HORIZONS

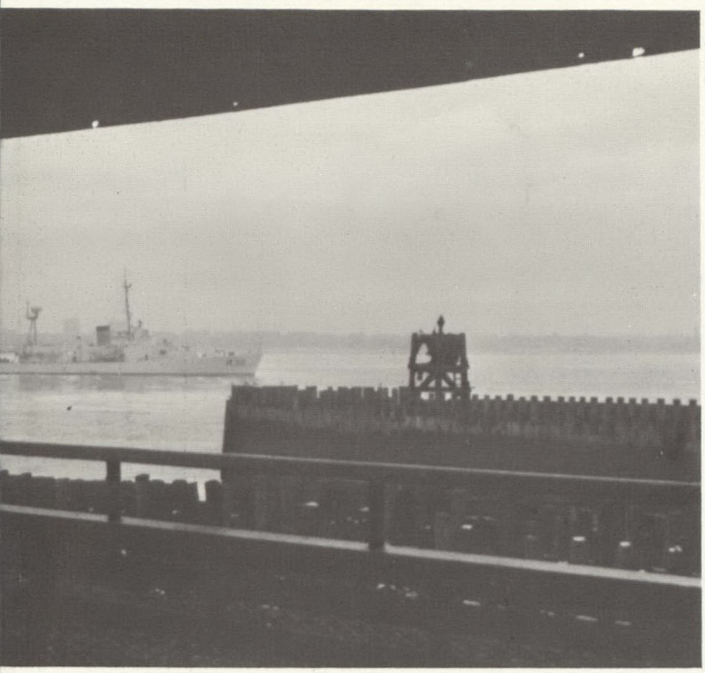
'66

HORIZONS 1966

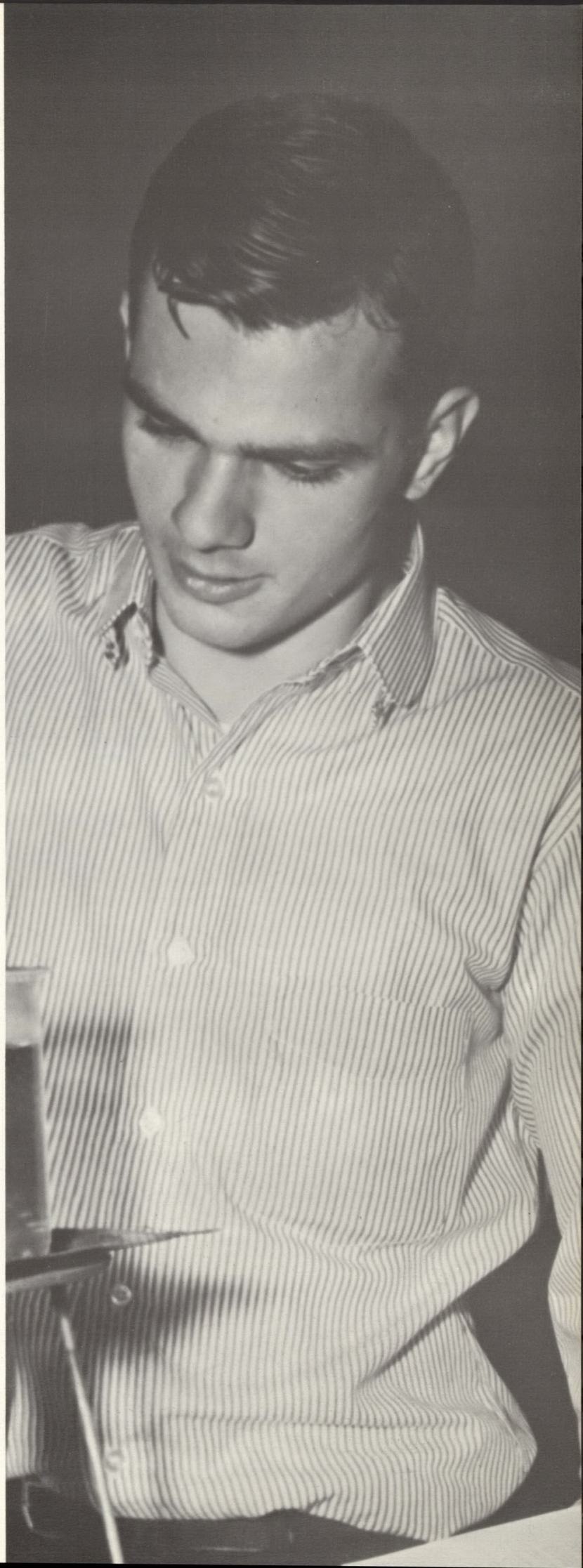
STATEN ISLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE

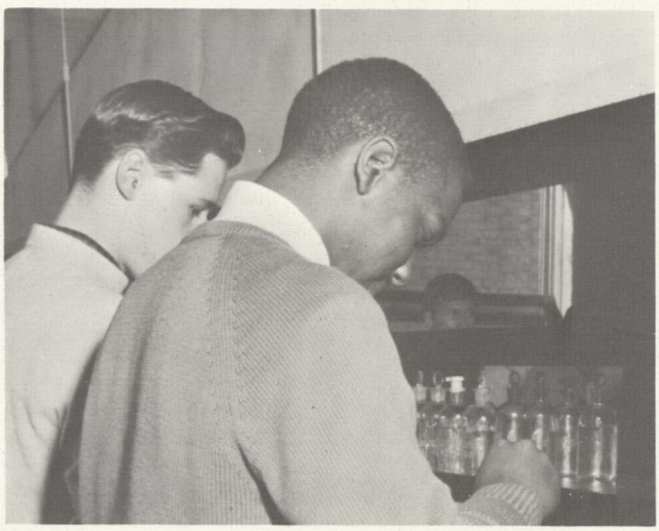
Staten Island, New York

Every day . . .

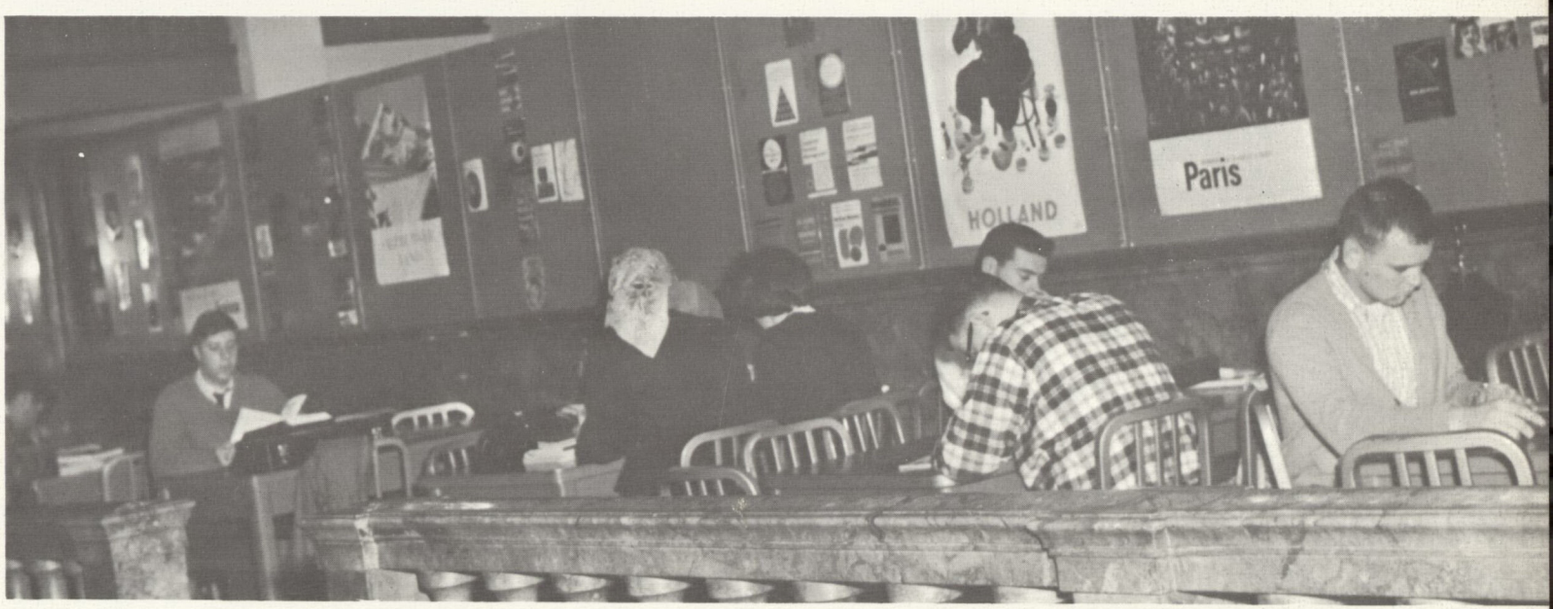


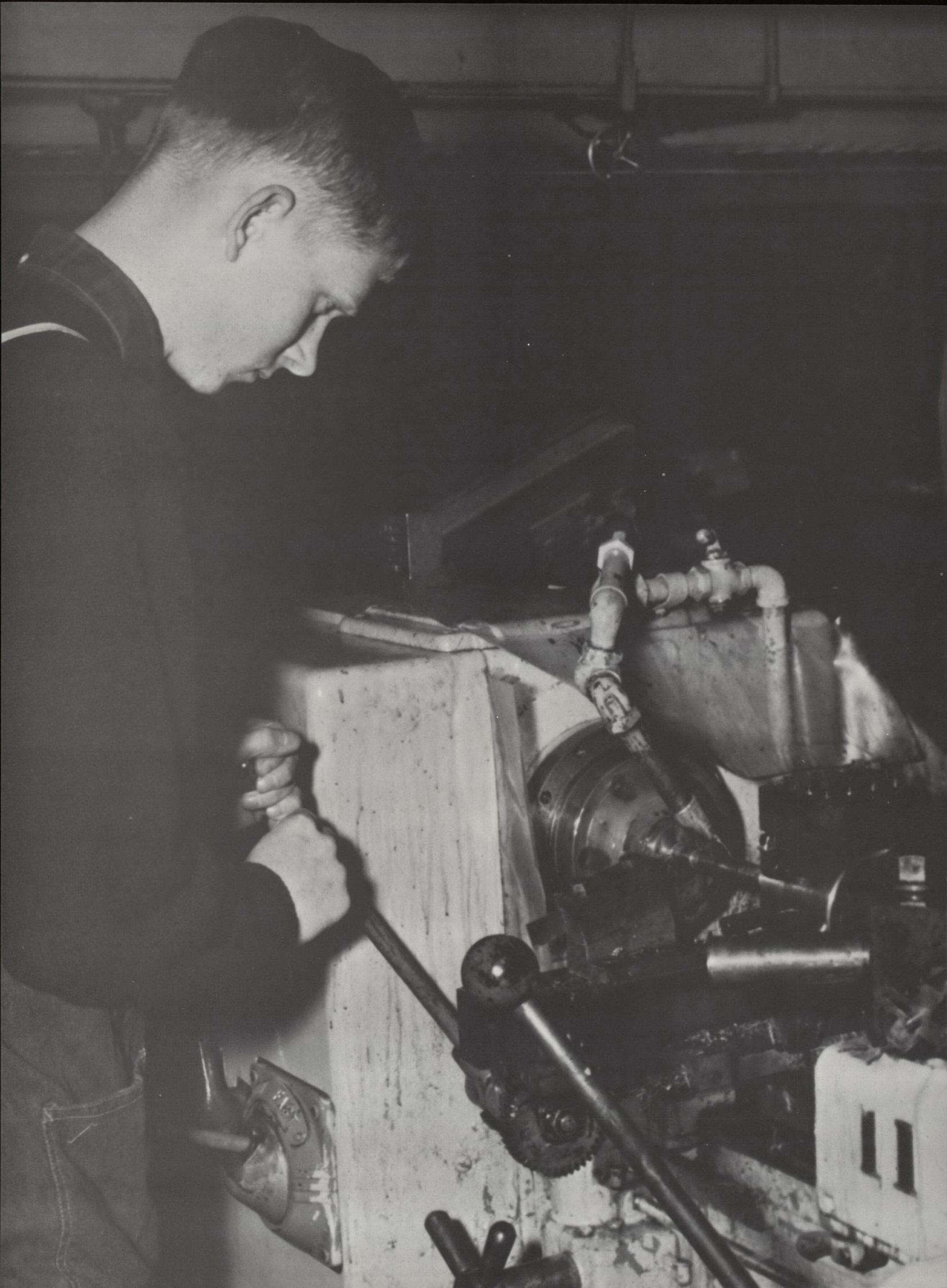
ST. GEORGE CLIP

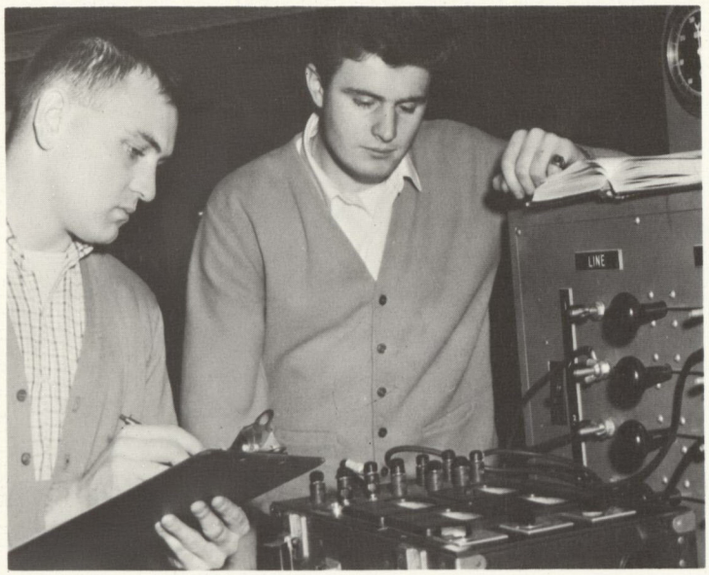




Labs and Library . . .







Questions and Answers . .

STATEN ISLAND COMMUNITY COLLEGE

OF

THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

50 Bay Street, St. George
Staten Island 1, N. Y.
GIbraltar 8-9000

Office of the President

Message to the Class of 1966:

A man once asked an oracle "Where shall I die?" Knowing, the man planned never to go there and thence never to die. In a similar vein, I observed many years ago that most old, retired persons live entirely in the past, reviewing again and again their moments of happiness and glory. Then it also became obvious to me that youngsters live almost entirely in the present and the future, seldom looking backward.

Fascinating questions arose in my mind. Is there a cause-effect relationship between the orientation of our thinking and our philosophical, psychological, and physical ages? Which is cause, which is effect? Can we keep ourselves youthful by consciously focusing our thoughts ahead to the future? Although in my own order of priorities I have never been able to devote the time to an exhaustive study of this intriguing possibility, I am firmly convinced that there is some measure of truth in it.

And now, as you complete your work for your degrees at Staten Island Community College, I commend you for your perseverance and success and extend my best wishes for the future. At the same time you cannot lose by keeping your attention focused forward on your goals (there might be something to that youthful business!) But do not let it interfere with your ties to alma mater, which we value so highly.

