



The Dolphin



Vol. XII—No. 6

Staten Island Community College, Staten Island, New York

Thursday, November 21, 1968

Editorial

The following letter was sent to the Staten Island Advance in response to an article concerning The Dolphin, and appears here as a guest editorial.

Editor
The Staten Island Advance
950 Fingerboard Road
Staten Island, N.Y.

November 17, 1968

Dear Sir:

I respond to a piece, published by you last weekend, dealing with Staten Island Community College's student newspaper **The Dolphin**. I don't know whether the piece presumed to be an excursion into objective reportage or a self-indulgent confusion of genres, with the editorial liberally represented. The general format certainly suggested straight reporting. Nevertheless, since I remain in doubt, I can consider the piece neither an article nor a feature and must recognize one of two possible transmutations: an artifice or a farfetched.

I find most journalistically admirable the creatively tendentious use of both the single and double quotation marks, used with no specific attribution, creating a most elegant climate of tasteful disapprobation ('Literature'; 'gutter talk,' 'disgusting' . . .) I also find professionally impressive the fair allocation of space to both critics and supporters of **The Dolphin** among the faculty and "adult non-students": the critics received seven paragraphs, the supporters seven words.

The author of the **Advance** piece also noted the concern of some wrathful "parents, faculty members and students"; he also volunteered the information that the newspaper's budget is paid for by allocations from the mandatory general fee charged every student at the College. Fortunately, centers of learning, and the communities they serve, profit immeasurably from contention, from the trying-out of ideas and imaginative stances. I am delighted at your reporter's recognition of this fact. And I must suppose he too heartily applauds—as I do—such an essentially creative use of public moneys.

Let's hit the main issue head-on, and as succinctly as possible. Only one faculty member was directly quoted, at length and to deplore the "lack of taste" in some of **The Dolphin's** material. I agree with him; it does lack taste; indeed I can conceive of very few capacities we need less than taste. If good taste were **The Dolphin's** measure for the acceptance of material, we should all rest easier, like manicured zombies; if it were, we should again be afflicted with the symmetrical poverties of some previous issues; if it were, we should be confronted by the butt-ends of the genteel tradition, the burdens of crushing pleasantness; if it were, the comforting swoon of banality, cliché and truism would seduce us into endless sympathetic languor. No. Leave taste to interior decorators and purveyors of the exquisite. There is something we need much more, without which we cannot live, moral energy. "Prudence," said my beloved William Blake, "is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity."

I don't unreservedly praise all the articles in the last several **Dolphins**. Nor do I find a single one morally damaging—quite the opposite. They differ in quality, like poems, toothbrushes and professional journalists. But in no case were they printed merely to allow the editors a few public—if metaphorical—erections. I know well the managing* editor, and I know the features* editor, of **The Dolphin**; I consider them aristocrats of the imagination; my college is honored by their attendance.

Very truly yours,
Armand Schwerner
Assistant Professor
Department of English and Speech
SICC

*John Farley and Franc Caggiano

Dr. Ellis To Speak

A. FALNAM

The Psychology Workshop of the Evening Session (the only one of its kind on campus) is still maintaining its excellent record of presentations.

This Saturday night, November 23, the Workshop will sponsor what appears to date to be the hallmark of its already distinguished career. Dr. Albert Ellis, noted psychologist, will present a lecture dealing with aspects of pre-marital sex. Past successes indicate a content matter which, while somewhat earthy, is nevertheless vital to contemporary American life.

Those who plan to attend the Winter Carnival should make every effort to attend this presentation, which will be held in the Student Lounge in C building at 8:30 p.m. Refreshments will be served.

Psychodrama, presented November 2, was the first of a fine series of programs scheduled for this semester. The audience numbered close to two hundred, which is unusually large for such an event.

Psychodrama is a method of therapy. However, unlike the traditional form of group therapy, the participants are drawn from an audience and the use of theatrical devices such as staging, lighting, and direction are employed. The director for the evening was Hannah Weiner of the Moreno Institute of New York. As the evening progressed, the audience became more involved. Emotions cracked through the air like static electricity. On stage the "actors" portrayed problems through Socratic dialogue. Longer and longer sililoquies evolved until full-scale tirades against and for almost every aspect of contemporary life were offered. The audience was drained and at the same time fulfilled. Real questions had been raised; their fears were exposed and sometimes conquered. It could be described as a pruning that allows a greater growth in the seasons to come.

Students Seek Power

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 11—While the Eldridge Cleaver controversy at the University of California's Berkeley campus has temporarily quieted down, San Francisco State College across the bay is in turmoil—also over a Black Panther teacher.

Students began a strike Wednesday (Nov. 6) to protest the suspension of George Murray, Black Panther Minister of Education, who was teaching basic English to disadvantaged students.

College President Robert Smith

NEW YORK (CPS)—The cry of "student power" is for the right of students to participate in making the decisions that control the way they live and what they learn.

Since it became a common sound on college campuses several years ago, students at almost every college in the country have had some success in making their influence felt in the nebulous area of "student affairs."

They argued to their presidents and deans, usually with success, that they ought to be able to run their own off-campus lives, and that what they did outside the classrooms was their concern, not the university or college's. They got many schools to institute student committees to control dorm hours, discipline and student clubs and organizations.

In the fight to give control of "student affairs" back to students, they were often joined by professors who were anxious to see the end of the "in loco parentis" philosophy of higher education.

Even when the students started asking why they couldn't have a say in what classes they took and what books they read, the faculty (who didn't like teaching required courses anyway) backed their demands for liberalized curriculum and fewer requirements.

But every time students complained about poor teaching and

closed the campus Wednesday after groups of black students, who were going around talking to classes about the strike, threatened violence if the classes were not dismissed. Small fires, assaults and minor property damage were reported. Two 16-man squads of San Francisco police came on to the campus at 2 p.m. to close all the buildings.

The college re-opened Thursday, and the situation was fairly calm and normal, although some police were on the campus.

antiquated tenure systems, and agitated for a voice in the granting of faculty tenure, their faculty allies disappeared into the woodwork. Now the students are trying to infringe on "professional" territory, and that was different. "What do you know about those things," they would ask their students. "You are only here four years; we are here for a lifetime. We can't let your whims ruin our careers."

But now students at the City University of New York's Queens College may be the first group to break through the faculty barrier; chances are good that students in several departments will be represented on the departmental committees that make tenure decisions.

Students expressed interest this fall in plans to work through departments to give students majoring in those departments a voice in tenure by placing them on Personnel and Budget committees in advisory roles.

In a poll of faculty members conducted by the campus newspaper, the **Phoenix**, a majority of non-tenured instructors at the college said they thought reform of the tenure system was needed, and that the system was not fully representative. Tenure professors were not so anxious for reform; 68 per cent favored the status quo. But a significant number of faculty members support student voice in the process.

(Continued on Page 2)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT IS ALIVE AND WELL IN THE WHITEHOUSE.

I know everyone has wanted to see my vet dam policy... now that the election is over...

here it is!



dawmaster '68

Suppression Rampant On American Campuses

Although "freedom of the college press" is touted almost universally on American campuses, a large number of student papers have been censored or persecuted this fall by administrators, advisers and printers who don't like four-letter words.

In most cases their sin was not writing editorials judged obscene, or even printing literary works with four-letter-words—but just printing news stories containing things their "keepers" didn't like.

And in some cases the opposition, leveled superficially against "obscenity," was obviously attempting to clamp down on student editors for political or personal reasons.

Two things have become clear this fall as this rash of censorship spreads from small tightly controlled papers to large university dailies: the people who run colleges are no longer so sure they really want students independently running their own newspapers; and a great many of academia's "forward-looking" adults may be able to take their students' radical politics, but they still have a Mayor-Daley-like obsession with obscenity.

The word "fuck," long a commonplace in youthful vocabularies, and adult as well, has sent countless printers of college papers into such rage that they censor the copy, refuse to print the papers, even try to get schools to discipline editors. And administrators, who don't mind hearing the word spoken and know as well as anyone else that the word is a fixture of the language, try to fire editors and have papers confiscated when they see it in print.

At the University of Wisconsin last week, the Board of Regents narrowly refrained from firing Daily Cardinal Editor Greg Graze and Managing Editor Steve Reiner because the paper printed a story containing "unfit language." The story was a CPS release on the SDS October National Council meeting, quoting from a member of the Up Against the Wall/Motherfucker faction. The editorial board of the Cardinal was instead ordered to appear before the Regents this winter with "a policy of sanctions to prevent further incidents."

The entire Cardinal staff and its Board of Control signed a front-page letter to the Regents, calling the attack on the paper "only a beachhead in the total effort by the regents to exert control over every aspect of the University operation, student life and faculty freedom." The staff also printed paragraphs from books required by many of the University's English classes, including Shakespeare, James Joyce and Norman Mailer, which contain language more obscene than in the news story.

