut? Oh, yes, now I remember you. You're the fellow who's been running stark naked.

Mangus: (Sees his house.) Oh, I see my house. My womb! I can finally return to my womb. (Runs off towards house.)

Act III Scene: An empty basement with a light focused on the shattered womb.

Mangus: (Walks over to the womb.) What have I done to my womb? My parents lied to me. This world is not even fit for animals. I was beaten, ridiculed, discriminated against and thrown into jail. Why . . .

(Picks up fragment of womb.) This world is not for me. There must be something better somewhere . . .

(Mangus smashes the womb on his head and dies.) (Mother and Father enter the lab and see Mangus in a pool of blood.)

Father: Where have we gone wrong? I gave him everything I had; I taught him everything I knew. But these kids don't appreciate anything you do for them.

Mother: It's all your fault. If you would have given him a little more love . . . (Curtain)

Movie Review

By Martin Kalish

"Paint Your Wagon" is a spectacular western musical based on the Broadway show of the same name. The plot centers on the development of a gold-mining camp into a bawdy boom town.

When a Mormon, with two wives, passes through the womanless camp, the miners persuade him to sell one of his wives in an auction. Lee Marvin buys the attractive Jean Seberg and marries her in one of many hilarious scenes. Later she falls in love with Clint Eastwood, Lee Marvin's partner, and the three decide that if a Mormon can have more than one wife, a wife can have more than one husband. The town's progress and the effect it has on the lives of the characters create a humorous story.

The Lerner and Loewe score is excellent, but detracted by stars who can not sing. The one exception is Harvey Presnell, who does the most popular song "They Call the Wind Maria."

The acting, especially Lee Marvin's performance, is good. The comedy lines are excellent, and in spite of the star's singing, the picture is certainly worth making the effort to see.

I Downcast was my being Without water did I live I wanted but a word But it was denied.

Through the night vigils I waited hopelessly I did not understand this person Thus I wondered how could anyone else know In darkness was my soul With nowhere to turn Truth was lost Though it seemed found.

II Peace replaced by war A battle within me Nowhere to turn. Within our reach it stood But no one grasped it Knowing but not knowing Wanting to love but not able Completely lost in one's self Permitting no escape.

—Gerard Moss

MARCHING THROUGH TIME BACKWARDS

The moment we are born our life decays And every step we take becomes our last. It's strange, how death can use us for its end, Since by our very fleeing it arrives. The dawn and twilight of our years are one As living seems more powerful than death. In youth, its mention only brings a laugh And in old age, a knowledgeable sigh But somewhere in between great fear is born As we, like crops, are stunted by a plague. A dismal spectre looms at every turn And blots out all the sunshine life can give. Amid this great confusion one forgets The only cause of death is having lived!

—Dennis Sullivan

BIRTH

To be a part of the puzzle is good. If you're a section of sisy you're blud. As green is to grass and trees to a wood You become an it, no longer a who. When the sun rises who dares look at it? Millions of eyes in the same senseless face. Run, child, don't stop, there's a prize in the pit. Lose? Rest assured, it's not even a race. To their dismay He sought that lonely place Upon which dash the endless waves of one. And with a look behind at every pace He lived where only He could see the sun. When they came to reclaim Him as their own The oneness made them pale, and they went home.

—Dennis Sullivan

The SG President

Two Points of View

By John Besignano

This is an interview with Mas Lohw, newly elected Student Government president. Mr. Lohw is an imposing figure, at six feet tall, with deep set thoughtful eyes and a mane and beard of brown-red hair. He is considered capable in administration circles, but of what, remains to be seen.

Eng. 50: How does it feel to be the new president of Student Government?

Lohw: All Power to the People.

Eng. 50: I take it that slogan means the people will rule their government?

Lohw: Yes. The students here will govern themselves through their dedicated representatives.

Eng. 50: But you were elected by about .2% of the student body. In other words, a select group of students control Student Government.

Lohw: Bullshit, Man! We were elected by the students who care enough about their fellowman to elect a government that feels the same.

Eng. 50: You mean that .2% of the students have such humanitarian feelings that they know what's good for the other 99.8%?

Lohw: You know it . . . All Power to the People.

Eng. 50: The select people.

Lohw: Well, if the majority of the students here don't know what to do, it is up to us to show them the light.

Eng. 50: You and your associates are the self-appointed saviors of the student body?