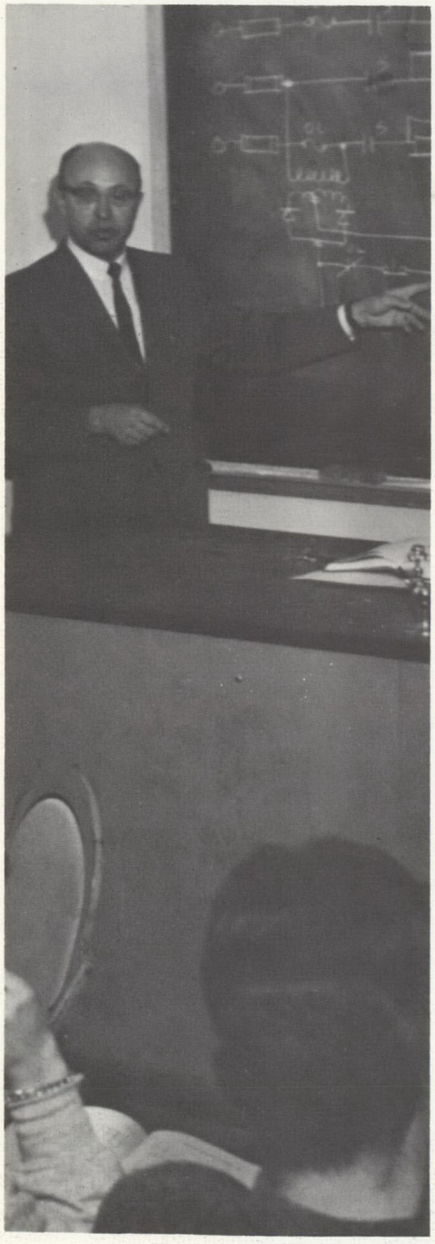
Sincerely,

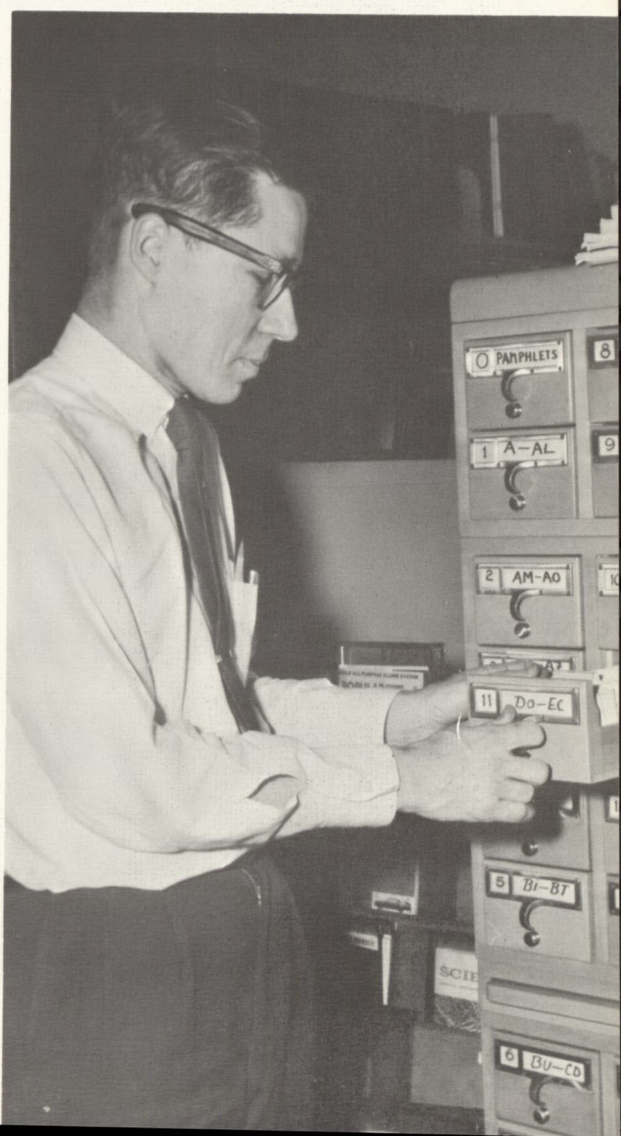
Walter L. Willig

Walter L. Willig
President

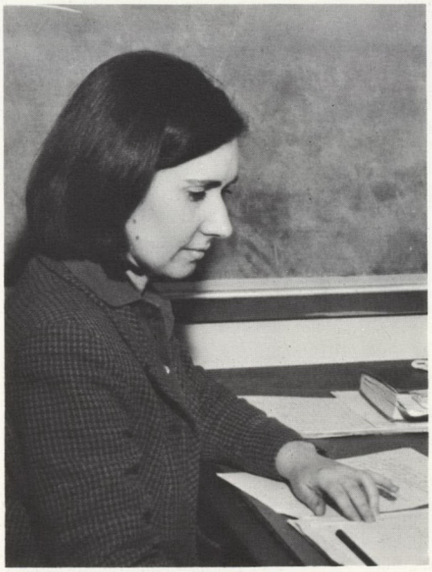
February 24, 1966

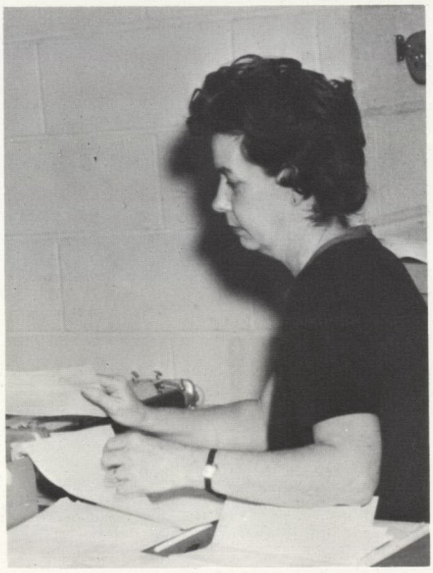
FACULTY AND STAFF

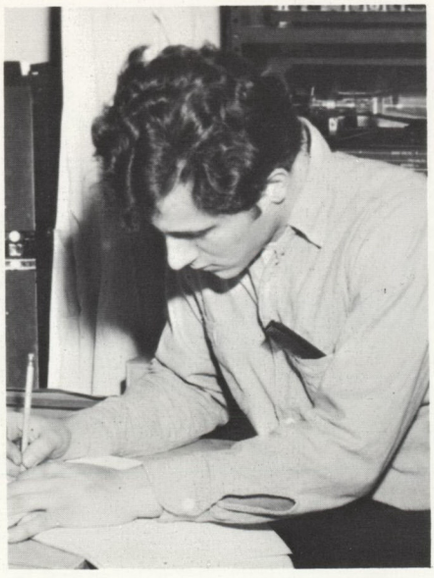


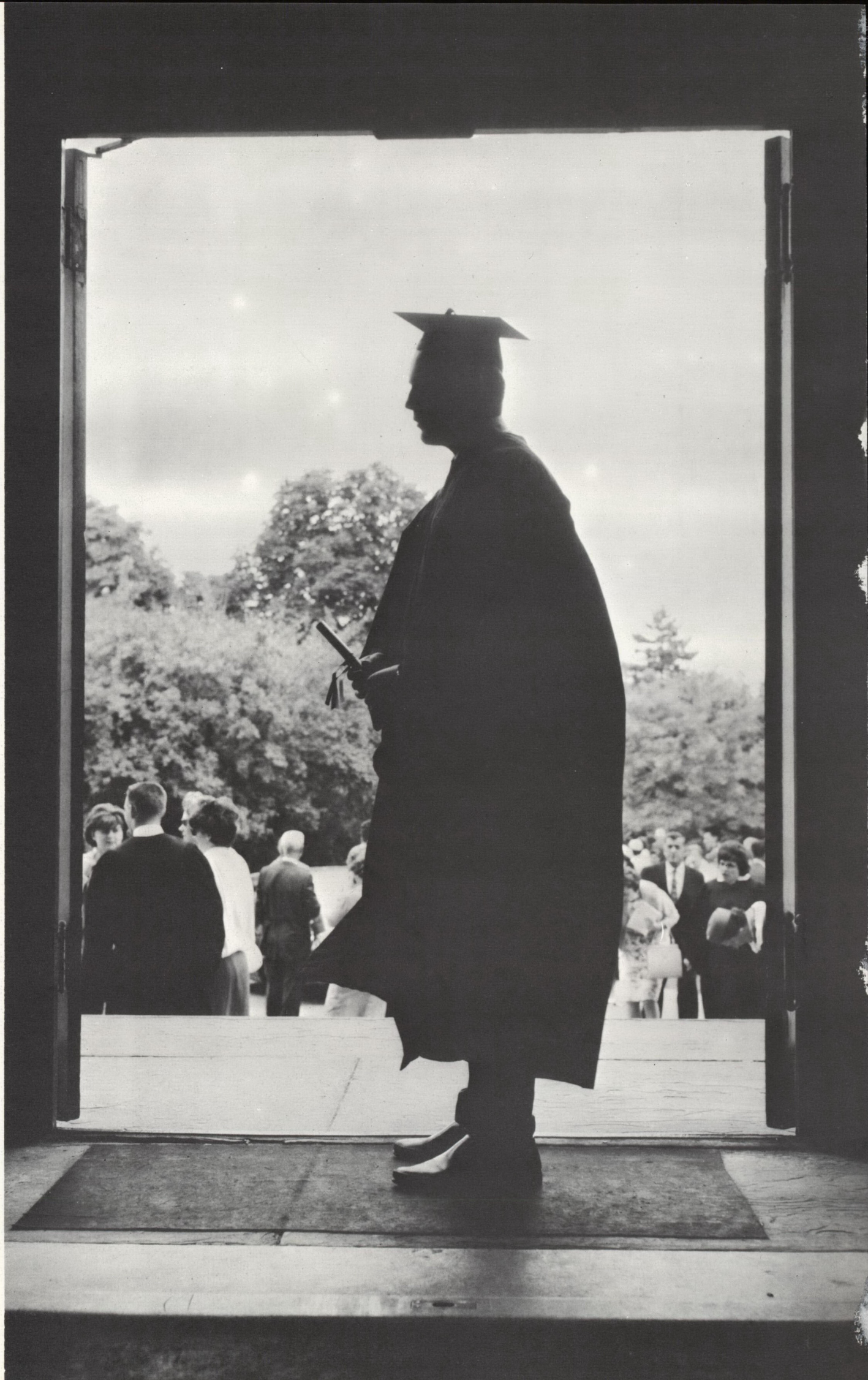

PAMPHLETS
A-AL
AM-AO
DO-EC
BI-BT
BU-CD

A History of the Roman World
ANCIENT TIMES to 1975

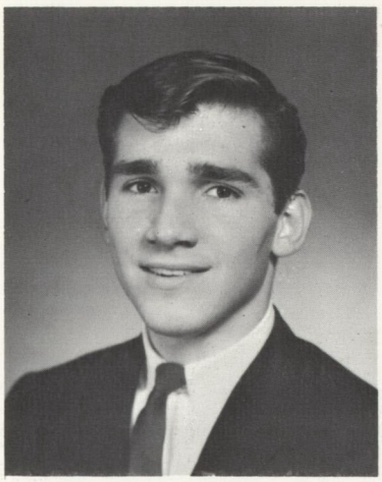








THE CLASS OF 1966



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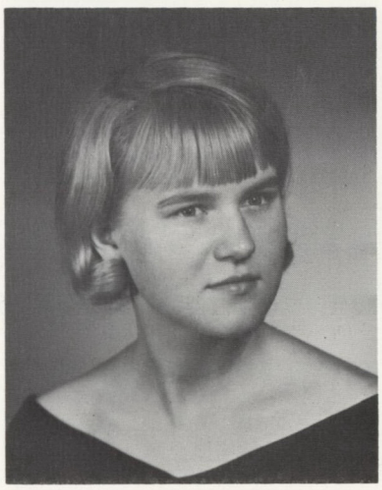
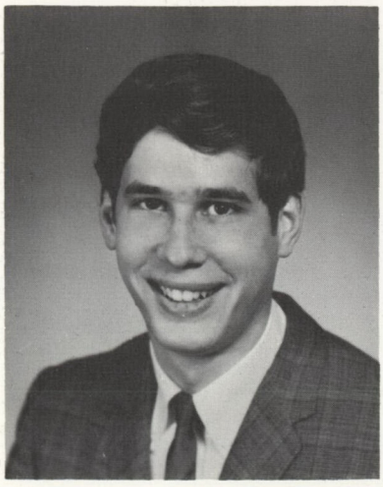


LINDA MAE ALLES

ROBERT AMENDOLA

ALAN BARTON

LYNNE BARDAVID



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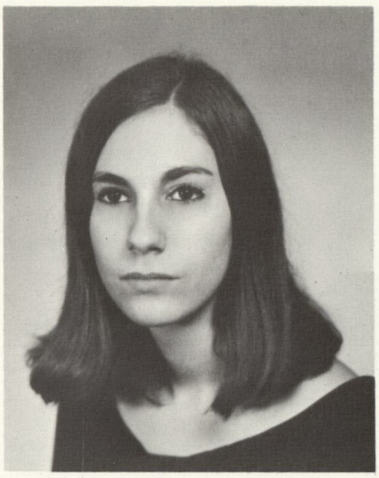
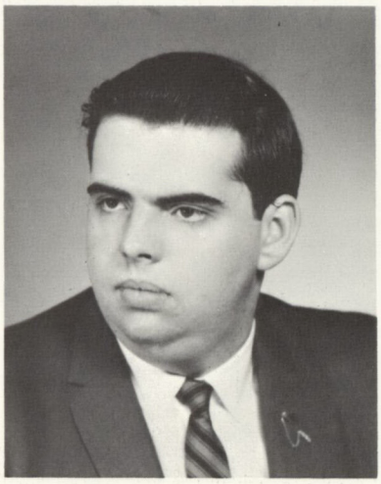


MARSHA BAROUCH

ARLENE BAYUK

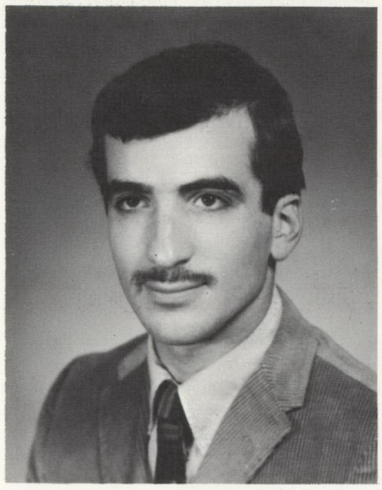


MARK BEERMAN

DONNA BELLACK

ELLEN BIANCA

CHARLOTTE BIRTWELL



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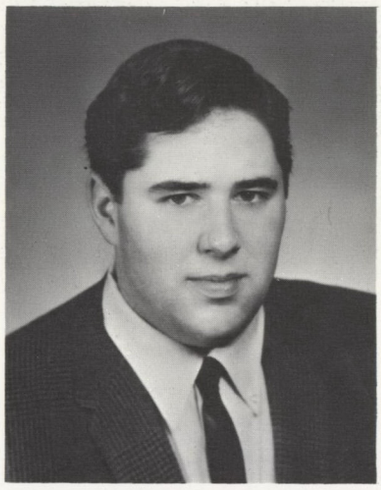
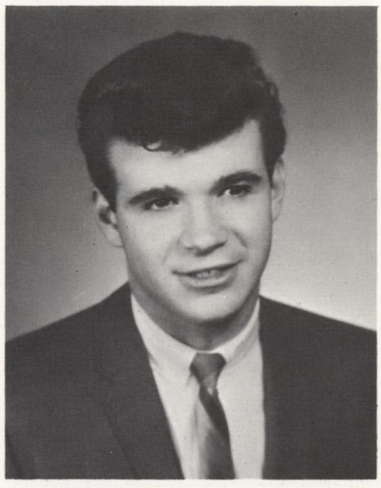


STEVEN BLOCK

MARK BRONSTEIN



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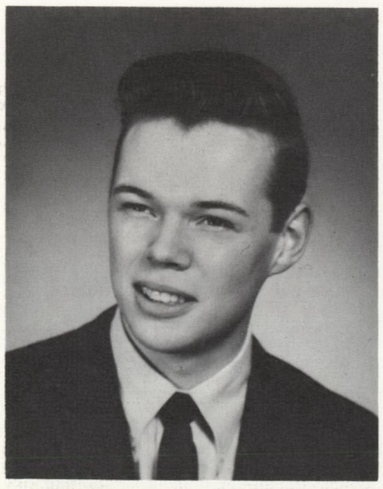
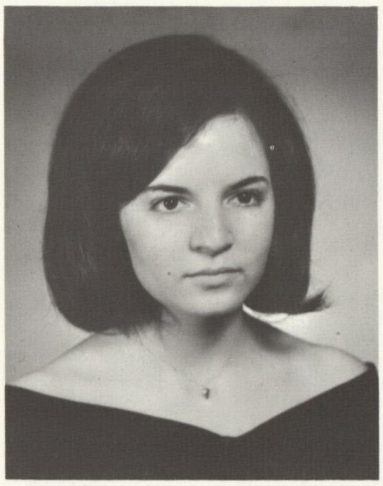


THOMAS BUON

CONNIE CANZONERI

VITA COMO



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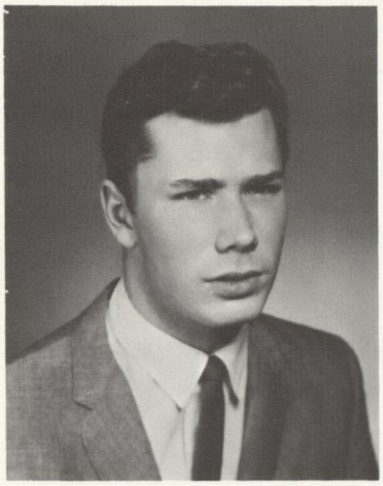

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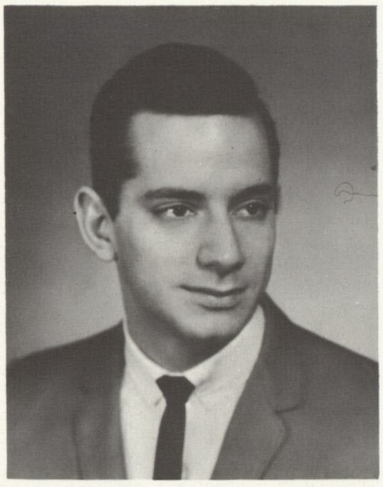

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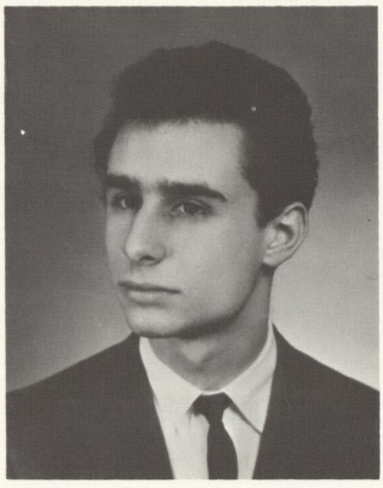
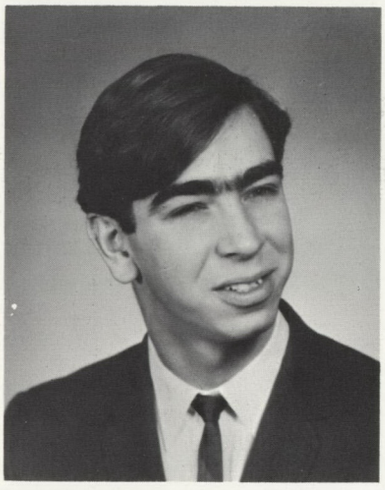


JOSEPH CONTORNO

CARMINE CRUDELE

BEVERLY CRUPI



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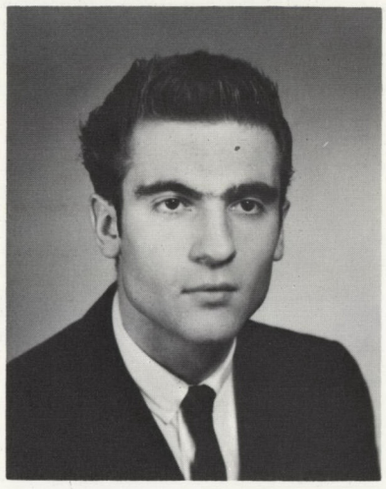

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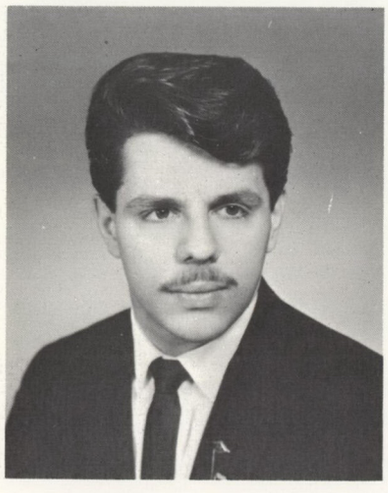

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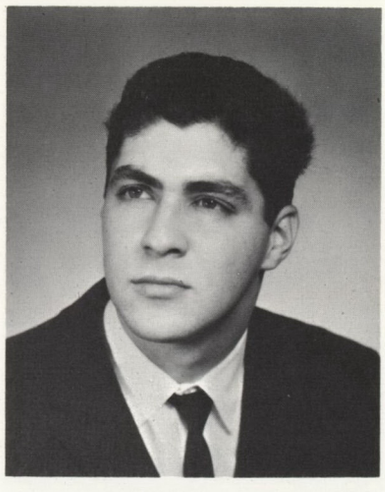

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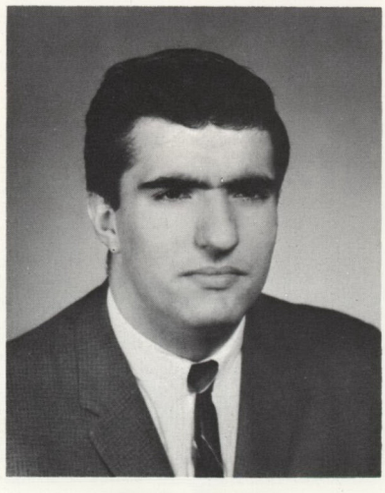
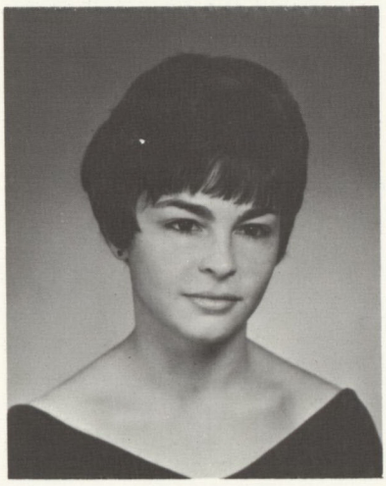


GINO DELTIN

MICHELE DINAPOLI

LENA D'ESPOSITO



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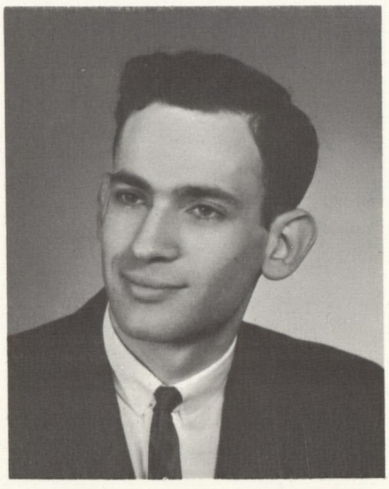

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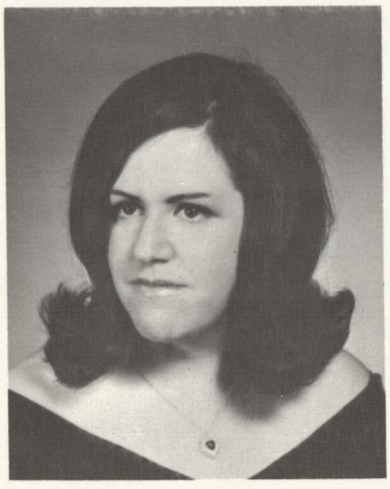

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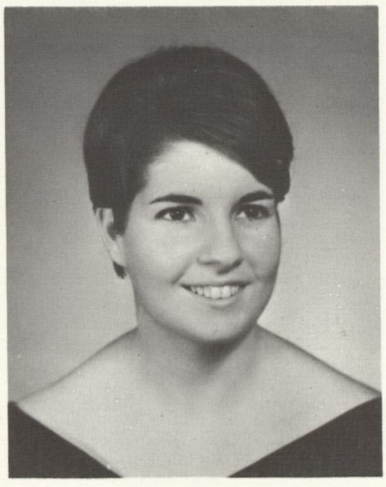

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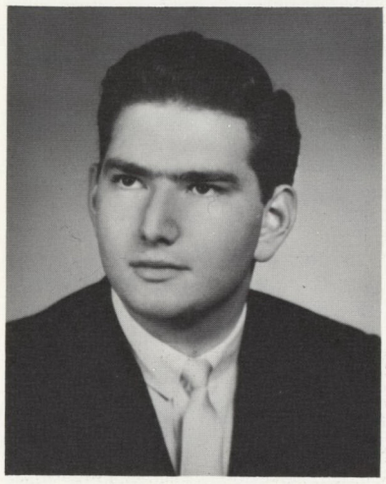

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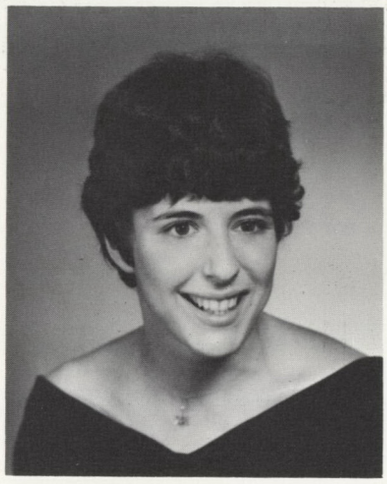

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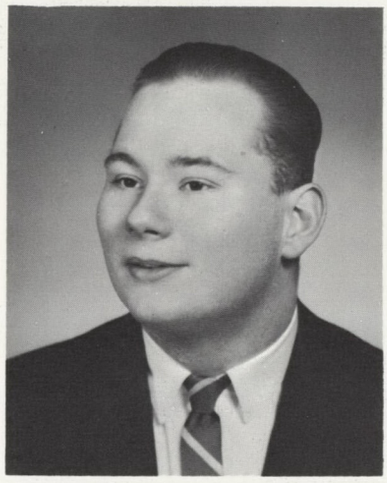


CHARLES EGBERT

J. EISENBERG

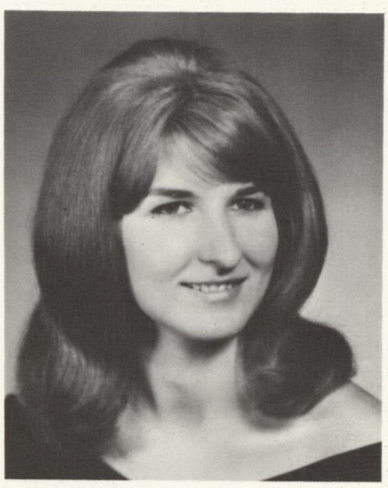
JACQUELINE ENRIGHT

PATRICIA FELIS

ARNOLD FELDMAN

SUE FELDMAN

LEONARD FORMAN



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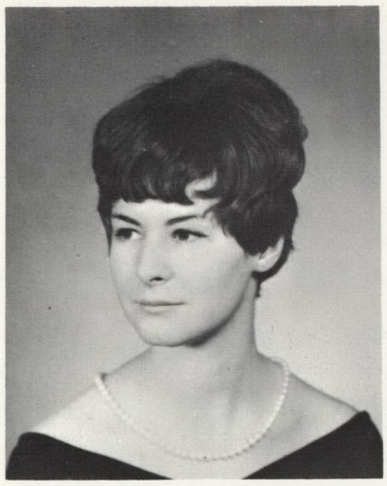
HAROLD FRANK

JANIE FREEDMAN



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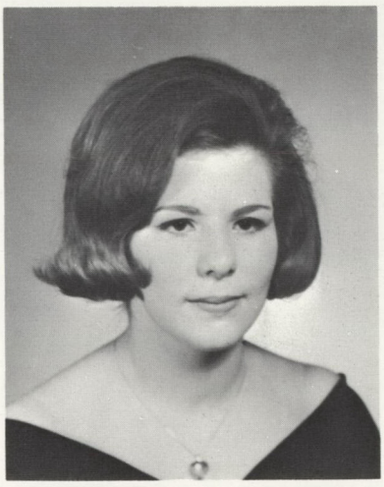

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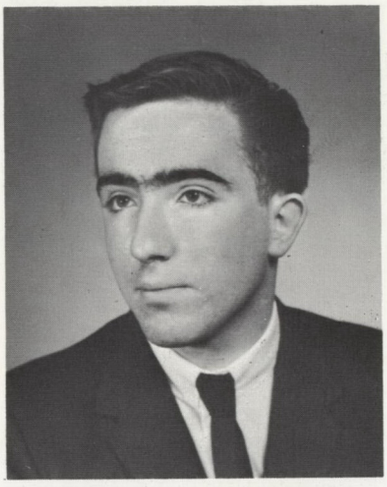

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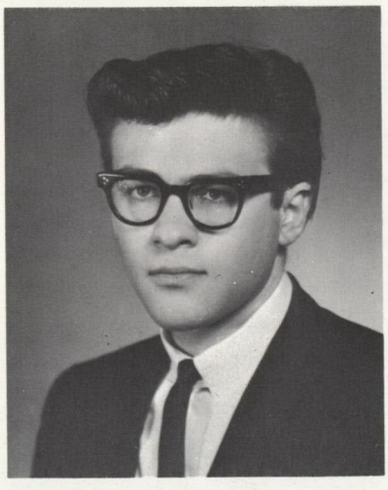

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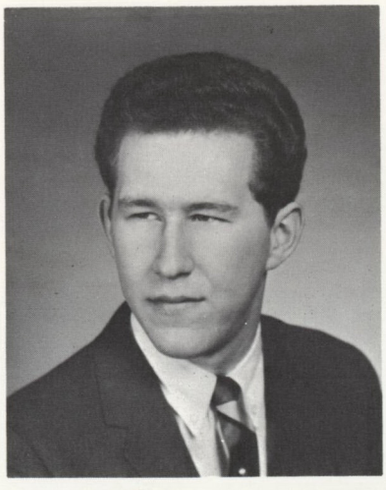

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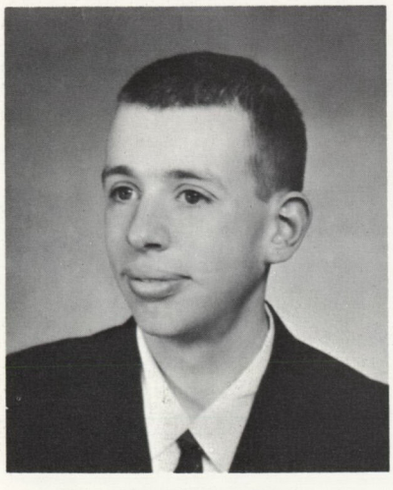
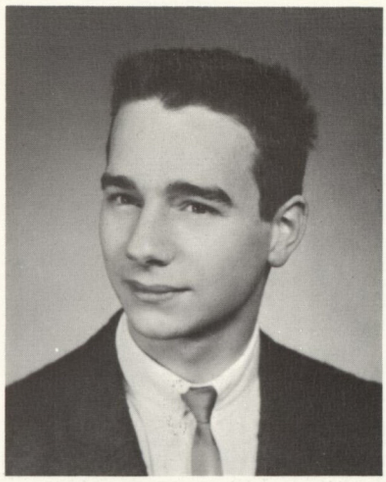
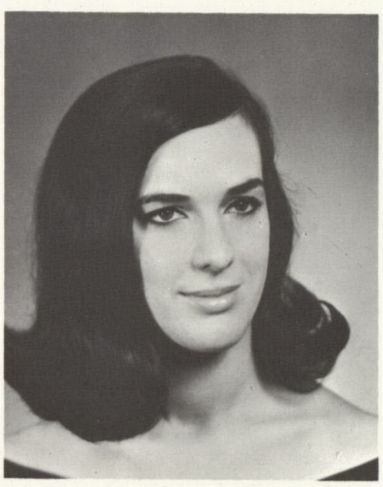