Less than a week later, the Michigan State University State News printed a story about the Wisconsin controversy, quoting from the CPS story and from the Cardinal's literary selections. The paper's adviser (or general

manager, in bureaucratic lingo) claimed the editors had violated their contract with their printer. Since he had no power to fire the staff, but does control the paper's funds, the adviser, Louis Berman, cut the salaries of three top editors whom he considered responsible for the story.

At Purdue University the situation is even more serious this week. Editor-in-chief William Smoot was removed from his position by the school's Vice-President for Student Affairs, who claimed in his firing letter that the Exponent had violated journalistic codes and "offended the sensibilities of the public."

The offensive item in this case was a column critical of the university president: "Regarding a vicious rumor concerning President Novde . . . let us set the record straight. Our president is not anal-retentive . . . he dumped on the students just last week," the column opened.

Although the administration mandate provided that a new editor should be chosen by the Exponent's senior staff members, the 15 members of the senior editorial board said the paper's editorial policy would be the same with or without Smoot.

At a number of schools, the paper's problem has not been the administration but its printer. At New York City's Hunter College for example, the job printer who handles many of the city's small college papers refused to print the Envoy's first edition this fall because a story about the Chicago Democratic convention contained the word "fuck." The paper got another printer.

The Oakland (Mich.) University Observer in its second fall issue ran a four-page supplement containing a long autobiographical piece by a black student. The Observer's printer also refused to run the supplement. The dispute still has not been settled; the Observer has another printer.

In Putney, Vt., last week, the printer of the Lion's Roar had refused to print any more issues on the paper. In a letter to the president of Windham College, which publishes the paper, the printer said the Lion's Roar was "not the type of publication we choose to print." He objected to a Liberation News Service article on "The Myth of Vaginal Orgasm" and a cartoon about LBJ and the "credibility gap."

His refusal to print nearly destroyed the small paper financially, since he owned the only offset press in Putney and if even one issue of the paper were cancelled the loss in advertising revenue would have been a disaster.

Other printers are more subtle; they just change the parts they don't like. In a CPS story about the Democratic convention which quoted Realist editor Paul Krassner telling a story about LBJ defending the war: ("Son those commies are saying, 'Fuck you Lyndon Johnson,' and nobody says, 'Fuck you, Lyndon Johnson' and gets away with it"), the printer of the Stetson Uni-

versity Reporter cut out the entire phrase "fuck you", making the whole sentence patently absurd.

More than one student editor has opened his paper in the morning to discover censorship by the printer. Last month the Daily Californian in Berkeley, which ran a story about a pamphlet being distributed on campus by radical political groups, discovered that their printer had a fondness for dashes in the middle of some words.

Most of the trouble with printers comes from small jobbers who edit all the copy their typesetters set and have set themselves up as protectors of decency in the printed word.

Lou Sokall, manager of Alert Printing Company in New York City, which handles 20 local student papers, said it all: "Somewhere down along the line somebody has to say something about smut. I'm just trying to do something to protect those nice people who still cringe when they see the word (fuck) in print."

It's all very reminiscent of Mayor Daley, yelling at Connecticut Senator Ribicoff to "go fuck himself" on the floor of the Democratic convention, and then complaining piously about demonstrators outside bad-mouthing cops.

Students Seek . . . (Continued from Page 1)

Most departments thought they could not take any steps toward reform unless the New York Board of Higher Education bylaws governing the college were changed. But in a recent visit to Queens, City University Chancellor Albert Bowker told students the departments could use students in an advisory capacity without any bylaws changes.

The departments could even give students voting power, Bowker said, by forming new "advisory" personnel committees, whose recommendations the "regular" committees would consider binding.

Queens students and faculty members are also fighting for representation on the Board of Higher Education, presently closed to them. Last week Chancellor Bowker indicated that their aim would probably be thwarted, but that he would try to placate them with a diversion.

He announced the formation of a Chancellor's Student Advisory Council, which would be made up of three representatives from each of the City University's nine colleges. The three would be elected by the student governments of each school's day students, night students, and graduate students.

The Council would meet with administrators to "participate in policy deliberations."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4—Students can express concern for the struggles to end poverty and racism by participating in the seventh annual "Fast for Freedom" this Thanksgiving.

The U.S. National Student Association (NSA) is asking students to abstain from the evening meal to raise for projects developing models for involving white middle class people in the struggle to end poverty and racism.

The funds raised would also support the work of independent organizations of poor and minority group people.

Specialist Discusses Czech Invasion



Goodman stresses point.

By MICHELE NAGEL

On November 14, Jerry Goodman, specialist in European Affairs of the American Jewish Committee visited SICC. Mr. Goodman recently returned from an eight-week stay in Czechoslovakia and other East European countries, and was guest lecturer of the Social Sciences Club, the Menorah Society and the Language Club. While in Czechoslovakia he learned many points of interest concerning the Russian invasion.

Mr. Goodman stressed that the people of Czechoslovakia loved the liberal regime of Alexander Dubcek. Under this regime the people were allowed freedom they never knew before. Students engaged in street gatherings where they would discuss the events of the day. Russian was no longer a mandatory language in schools and for the first time the Czech economy could compare with that of other countries in the west. When the Czech citizen was asked what he thought of the liberal policies of the new government, the overwhelming response was that it was good for the country. Only five per cent of the people favored the old regime.

Then on August 21, 1968 all was changed when five socialist brother nations marched into Czechoslovakia "to stop counter-revolutionary trends which would undermine and destroy all Socialist work." Soon after that the Soviet Union demanded a halt to liberal policies. Mr. Goodman then said that the

general reaction of other countries were critical because the invasion was unlawful. Surprisingly, not outside the Soviet Union but within the Soviet Union dissent had risen. Many Russians questioned what had happened in Czechoslovakia and protested against the invasion by having a sit-in in Red Square. Soviet soldiers are presently deserting the army. One soldier said that he knew something was wrong when he saw the reaction of Czech people in the streets.

Mr. Goodman said that the intervention has caused much fear in the West. The French and Italian Communist parties denounced the invasion while the American Communist party supported it.

Mr. Goodman spoke to many Czechs after the invasion. The Czech citizens said that they knew the United States could not aid them, but nevertheless they wanted the people in the United States to know what is going on and how bitter they felt about the invasion of their country.

A question-and-answer period followed the lecture. One student asked, "Would the Soviet Union ever invade Yugoslavia?" Mr. Goodman replied that he doubted that would ever happen. He said that it would be the worst move the Soviet Union could ever make.

The lecture on the whole was very informative. All who attended learned the details behind the invasion and were able to comprehend its significance.

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CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

Stalls Of Discontent — An Essay Of Pressing Importance

By HARRY DISHON

Due to a recent bout with diarrhea, I found myself obliged to take to our SICC lavatories with more than normal frequency. I found, as have many others before me, that once within this bastion of tile and gleaming stainless steel one's thoughts like one's voice takes on a more profound resonance. During my more protracted visits, giving air to my thoughts as it were, I found myself in the position to assess one community college's student endeavors: the writing of toilet stall graffiti. I must admit that I was surprised and shocked to find this popular collegiate discipline in a sorry state of affairs and that it falls far below the distinction which SICC has attained in other areas of student activity.

Any true connoisseur of the toilet stall genre of graffiti knows that the statements and epigrams that make up this form should fall within three categories: the funny, the profound, or the profane; and then any combination of these which one has the ingenuity to construct. To stress any one of these areas to the exclusion of any of the others is not only unfair to the art but unthinkable. Yet that is exactly what has happened here. Out of the profusion of graffiti statements in our toilets, few are funny, fewer are profound, and a preponderance are profane. We have in our college a situation which smacks of a total disregard for the ethics of toilet stall graffiti, ethics based on an equitable representation of the three graffiti categories and universally accepted in colleges throughout the country.

What is equally deplorable to this inexcusable breach of graffiti ethics is the decidedly inferior

ing of all is the fact that the drawings are invariably poor. Even to the least critical eye it is plain to see that our profanist graffiti falls far short of good profanity much less hard core pornography.

Although this situation is of the utmost seriousness, it is hardly irremedial. To determine a solution, however, we must first determine a cause. To assume, as would have it, that our toilet graffiti are indicative of our student body and worthy institution would be to admit that our college is incapable of creating superior graffiti in accordance with accepted graffiti ethics. But such an assumption fosters the ridiculous implication that our graffiti are

the desirability of our lavatories over those in the students own home.