Lohw: We know what is right and just. We must open the little minds of those that are blind to the truth.

Eng. 50: Just how are you going to open these little minds?

Lohw: By using the media open to us—the student publications—to educate these people.

Eng. 50: But the student publications are one-sided.

Lohw: We have the right view; why waste valuable space on useless garbage?

Eng. 50: You do believe in freedom of the press?

Lohw: Yes, absolutely.

Eng. 50: But only for you?

Lohw: No! For everyone. All Power to the People.

Eng. 50: It is interesting to note that during this campaign you did not permit your picture to be taken. Why?

Lohw: One does not win by looks.

Eng. 50: Yes, but one could lose because of looks.

Lohw: What do you mean by that?

Eng. 50: Is it not true that your long hair and beard would have lost you quite a few votes of those that did vote?

Lohw: Yes. But as I said before, looks don't win an election.

Eng. 50: Then why not have your picture taken?

Lohw: I'm not photogenic.

Eng. 50: Any comments on the accusation that you ran your campaign in a way that didn't express your political views? In fact, didn't you present yourself as a good-time charlie?

Lohw: Those accusations came from those that are too blind to see clearly.

Eng. 50: You mean that "Mas is groovy" shows your political views?

(Continued in Next Column)

By Walter Pylp

Two hours after the results of the Student Government elections were released, our new president, Sam Wohl, was asked these questions:

Q: Did you think that you'd win the elections?

A: I was optimistic; I had a pretty good idea that I'd win.

Q: People whose names appeared under the same platform with you—were they part of your party?

A: No, these are the people who agreed with my platform and joined me.

Q: Do you have any immediate plans?

A: No, just a referendum which will take place in the near future.

Q: How will the referendum be run?

A: All students and faculty will receive a letter with an issue, they will vote on it, and a place will be designated for the letters to be dropped off.

Q: Some rightists in this college feel that, because you belong to the Salt of the Earth, you will favor the leftists.

A: I hope that they realize, and I'm speaking of all the students on this campus, that no matter what their political views are, the students have "the say" in the steps taken by Student Government.

Q: Are you willing to do everything the students want, even though it may be against your belief?

A: As I said before, the students have "the say." I'm only one man who has the same vote as everyone else in this school.

Q: Is the Salt of the Earth going to work with Student Government?

A: No, Salt of the Earth has nothing to do with Student Government.

Q: Is there anything that you want the students to know?

A: Yes, there are going to be many changes on this campus.

Lohw: Not really, but the thought is there.

Eng. 50: I understand that you have a bit of opposition in the student senate.

Lohw: They'll learn . . . or else . . .

Eng. 50: Learn what? Learn what? They'll learn that I'm their leader and they listen and follow orders. All Power to the People.

All Power to the . . .

(Note: At this time I was unable to complete the interview because Mas was being helped away by two of his aides — if I may be permitted to relate that event.)

Eng. 50: What happened to Mas?

Aide #1: He always gets this way under pressure. (To Mas: Come now, everything will be all right. That nasty reporter is leaving. Be a good boy.)

Aide #2: All he needs is his medicine, and he'll be all right.

Eng. 50: Does this happen often?

Aide #1: Oh, about three or four times a day. Nothing to worry about.

Eng. 50: Will this affect Student Government?

Aide #2: We'll know soon enough. You will have to excuse us now; he needs his medicine.

The Mystery of Lady Madaleine

By Michael Cala

Alighting from Charing Cross Station, and rambling on As was my wont,

Amid the inviolable flowering countryside,

With dense communities of great Oak forming archways

Whilst with grandeur of a king I passed.

Meandering further, past

Faversham Moor,

Rounding a bend formed by

anciente Andesite,

Came I upon a venerable

structure, its

Magnificence surpassing all

description;

So formidable as to enrapt the

senses.

A castle it was, I presumed, if

castles be so vast;

But a grand palace I should

call it.

With great multiple colored

glass portals

And towers at every turn;

Its walls so very vast and thick

as to rival

The Bastille itself;

Pallor as grim and heavy as

Death.

On the foreshore of the formidable

moat

A breathless maiden did beseech

me;

She possessing flaming tresses

and tear-smote eyes,

Calling to mind fair Andromeda.

"Lady Madaleine, dear sir, is my

name, and though

This be modern time,

My home is being ravaged."