IRA GARTNER

JOHN GENITON

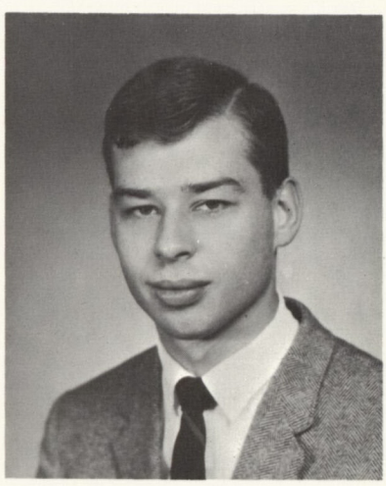


VINCENT GIAMMALVO



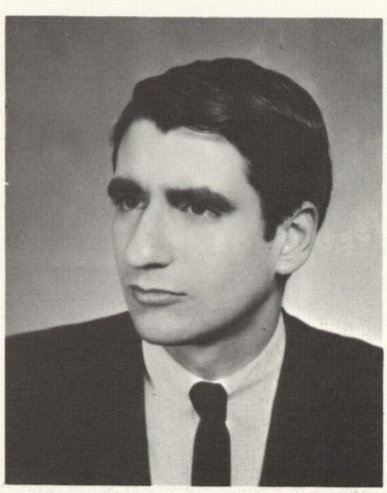
NANCY GIANOULIS

ARLENE GILINSON



JOHN GOBINSKI

ELLIS GOLDBERG



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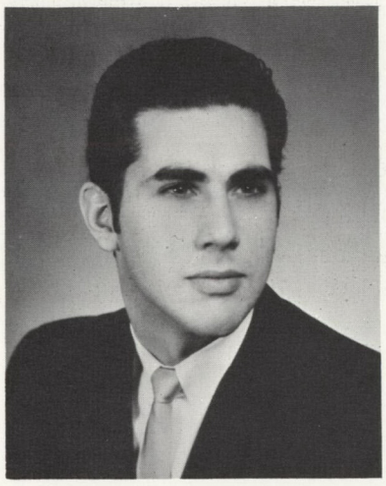
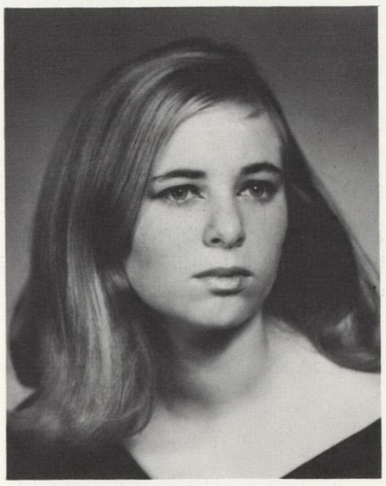


MARK GROSS

ELLEN GREENBERG



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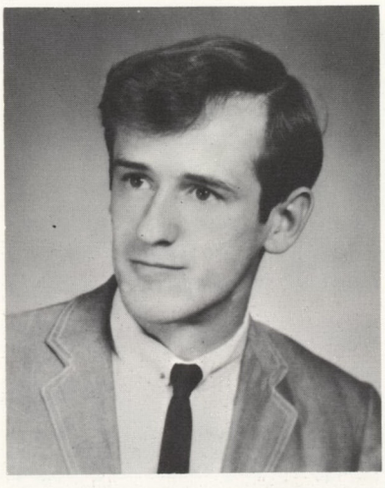

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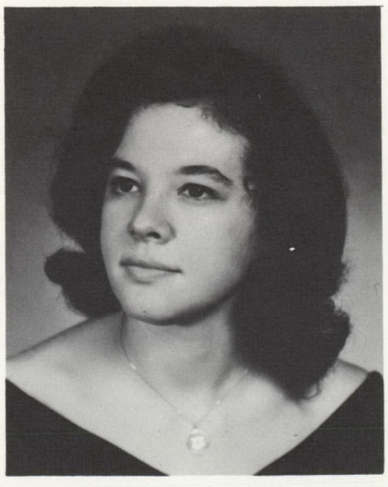
LYNN HARDIE



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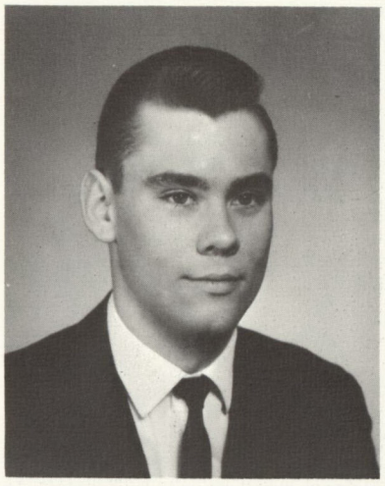
BRUCE HIRSCHORN

FREDERICK HOLMAN



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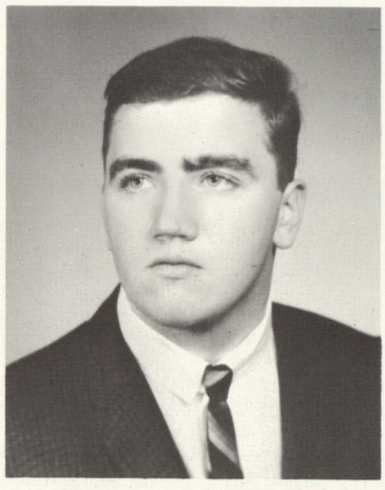

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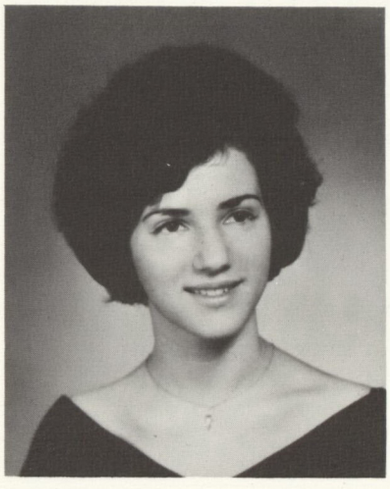

ALICE KAGAN

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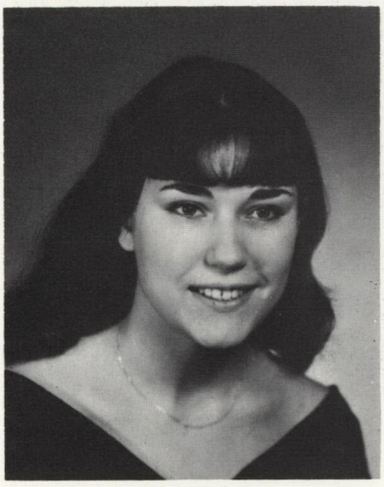

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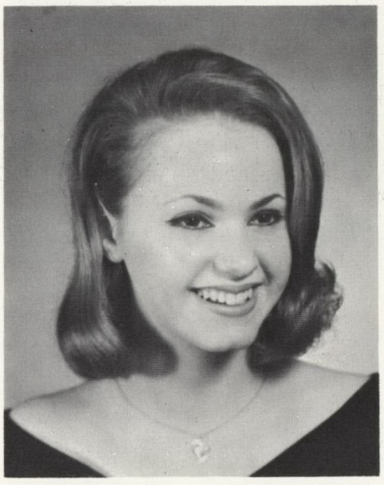

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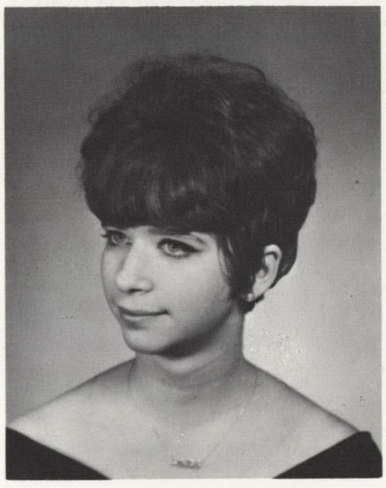

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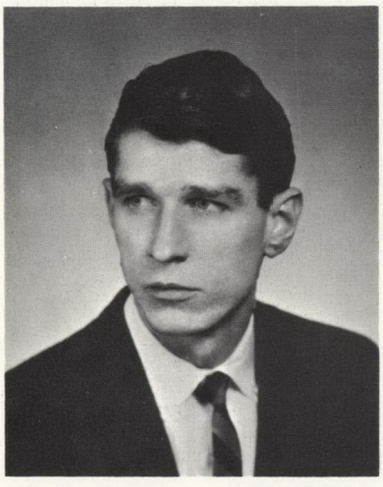
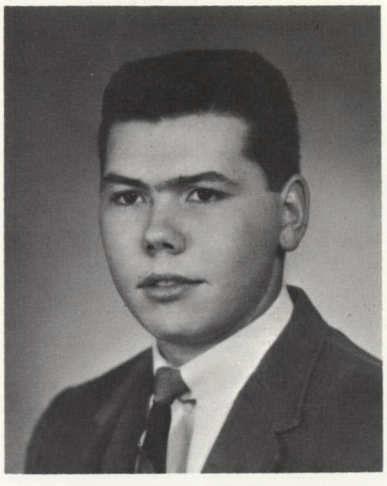


BRIAN KEYES



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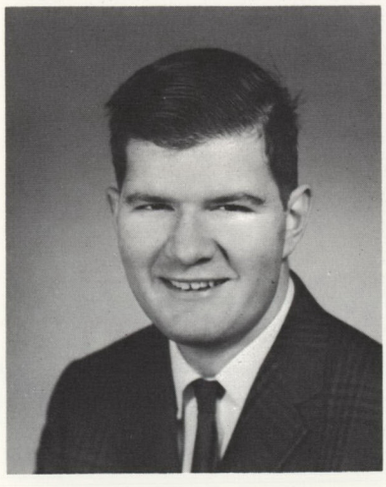
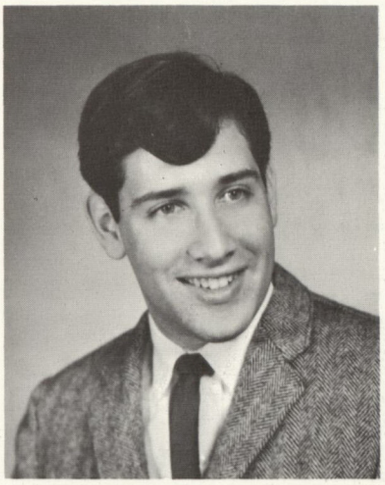
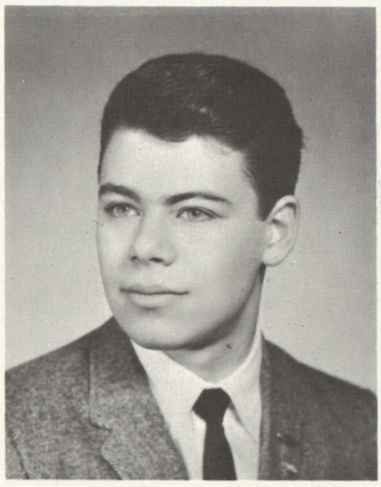


PETER KILCOMMINS



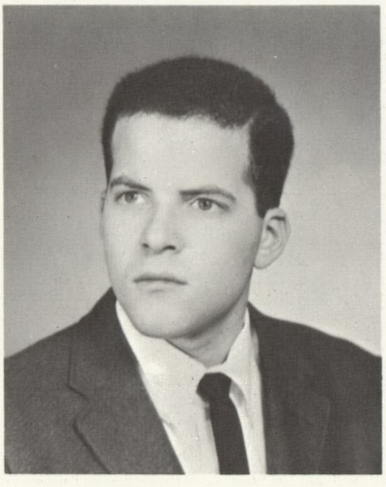
MARK KREISLER

NANCY KOBER



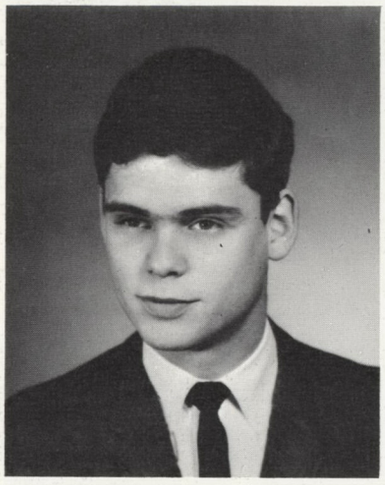
MORITZ KLUGER

PHYLLIS LIBRANDI

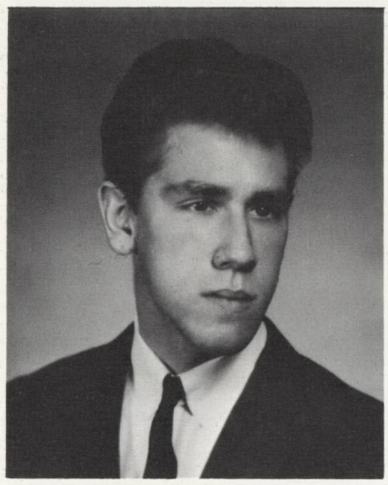


REUBEN LEVINE

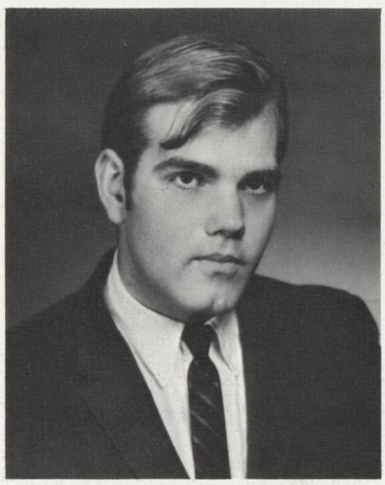
HELENE KRISHOK



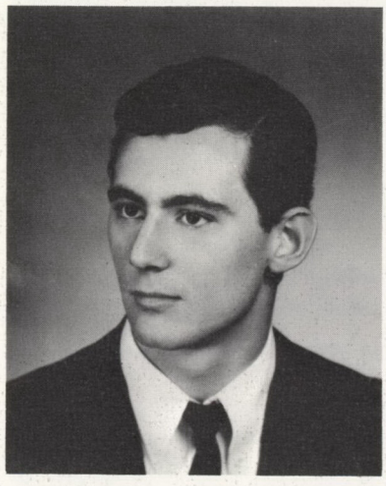
MICHAEL LICHTEN



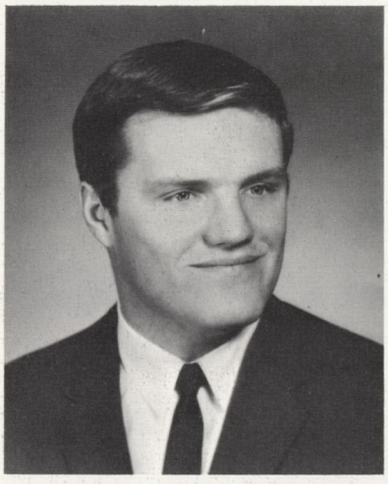
MICHAEL LIETO



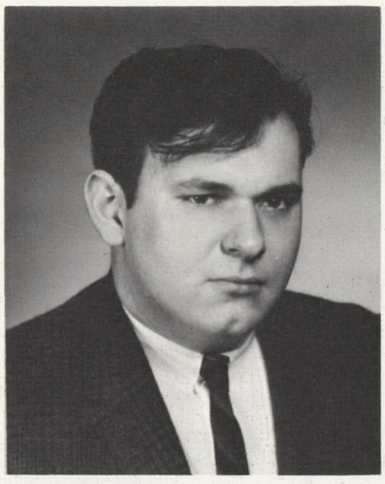
ANTHONY LIQUORI



KENNETH LOIACONO



ROBERT LOTTERHOS



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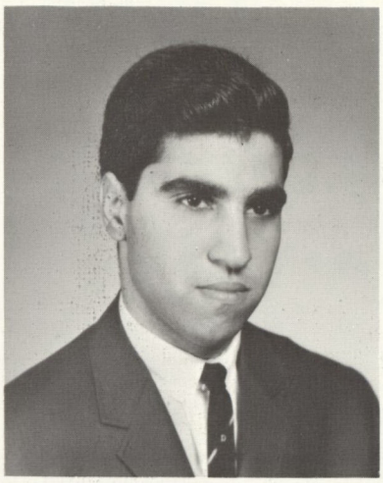

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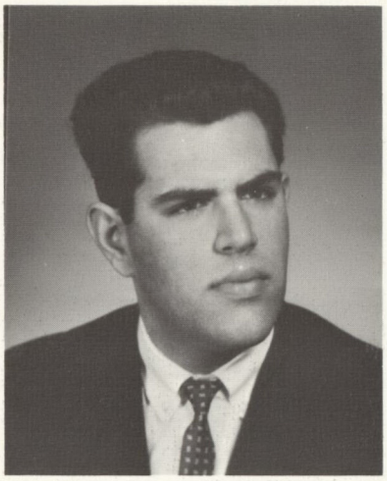
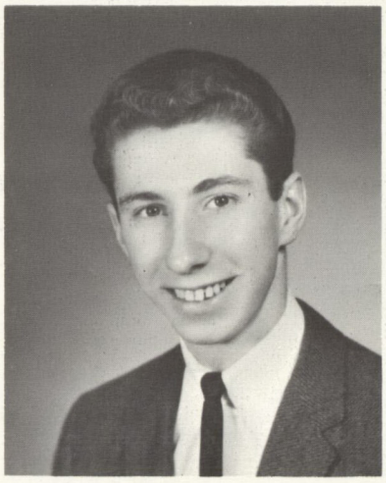


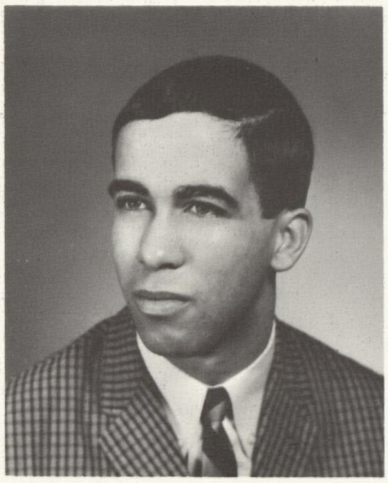
JULIAN MANNINO

TINA MATRANGA

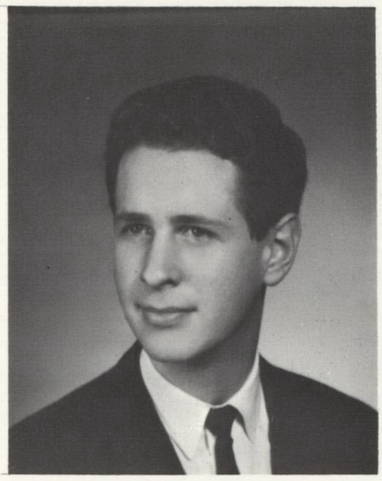
ARLENE MAYO



GARY MAZIK

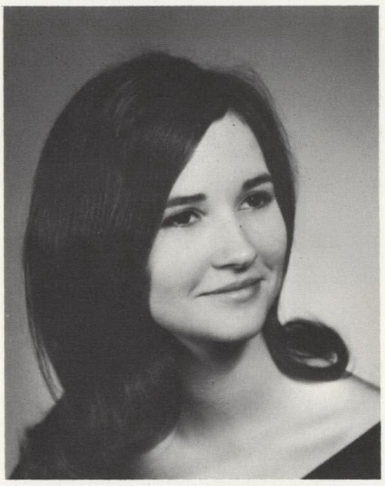


CLARENCE McGHIE



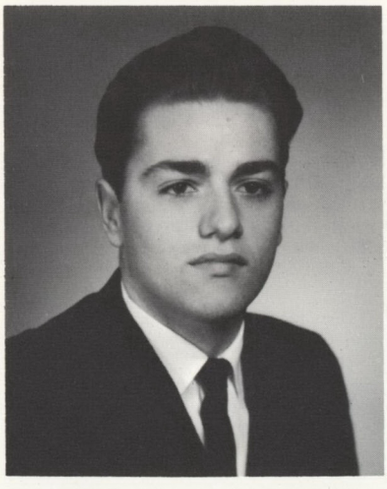
ROGER MEYERS

BARBARA MILLER



SUZANNE MILLER

DAVID NADLER



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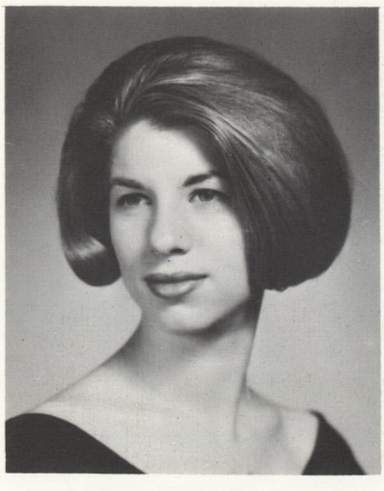
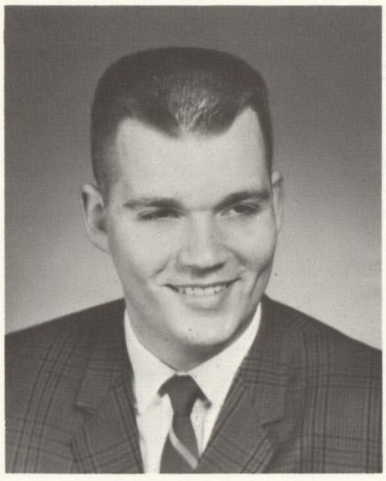


MARILYN MORGENLANDER

JOSEPH NICEFORO



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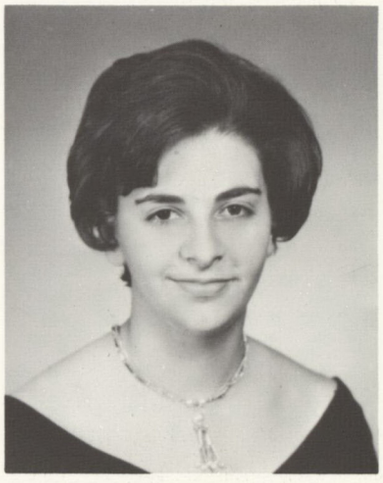
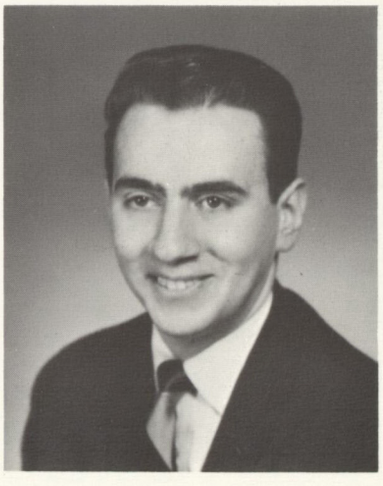


MARIE PAPALEO

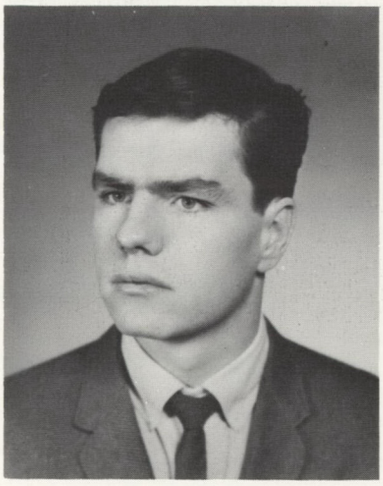
GLORIA PAPROSKI

ROSALIE PARIS

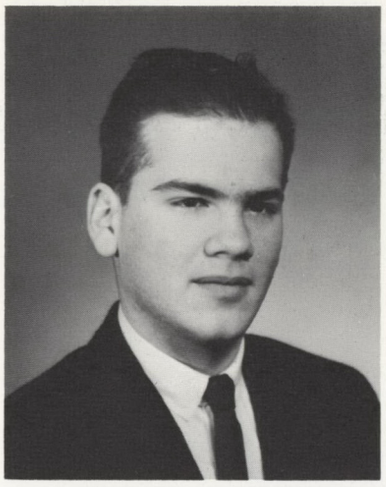


LOUIS PASCALE

JEROME PERLONGO



FRANK PFISTERER



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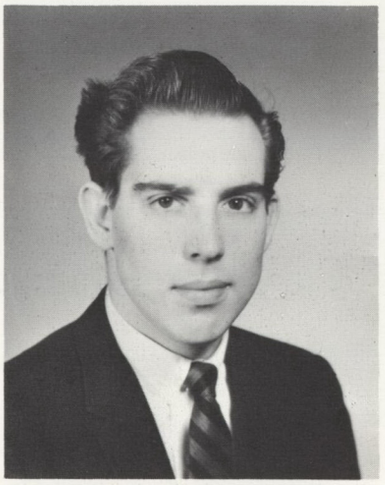
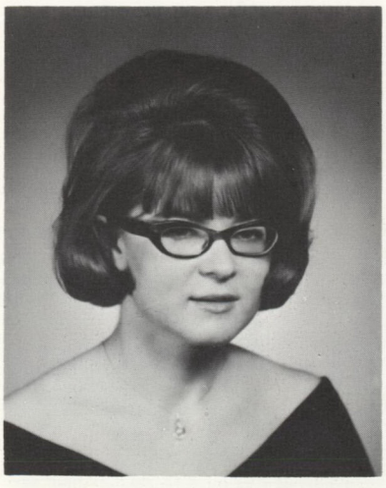


WILLIAM PICCO, JR.