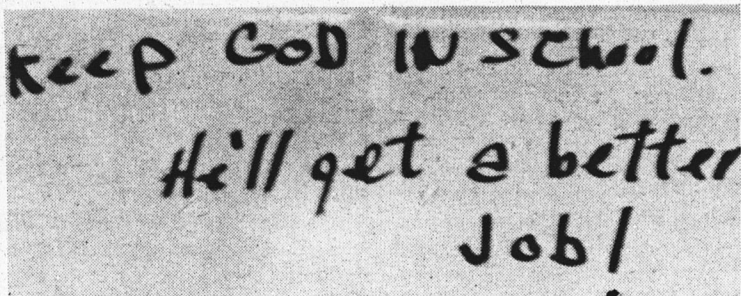
These advertisements would be placed in strategic spots, such as entrances and exits, and might employ the following devices:

Suggestion — Going: Don't go home uncomfortable. Relieve yourself here. It's a long ride home.

Appeal to school spirit — The lavatories in this school are for you. Have you used one today?

Testimonial — The president of the Student Government prefers SICC lavatories to his own any day.

These proposals are primarily geared to make our bathrooms more popular. In addition, we need pro-



indicative of a second class institution. This however, is emphatically not the case. That SICC students could be so graffitically narrow as to raise one form out of proportion to the other very valid forms is unthinkable. I am convinced that our graffiti are not indicative of our fine student body but rather the work of one or two profanist-oriented graffitists who are taking advantage of the toilet stall apathy we are all guilty of. Yes, my fellow students, that is the crux of our problem. The finger is pointed. Our worry is not profanity but student apathy in our toilets.

Student apathy however is only one of the two major causes of the inferior graffiti posture of our academy. The other little realized but important factor which prevents our progress in this field is the simple fact that some of our best students have a distrust of our toilets. This distrust, which stems, among other reasons, from previous experiences with institutional lavatories whose facilities do not begin to compare with ours for hygiene and comfort, is keeping great numbers of talented students out of our bathrooms. We can readily see then that student apathy, coupled with the intelligentsia's inherent distrust of the institutional toilet, is the influencing factor which we must act upon immediately.

I strongly urge that the student government call an emergency session at the earliest possible date to consider our problem in light of these factors. I further suggest that it enact the following proposals, along with any others it may deem necessary, in a spirit of urgency and with the greatest possible haste.

Proposal I. The initiation of an advertising campaign stressing: a. the positive hygienic features of our modern lavatory facilities, b. an increased use of our lavatories, and even perhaps c.

posals which will influence our real problem: toilet stall apathy.

Proposal II. The general beautification of our lavatories: a. attendants on duty at all times to insure cleanliness, b. installation of artwork and draperies, and c. addition of novel scents such as flowers, exotic perfumes, or marijuana.

Proposal III. The installment of devices to promote graffiti: a. a dry mark in every stall, b. music conducive to thought and creativity, and c. an unabridged dictionary and desk encyclopedia in every bathroom.

I have no doubt that once these measures are acted upon we will be well on the way to broadening our graffiti endeavors in both scope and quality. Not only will all three of the respective forms be represented but all three will resultantly be of a higher quality than the one that now exists. Once we get our students writing we will have profundity for our more pensive defecations, and humor that will bring us chuckling from the bathrooms. Most of all we will achieve a profanist form which in contrast to our present failures will leave us actually titillated. Imagine, at last profanity and pornography that we can really feel!

Even after the student government has enacted these proposals, however, we will still not be free from danger. There will always be those, like our overactive profanists now, who will seek to wipe out other areas of graffiti endeavor. There will be those on the right, for instance, who will take an all-to-antiseptic view of toilet graffiti and who would try to flush out valid profanist influences. We must agree now to preserve an equal representation of all graffiti forms and that graffiti-flushers, like book-burners, are a threat to the entire academic community.

(Continued on Page 8)

November Sixth Hangover

By MIRREL GARFINKEL

Now that the final votes are in and tabulated, it seems the American people have bestowed on Richard M. Nixon the throne at 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. What lies ahead? At first I found much disgust, sorrow, despair, and an ill-tempered feeling among my friends here at SICC. I for one was disappointed since I had high expectations for Mr. Nixon's major running opponent. However, the tie for debate and discussion of who was the better man is over. The time to evaluate and analyze George Wallace's tactics in preventing a democratic victory is over. The complaining about the present malfunctioning administration should have ceased as of November sixth. Disappointments have often turned in the opposite direction and surprisingly enough, this can happen in the period of the next four years.

Our present dilemma involves a war which has been disputed from every possible angle and by every possible group in America. It seems to have become a struggle. For not only is the war controversial as a moral, social, economical, and now psychological issue but the ideas and formulating opinions of all radical groups have aroused friction, this precipitating an internal conflict. What is ost hazardous for this nation is the fact that more and more people are being accused of having a disloyal fervor for their country and are being labeled "Communists." There are simply too many labels and too few people to understand their complex interpretations. The average layman does not have the knowledge or right to designate someone as being a "Communist" or "Fascist" since even historians question their exact meaning.

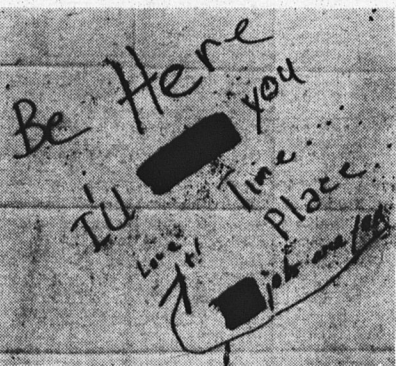
But this war is still our primary concern and we are faced with seeking a peaceful but favor-

able solution while still keeping face in the eyes of the world. It is now Mr. Nixon's stage. He must now perform for us in such a manner that the special hidden strategy which he proclaimed to have during the campaign is enacted to its fullest. His performance must be so superior that he can actually run off with an Academy Award, for if he fails the nation's morale will fall to its lowest peak in history.

The end of racism, a long-sought dream, is not around the corner now that Mr. Nixon is in. He cannot go into people's minds and say, "This is not the way people should be regarded or treated." This is my only defense for him, since no man can persuade people to change from inborn or indoctrinated thoughts about any particular group. However, what must and should be made is sincere compromise and intelligent concession by both sides for the purpose of satisfying all parties even if the ills cannot as yet be cured.

The growing need for all college campuses to gain a more potent student representation also is a matter Mr. Nixon will have to face, but perhaps in a more indirect manner. For the growing dissent on the campuses contributes to the rapidly growing dissent within the nation. We, as his followers, must hope that he will not act upon the false political promises made during the campaign but on the support we give him now.

We must give Mr. Nixon the opportunity to prove himself. We must join together to help him help us. If we could accept this and intelligently resolve to follow and pursue this idea of helping him help us, there could be much hope for these long-sought goals. I think President-elect Nixon is capable of leading us in this desired direction and making all these changes a reality.

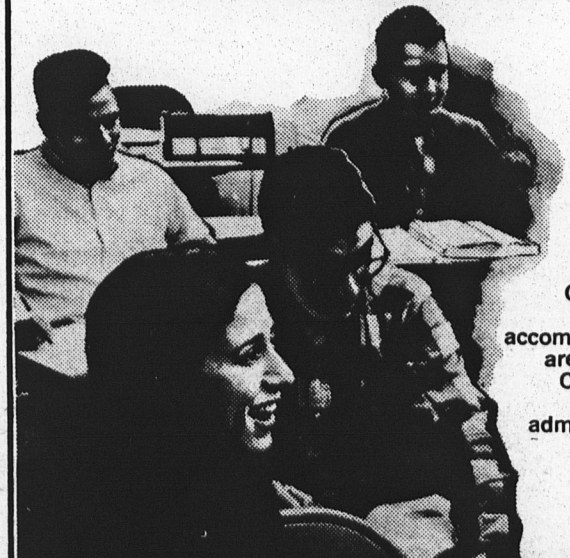


quality of most of the statements. One would expect that graffiti confined to one of these areas would be better than average by the very nature of specialization. Ours fails miserably in every department. The racial slurs are weak, god is hardly blasphemed at all, and many of the four-letter words are misspelled. Aside from this we are given ridiculous suggestions, such as invitations to perform felatio, when the author should know we all have our own contacts. On top of this we are given suggestions which are physically and practically impossible. Coed bathrooms are far from reality even here at SICC. Finally and most frustrat-

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Staten Island Community College of The City University of New York
The Dolphin is a member of the Associated Collegiate Press.
and the Revolutionary Action Press

Letters to The Editor

The following letter is a request for funds from the Committee to support American Servicemen in Viet Nam. The decision of the editors to print it here is the result of our desire to aid those individuals who have had to suffer the dire consequences of the American adventure in Viet Nam. Its inclusion does not reflect support for the American cause there nor does it imply sympathy for those leaders who have sent young Americans to such a fate.

