

The Dolphin

JOHN FARLEY
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FRANC CAGGIANO
Managing Editor

JERRY BROWN News Editor DAN ROONEY Features Editor GARETH G. GANIM Sports Editor

ALEXANDER HO Photography Editor MARY TORMEY Exchange Editor

Faculty Adviser
DR. BERNARD BLAU

Staten Island Community College of The City University of New York
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EDITORIAL

BUSINESS COURT

The Business Office sends the following form letter to all traffic violators as a first notice of overdue payment:

Dear Sir;

Our records indicate that you received a campus parking summons the fine for which was due to be remitted to the Business Office within one week after the date of the violation. Any appeal in extenuation of the summons may be made (in writing) after the fine is paid.

This letter is intended to serve as formal notice that the fine of \$2.00* is overdue; if it is not received on or before Dec. 6, 1968 we will be obliged to suspend parking privileges and recommend to the Registrar that your academic records be withheld (relative to requests for transcripts) pending satisfaction of your financial obligation to the college.

In anticipation of your cooperation in this matter, I am

Yours very truly,
A. Richard Boera
Fiscal Officer

(* Remittance, by check or money order, should be made payable to "Staten Island Community College.")

Since when has the Business Office become the campus court? Who appointed the Fiscal Officer as Chief Justice?

The Student Court has been trying to get jurisdiction over these matters for the past few weeks without success. *The Dolphin* asks that the student body ignore parking restrictions, and suspend payment of violations to the illegal "Business Court." In order to have an effective Student Government they must be given power and responsibility. If the administration truly believes in Student Power, *The Dolphin* expects action on this matter and will print the results in our next edition.

SPEAKING OF SMUT

To the S.I. Advance:

Knock it off and we won't say anything about that stupid Santa-Hippy story you're running—O.K.?

Alumni News

With its tenth birthday, the SICC Alumni Association has become sizable. We now have approximately 2,000 members. Last year alone our college graduated 322 students. As the number of students increases, the responsibilities of the Alumni Association also increase. The projected increase in the number of students for 1975 is 5,300. It is our duty to help the college and the students, and our aim is to work towards the increase of the number of alumni awards and scholarships. To be able to do this we need the support of our alumni.

As a parent and a graduate of the college, I will be forever grateful to the founders of SICC who have worked so hard to make such a facility available to our community. For many of us, a private college would have been out of the question—SICC is a dream come true. This college has been a stimulant which has made us want to learn all about the world we live in. It has exposed us to different cultures and made us question our traditions and our environment. A college achieves its objective when it is able to liberate the mind, when it urges

the student to examine what he is, what he is doing, why he exists. The end result of such probing is to free the student from the shackles that bind him or to lead him to accept his own traditions. A liberal arts education strengthens some convictions while negating others and gives the student a "smorgasbord" of values from which to choose. It is such an exposure to different ideas and cultures which lays the foundations of a mature personality. An education is an inexhaustible treasure, to which for practical reasons we can add our diplomas, the key to so many opportunities.

As graduates, we have reaped a bumper crop. It is now time for us to repay our debt and extend a helping hand. We can do this by becoming active members of the Alumni Association and by working for the betterment of the college. With this in mind, I look forward to seeing you at the Holiday Meeting on December 27. The time is 7:00 p.m. A buffet will be served. Bring your dates!

—Fernande Bayda, Secretary of the Alumni Association

To the Editor:

In the interest of mental hygiene I take paper and pen to again write to you. *The Dolphin* has reached an all-time low with its issue of Nov. 21. Not in regard to its content (that's a separate low-grade area), for Harry Dishon's article was the best yet. It is in regards to the observance of journalistic ethics—*The Dolphin* has no ethics.

Material is obtained from sources such as syndicated news services or press releases. Now there is nothing wrong with this; it is when you do not indicate the source of the article that dishonesty and the question of ethics arise. I ask you who wrote "Suppression Rampant on American Campuses," "Peter Pan Flies Again," and an article on the college entrance examination board; from where did they come?