MARIE PHILLIPS



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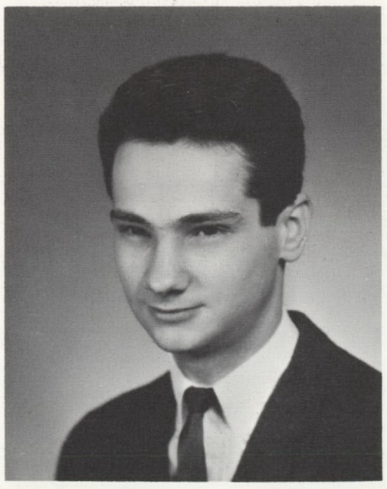
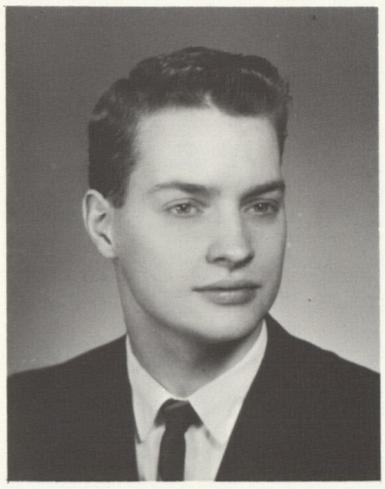
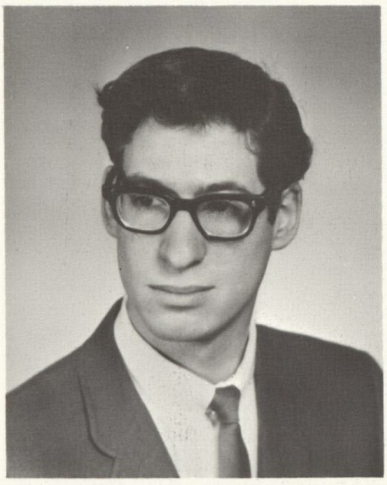


HOWARD RAPPAPORT



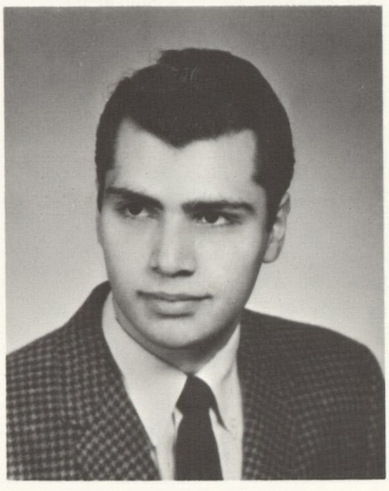
CRAIG RAMSEY

CAROLYN REGA



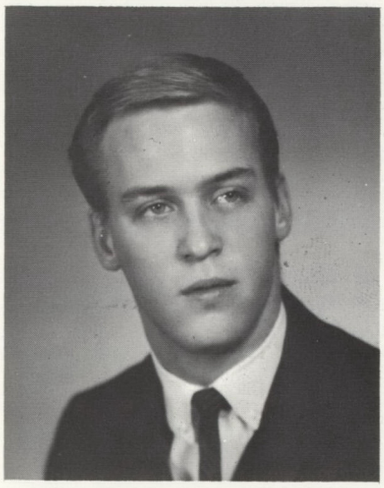
JEFFREY RICHMAN

VIVIAN RICUPERO



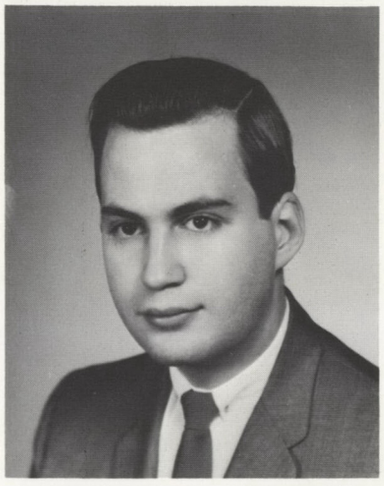
VINCENT RISPOLI

FRANCINE ROMANO

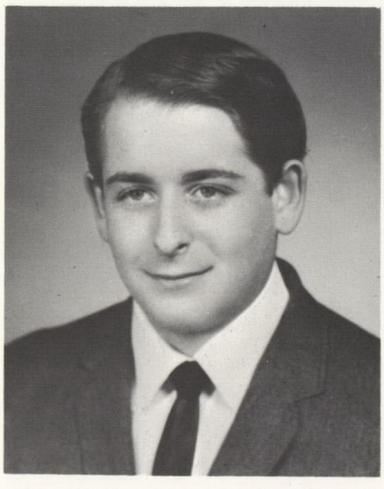


GEORGE RONALDSON

FERN ROTH



MARTIN ROSENBLATT



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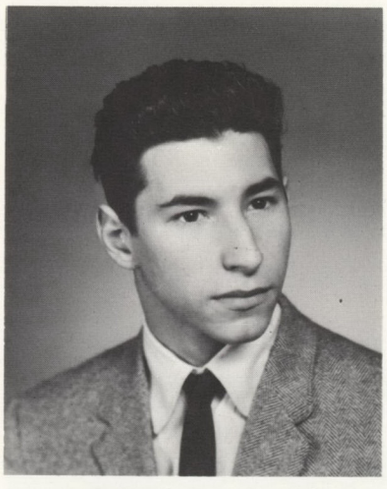
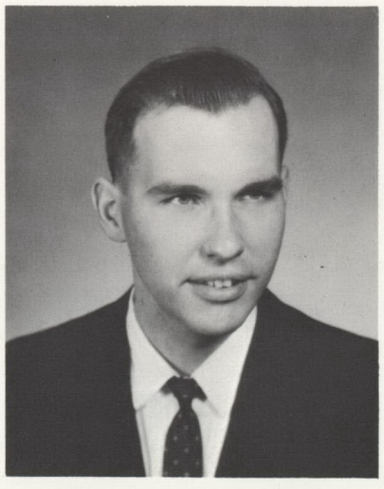


CHARLES RUBENSTEIN



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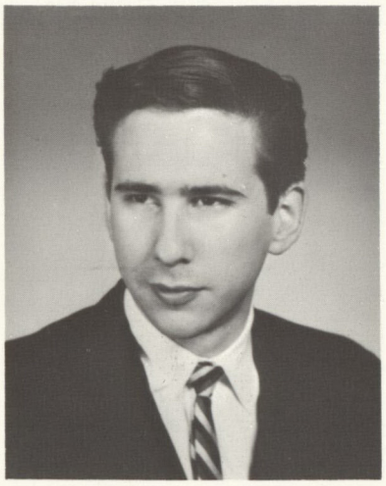
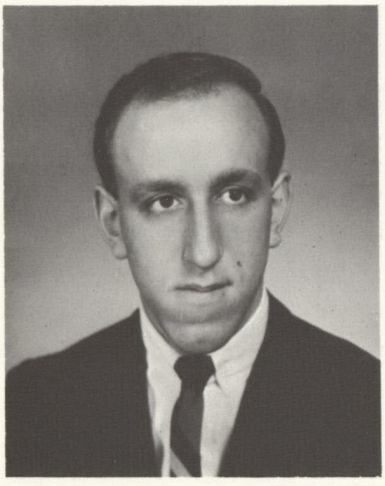