Committee To Support American Servicemen In Viet Nam

Dear Fellow-American:

Every American serviceman and woman in Viet Nam wants to know that you care about him. Show him—by providing for his comfort when he has a few hours respite from jungle warfare. This can be accomplished through SAS (The Committee to Support American Servicemen in Viet Nam) which will help to establish, through USO, vitally needed USO Centers and Programs.

SAS means ACTION, bringing comfort to our American servicemen, lonesome and far away from home.

SAS means GIVING to our wounded servicemen returning to military hospitals—visits, gifts, professional entertainment and special consideration when particular occasions arise.

SAS is HUMANITARIAN, supporting organizations such as the U. S. Marine Corps Civic Action which sends in a "pacification team" after a battle has been fought to help Vietnamese rebuild their villages, feed the hungry, educate, and heal the wounded. Importantly, such civic action by the Marines and other branches of the military to which SAS contributes, helps to create good will among GI's and the Vietnamese people. In so doing this saves American as well as Vietnamese lives. SAS also supports the IUE-AFL-CIO Resettlement Village at Dong Lac. (approved by AID—a U.S. Government Agency.)

You can be a part of that help and that hope by supporting SAS. For information as to how you can participate write SAS, 25 Washington Avenue, Nutley, New Jersey Zip 07110—Phone 201-667-2422.

SAS is a NON-PROFIT, NON-PARTISAN organization. All leaders volunteer their time and effort. Their only reward is in the knowledge that they are being of service to their country and to mankind.

Sincerely,
Jerry Leopaldi
Chairman, SAS Committee

To the Editor:

I would like to congratulate Mr. Farley, editor of "The Dolphin," for what he stated in the Staten Island Sunday Advance of November 10, 1968. I agree with him entirely and also feel if the College can distribute English Books containing the so-called "gutter talk" then being truthful and uncensored in "The Dolphin" should cause no controversy. I back you up, Mr. Farley in any opinions you have in support of what "The Dolphin" publishes.

Mary Binigru

Think." It has come to the conclusion that there seems to be a lack of communications between the Inquiring Reporter and the students; the comments that appeared in The Dolphin seem to have had an interpretation of thoughts of social emotional problems which shouldn't have been published.

Thought is a media of tranquility. Appropriate thought is the thought which fits the thoughts itself. The thoughts which you had published in the articles had nothing to do with such non-existing terms such as "I think that Maryann should stop drinking" and so forth.

Either get someone who knows what they are talking about, or discontinue this article. It is absurd and it doesn't make any sense at all.

George Fraser

To the Editor:

As a Senator, I would like to comment on The Dolphin's editorial "Student Government and the Boycott."

Members of SG, as elected representatives of the student body, are duty-bound to perform in a manner beneficial to the majority. Despite the inference in the editorial, I did not believe that a majority of the students supported the boycott and that they had no preference among the three presidential candidates. In fact, close observation of the campus scene convinced me that well over 50%—many more than a majority—did not support the boycott. Moreover, The Dolphin stated on page 1 of the November 7th issue that only "50 students gathered in the courtyard near B building and set up a picket line." Since when do 50 students constitute a majority of the 3000 students presently enrolled at SICC?

Your editorial comment that SG "again went back into the 18th century" is cheap and contemptible. In good faith, and in accordance with the democratic principles by which we must function, we demonstrated our awareness of the feelings of the student body by voting down a boycott that only 2% of the college supported. Is it "lily-livered" to respond to the thoughts and desires of the majority (and not to just a select few, as apparently is the present Dolphin custom)?

Furthermore, just what do you mean by "The SG had better wake up and do something before someone does something about them?" Is this a threat?—a threat to stifle SG's expression of what it feels is student sentiment? Well then, I answer in the same vein: An indignant and aroused student body may soon engulf your hysterical squeaks with a roar of outrage.

I demand that The Dolphin represent, intelligently and sincerely, the majority of SICC students—not just left-wing radicals.

Korinne Bentsen, SG Senator

* * *

Dear Mary Deidre Tormey,

This would be a love letter if only you weren't so obtuse. Though passionately involved with your middle name, I cannot (although I desperately try) advance past it to your mind. You make it very difficult for an admirer to throw himself at your feet because he is afraid that weighed down by banalities and non-sequiturs, your head might fall off and crush him. A case in point. In your almost intelligible letter in the last issue of The Dolphin you write: "The true criteria (sic) for judging the relative worth of any school publication should be its respectability as evidenced by the enthusiasm accorded by the student body. The Dolphin is greatly lacking in this support." The relative what is evidenced (?) by the which of the how? Mary Deidre Tormey. Really. As a reasonable person with a beautiful name, as a student, as an Exchange Editor (whatever that means), as a person who must own a dictionary, what do you mean? Taking what you have said, word for word, I arrive at something like this: If a fascist student publication which advocated the death by strangulation of all the deans at the college were enthusiastically received, it would be respectable. And by the way, Mary, what does "respectability" mean? Does it have anything to do with relevance, intellectual stimulation,

imaginative challenge? Anyway, taking what you have said with almost the same seriousness that I'm sure poured into its creation, I come out with (again) something like this: If a student publication (entitled, say The SICC Bi-Annual Fart) were to propose the instant abolition of the office of Exchange Editor and compel all former exchange editors to really think about what they say in public and it was enthusiastically received, it would (according to your criterion) be respectable. Now clearly, Mary, you must see the danger of such a publication (and such a proposal) gaining respectability.

Ah, Mary Deidre Tormey, if only you could live up to your middle name. If only you could exchange some ideas with someone—anyone. Then, ah delicious moment, then you might become unrespectable and lovable. Awaiting your fall from intellectual virginity, I remain.

Thomas Caryle

* * *

To the Editor:

I'm going to explain how I feel about the Dolphin as straightforwardly as I can. I feel that you are using freedom to print almost anything in the same way a kid plays with a new toy. You haven't learned to use it the way you should, but it's still fun playing with it because it's new.

If I use the word "fuck" all day long, it will lose its shock value. It would become less potent a word. If I reserve the word for special occasions, however, like when someone robs my waterpipe or throws something at me, then I get the full value out of the word. The Dolphin's staff might find it's losing a valuable tool by over-using taboo words.

Another objection I see in the school newspaper is in paper's predominantly left wing point of view. Although I almost always agree with the Dolphin's general opinions on the war, this country and the establishment, I feel saddened to think that these solid ideas and feelings are being wasted. I can read with full agreement the ideas expressed on the war, but can a student who might be psychologically asphyxiated with a case of "blind patriotism" ever begin to see the truth when it's stated in articles with four-letter words? Wouldn't he likely yell, "those no good communists"?

I don't say be phony. If you want the war to end, if you want to have the U.S. motives to be shown in their true colors, if you want pot to be legalized, you have to communicate. You shouldn't try to communicate exclusively with those who already agree with you, but you should try to communicate with the so brainwashed that they are unable to see the truth. Don't say a dirty word if it turns off some narrow-minded people, because you're limiting yourself to open-minded people, who probably agree with you anyway. I might seem arrogant in assuming the left point of view is the noble one but I can't see it any other way. If your desire to change the direction of this country is to be effectively used in reshaping people's minds, then you must do it from the point of view of a person just in the process of forming an opinion. This way you can give to those that haven't begun to think a path to go on.

The politicians have shouted their racist ideas for the last two years; they have suggested a path of conservatism to the dissatisfied masses. It's up to people who dis-

agree with the direction the U.S. is taking to suggest their own path.

I think I have suggestions that are crude in form but basically true. I hope that the Dolphin's staff would consider the general ideas of what I have written and not take everything apart in defense of the paper's trend.

* * *

To the Editor:

I'm really tired and fed-up about hearing of everyone's rights. Everyone is so caught up in "his" rights and the rights of his particular group—as if he were the only one who had any. While screaming, shouting and chanting of his rights, he thinks nothing of stepping all over and preventing the rights of his opponent. Freedom of speech? Sure, everyone is for it, then go all out to disrupt someone's prepared speech. I'm speaking in general terms right now, but as an example, I refer to those anti-Nixon, anti-Wallace, and anti-Humphrey people who were determined to disrupt their speeches, those people who at the same time proclaim freedom of speech!

If everyone would turn off their tape-recorders for five minutes and actually "listen" to others beside themselves, I think and immense change can come about, in regards to this idea of communication. If you don't listen to anyone, why should anyone listen to you? On Nov. 4, at the much talked about "teach-in," all that kept running through my mind was that there was always at least half of the group who were closed-minded to a particular speaker. And this closed-minded group was the primary reason for the speakers to speak at all.

If everyone shut their mouths and opened their ears a few minutes (at the same time) I think that people would realize that basically, everyone is really searching for the same thing.