Another important point is a letter and an article written by the elusive Thomas Carlyle. Who is he? The registrar has no record past or present, day or evening session, faculty or staff, of such a person. This is dirty on the part of the coward who does not write his name (Who knows, maybe he misspelled it) to a letter and an article which criticize others.

This bugle of justice (*The Dolphin*) has clogged itself with the saliva of hypocrisy. HYPOCRITES! HYPOCRITES!

To read "Brothel Power" by Dan Rooney (a Madam?) it is plainly to see that this "writer" is still floundering at the phallic stage of development. He gets his excitement from writing instead of doing. Incidentally, Madam Rooney, sex and aggression are intimate items (I hope that didn't get you all excited). Sexual freedom will not bring you peace. (Pity, isn't it?)

Ah, yes, and my "Dear" Mr. Schwerner, you referred to the editors of *The Dolphin* as "... aristocrats of the imagination..." The French masses had methods of dealing with their aristocrats—TO THE GUILLOTINE.

—George N. Sideris

Look George, we print your stupid, semi-literate letters and let you make a fool of yourself every issue. How much justice can we "bugle"?—Ed.

IN MEMORIAM Philip P. Armine

Deceased October 20, 1968
Phil earned his AAS in mechanical technology at SICC, June 11, 1962.

After graduation he continued his study at City College with mathematics as his major. Last September he transferred to Adelphi, after moving his residence to Westbury, Long Island, and was working toward his bachelor's degree with math and physics as his major interests.

Phil is remembered at SICC as a spirited young man who made lasting friendships. His teachers considered him to be a good student and a likable person in the classroom. He was employed as a designer by Photocircuits, Inc. at Glen Cove, Long Island. Throughout his SICC career he held part-time or full-time employment with local firms, including Columbia Pictures.

He was a patient in Memorial Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases during several months of last year. The cause of his death was cancer. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Nancy Armine, and his mother, Mrs. Vera Armine. His wife now lives at 69-18 Woodside Avenue, Woodside, New York 11377.

Letters

Dear Anthony DeMeo:

I remember you—I saw you being recruited for membership in the John Birch Society, in the cafeteria some weeks ago. Did you get in? I also remember you from the pro-Wallace article you wrote for *The Dolphin* almost two months ago, that was printed alongside of my article denouncing Mr. (?) Wallace—I hope that you read it, as I read yours—I couldn't miss yours; it stood out like a sore thumb.

I notice a strong use of the double standard in your article "The Right Speaks," which I would like to re-title "The Wrong Speaks." In the beginning you state that "we must not condemn other opinions but on the other hand we must not allow a degradation to permeate (sic) our language"—yet you close your article by calling Dan Rooney "a pig..." a poor excuse for a man" and saying that he makes you vomit! Did you ever consider the fact that you may evoke the same feelings in others?

You score Mr. Hack for his justified attack of Phyllis Grippi's article as "attacking a defenseless co-ed"—but where were you when this "defenseless co-ed" was being attacked, at the teaching, when I denounced George Wallace on the lectern? Were you among that large group at the back of the lounge, shouting me down, and holding up big Wallace posters as I spoke? Can you justify that?

Mr. DeMeo, I trust you consider yourself as a "moral protector of American freedom," now that you are, or soon may be, a member of the John Birch Society. Now that you are an arbiter of American morality, you can pass judgement on what is moral and what is immoral in American society, and because of this, you have classified the hippies as "slimy" and "immoral." But didn't you ever wonder why hippies "smoke pot and groove on pills"? Did you ever consider the fact that they are trying to escape from the very right-wing society that you personify? I will admit that "smoking pot and grooving on pills" is a very poor substitute for making an effort to constructively change American society from within, but these hippies that you call "slimy" and "im-

moral" are sick and tired of the right-wing status quo that you are now a part of! Many have tried to change society from within—only to be denounced by the "right" as Communists!