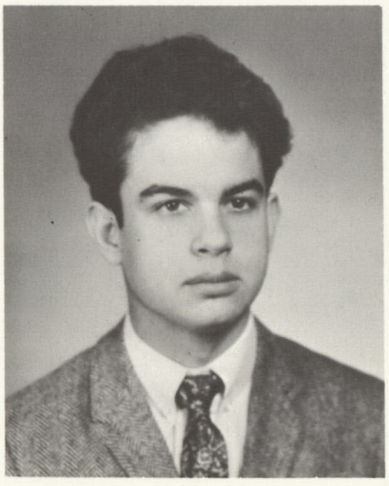
SIMEON SATURN

ROBERT SANSKY

SUSAN RUGGIRELLO

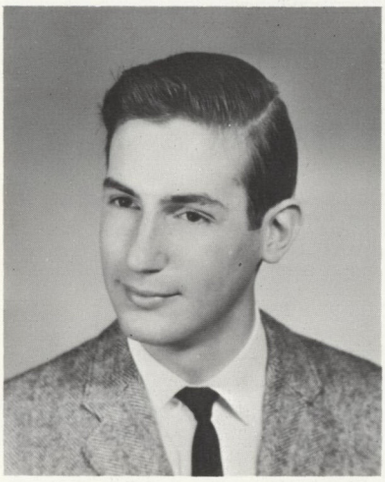


ALAN SHAW



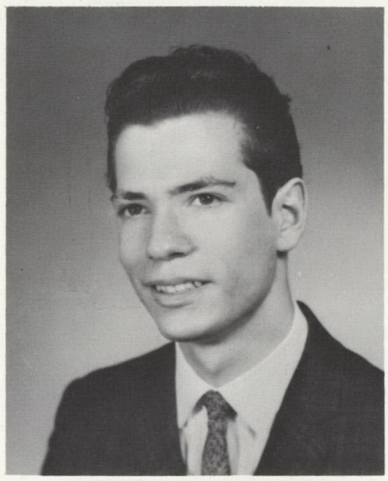
HARVEY SCHWARTZ

JEFFREY SCHRIER

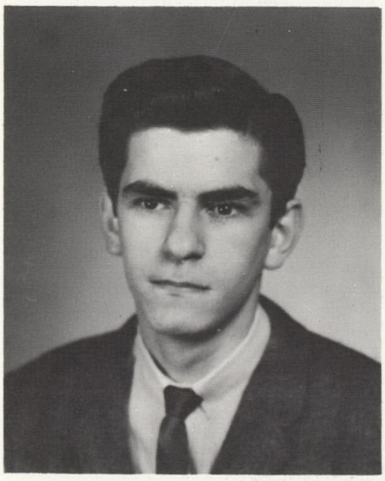


ALAN SHOMER

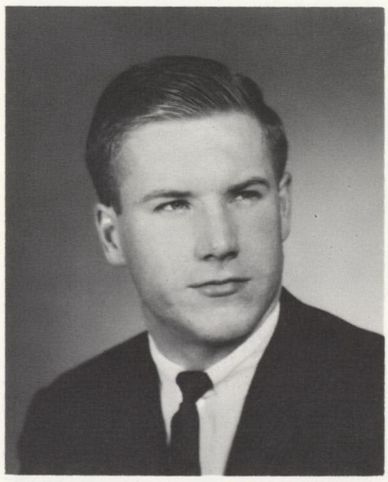
MARILYN SIEGEL



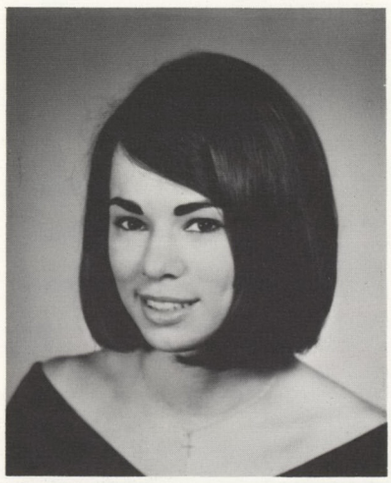
MARK SILVERMAN



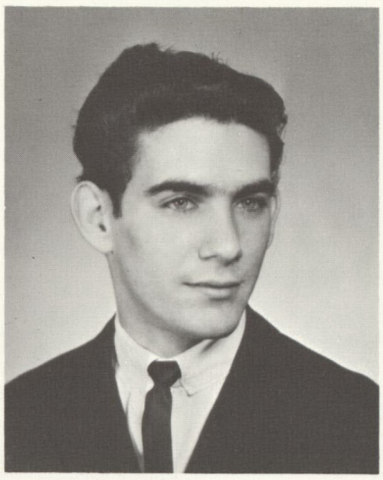
HOWARD SMILOWITZ



QUINLAN SULLIVAN



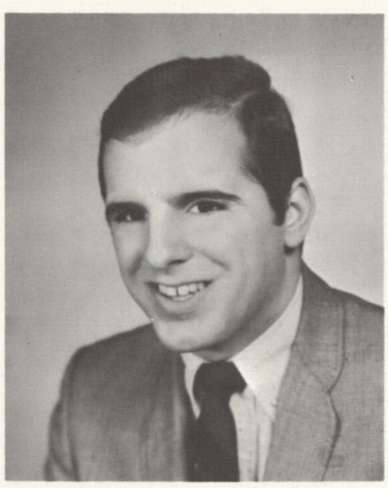
EVELYN STEINLE



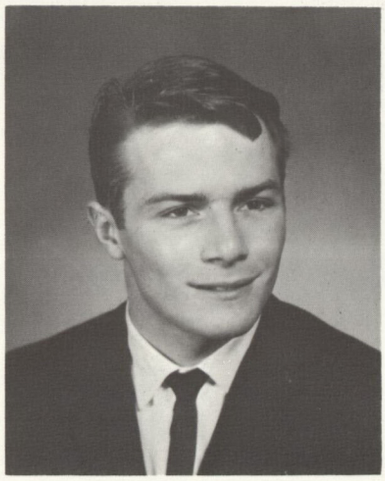
MICHAEL SPITZER

MARY TERRIO

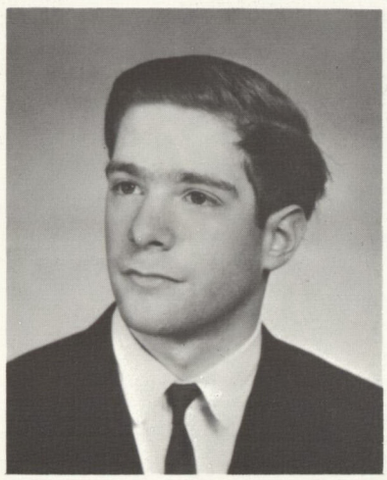
JUDITH ULLMAN



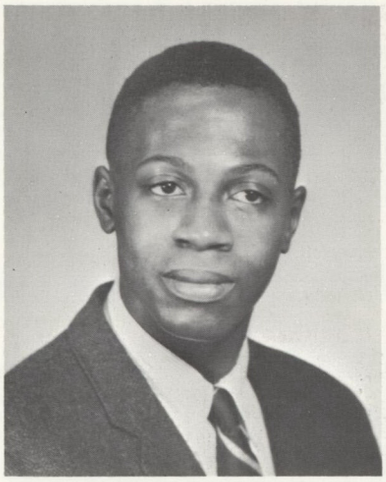
FRANK UMBRINO



RICHARD VOLPE

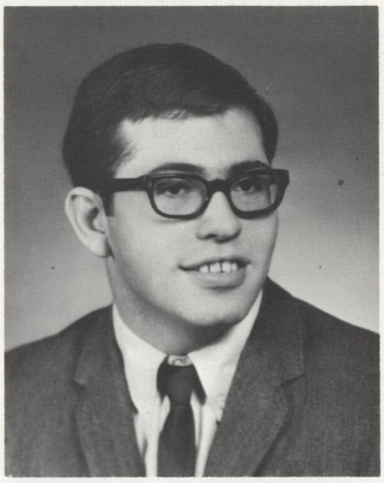


BARRY WALDMAN

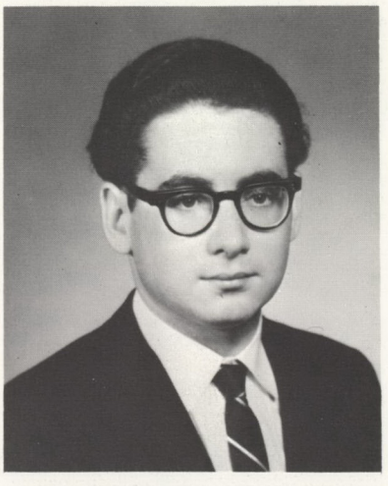


KENNETH WASHINGTON

ROBERT WEIN

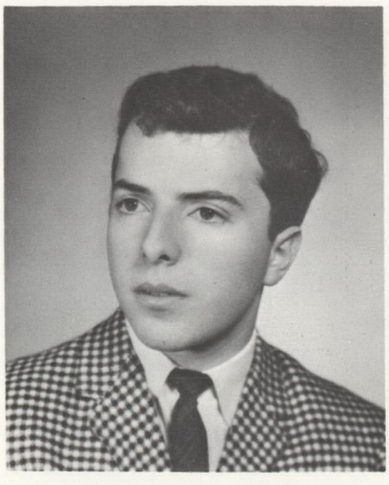


MARCEL WEINBERGER



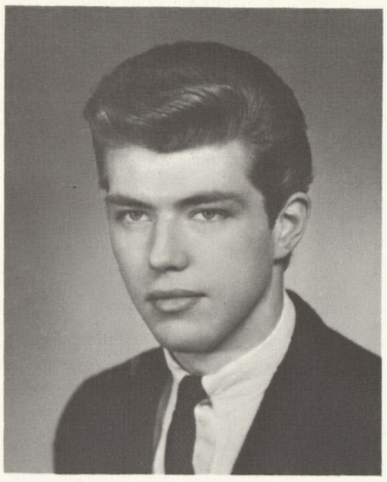
SIDNEY WEG

MYRNA WEAVER

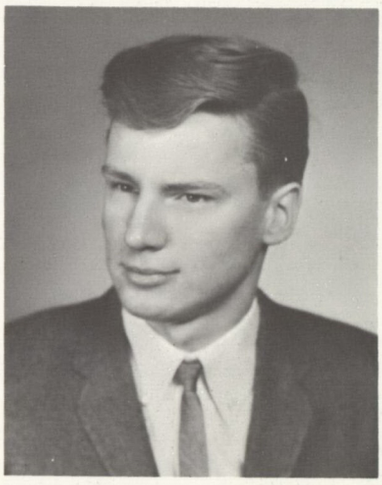


HOWARD WEINER

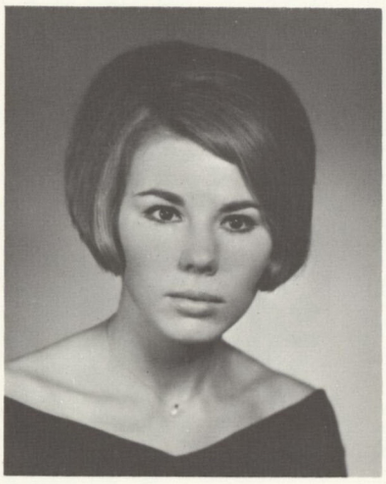
NORMAN WEXLER



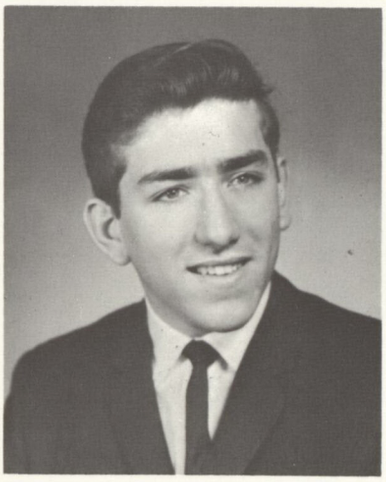
EDWIN WHEELER



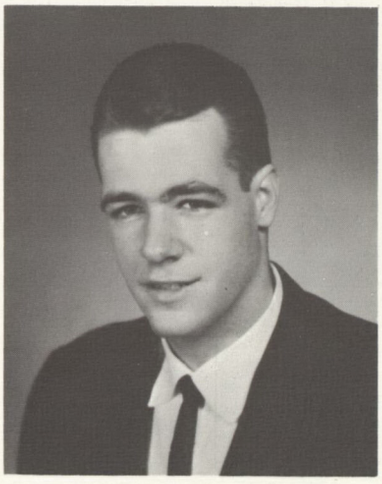
THOMAS WIELAND



JOAN WINTJEN

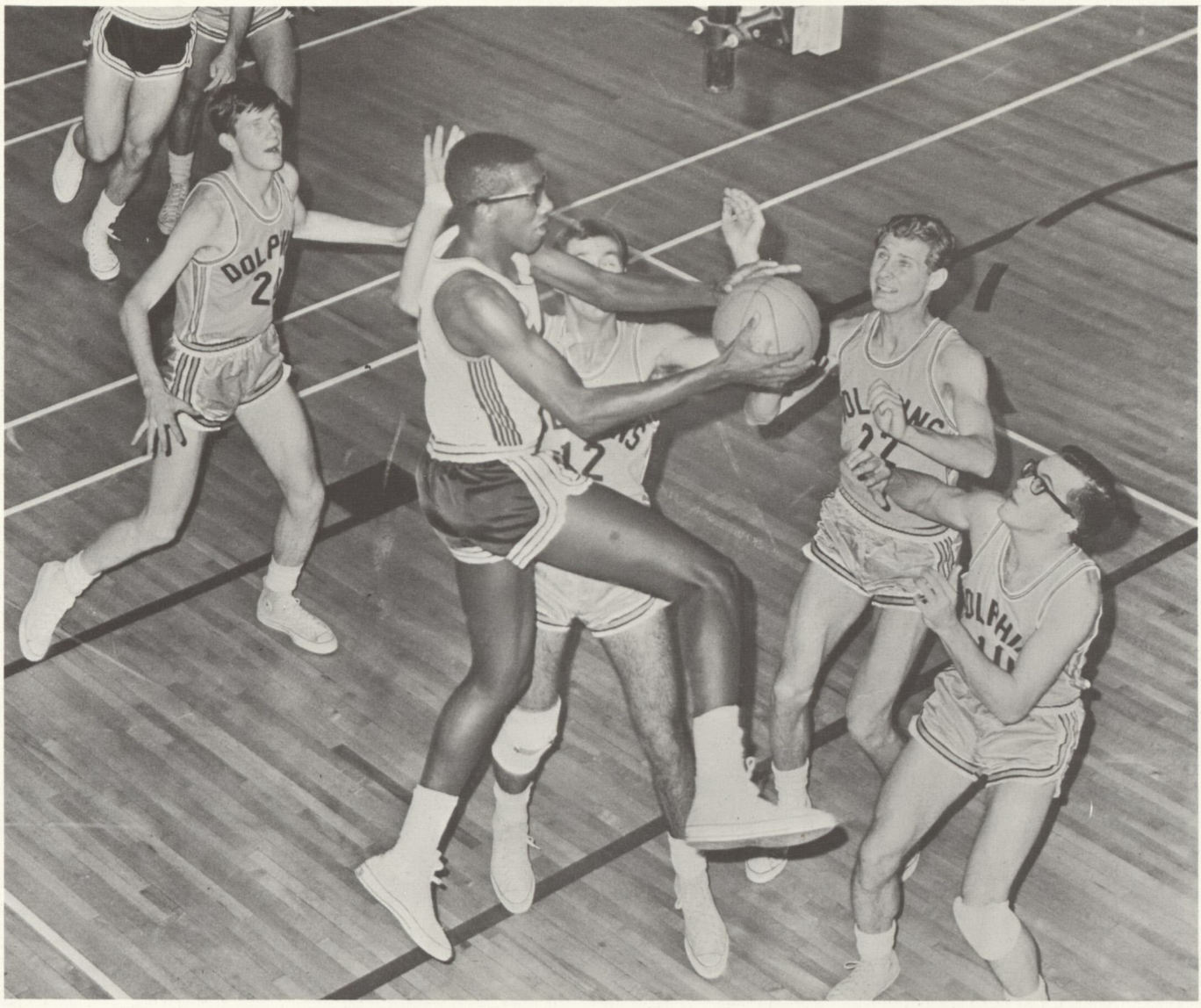


JOEL YAVERBAUM



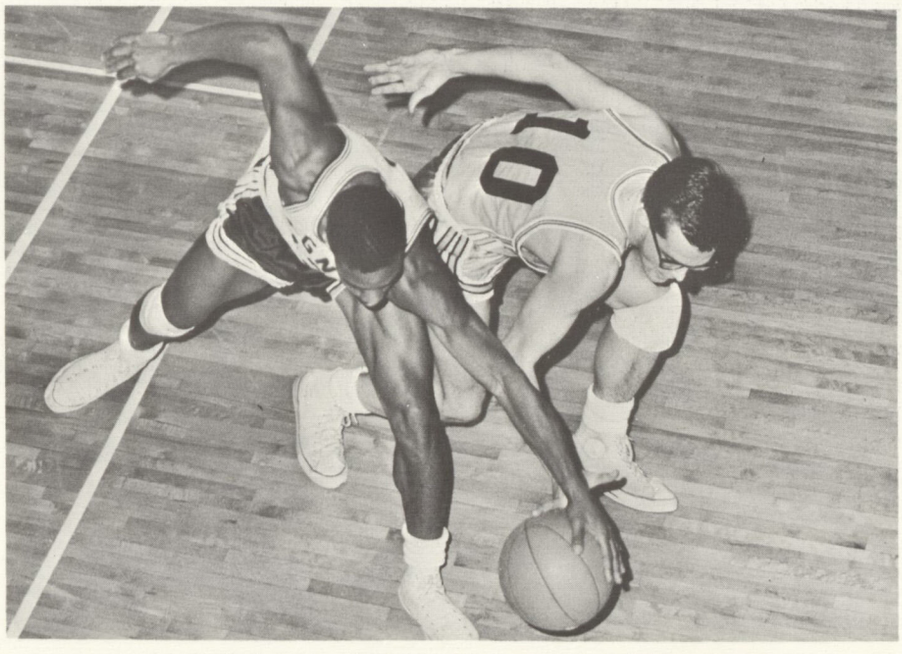
WILLIAM YOUNG

GARY ZIEGLER

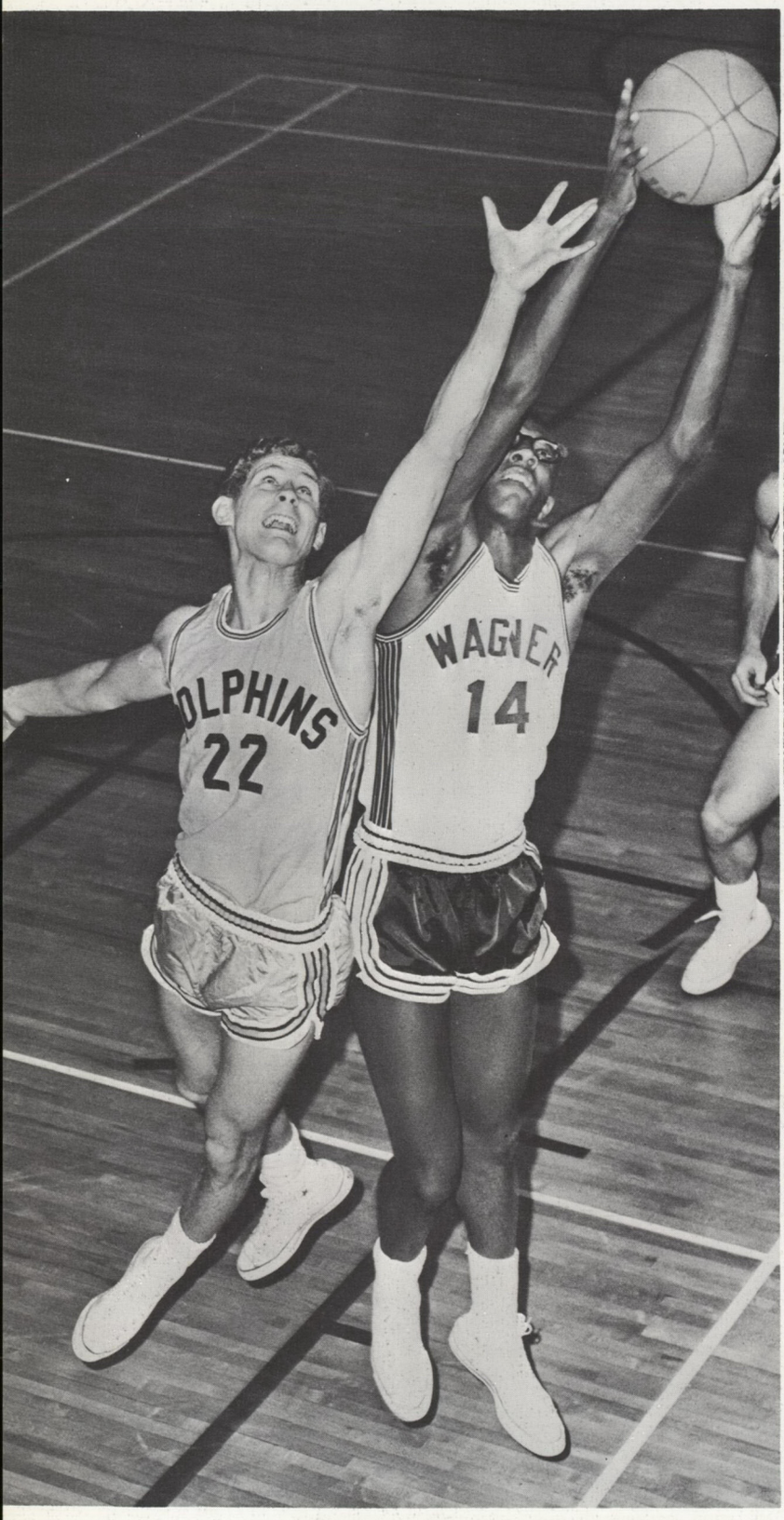


Collapsing defense on a drive for the basket. For S.I.C.C., left to right, are Larsen, Gambuzza, Pyser and Sommer.

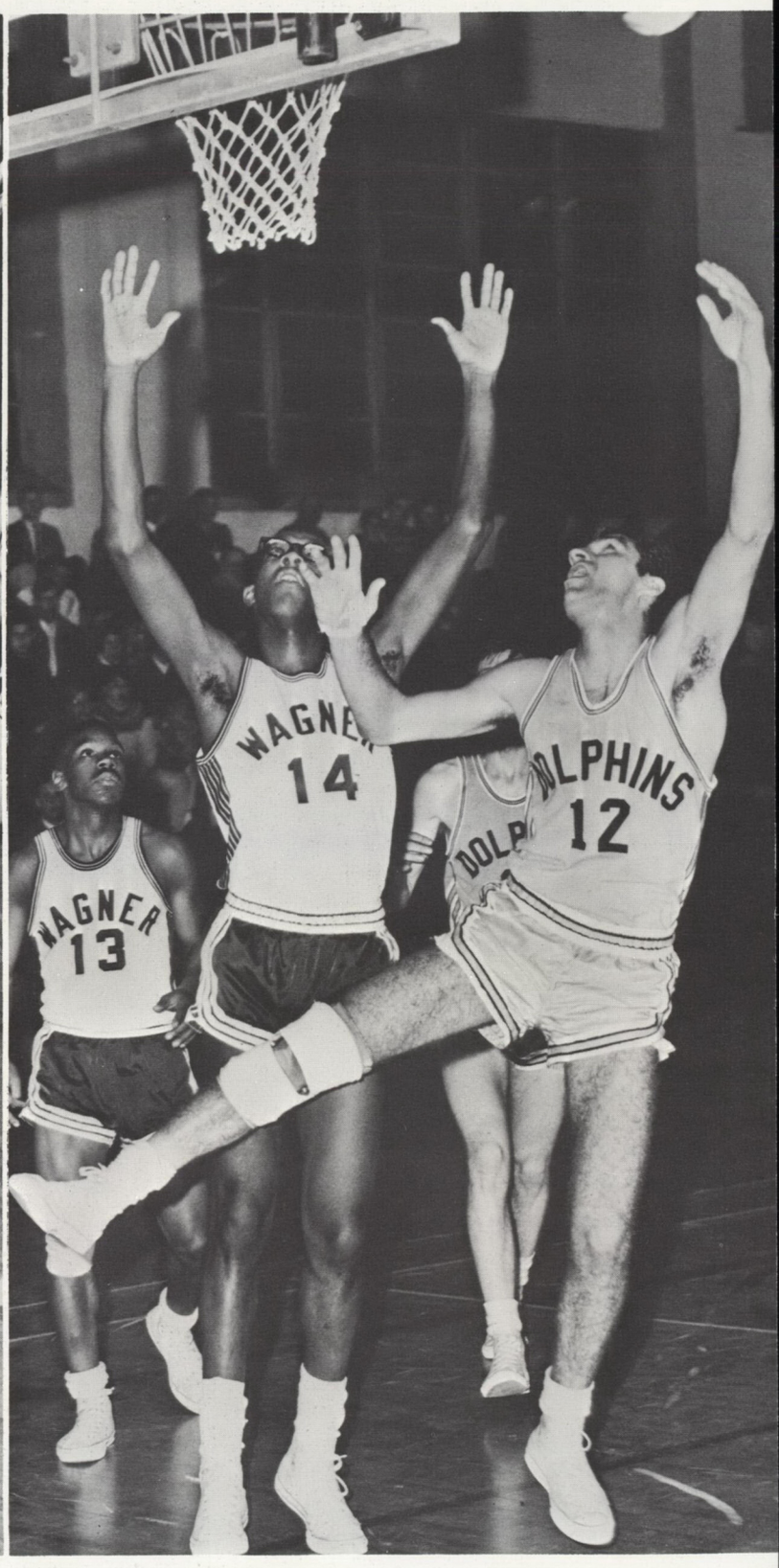
The S.I.C.C. basketball team is a member of Region 15 of The National Junior College Athletic Association. The Dolphins play primarily against two-year schools and fill out their schedules against the JV or freshman teams of such schools as Fordham and Wagner.



Paul Sommer attempts to recover a loose ball.



Harvey Peyser jumps for a rebound with Wagner's Oliver Featherston.



Joe Gambuzza scores for S.I.C.C.

BASEBALL

1965 RECORD

S.I.C.C.

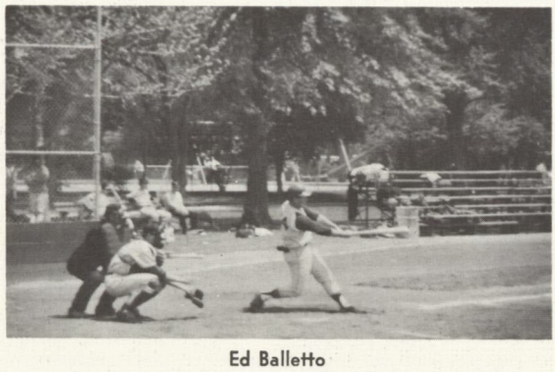
25	Pratt Institute Frosh	0
6	Ulster C.C.	3
2	Rockland C.C.	4
5	Concordia Jr. C.	2
3	New York C.C.	5
15	Sullivan C.C.	2
4	L.I. Aggies	9
21	Manhattan C.C.	0

Won 5 — Lost 3

First row: Jim Finnegan, John Darden, Bob Landolphi, Bob Melore. Second row: Paul Handy, Ken Washington, Ed Balletto, Joe Gambuzza, John Larsen, John Davila, Manager Cliff Olsen, Coach Dave O'Brien. Third row: Tim Martin, Larry Rampulla, Jim Tait, Charlie Russo, Julio Perrera.

Joe Gambuzza

Tim Martin



Ed Balletto

Graduating seniors: Ed Balletto, Bob Melore, Charlie Russo, Bob Landolphi, John Davila.

Jim Finnegan

SOCCER

First row: Harry Weisz, Charles Piampiano, Vincent Roig, Ed Winters, Ralph Lake. Second row: Armand Codoner, Nick Antoniou, Mike Rodero, Bruce Davis, George Ronaldson. Third row: Manager Ed Gdula, Ed Ruck, Charles Jakob, Bill Young, Dennis Macksoud, Giancarlo Brandoni, Ken Washington, Eli Glanzberg, Coach James Donlan.

Ed Ruck in goal makes a "save" against Suffolk County Community College.

Bill Young and George Ronaldson defend against Suffolk County Community College.

Eli Glanzberg attempts to score against Sullivan County Community College.

Giancarlo Brandoni, honorary mention "All East" soccer squad, on the attack.

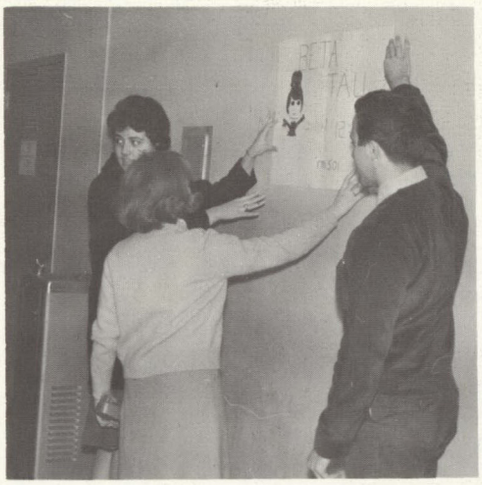
Graduating seniors; front row: Ralph Lake, Dennis Macksoud, Ken Washington, Bruce Davis, Armand Codoner. Back row: Bill Young, Ed Ruck, Mike Rodero, George Ronaldson.

GOLF

Ed D'Alisandro, Richard Dammer, Coach Carl Ferguson, Phil Dammer, Roger Karcher.

INTRAMURAL SPORTS

BETA TAU



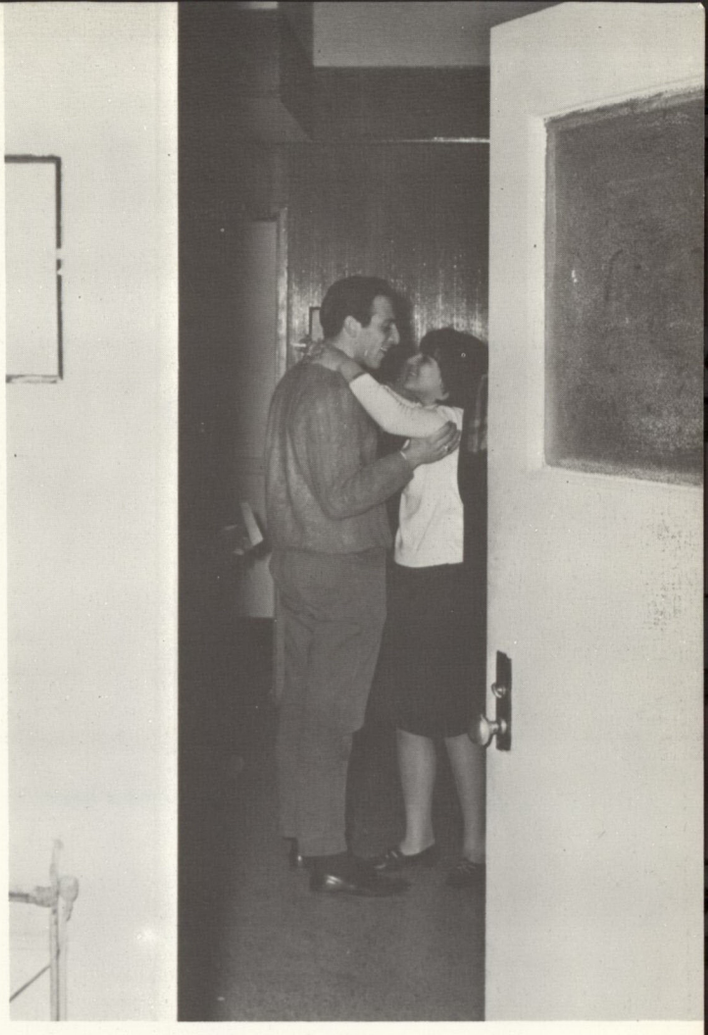
The Esterhazy Orchestra

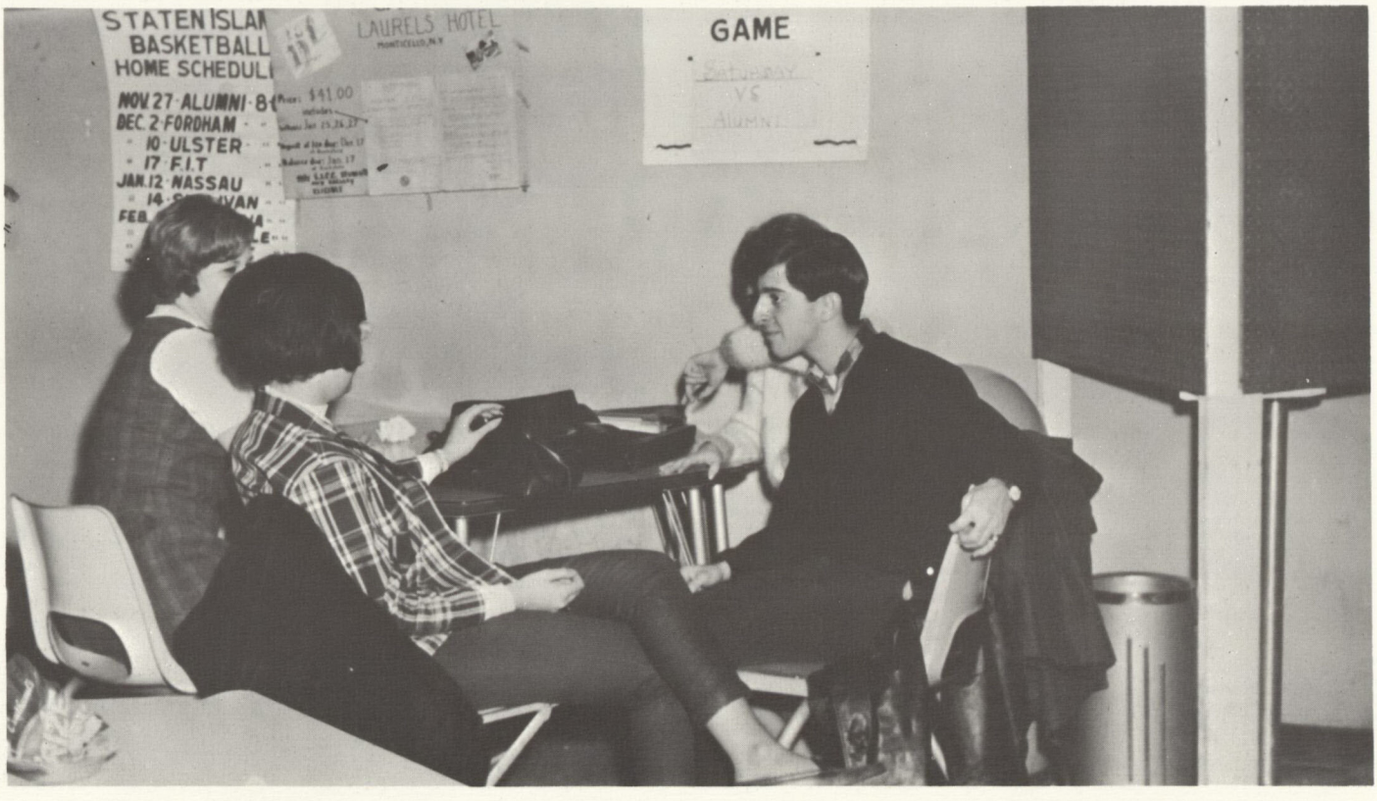
KALEIDOSCOPE

The Duprees

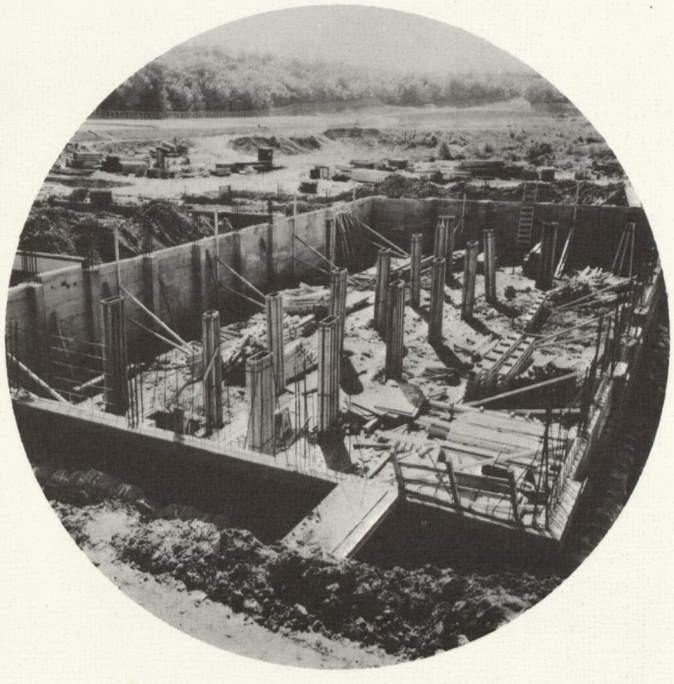
New York Chamber Orchestra

Debate Team: Eugene Kahn, Edward Baldinger, Aldo Bianchi, Irwin Schlass.