—Diane Catanese

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The Right Speaks

This article appears exactly as submitted for publication. —Ed.
By ANTHONY DeMEO

I was very disturbed when I read Miss Leona Rati's article where she tells the students that she is sick. I hope she gets better. I would like to thank Mary Deidre Tormey, Exchange Editor of THE DOLPHIN, for her letter to the editor expressing her agreement on what I think a college newspaper should be like. Miss Tormey, I think we ought to get together! In all seriousness, we must not condemn other opinions but on the other hand we cannot allow a degradation to permeate our language.

Bravo? Dear Ira Strumwasser, did you ever question yourself as to why more immature students read the DOLPHIN.

I am surprised at Tom Marsh and Ellen Roake. Dave Mastermind is not so bad, and his head is not inflatable. He is just a lost college student who is seeking the truth and just cannot find it. Just pray for him and he will come around.

Nazism dies! I am very happy for my friend Frank Giacalone. Mr. Wallace has lost and now he can sleep better.

I would like to congratulate E.M. Hack for he has joined ranks with his colleague, Arnold, in downgrading a student's opinion. I cannot see why these two learned men of English waste their efforts in trying to teach poor students like myself. I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

I will not defend myself against Kantrowitz I just ignore him. However, I would like to try and show Mr. Hack why his sarcastic letter shows his immaturity and lack of understanding.

Miss Grippi wrote her article against another article and cartoon which depicted a false view on the R.O.T.C. Miss Grippi mentioned physical ability in her article only as a defense against the article which unfairly stressed that the R.O.T.C. builds bodies for murder. In her article, Miss Grippi might have involved herself emotionally in her reply against the opposition. She did mention the hippies too much. Maybe it is because she loves democracy and society much!

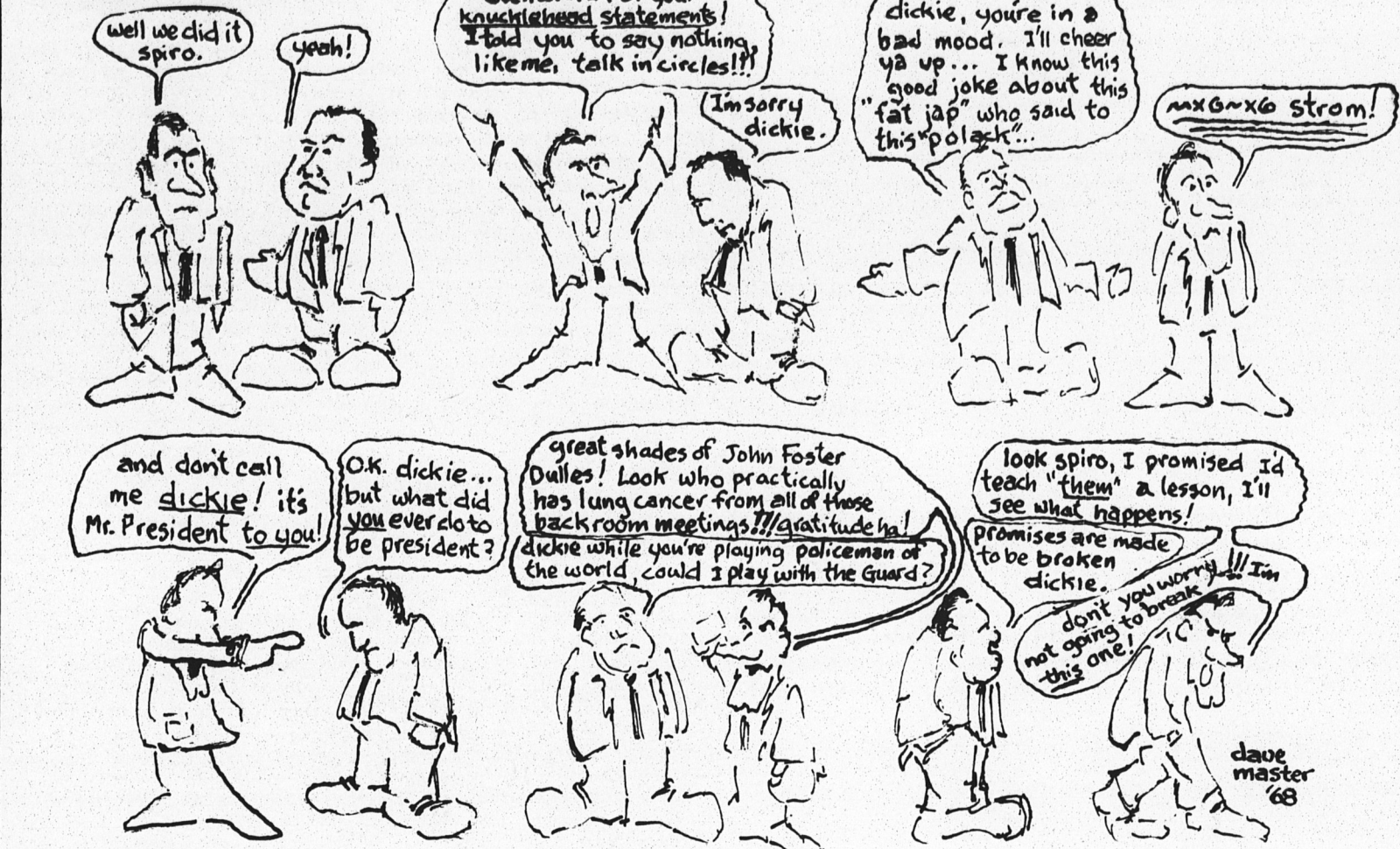
Mr. Hack seems to dismiss the hippies as insignificant — that our society is not in jeopardy. I assume Mr. Hack, that you are moral. Do you not think that a slimy hippie who smokes pot and grooves on pills is immoral. I thought that law governed our society. Is not drugs, or pot, or marijuana against the law and therefore against our society and therefore immoral?

Very Funny, Mr. President

There are about 50 people sitting in a small dark room. They are talking and laughing. A man walks to the front of the room and begins to speak. There is silence.

- As your President
I demand your respect
No time to disagree
All must follow me
Do not fight
We must unite
I will stop the war
I will end racial tensions
I will curb inflation
I will lower taxes

Mix more green with the white... for a deeper shade of red.



I am not fully in favor of R.O.T.C. and I am not against it. It is necessary part of democracy. In order to have freedom you have to protect it from evil.

Man is imperfect Mr. Hack. History shows that war is inevitable, and will continue to exist as long as man exists. All you need Mr. Hack is a good history course. I suggest that you take one next semester. I suggest you sign up in one of Dr. Pessen's courses. He is an intelligent teacher and will set you straight.

I am not against hippies when they obey the law. In a cruel world such as the one we live in we all need a good laugh. And tell you the truth, I don't mind those sweet hippie girls!

Finally, Mr. Hack, I would like to say that I was brought up to respect the opposite sex and to understand that they can get emotional. I was also brought up to respect my elders, especially teachers. But sometimes it is hard. You lowered yourself by attacking a defenseless co-ed. It was not at all necessary and you know it. A man does not have to be an English professor in order to become a cultured and truly educated person.

Mr. Dan Rooney — You are a pig! Please revert back to the womb where you came from. You do not belong in college. Your a poor excuse for a man. You make me vomit!

- I will wage war against poverty
I will give aid to the old
I will satisfy the desires of the young
I will defend the rights of minority groups
I will abolish the draft

The man has finished speaking. Some people begin to laugh. Then everyone in the room becomes hysterical. A guard at the door demands silence. The members of President Nixon's Cabinet, after hearing their boss rehearse a speech, are quiet again.

—JOHN GULLO

Brothel Power

By DAN ROONEY

Early one morning as I was attempting to shave for the sixty-fifth time with one razor (I had no more) I suddenly realized something I had never before even suspected. That is, that there was something imperfect about the way our government was handling matters. Upon realizing this I took a hurried shower, during which time I decided to grow a beard, and rushed off to school (without, however, neglecting to dress). At the bus stop, a twenty-three-minute wait in a refreshing downpour gave me ample time to meditate on the cause of our government's imperfection and to develop a thesis to relieve it.

It became apparent to this dripping wet observer that the cause of our malaise was a playful president. Wonderbird just loves to play with soldiers. He loves to march his toys all over. to shout bang-bang at appropriate times, and to cackle like a parakeet when the bad guys are knocked down.

Wonderbird, you see, despite all the gray hair on his head, is a child. A pre-puberty child at that. To him the world is just a quiet backyard in which he can engage and defeat the tin bad guys with the super-duper modern plastic good guys. The discontent this causes is due to the fact that many people in this nation are post-puberty and are interested in other games. One's in which the necessity of having to duck mortar shells presents a problem.

You may say that all of this is irrelevant and passe now because Wonderbird is scheduled to fly south for good in a couple of months. However, due to the fact that the American people blew the plot, Don Quixote is to be our next leader and unfortunately he shows the same propensity toward war games as Wonderbird.