"Your home, indeed," laughed I

icily,

"If so, how come you to possess

such?"

" 'Tis but an old heirloom, I

know,

Handed from lustful barons

Of dark centuries past.

But sir, the ravagers I speak of

Are not of mortal stuff,

Being spectres of enemies of

family past,

Seeking to carry true the curse

of generations gone:

To carry a castle descendant to

death;

I being that ill-fated

descendant!"

As she raved, I knew fair

Madaleine was indeed mad,

And I had not patience to indulge

her this crotchet.

Peering at her, closely now, I

beheld beauty at its best,

With eyes of sky-color and flesh

like florid petals,

Lips as crimson as the heart

so pure

Which I knew she must possess.

Her countenance and beauty

having taken me,

I resolved, therefore, to do

her bid;

At her direction, the castle I

destroyed,

Knowing no one abided within,

With an ancient weapon

stationed by the moat.

Having done the deed, and

seeking to take the mad maid

with me,

And her love to possess,

I turned to receive my desserts;

Only to find not fair Madaleine,

nay,

But the vestments she wore,

Strewn where she prior did stand

'Twas then I knew the spectres

she raved of did exist;

But she failed to tell me she,

as they,

Was not of modern time.

An End to Losing

NYC-Good Sport at Last

By Dennis Sullivan

Since New York City is admittedly a lucrative market, it has been frequently argued that the metropolitan area could indeed afford to support even losing professional teams. The hardy fan thus has suffered through years of frustration as team after hapless team finished at or near the bottom of its respective division. But now the loyalty of many a die-hard sports buff is being repaid one-hundred-fold.

At present, three New York teams occupy first place in both hockey, football and basketball. New York, always the nation's leader in finance, fashion, and art, has once again become its sports center, as in the days of Ruth and Gehrig. This abrupt turnabout has had noticeable effects on all aspects of our fair city's myriad populace.

It would be pure conjecture if one tried to analyze how much a part the Mets' success this summer played in keeping the city

"cool." Likewise, how many votes did Mayor Lindsay gain by simply being seen with Tom Seaver?

One thing is certain, however: the miracle pulled off by the Mets, the Jets' shocking upset of the Colts in the last Super Bowl, and the so-far invincibility of the Knicks and Rangers have done wonders for New York's image and prestige. It has taken a group of perennial cellar-dwellers to show the citizenry what a little optimism and self-confidence can accomplish.

In a year when underdogs act like favorites, it is therefore no surprise that John Lindsay can get away with the biggest political caper in decades. The voters apparently associate his administration with the heroics of our city's various teams, whether or not that association is indeed valid. One cannot help but wonder about Lindsay's political future if he can somehow persuade those awful Giants to move to New Jersey!

Physical Fitness

New Course Introduced

By Lee Heffernan

Physical fitness has been given a great deal of attention by the American public. The late President John F. Kennedy, along with many national leaders, have expressed personal interest and support of active physical fitness programs. The President's Council on Physical Fitness is presently advocating physical exercise for the promotion of general health. Physical exercise is a significant factor in the reduction of heart disease. The Council is specifying that the important factor in exercising is the kind of exercise one does. Another important factor is your definition of fitness. Because you are not bed-ridden and are able to run up a flight of stairs without fainting does not mean you are Super Sam. It may very well mean you are doing yourself harm by taking on a flight of stairs when your body is not ready for the stimulus.

Lately there has been a great deal of interest in the problem of just what is enough exercise.

Nuremberg 1969 . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

ders is guilty of that offense until he proved that the order was illegal.

Disobedience in combat is even more risky. Many times a soldier who has ignored an order in battle has been executed on the spot. A prominent U.S. general has stated: "You can't have your men running under fire, can you?" The big question now is: "What were Calley's orders and who issued them?"

College 1969-70 . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

he has covered everything from Afro studies to co-ed dorms and commune living. But then again, nothing passes by the student of today unnoticed.

Causes . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

Trustees may refuse to continue to support institutions which allow deplorable conduct. Repercussions can become injurious and the student may conceivably find himself in a far less enviable position.

Youth would do well to stop and reflect. Their cause has attained sufficient publicity. They must evaluate the probability of satisfaction with the price of possible failure and the destruction of social order. Patience is the magic ingredient desperately needed, yet woefully absent.

The program of this year's Student Government is the most ambitious in SICC's history. It must succeed!

—Mary Ellen McDonough