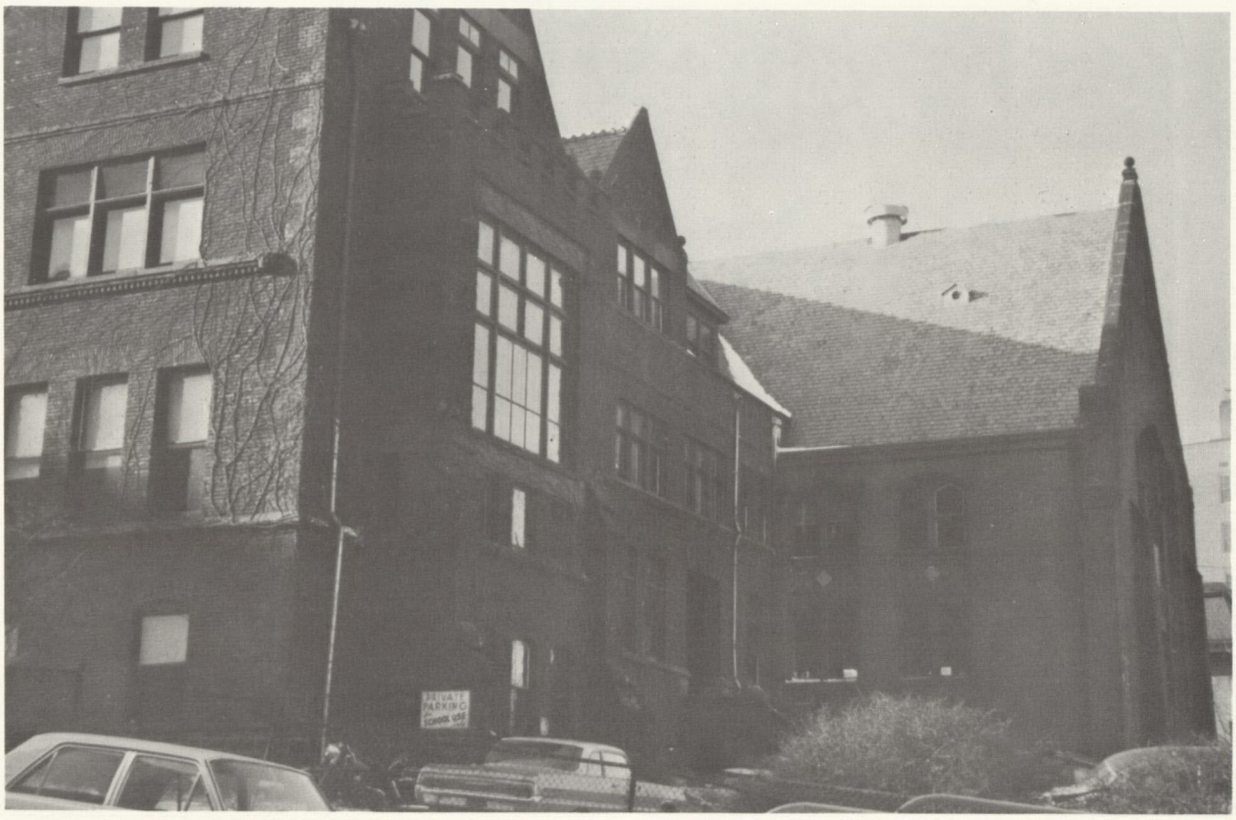


WHAT'S NEW

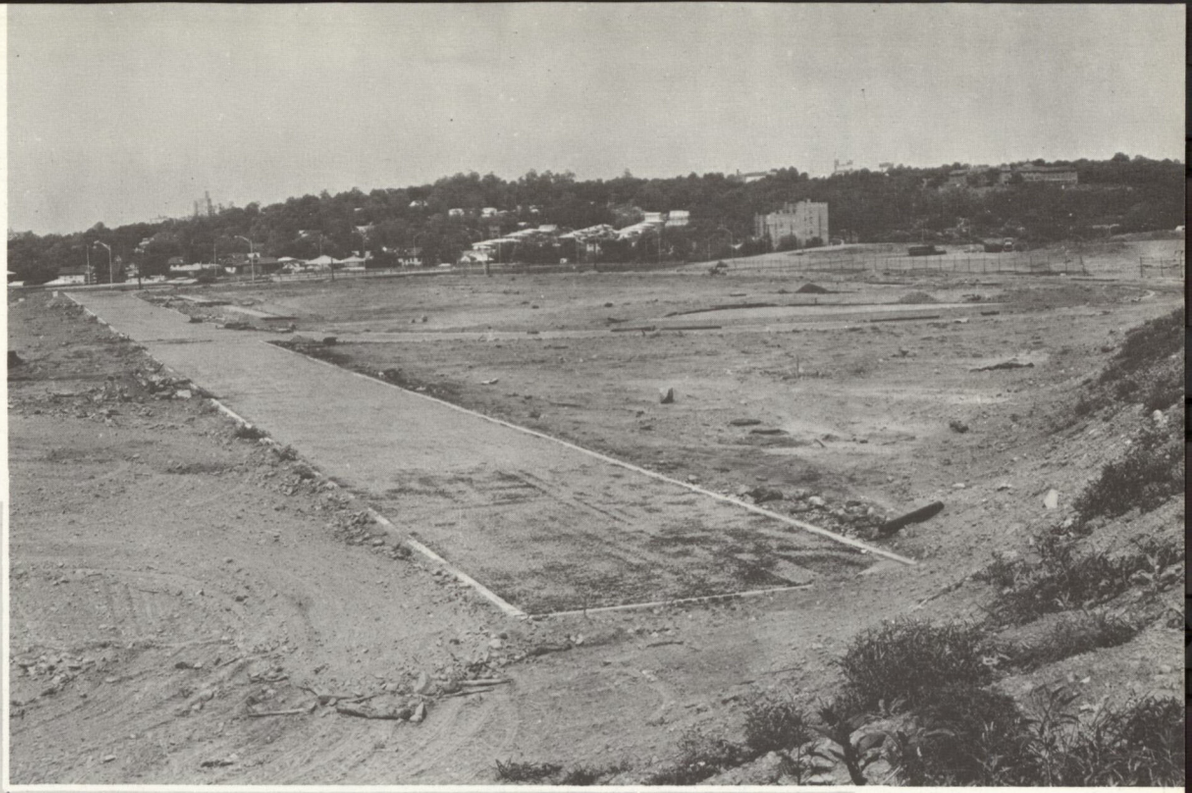


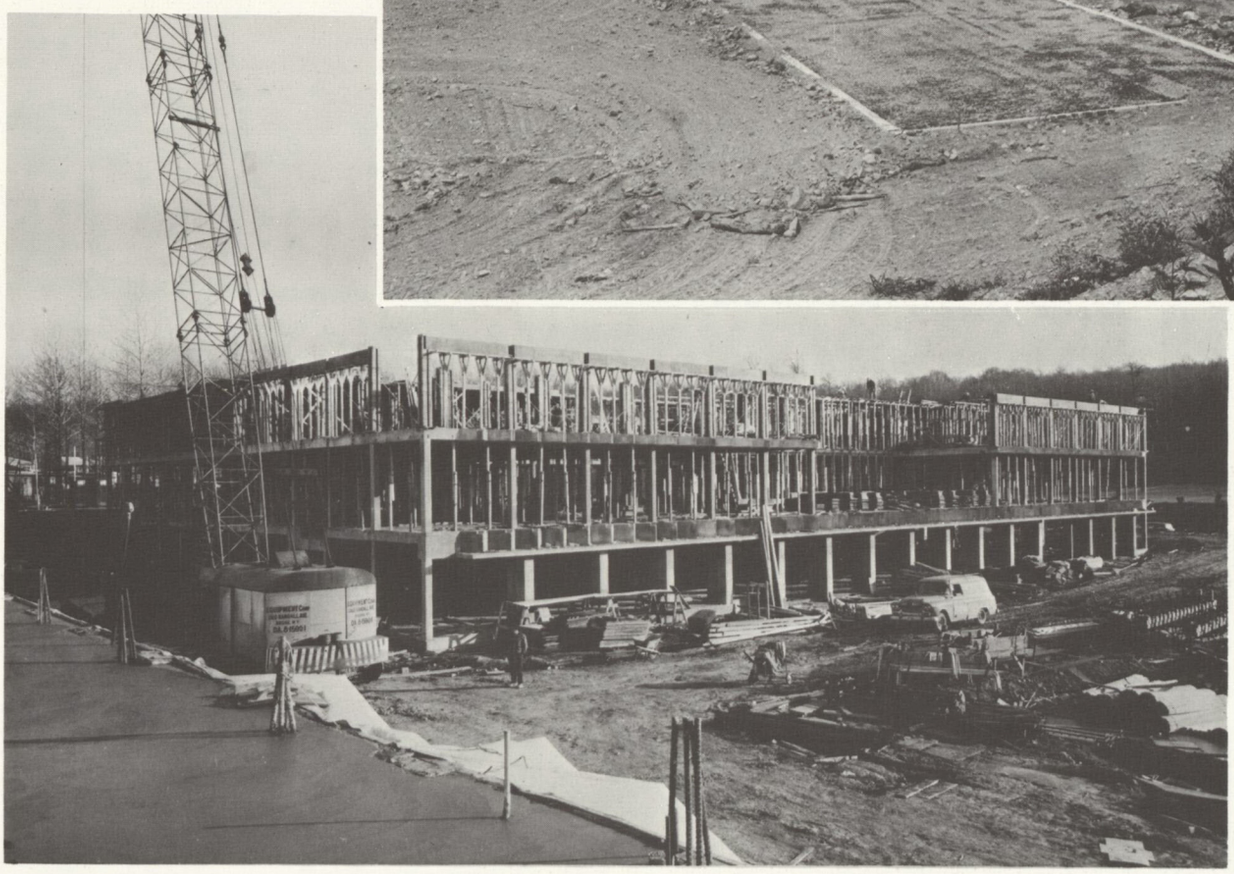
First nursing classes at the United States Public Health Service Hospital.

Our new building — The former Staten Island Academy is our "Halls of Ivy."

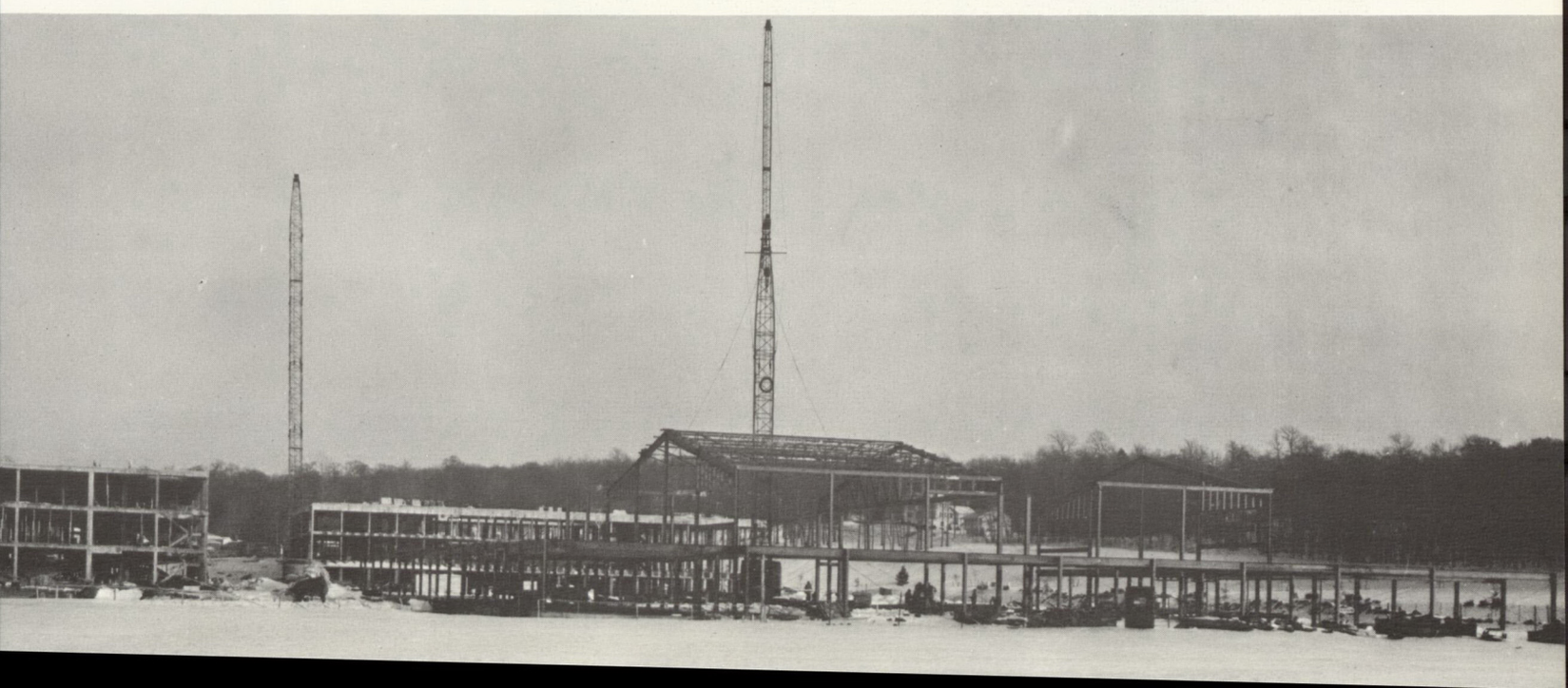


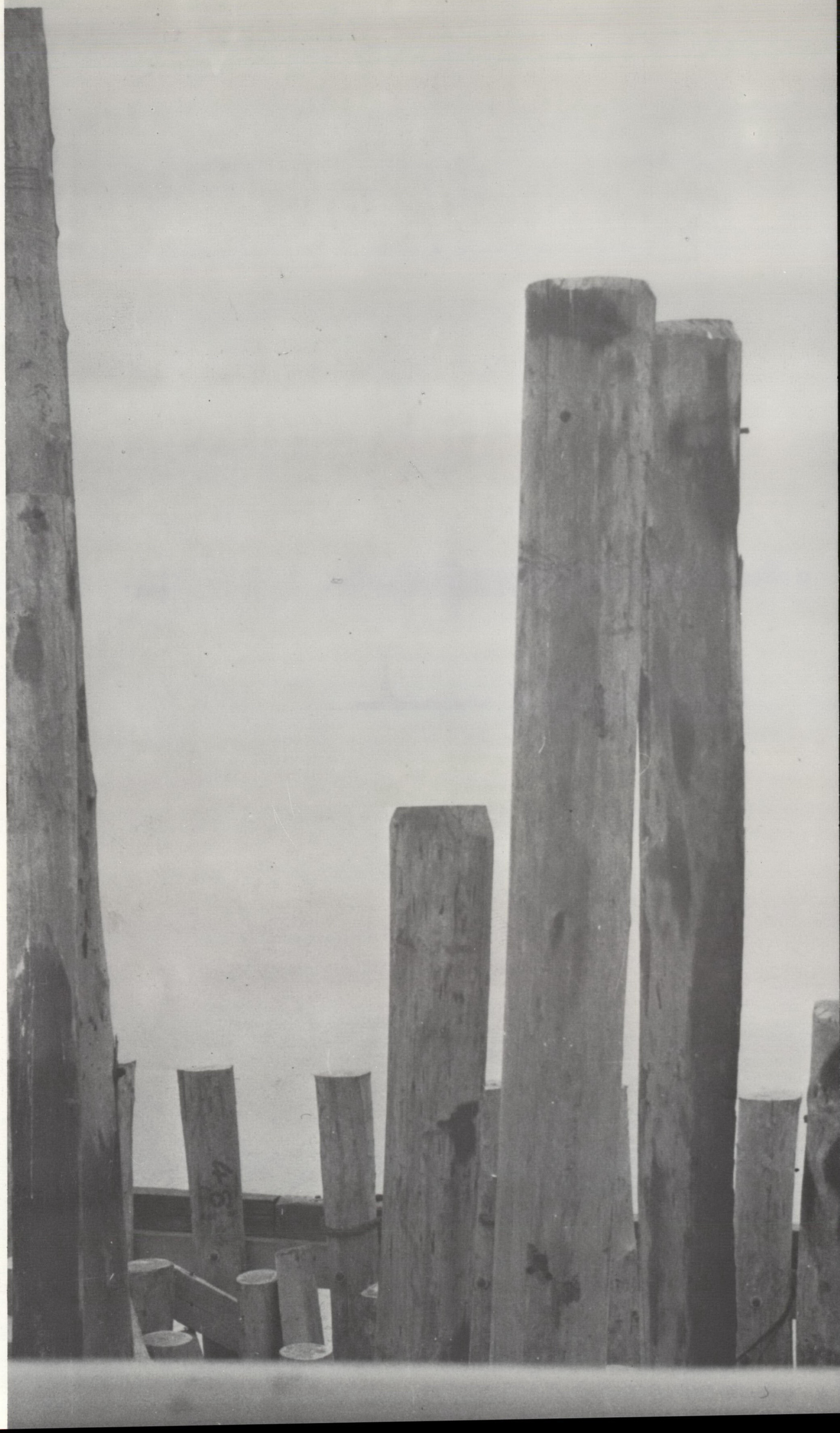
The new Campus





comes to life





THOUGHTS

only a little left to feel

When I get into bed now I
dream of huge expansions of
noth
ing,
not of you.
I make believe I'm
a little girl in the 5
th grade and my
teacher
pulls down the black shades over the green shades
over the parchment yellow shades with
the running stitches across the hemline
and a pullchain
so that not a (bow) peep of light can
even wink at me.
I VANT TO BE ALONE.
I saw that in a movie, but
not the one in school because they only
told about pioneers and making ice-cream
at home in a barrel.
when I dream if I do or what-
ever I do when I sleep (because I
don't know, cause I can't see mee),
I cover
everything
with a thick black
curtainquilt. there are no faces or
music or words or fingers or eyes to
remind me
I don't rhyme any
more.
Sleep is peace
ful
distraction and I seem to
speak with a cluttered
confusion of sporadic giggles
and no
-n-
sense words.
In my daydreams some
one
drops a plastic bag of liquid
migraine on my
head, but
even when only drooping
eyelids
are left
I know that it
takes
two ends to
tie
a knot.

Janie B. Freedman

There are Zip-Million stories in the
Naked System — these are most of them
(a sort-of poem by Vincent Curcio)

So you find yourself a high school graduate,
the thought of college bugs you a bit,
but stimulates you to determine your fate,
until you decide to fall for the bait;
And once you decide that it has to be tried,
you exclaim: "There's a need for the College-Ride!"
But
the frustration of your first registration,
makes you feel that you need a vacation;
But you decide to stick it all out,
you feel that it's foolish to be a drop-out;
so you drop-in,
and join the swim,
in a common attempt to win, to win;

You find:

Foundation courses in Philosophy,
Civilizations I n' II — i.e. your required history;
so you come out of it with dates,
peoples, names,
what they did and said,
then after Finals blast,
you put it all in a permanent bed;
But some of us don't like what we see,
we say, "Okay, what else can you show me?"
Then you hear
the typical teacher's view: "The learning and the thinking is up to you."
So you're left to yourself,
with dates,
peoples, names,
what they did
and what they said —
What to do, What to do,
is to use your head,
or chuck it all instead;

Drill-Sergeants not only found
in the course of Phys'Ed,
but also found
in Language and Math,
forcing you ta lose your head;

in other courses too,
you find the same,
all that headache pain,
driving you insane;
Of Phys'Ed, a Dolphin writer once said,
"We fret
the two years of required sweat."
"Required nothingness!" one student says.
"I know how ta walk!" another says.
But some of us lose ourselves
and commit the sin:

"Gime a B; I'm faster than him!"
Every professor carries his own scene:
attitudes of moderate to ultra-givingness,
those from mid-to-flipped excessiveness,
but
we find a mutuality
amongst this tragic-comic variety:
skim, read, read carefully,
know the importance of, know by memory;
you'll
have to know, how the specifics of,
you
better know, know J
the: poem, process, chapter, problems
6-33 and 42-73, acts 1 and 2,
whole play, concept, formula,
theme, theory, novel,
here's a list-know-it,
assignment show-it
cramming.
jamming.
getting prepared for quizzy-quizzes
you can't help being scared —
"It's a Memory-Machine ya want!
Lemme Alone!
It's not what I want!"
All the guys diggin a certain Professor,
calling her too-much,
while others say: "She's strange; hope she'd change."
"I like her," somebody says.
"That's because you're like her," someone else says.
Then ya meet the man with the beard —
"Hey, he talks funny, he's really weird."
Then somebody says: "I like what he says."
"That's because you're weird too," someone else says.
Then somebody says: "I don't like what he says."
Then someone else says: "Well what did he say?"
Then the quick, stern reply says:
"I DONNO, but I don't like what he says."
There's only two ways about it, it seems:
you like them, or you don't;
you like them, or you won't.
There comes the time when
ya have to see, Biology,
a forced Two-Acts of deep tragedy:
terms, terms — givin me worms,
worms, worms — all belong ta terms,
coelem, conductive system, xylem, digestive system;
"Know the Heart, by heart!" OH, Okay;

Ribosome, Centrosome — bore-ta-the-core
I-wanna-go-home;
No more feces-theses, please cease these —
"But you need it for the quiz!"
Yeh, I know, that's Bio-Biz;
Oh crazy Hot-air, Lemme alone!
Phylum, Hylum — insane-asylum;
"Anthropoda?" Idonknowda;
"Phylum Chordata?" same-ta-ya-fada;
Trylum, Phyla, Tracheophyta,
Phylum, ah, soda? "NO! Anthropoda!"
stamplets and pamphlets? "NO! Stemlets and Leaflets!"
Oh let's pack-up-now and go to camp — let's;
Phyler, Styler, anti-freedom-rider,
I need some cider — modafiler;
The need, the need,
comes with great speed,
Twisted-Frustration-Passive-Vacation.
Oh! How cheap the cost
of that Paradise Lost:
to ball, to ball
Sister
Sadie
Everybody's — so tall, and wonderful, and fat,
and weird, and sweet, and too-much, and cheap, and ballin-crutch,
and all sort-sa-otha things too, and all different ways ta do,
and loves ta ball,
tall or small,
don't matter at all,
she's not so banal
and I'm glad she's mammal —
glad, glad
cause Sadie's so bad — and wonderful, and weird,
and other things once feared . . ."
Oh Sadie! Sadie!
please come n'save me,
I'm bein smothered
by insects and plants
sneaking-into-my-pants;
Biology, Biology,
makes me dream of Sadieology —
My Down-Street Black Madonna,
dreamin but not havin
does-me trauma;
Oh! Not now Sadie, not now,
cause I'm in Bio class
studying a pathogenic mass.
So ya meet in the lounge
and talk about what's Hep,
maybe mention Plato, Rousseau,

or Bob Dylan's Rep;
But more frequent still
ya talk about Boo, Benny,
Dexy's dream, or mill,
or about the Downy —
Wowee!
if not,
you'll talk about the Rolling Stones,
partying, or getting stoned;
Bob Dylan, the Rolling Stones,
Boo, Benny, getting stoned,
the thrill of getting wrecked
or the desire ta see Downy,
makin the scene periodically;
argument over what's the best scene:
Dexy's mill, or dream —
Bell Blasts!
Gotta split ta class:
"Later! Beer in the car,
or old-style in the bar."
"Right! Later-on."
So ya find it's time ta graduate,
and again ya find yourself thinkin bout your fate;
Some of us glimpse back and find,
experiences imbedded in the mind:
A Wordsworth Poem,
a teacher's weird,
something one of them said,
the man's beard;
or:
the Rolling Stones, getting stoned,
sweating over exams to the bone;
Then some of us say: "I'm out, Hurray!"
But then some of us say: "But like,
there was an opportunity ta learn,
and all I did was burn."
Then some of us lose ourselves
and commit the sin: "Hey, look at me,
I'm smarter than him!"
We're left a little hung-up
a little bent,
Maybe realizing that most of us went,
so we could afford a higher rent;
A sort-of tragedy,
A sort-of comedy,
This:
A sort-of poem about
a tragic-comedy.
final note: "Fi-Fy-Fo-Fum
CCNY, here I come . . ."

So long
Since I held a
Small warm young one covered
With friendly fur and quivering
For love

cinquains

Sitting
Without content
Listening with regret
Lost to old forever begging
Come back

New York
Slowly leaves as
A train moves over a
Sun splashed river echoing a
Skyline

See there
Pushing rivers
Smooth jutting, angled rocks
Preparing and waiting for my
Journey

Judy Duncan

The People Express

riding on the subway;
Suspicious eyes held
patent bags and
muddy, faded orange giant-boots
got locked behind
dark brown steel subway doors.
Stuffing
peered from seats torn by
leather jackets and black boots.
Guess it's a form of
REBellion

MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE GLORY OF THE COMING OF THE
Bmt train.