I therefore propose that Congress, in an attempt to reestablish domestic harmony, contact a local bordello (of high quality of course) and begin a liaison between it and the White House. This will aid Don in his development and take his mind off soldiers. To get the President out of the backyard and into the bedroom will also be beneficial for security reasons since one guard at the keyhole making sure that everything is on the up and up can do the job of the whole regiment that was formerly needed to guard the yard.

The President's lackies present a different problem. These are the men who hang out over at the Pentagon and give the soldiers orders and move them around when the President wishes to play games. They are not pre-puberty boys; they are grown masculine men who have a strange problem. You see, when they were young their mothers fed them Farina. Now, as you know, Farina is a semen symbol, and they have since associated ejaculations with their moms'. They therefore have been unwilling to ejaculate themselves and have had to content themselves with extensive use of an old phallic symbol: the gun. However, the gun is poor substitute because its ejaculation causes death, whereas the ejaculation of the phallus cause life and although blood may sometimes be involved in the use of the phallus it must be noted that the hymen is meant to be punctured, the lung isn't. It also should be stated that the gun is not as economical as the phallus. Can you urinate with an M-16?

In the case of the lackies, however, the Congressional task is not as difficult as the previous one. There is no need to set up a liaison with a high-class establishment with a fancy name. They can simply order the lackies to visit a plain old whore-house once a day.

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Now you might say that because of their jobs and generally advanced ages it is dangerous for these men to engage in such activity. However, I say it should be done despite the fact that their arteries are harder than their muscles (not to mention something else). The worst that can happen is that they will die, and to die screwing is a far better death than has befallen many a lad they have shipped to Asia. It is also conceivable that this activity will so tire out these men that they will resign their positions and come out for the legalization of marijuana, thereby leaving nobody to ship soldiers anywhere.

Prostitution is said to be the world's oldest profession, and I believe it is time our country took advantage of its long experience and fully utilized its resources for the betterment of society. The program I have outlined here is a simple graceful solution to our most perplexing problem: the War. I feel it should be initiated immediately.

environment one

by A. D. Coleman

"Environment One," presented at SICC several weeks ago by the Mixed Media Workshop, was—on the not necessarily typical evening I saw it—a qualified but definite success.

Tripartite in structure, the event seemed intended to move the audience through three distinct levels of theatrical awareness and engagement. In the beginning portion, the audience walked through claustrophobically narrow tunnels, alternately bright and pitch dark, encountering different distinct smells along the way (I only recall licorice and marzipan offhand). This was essentially a pre-theatrical experience; none of the actors were involved, and the only entertainment—that is, the only eventfulness in any dramatic sense—sprang from the actions and reactions of the audience.

If this served to represent the theatrical nature of everyday life—the undirected drama of human existence—then the central section was, in a wittily paradoxical way, a recreation of what we think of as the normal theatrical relationship between actors and audience. As passive spectators, the members of the audience were seated, watching but not participating in a media-mix which combined dance, light show, music both pre-recorded and improvised on the spot, and fragments of conversation. (I am unsure whether the reversal of roles involved in placing the audience on stage and the performers in the hall was intentional or accidental; either way, it was most appropriate.)

This segment, however, was somewhat overlong, and while its purpose was both clear and valid, it lacked direction—that is, there was no attempt to shape this combination of media into a unique (by which I do not mean merely unduplicatable) happening.

Emerging from the auditorium, having passed through both thesis and antithesis, the audience headed into synthesis, otherwise known as total or participatory theatre. This portion of the event consisted of a corridor divided into half-a-dozen parts, each of which made possible for the audience a different variety of involvement with the performers. The first "room" was draped with sheets, from which protruded the heads of some members of the cast, there to be chucked under the chin, tickled, or talked to. Other "rooms" included: a "body room," whose floor was covered with writhing male and female forms, grasping those who entered by the ankles and encouraging them to pile on; a music room, filled with overstuffed couches and a record player; a balloon room, heaped with balloons to be rubbed, exploded, thrown, or bounced; and a dance room, occupied by several girls in leotards who attempted to involve all who entered in a free-form, spontaneous ballet.

Unfortunately, the audience tended to rush through this final third of the environment on the assumption that there was something yet to come for which they didn't wish to be late. Thus—despite the efforts and entreaties of the performers—anyone who chose to linger in any particular room caused an immediate logjam, and was briskly swept on and out the last curtain. This problems—not uncommon in mixed media happenings—derived partly from the ingrained habits of an audience trained to "keep moving," and partly from the performers' inexperience at slowing them down and involving them. Though "Environment One" gave ample evidence of careful planning and preparation, in performance it failed to take into account the difficulty of turning spectators into participants.

If the members of the Mixed Media Workshop are able to draw several basic lessons in total theatre technique from their initial experiment—and if, specifically, they can discover more assertive methods of breaking through the normal spectatorial defenses—then I suspect that "Environment Two" will be a success without qualification.

Biafra Relief Drive

—L. Rossi

In the war-torn state of Biafra, thousands of villagers are dying. One hundred thousand people are already dead. Recent statistics relate that fifty thousand more will be dead by the end of this month. They are dying from starvation.

Cut off from the sea and their usual diet of fish, about four million Biafrans are threatened with imminent disaster. Their children are being plagued by "Kwashiorkor," a Ghanian word meaning "red men." It is used to describe the reddish-yellow hair that is a symptom of severe protein-vitamin malnutrition in African children.

Although a number of countries have tried to help, their efforts have been thwarted by the reluctance of many capitals to deal with Biafra. These capitals feel that direct contact with Biafra will show recognition of the breakaway regime. The Biafrans themselves will not accept aid channeled through Nigeria since this would mean that Nigeria would have control over Biafra's fate.

The people of Biafra are willing to die rather than fold under Nigerian rule. The question is what we as students are willing to do.

On three days preceding Thanksgiving, a combination of groups at SICC will help answer that question. Staten House, Manchester House, the Discussion Club, and the Newman Club are combining their efforts for a three-day drive. They ask that students go without lunch for one day and donate the price of that lunch to the drive. Led by Father Richard Pryor, moderator of the Newman Club, the groups have gotten posters and petitions together. These petitions will be sent to the United Nations, President Johnson, and President-elect Nixon.

During the Hitler regime, six million Jews were murdered. Some people died helping them, some did nothing. The political circumstances may be different; the results are the same. Don't let it be said in the year 2000 that the students of the 60's did nothing.

Spoon River Anthology

By JIM SMITH

"Where are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley, The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clowns, the boozers, the fighters?"

They're probably back in their graves by now but last weekend they (along with their fellow citizens, came up for awhile to tell the audiences here at SICC of their ill-fated past lives.

Vincent Michele, Marcia Knapp, Tom Crawley, and Jane Stroll—professionals all—led us through the corrupted and, for some, happy lives of the former inhabitants of Spoon River. The actors and actresses were all brilliant, with only a few minor flaws. It was difficult to tell that Tom Crawley was playing a negro, Shack Dye, or that Marcia Knapp was supposed to be, at one point, a southern girl. But these errors did not mar the extremely professional performances they all gave.

Spoon River is a small country town between Lewiston and Petersburg, Illinois, where the author, Edgar Lee Masters, spent his boyhood. Masters must be considered one of America's earliest of the "angry poets," being born before Ezra Pound and long before Bob Dylan, our latest finger pointer.

In Spoon River, Masters saw the ugly green fog of hypocrisy everywhere, from the churches to the hardware store, past the lively stable to the bank, and finally coming to rest on the steps of the courthouse. His anthology, when first published, was an immediate bestseller due in part to its exposé quality. All of the characters were true-life people and not all of them dead when the book was first published in 1915.

Of the 240-plus characters in "Spoon River Anthology," 75 were portrayed on stage. It was no easy task to memorize and keep the character of each person performed. Keeping this in mind, one can't place too much blame on Jane Stroll, who just couldn't differentiate between the personalities she had to play. But it is still too bad they all sounded the same and had the same mannerisms.

But aside from Miss Stroll's somewhat disappointing portrayals, there was one aspect from which she did not stray. And this part was due to Mr. Raines' and Mr. Aidman's concept of the production, which was basically that of having a simple set. There were four artfully designed benches and during act one, a podium. This concept of Mr. Raines and/or Mr. Aidman to keep the set simple, not unlike Shakespearean type settings, accentuated and more acutely illustrated the human body as the primary vehicle of the drama.

One became acutely aware of the presence of the actors, and more importantly, of the characters they represented. They all achieved a level of stage presence which was a true theatrical highlight of the evening.

The exceptional combination of slides in back of the actors,

which displayed rural scenes of cemeteries, houses, etc., and the contemporary music, added greatly to the mood of the play.