Now, Mr. DeMeo, though I am not the arbiter of American morality that you are, let me ask you what is moral and what is immoral. Is participation in an unjust war, a war that the people of the nation we are fighting to "protect" neither want, nor need, moral? Is the justification of racial hatred—that your beloved George Wallace personified—moral? Is the toleration of segregation—the cause of ghetto upheavals, moral? Is the degradation of the black, Mexican-American, and Indian minorities, in the rural slums of our nation—and the preservation of this degradation moral? Is condemning the leaders—both living and dead—who tried, or who are still trying to right these American wrongs, and who are being kept from doing so by the right-wing Establishment—and calling them

"Communist" and "traitor," moral? I think not—and I think the preservation of these evils that degrade this country in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of its conscientious fellow-citizens like myself is worse than immoral; it is amoral. And I also feel, and feel very strongly, that George Wallace, the Birch Society, and all our other rightist "protectors of American freedom" are a thousand times more immoral than any "slimy hippie" that ever lived. And Mr. DeMeo, I feel very sorry indeed that you allowed yourself to stoop to that level, and to blind yourself to the injustices most of our young people are trying to alleviate, in America. These young people—not your fellow Birchers—are the patriots of the Twentieth Century.

—Bette-Marie Miller

The Dolphin and the Advance

To the Editor:

I would like to make a suggestion to the liberal staff of *The Dolphin*. When printing an editorial concerning an article in the *Staten Island Advance* one should in all fairness print that article also. It would also be much better, since *The Dolphin* is a student newspaper, for a student to write the editorial and not Armand Schwerner, an assistant professor at the college.

—John Culotta

Aw! come on John. —Ed.

Dear Editor:

The last issue of the *Dolphin* (Nov. 7) had several comments by students who don't realize the importance of having an article such as the Inquiring Reporter "What Do You Think." It has come to the conclusion that there seems to be a lack of communication between the Inquiring Reporter and the students. The comments that appeared in *The Dolphin* seems to have had an interpretation of thoughts of social problems which shouldn't had been published.

Thoughts is a media of tranquility. Appropriate thoughts is the thoughts 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.

Yours truly,

—George Fraser

What?—Ed.

Alumni interested in placement opportunities are encouraged to write or telephone the Alumni Office at SICC. Please contact Alumni Office, GI 8-9000, Ext. 323, at 715 Ocean Terrace, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

Maureen Saccaro '68 is a registered professional nurse in charge of the Surgical Intensive Care Unit at night, Maimonides Medical Center.

Michael Derevanik '68 is studying economics at Pace College.

Carol Gjone '68 is a statistical clerk with the American Electric Power Service Corp.

Michael D'Agostino '68 is an assistant engineer with the Roanwell Corporation.

Audrey Bartash '68 is a staff nurse at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center.

Ralph Cutone '68 is studying marketing at Pace College.

Josephine Paternoster '68 is a treasury accountant with the Corporation Trust Co.

Michael Rottenstein '68 is majoring in finance at Hofstra University.

Joanne E. Nesi '68 is a staff nurse with the United States Public Health Hospital.

John Cirami '68 is an electro-mechanical designer with Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.

Hendrix Jams At Philharmonic

Preface:

On Thanksgiving night Eros delivered her black spouse to a throng of youthful worshippers at the bourgeois temple. The spouse happened to be Jimi Hendrix, the worshippers happened to be musical enthusiasts and the bourgeois temple happened to be Philharmonic Hall.

The Man:

Jimi Hendrix is a Satanic blues guitarist who pilots the trio known as the Jimi Hendrix Experience. Mitch Mitchell handles the drumsticks and Noel Redding supplies the bass.