Mother always said to keep on to your
packages and lock your purse.
Not everything was always locked:
Zippers were open and
Mouths,
but nobody stole anything.
SPITTING FORBIDDEN
Who would spit on a nice train
when venders sold Kleenex
and pretty ladies who didn't like to
hear naughty words
blew their noses in lacey handkerchiefs.

Skulls rocked in time to the shuffling subway
cars and
brains that fell to the floor
cried "Ah, shut up" and "I donno nothin' ".
Sagging bodies whose eyes see
nothing when they are open
and less when they are closed.
We wake to an infinity of
endless yesterdays
of sleep.

Janie B. Freedman

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to 50 Bay

I heard of the Hip a while back,
met one on Campus n' took her
to the rack,
I kept lookin for'er large hips,
cause ya see,
I thought that's what made
Hippies Be;

But I 'found that instead,
it was her head,
so I fled, I fled, I fled;
fled from the rack in search
for a secluded shack — I find
Big-Heads very: Wowee! Pretty Scary;

Flying on my way I met a man,
and he said, "Hey, you heard of
the bad Hiccups? Well that chick's
got the worse of all the Hang-ups."
"Whadia mean?" I said.
"She livin a flipped paradox," he said.
"How do ya mean? I said.
"Well ya see, she's livin Fashionable-Non-Comformity."

Then he agreed with me,
that the whole thing was pretty scary;
Then we pulled inta fourth,
and both of us looked for a shack.

Vincent Curcio

Bernie

When I first heard about it, I almost flipped. Bernard Rabinowitz had just become president of the Upper-East-Side John Birch Society, and only one month ago Heshie Abrams joined the Young Republicans. What was the world coming to? Frankly, Heshie was no great loss to liberalism. He even said he joined only to meet some swinging WASP chicks. But Bernard Rabinowitz! I just couldn't understand or believe it. We both had belonged to the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, SANE, and even the Hands Off Lenny Bruce Club. What was this guy, a political schizophrenic? I had to find out for myself. Maybe it was just another Bernard Rabinowitz. So I called, and they told me what time the bund got together.

When I arrived the meeting was already in progress. The place was absolutely packed. Many of the members were the buttoned down cats that you see downtown; others looked like they had just stepped out of the "American Gothic" scene.

The house lights were suddenly turned out, and someone started for the podium. Sure enough, it was old Bernie.

I always knew he was a good speaker, but he really came across that night. No one in the room moved; all eyes were fixed on him. It was as if the whole bunch were hypnotized. Every point Bernie made they cheered, and every time he mentioned the name of someone who was a bit left of George Washington, the booing could be heard blocks away. He had them in the palm of his hand; they were his.

I waited until the meeting was over, and when I saw that Bernie was alone in the corner of the room, I walked over and started to call him every name in the book from fat bellied imperialist and warmongering monomaniac to S.O.B. apostate. I was all set to belt him when he grabbed my arm and in this low whisper said "Comrade, you are very imperceptive."

Going home I was in a daze, and finally it came to me. Huey Long said it quite a while ago, but it still holds true. "The only way Fascism is going to take over in this country is through anti-Fascism." The same relates to any other ism. Boy that Bernie.

James T. Block

Hey Loddy Loddy

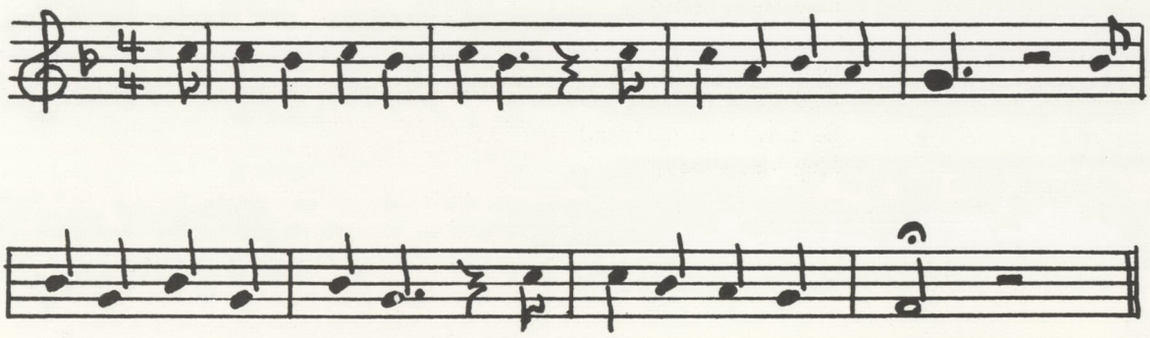
lyrics by Tracy Falco

Chorus
Hey loddy loddy loddy
hey loddy loddy lo
hey loddy loddy loddy
hey loddy loddy lo

Our S.A. is really with it.
Hey loddy loddy lo
Thanks to Darden he's the one who did it.
Hey loddy loddy lo

Our academy is well orientated
Hey loddy loddy lo
Would you believe a little outdated
Hey loddy loddy lo

The old academy's full of dampness
Hey loddy loddy lo
You think someday we'll have a campus
Hey loddy loddy lo



Look at this place it looks like Thailand
Hey loddy loddy lo
It might well pass for Welfare Island
Hey loddy loddy lo

Don't bring your car the cops are wicked
Hey loddy loddy lo
For 50 minutes is it worth a ticket?
Hey loddy loddy lo

The transit strike won't be forgotten
Hey loddy loddy lo
By those who failed for overcuttin'
Hey loddy loddy lo

If you think you'll study keep away
Hey loddy loddy lo
Yeah we've got lounges but they're for play
Hey loddy loddy lo

If you're looking for a buddy Jack or Jill
Hey loddy loddy lo
Try taking a walk to the local gin mill
Hey loddy loddy lo

Uncle Sam is on the warpath
Hey loddy loddy lo
So stay in college and beat the draft
Hey loddy loddy lo

ourtown pole to pole
William Reiter

the age of newness
with its
banners undulating
and its horns
blaring
roars
as crisply
as a forest
fire
down
main street.
the
townees look
and
pat the
heads of
their seeing eye
dogs.
"thank god
for our
visual acuity"
they
chant in
a prayer
like
tremor.
"thank god
for
our
unequaled
wisdom"
they
shout.
they go about
their
intellectual
inquiries as
the
blazing
parade
concentrates
its bruised
and raw fingers
into
a
revenge seeking
fist
(as
it
has
done
since
he
left
us)
that
pounds
insanely yet
silently
through
the now
blood incrusted
mist.
"fine
weather ahead
uriah . . .
no chance of
rain . . .
listen
to that
clean
fresh
wind."

YOU SEE THE BIRD IN FLIGHT
i see the white spotted ground

YOU SEE THE MAJESTIC SKYLINE OF THE CITY
i see harsh glares against pollution

YOU SEE THE SWEET CHICK WITH A BOTTOMLESS TOPLESS
i see the girl with a brace and a crutch

YOU SEE THE CLEAR CLEAN RIVER
i see the garbage churning

YOU SEE THE SUAVE BUTTON DOWN MR. BLUE
i see the hole in the back of his pants

YOU SEE THE THEATERS AND THE CLUBS
i see the slums and the slums

YOU SEE MR. REGAL RETIREMENT PICK HIS PENSION PLAN
i see him scratch his nose

YOU SEE THE PRIEST TALK OF LOVE AND LOVE
i see the heretic burn under the cross

YOU SEE THE CHURCH OF MAN
i see the chains of time

YOU SEE THE RED WHITE AND BLUE FLY OVER SAIGON
i see the red red and red flow

YOU SEE THE TIDE OF FREEDOM HIT THE BEACH
i see no sand

YOU ARE BLIND I AM GOD GOD HELP US

William Reiter

SOLITUDE

waiting

warm in a

. . . . . tunnel

of mut

ed light

silence with the

texture of music filling

. . . . . in

Judy L. Duncan

JUST BEING AT

you're

not

right

i don't know

no

i know

i'm

not — at times

i'm like a

timepiece where

there is

no

time

i'm

not

what time

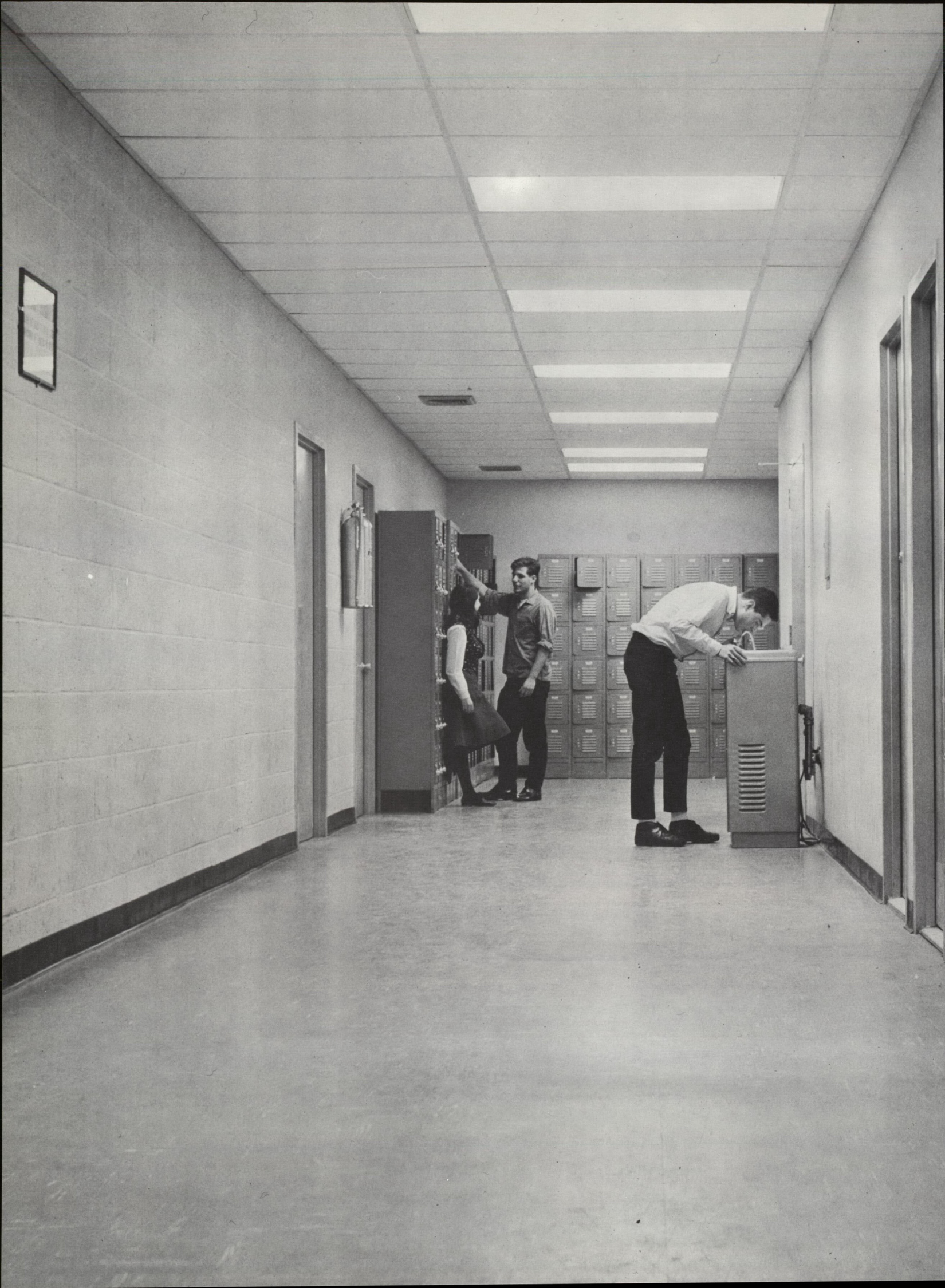
is it?

i can

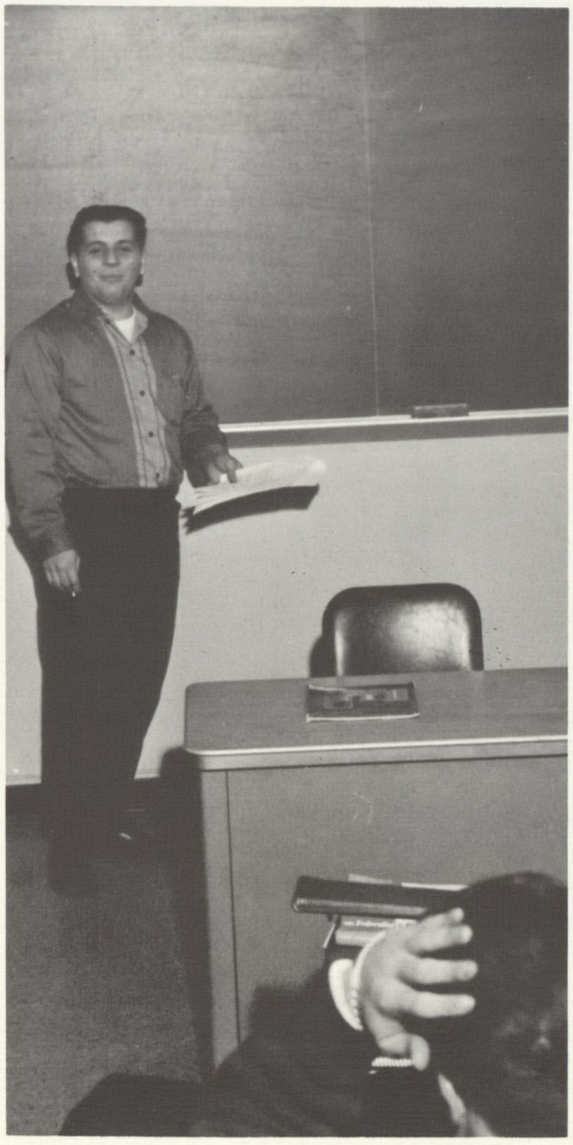
not

answer

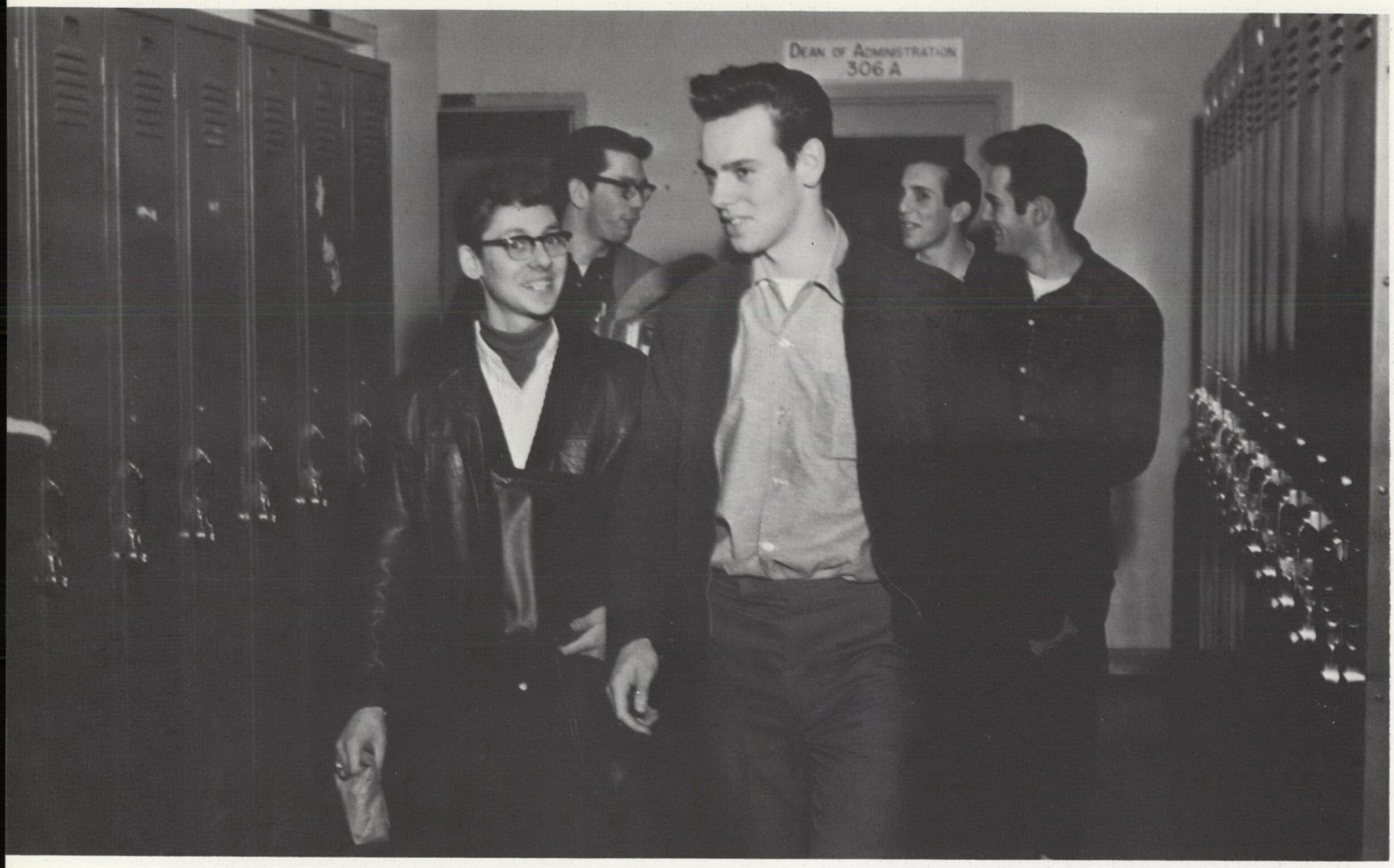
Judy L. Duncan

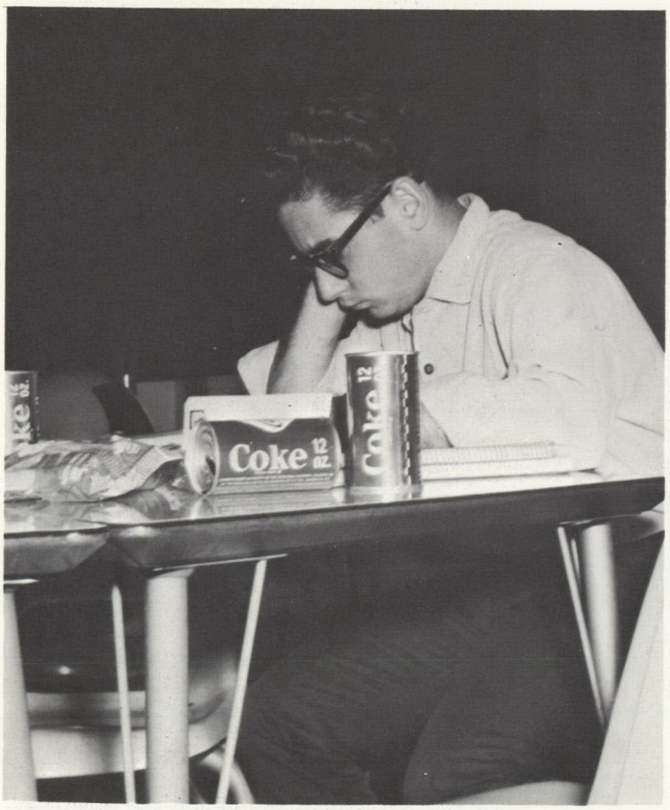


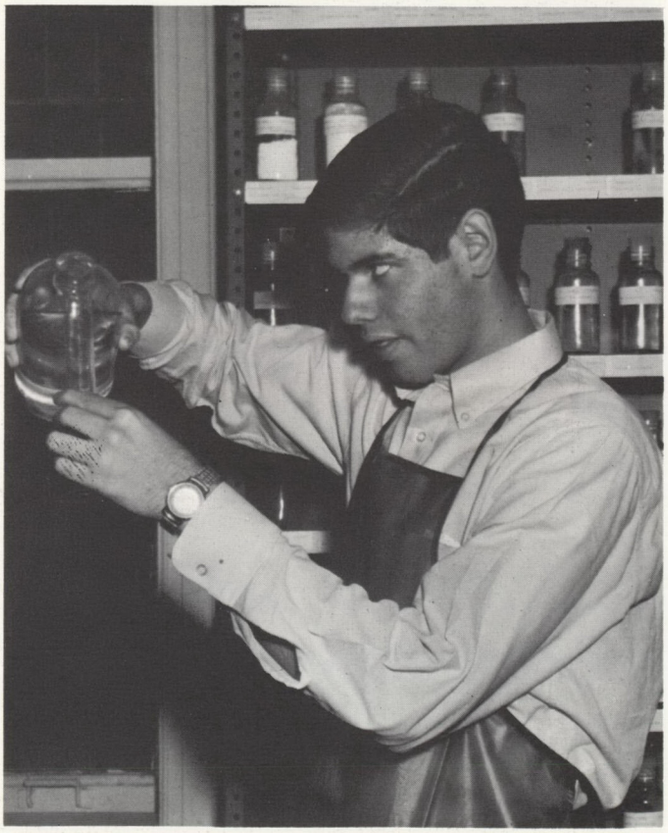
THE SCENE



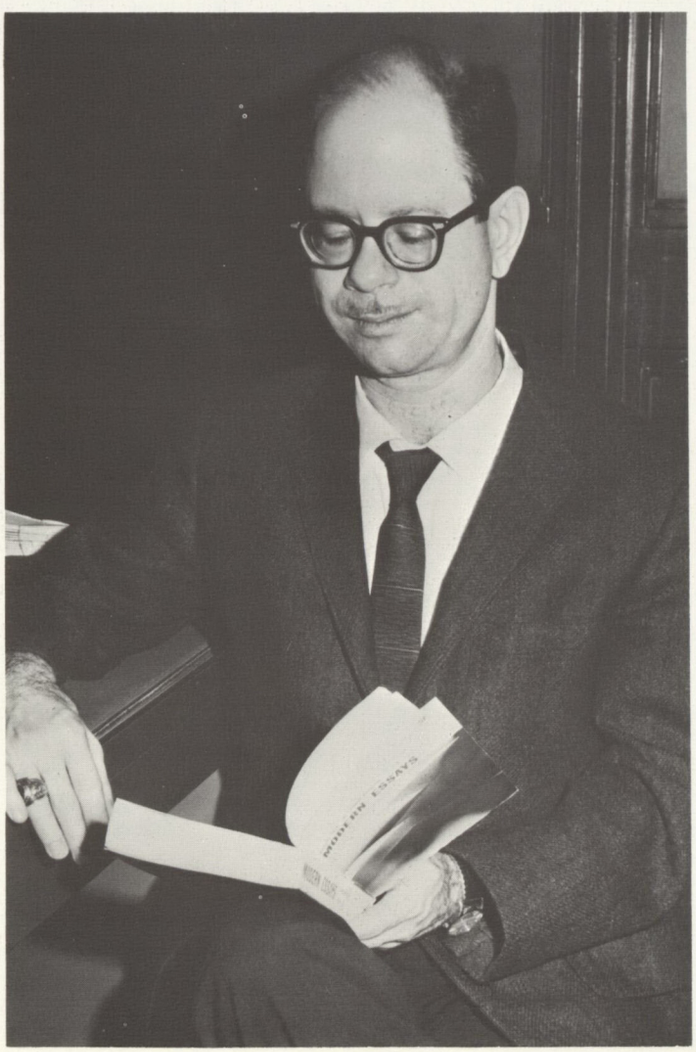
NOW!