George Boquio and Brian Schiefer, who rose to prominence and fame for playing the musical score for "Mother Courage" last semester, kept up their musical image along with fellow musician Paul Costello. Their music, as always, had a professional quality worthy of the event they took part in. Nan Ayers, who impressed me greatly by her singing in "Mother Courage," once again knocked me out with the sweet, flute-like ecstasy that is her voice. Mike Corbett, whom I had never previously heard, was an unexpected surprise. He has a fine voice.

There were many dramatic high points, among which there was one in particular which will remain with me for a long time. All the actors moved to the audience's left. One man sat with his feet hanging over the stage, one woman kneeling beside him, and the two remaining stood in back of them. They all faced and outward over the audience, with the pale spotlight shining in their eyes, giving them a morbid, ghostlike eeriness. It was quite an effect. Then afterward they were all again in about the same vicinity but this time facing the screen in back of them. Tom Crawley, this time playing Dippold the Optician, led the others in a ritualistic question-and-answer period in which they gave their visions of the world they had lived in. The lightning effect they were looking at, by the way, was a very beautiful abstract design of multi-colored lights.

There was only one thing from the performance which is vitally necessary to the survival of drama, more specifically to drama at SICC. And that thing was a large receptive audience. The audience that was there was greatly appreciative of the tremendous effort brought before them. But where the hell were the rest of you?!

SICC is very fortunate in having such a fine theatrically minded person like Charles Raines. He is a talented man and worthy of a superior response from our students than he received here last weekend. Like all the other good things in life, and as E.L. Masters says in his play: "you never know what you've had until you've lost it." Therefore, a final epitaph to the play itself:

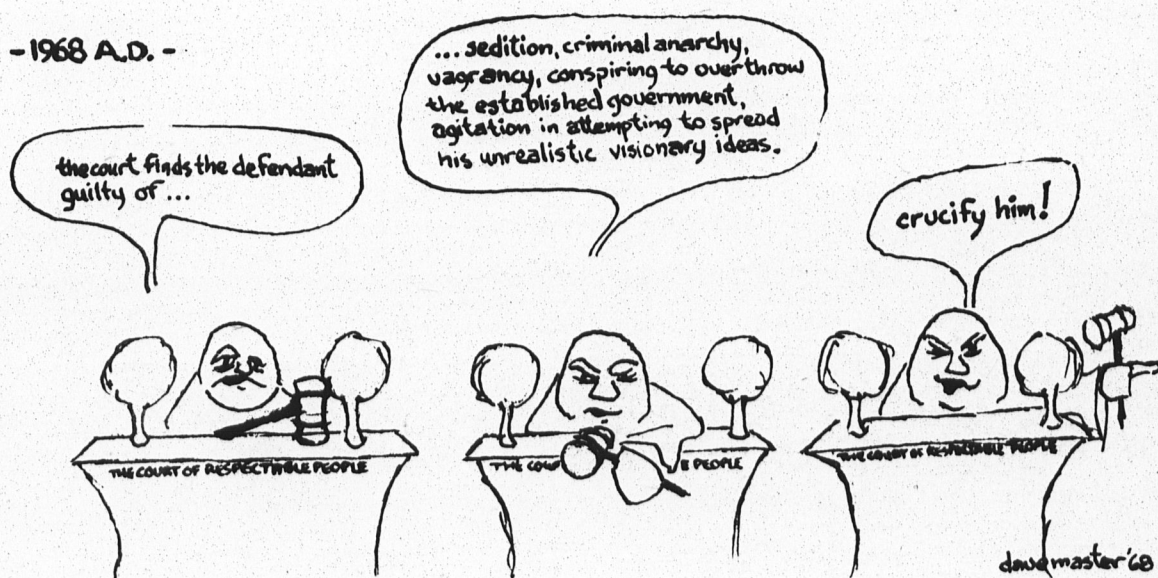
So much to be enjoyed
So few there to enjoy it

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Live
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Discover Time
it isn't there
Take your mind off your mind
What holds you back?
The bare & shameful day?
Choose now!
Yes, no, maybe
raise the flag up high
and take down the tents
and clean out the cages

—Anthony Palmieri

-1968 A.D. -



Understanding One Another

By THOMAS CARLYLE

"Rejecting war is also utopian idea, but when one totally refuses to take up arms in defense of his country, the idea becomes nauseating to say the least."

—Lewis S. Camino
—Camille F. Fiorillo

To which one must reply: What has happened to the brains of Lewis S. Camino and Camille F. Fiorillo? Now carefully, guys, think about what you have said. What exactly do you mean by "utopian"? Did you think about that? From the context it would seem that rejecting war is a good but hardly attainable idea. Now when people (pacifists, are people, guys; you're going to have to face that fact) actually have the nerve to say NO-NO more war —NO-NO more killing, that is — and take a real, positive, actual step toward the "utopian idea," you say that it is a nauseating situation. "Lily-white peace doves and defiant protestors . . . do not advance our society but rather hinder the very ideas that so many men have died and are still dying for." Now what does that mean? What are those ideals our men have been killed for? Have you taken the trouble to distinguish between an ideal and a policy? "Lily-white peace doves." Now, guys, do they threaten you? Weren't those same diabolical birds released during the Olympics to symbolize the brotherhood of men? Now, I know of only one danger from a dove—may be there are others you haven't revealed to us. "Defiant protestors of American society." Looking kindly at your diction (because I really want to understand you). I

gather that it is not the protestor who angers you, but the "defiant" protestor. Now, guys, come on. You are trying to have both ways. If a person protests he is defiant. Do you want an undefiant protestor? "Pacifism will get us nowhere." Well, let's see. It got Ghandi India, Jesus crucified, and (according to the Catholic Church) man saved. To be more local, it got Negroes served in cafeterias, white students involved in the Negro's fight for justice, and Martin Luther King killed. Pacifism is difficult to understand, Lewis and Camille, because it is a demanding discipline which presupposes love, not cowardice, and is an operative living creed.

Finally, guys, you are consistent. You are ironically one-dimensional to the end. "If this (pacifism and protest) becomes the American way of life, we may all have the pleasure of having men like Mao Tse Tung and Alexei Kosygin and their band of comrades for dinner." But don't you see — that is the answer. How can we (to paraphrase you) reject superiority and initiate equality if we don't invite them to our homes? If you know someone personally, guys, it's harder to blindly hate him. If our pilots read Viet-Nameese poetry, do you think they could drop that napalm? Why perpetuate the idea that "they" are the enemy (therefore evil) and we, well, are we good guys? Naturally. You're taking the easy way out, fellas. You've got to decide whether respect for law is more important than respect for life; whether you can give up your easy hatreds for difficult hopes.

145 ST. AND/OR LENOX AVE.

By CHRISTOPHER THOMPSON

Harlem is a fall-out shelter where no one of importance (Mr. X was/is an exception to this) goes except after the "A" bomb has dropped. All of us who live there know this is true,

AND/OR

therefore the (white) man must not know radiation from the blast, set-off in Harlem, is killing his own, on the Grand Concourse

AND/OR

on 42 St. Yes, if Harlem goes, 42 St., which is supposed to be "The crossroad of freedom," will go with it. Everything is a part of life,

AND/OR

is a vital part of American life. How come everything needful. So that Harlem may have life, isn't in Harlem? So, that we may also be fruitful and multiply

AND/OR

if all life is a part of the one great life, Where is Harlem going to get its life, or at least 10% of the action. We've got a large amount of Jesus, but he's not where the action is.

AND/OR

Then you'll hear them say God is everywhere. I say go to hell

AND/OR

does he live in Harlem

AND/OR if he does live does he drinks the wine of shame

AND/OR

if he does drink the wine, he must also be a junkie.

AND/OR

if he does live here with us he's not a junkie, he must be white. Why? Because he's afraid to walk the streets.

AND/OR

I've never seen him up here. Maybe he lives on 59 St. I see him down there all the time. I hope the Man pays us a visit before 1984

AND/OR Maybe he does live nearer to Harlem than 1984 and by Nearer I mean within Harlem's reach. Anyway, some say he lives on Wall St

AND/OR

others say they don't know what he looks like but, G.M., I.B.M., C.B.S. and N.Y.U. are a few of his disciples

AND/OR

Gov. George "Rockwell" Wallace is a Neo-Judas

AND/OR because of this, the time has come for all (black) men to take up arms

AND/OR come to the aid of his people

AND/OR the black soldiers will have to spend the last 2 cents of our lives in the battle of Little Rock instead of Vietnam. All of this is happening because we don't have a country

AND/OR the boss has forgotten about our being trapped in the coal mines

AND/OR his enslaving of our Minds.

And now that we've seen the light, after (White) God knows how long. We'll use any means necessary to secure our place in the sun

AND/OR: We don't hate you we just love something different.

Hypocrisy The Disease Education The Cure

By HANS MARRYSHOW

Hypocrisy manifests itself in many subtle forms. This is about one of them. It concerns you, the members of the "do-nothing" school community. You are definitely represented by our Student Government.

There was a dance here Oct. 26 which attempted to entertain us with three bands. Any educated individual would define three being a set of 3 "ones". This was not so. All we had was one split into three parts. Each played exactly the same kind of music in exactly the same way. S.G. took it upon themselves to formulate the idea that this was what you wanted. You are here to become an educated, mature person. S.G. pre-empts your maturity and intellect by giving you this "one-three" combination.

The activities which S.G. sponsors are supposed to appeal to and represent the altitude of all students, do they?

Listening to conversations and vibrations around campus, a certain altitude can be observed — that of wanting to "do right". We are becoming more conscious of what is right but this new awareness is in thought only, . . . not in action! This in itself is not bad, but so far it is all sound and vibration and no action. For instance, a majority of you now believe that the black man has re-

ceived a "lemon" in this country's history. You believe that the black man has contributed to our history and culture through his music. Have you really experienced black music and culture?

The "action" is missing!!

Mature adults accept education but it doesn't stop there. They go out and actively seek other means of learning. The dance could have been entertaining but it also should have been educational.

If you attend three classes with all subject matter being the same, you will impede your learning process. By having a black "soul" band at the dance you would help further your knowledge. How? By experience! By variation!

To make up for SG's lack of action however, there is a group on campus who not only realize the problem but are presently doing something about it. They are running a program called Kaleidoscope '68-'69.

This program is a "teach-in". Everyone gets together and not only enjoys the physical stimulation of music but they get information in the form of entertainment. Kaleidoscope is the best means of introducing the black man as part of our education, history and culture through the most expressive and acceptable way.

SG should follow Kaleidoscope's example by integrating their programs thereby putting their words and thoughts into action.

Nixon: A Mirror?

By IAN GOLDMAN

Was Nixon's slim margin of victory a warning signal to expose the failure of educational institutions to prepare those whom they educate to make the best practical decisions regarding their lives? In too many households it is heard. "They know about running government, and we don't. Logically, they should be the government." Of greater concern, this dialogue is recited by those who believe that the governors are acting in the best interests of those they govern. The absurdity of the former notions finds basis in the lack of "reality education" that one receives.

Reality education is merely education that deals in the terms of life, the real things that are in the world, things that lie in the path of linear existence. Voter education, consumer education, education of social behavior and orientation of the individual as an integral part of reality are seemingly forgotten by educational institutions. The results of ignorance in dealing with life situations are obvious. The consumer who doesn't know how to spend money wisely, the bewildered voter who stares at HUMPHREY* WALLACE*NIXON, the seventy-

five-dollar-a-week worker who is uninformed of better jobs are the people who suffer.

Education's ability to prepare is strangled by "red tape." Red tape is the byproduct of mass education. The individual within the system is not the recipient of education tailored to best suit his needs. The individual (particularly in liberal arts courses) finds himself bound to a course of study infested with a great deal of information that is worthless to him. A student is subject to unnecessary courses for the sake of a "well rounded education."

Those who don't continue post-high-school educational skills are limited to mechanics (typing, filing, and penmanship). Reality education is mostly ignored. College-level reality education is confused with its substitute . . . a whole mess of bullshit courses to broaden the student's understanding. Tricky Dick Nixon is president. He is also a mirror. He reflects the shortcomings of education's effect on reality, as shown by his voters. Education prepared them for the world; Nixon is prepared to be president . . . ISN'T HE?

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Peter Pan Flies Again

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 4.—Hearings will begin next week on charges of obscenity against a play director and dancer who performed an original "Peter Pan" on the University of Wisconsin campus.

But according to the director, Stuart Gordon, the charges may be dismissed, and legal action is at a temporary standstill.

Gordon, who has presented several other plays at the University, is charged with obscenity because of the appearance of nude dancers in his adaptation of J. M. Barrie's classic. Carolyn Purdy, who allegedly appeared nude in one sequence, is also charged with obscenity.

The play was closed down after two performances by the campus police and the Madison district attorney in September. Campus police conducted the investigation of the identity of participants in the nude dance sequence. Although university officials reportedly asked the D.A.'s office not to press charges, they took no official stand against the censorship.

Gordon said his version of "Peter Pan" was an attempt to "emphasize some parts of the original covered up by Mary Martin." He said he believed the television musical version overshadowed the more meaningful association in the original.

"We presented the idea that Peter Pan had been pretty much destroyed by his society," Gordon told the Daily Cardinal. "It's a play about a man attempting to achieve happiness; in his effort he

loses both his innocence and his happiness."

Captain Hook and the pirates are represented as police in the play. Mrs. Darling (mother of heroine Wendy) as "a cross between a Tennessee Williams character and Mrs. Robinson," and Mr. Darling as "a henpecked shadow of a man."

Miss Purdy called her refusal to leave the play under threat of prosecution "a question of commitment to principle. Anyone has the right to artistic freedom; I was also standing up for someone else's."

Although six of the dancers who allegedly appeared nude left the cast, Miss Purdy felt she could not drop out. "Standing on the sidelines waving banners was a poor way of supporting artistic freedom," she said.

Defense Attorneys have filed motions for dismissal, claiming that the original complaints against the defendants are inadequate. They say the complaints are based on hearsay and third-hand information, and therefore are unreliable. Chances of the charges being dismissed, Gordon says, are about 50-50.

The director has received hundreds of letters from across the country, ranging from praise for "enlightening the parochially provincial Midwest" to pleas "to repent the sin."

He termed the experience of prosecution a loss of innocence: "One thing I have learned—there is no such thing as paranoia; everyone is out to get everyone else."

On the Wisconsin campus, the

prosecution has caused other fears. A freshman girl summed it up in a letter to the Cardinal:

"... I expected a good performance. I did not expect a beautiful, almost perfect, blending of art forms ... Tuesday's events (calling off further performances) have been frightening. I am disgusted and frightened but most of all I am worried. I worry that the Anatomy-Life Drawing classes here will be compelled to close. And I worry that the Medical students may not be skilled enough to study with closed eyes ... Maybe if we all clap hard enough and long enough ... maybe Tinkerbell ..."

NEW YORK, NOV. 11—The College Entrance Examination Board appears ready to concede that its admissions testing program is geared primarily to serving institutions of higher education and that, as a result, an imbalance exists between this service and the individual needs of students who want to continue their education beyond high school.

But the board does not seem prepared to make any radical departures in its basic program of aptitude and achievement tests, without which few students can be admitted to colleges and universities.

Its emphasis more likely will be on offering additional services to help students make more enlightened judgments about themselves and the educational institutions they might attend.

"La Causa"

By BETTY-MARIE MILLER

If you read the article in the New York Times magazine of November 17, entitled "La Huelga' Becomes 'La Causa'," you know of the three-year-long strike of Mexican-American farm workers against the growers of grapes in California. You learn of efforts of Cesar Chavez, whom the late Robert F. Kennedy referred to as "one of America's heroic figures," to get official recognition for his Farm Workers' Union—which, thus far, has not been officially recognized in California, and the boycott of California table grapes which this union has been leading. Even if you didn't read the aforementioned "Times" article, you are no doubt familiar with the futile struggle these farm workers have been waging for the last three years. You who read this article can aid these beleaguered people in a number of ways.

November 23 will be a day of picketing at stores that carry California table grapes.

While the average American family spends \$1500 a year on food, the average farm worker family earns only \$1378 a year—and this, they have to live on! By picketing these stores on November 23—and by taking part in the day of fasting and silent protest to illustrate the farm workers plight, on November 24—you will be aiding a sorely neglected minority.

Even if you cannot do this, you can protest in another way: by attending a rally being spon-

Stalls of ...

(Continued from Page 3)

I sincerely hope that my plea has been cogent enough to elicit an immediate response to this serious problem. Graffiti integrity must be maintained in this college as it is in colleges throughout the country. To ignore this is to ignore an accepted fact of college life and will result in far-reaching negative effects for our college in terms of respect and status. For the sake of graffiti, and consequently for the sake of the entire academic community, let us join together to do what has become necessary and get our students out of the classrooms and into the toilets.

sored by the "Citizens Don't Buy Scab Grapes Committee," which will be held at Carnegie Hall on December 4th at 8:30. Participating will be Alan King, Peter, Paul and Mary, and other concerned celebrities. The tickets will be \$3.00, and the proceeds will go to the Farm Worker's union. For information, write to: 515 Madison Avenue, Rm. 914, or call 355-4748.

And if you cannot attend the rally, you can still aid "La Causa" by NOT buying California table grapes until their union receives official recognition in that state, and until the workers are able to live in human conditions instead of the subhuman conditions they are currently surviving in. Until that day comes... "Support 'La Causa'—Don't Buy California Table Grapes."

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