DEAN OF ADMINISTRATION
306 A

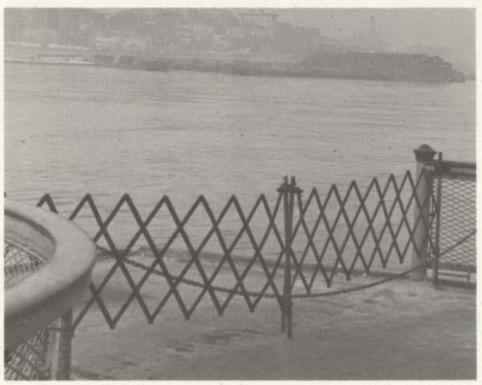

Coke 12 OZ
Coke 12

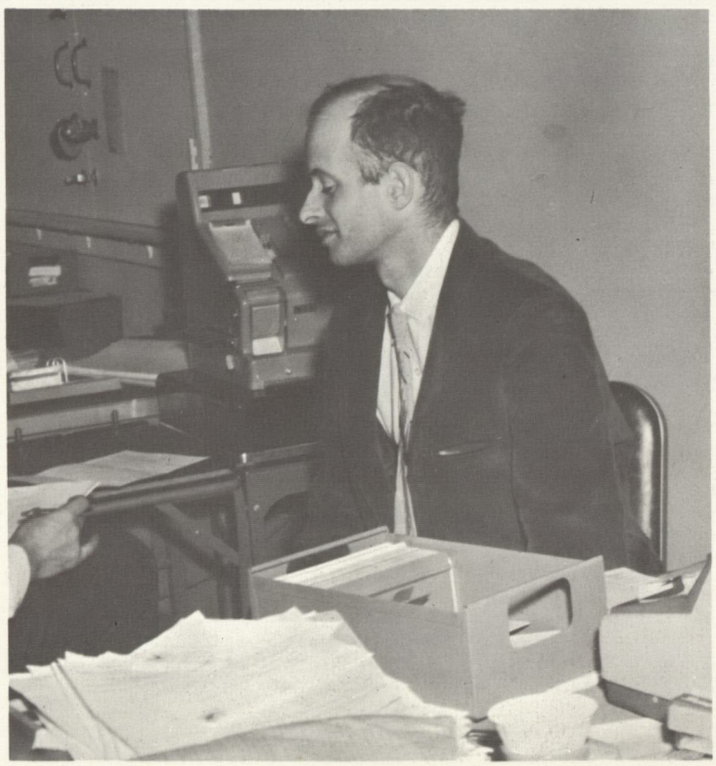


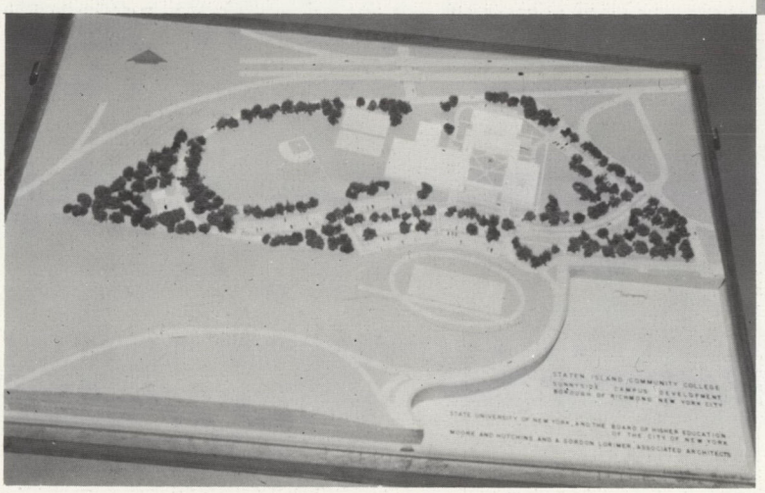
DC SECTION

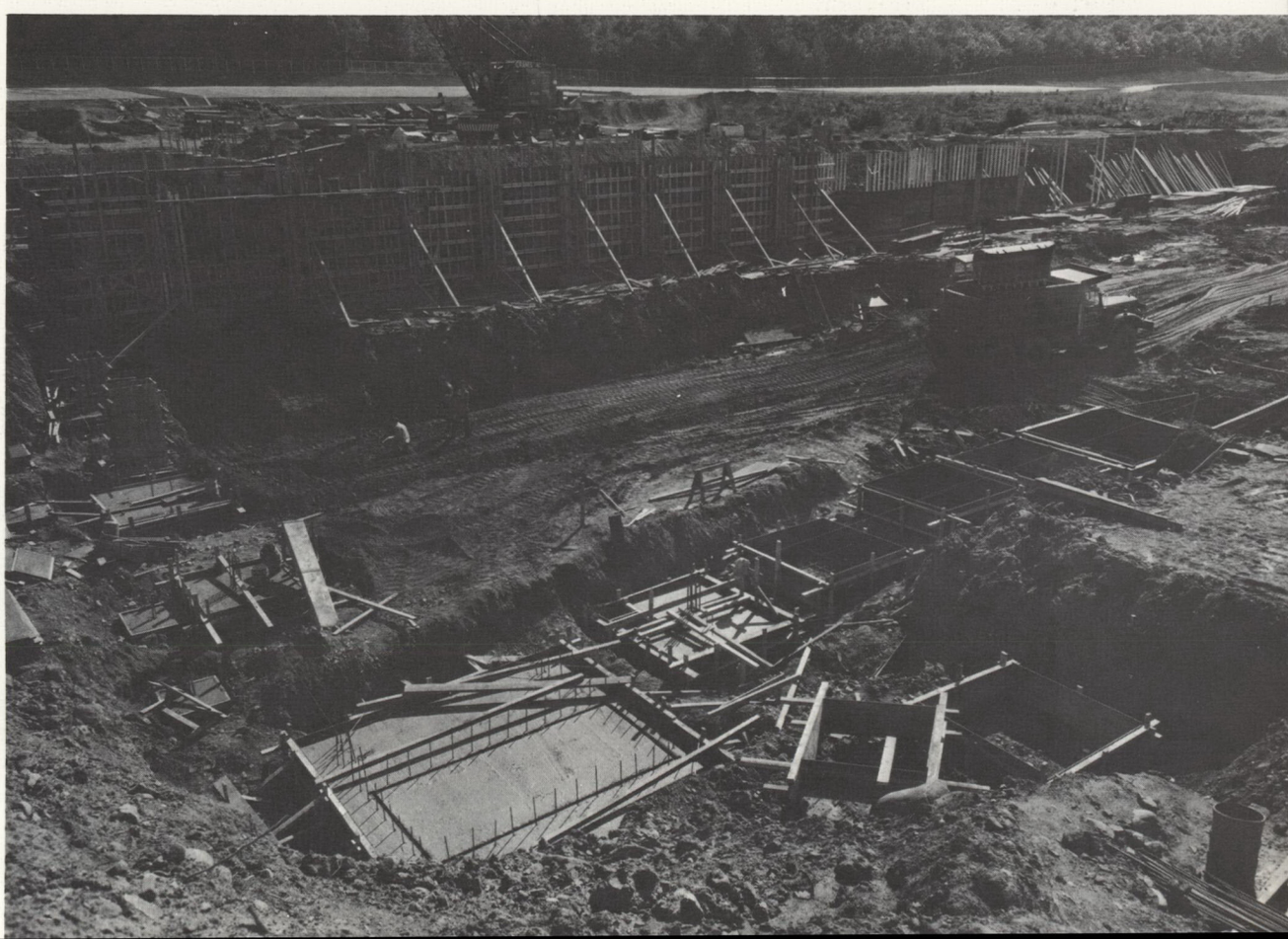


JOHN F. KENNEDY

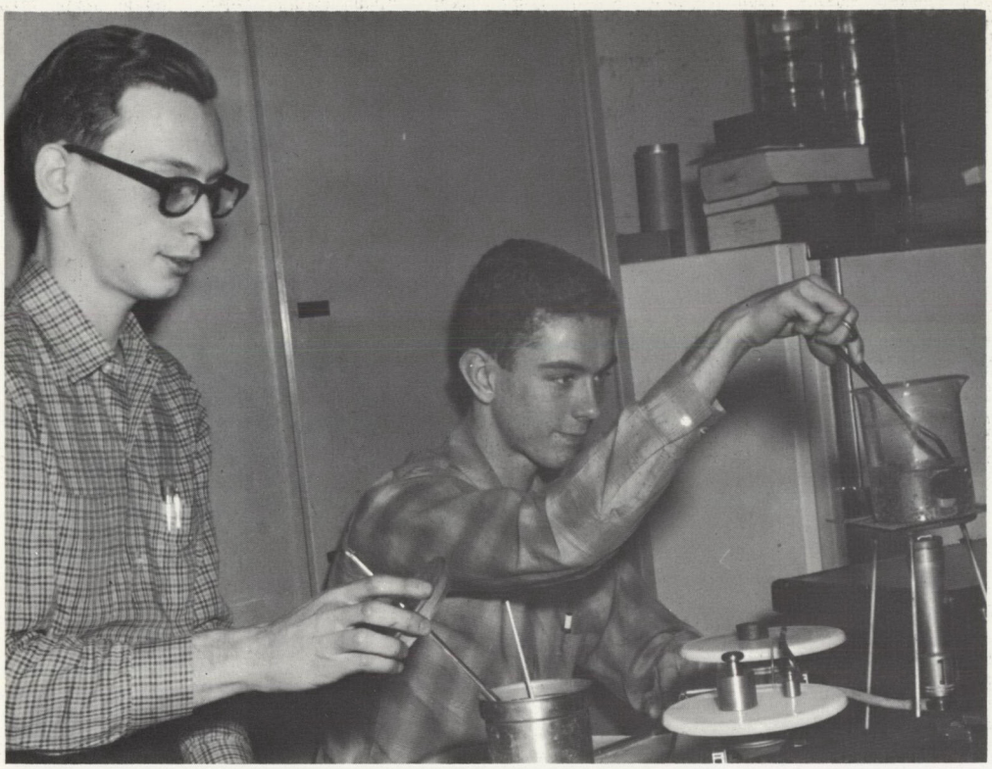


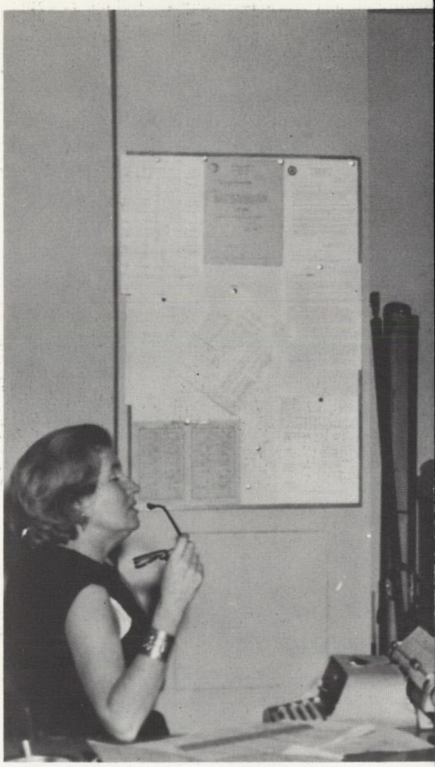


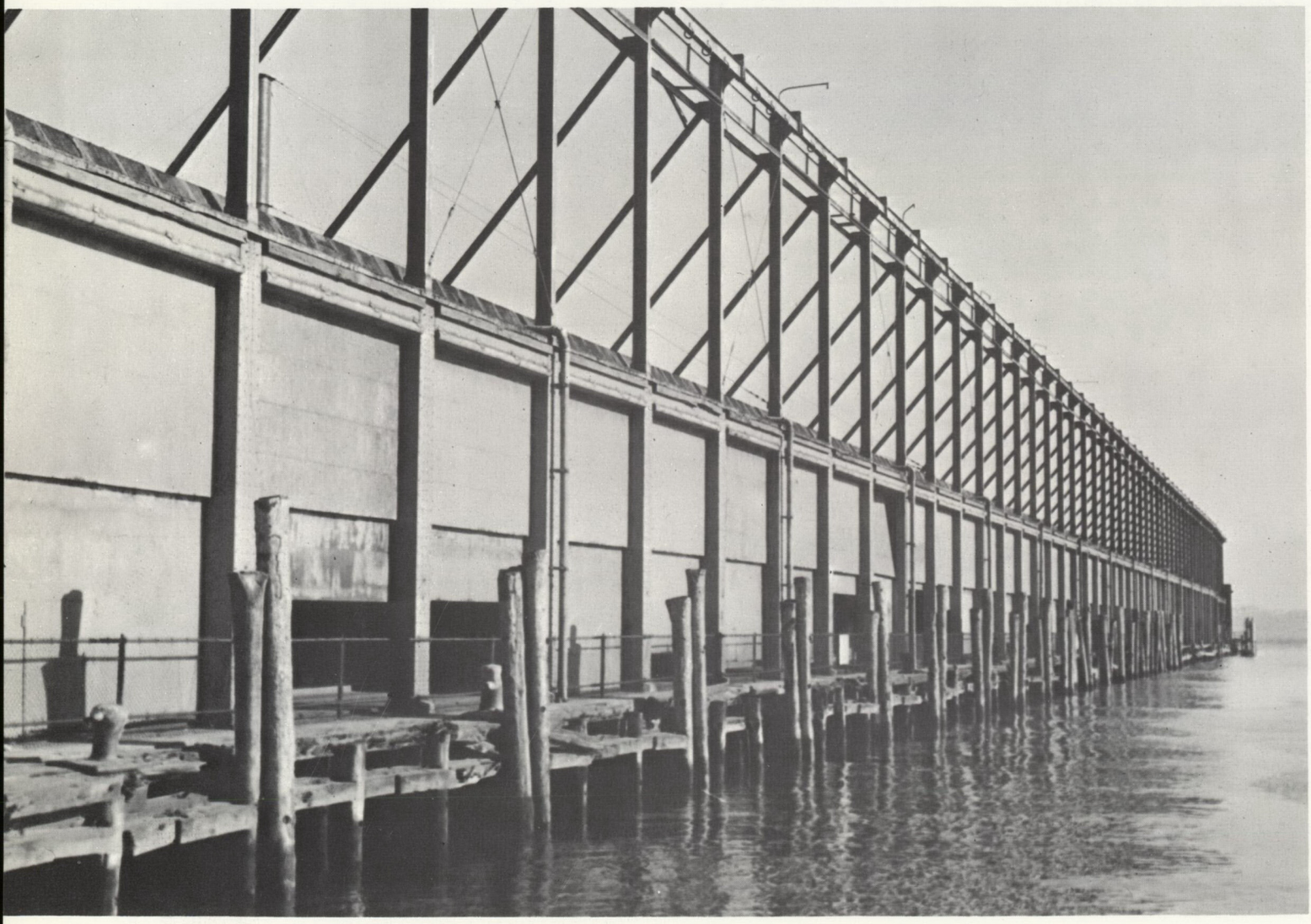


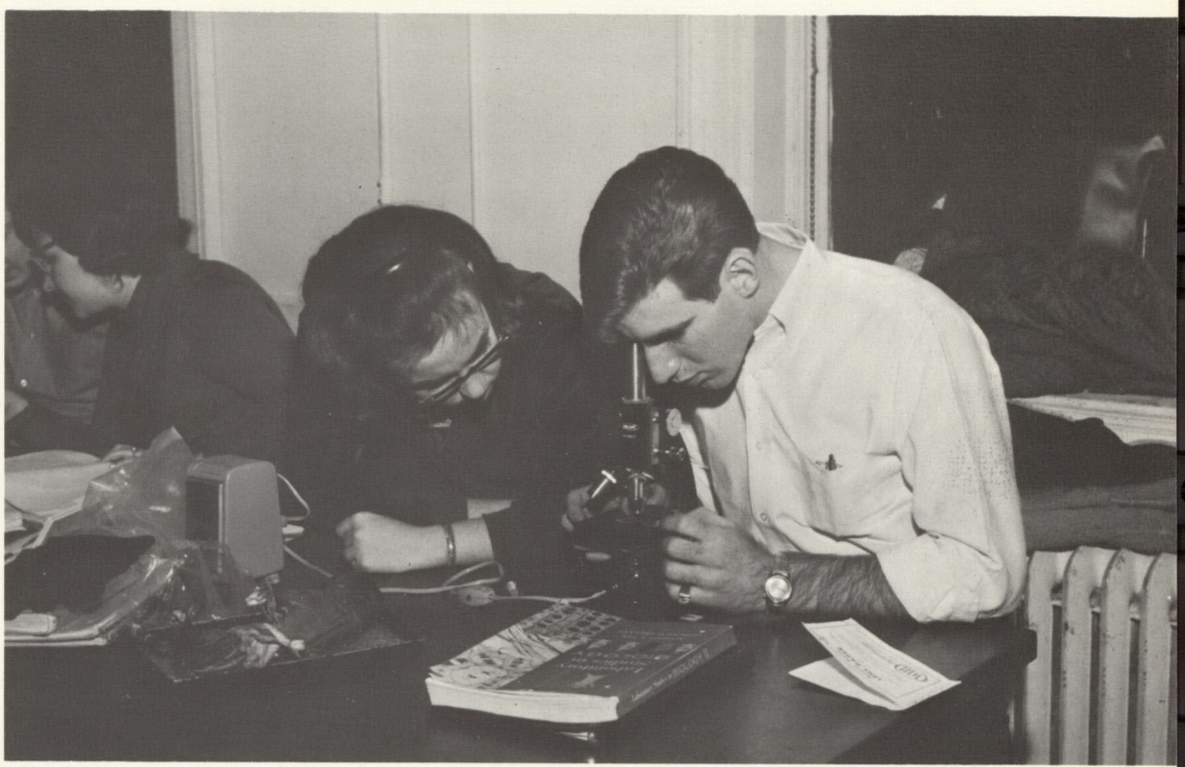


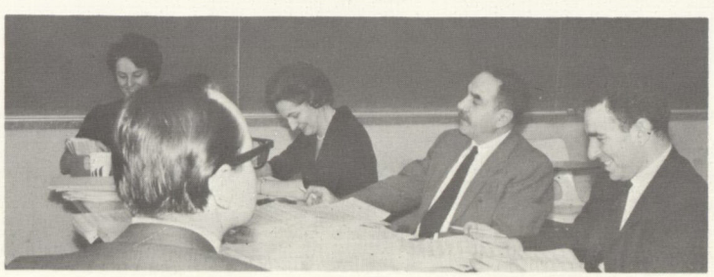
AUSTRIA
Japan

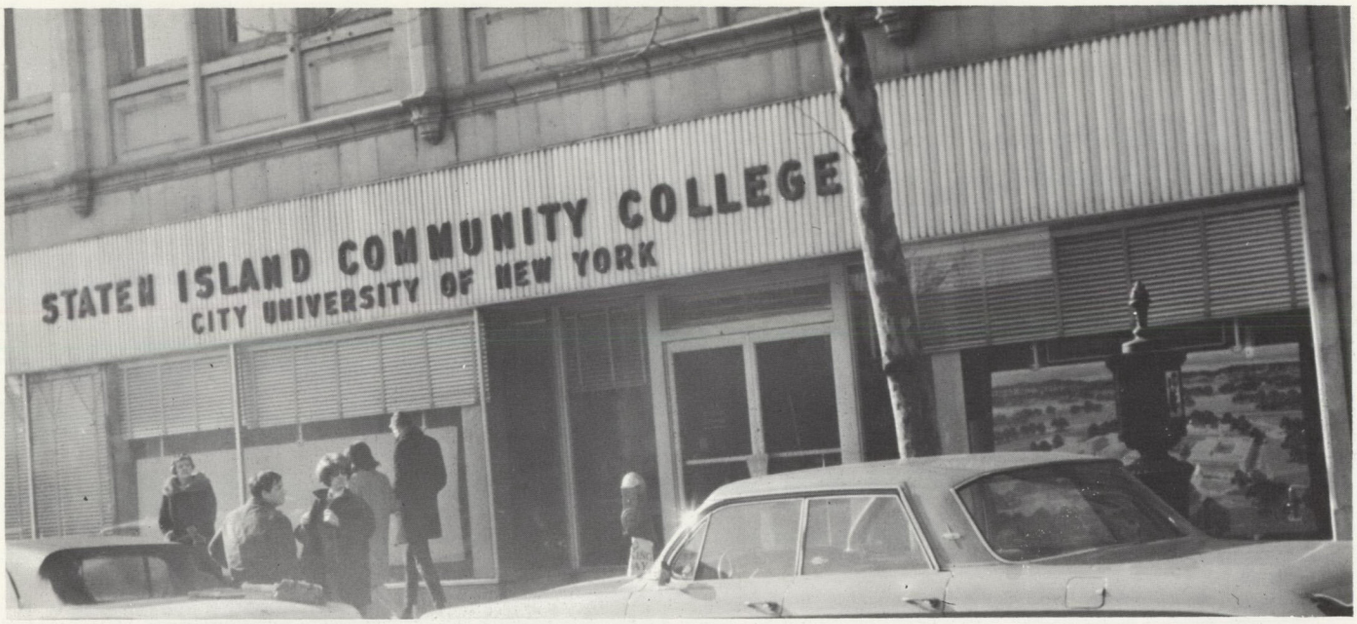








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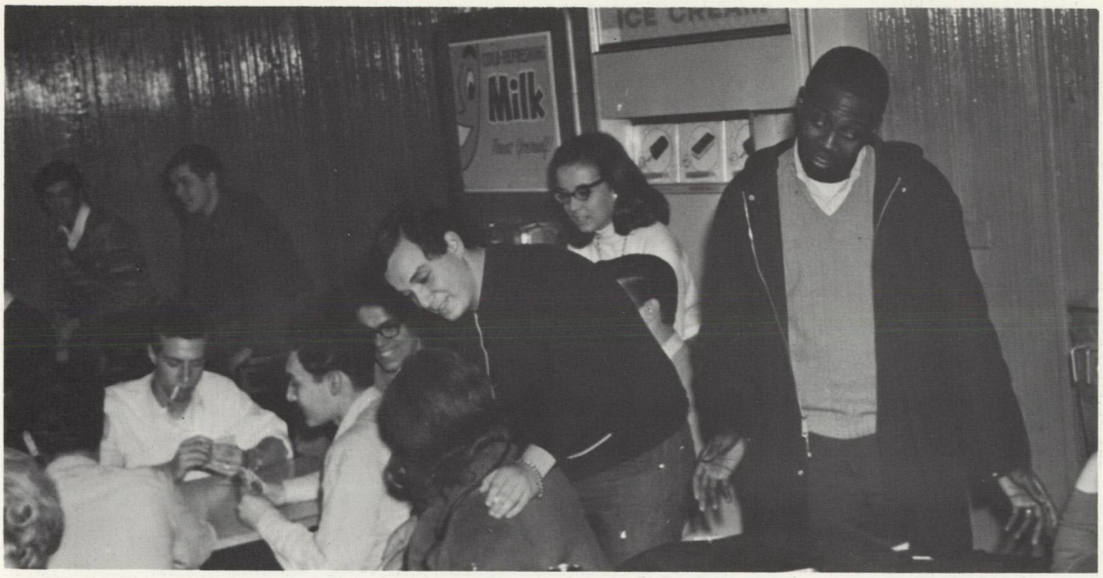
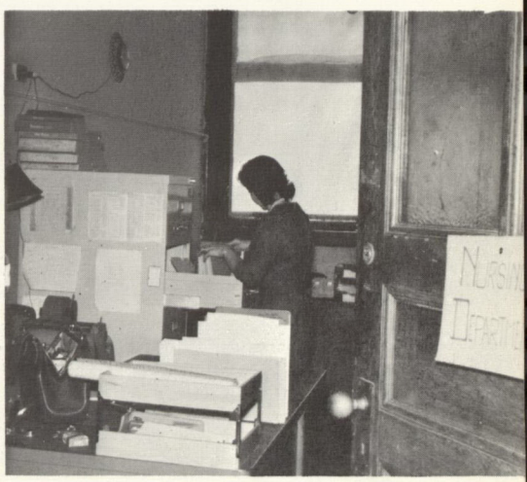
CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

STATEN ISLAND
COMMUNITY COLLEGE


Milk



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