The Experience is part Blakean, part Newtonian (Huey Newton), and part Baudelarian. Arrayed in flowered shirt, black pants and white boots, he flew his audience, via his phallic-guitar, to places Dante never dreamed of. He groaned and croached his way across the sacrificial altar until the temple trembled at its foundation.

The Music:

At Philharmonic, Jimi did the unusual, he had no predetermined flight plan so he just took off and where he landed even startled his listeners. We journeyed through

by Dennis Moriarty

rainbow riffs until he stepped on his fuzz box and set the worshippers down while he refueled for his next destination.

Jimi took us to Spanish Castle Magic, Electric Ladyland where we met Foxy Lady who was Wait-in' for a Train that was delayed due to a Purple Haze. Midway in our journey we listened to the philosophy of the Experience, "I'm Going To Live Today" (dedicated to the Black Panthers and the American Indian). The jam session heightened the exasperating experience to the point of a sonic boom inside our heads.

The Effect:

The Jimi Hendrix Experience is similar to a mind vacuum. The piercing guitar extracts all our bad thoughts and fertilizes our brain so we can concentrate on good things. When you are experienced, you are affected forever. A Jimi Hendrix concert does not end in an hour, it continues on and on, it does not happen outside you, but plunges into the depths of your cosmic consciousness. "Are You Experienced?"

High School Strike

by Dennis Moriarty

On December 12, students opposed to being pawns in Al Shanker's chess game will assemble at Borough Hall, Staten Island, to present their grievances. As fellow students we must be present at the rally and show our high school brothers that we support their goals and we will fight with them to see the attainment of those goals. The purpose of the rally will be to demonstrate to the U.F.T. that we oppose their policies concerning education throughout the city and to show our contempt for the Ocean Hill-Brownsville settlement.

Assemble in C-132 at 9 A.M.
Follow the cavalcade to Borough Hall.

Leftists Unite

Join The
Conservative Club
Thurs. 12:00
Details in C-132

A Homecoming

by Dan Rooney

The soldier is hale and hardy enough to merit the approval of General foods. He is intelligent and outspoken enough to merit the disapproval of Tony DeMeo. And good looking enough to merit the interest of numerous chicks. To me is many things. He is my partner in goofing on a silly high school teacher, my compatriot in sneaking out of the newest, cleanest and best high school cafeteria in the city in order to procure some decent food. He is the friend I got drunk with before Friday night basketball games. The one I smoked my first joint with. The one with whom I first noticed the stench of America's decadence.

He is tall and dark and his ability to lose objects is developed to such a degree that he once managed to lose a large basketball in an apartment consisting of four small rooms. He cannot be trusted to handle delicate objects and a broken shoelace can present a hassle of monumental proportions. He is articulate, witty and irreverent and given to humorous derisive remarks about those he dislikes. He is restless and spoke of going to Australia and bumming around the country. His restlessness led him into the army.

Last November the army shipped him to the mysterious Far East, a region in which fascism and rigged elections are mystically translated into freedom and democracy. The American government gleefully shipped him there for the sake of the National Interest as expounded by our leaders. This exasperated me because I had never heard the National Interest defined and therefore did not know if it deserved such sacrifice. About our leaders I couldn't decide on much because leaders are leaders because they have demonstrated leadership capability to previous leaders and since capability is desirable leaders should be heeded.

What I did become aware of though was that war was not evil or good, immoral or moral, nationalistic or imperialistic. It is cold empty chairs, it is the lack of advice, of misadventures, of good rapping. It is unsmoked grass and jokes undelivered because only one other person could understand them. It is the lack of a fourth man for touch football. It is the end of the combining of meager capital. It is the destruction of the individual. It's mauling of the tiny social circles in which we live which causes the subversion of the nation's entire social order.

Johnny came marching home again last week. However unlike the Johnny of the song and thousands of others his anatomy was complete and functioning according to natural design. There has been change. He is no longer nonviolent but believes that the American Left should arm itself. And after Chicago and Madison Square Garden I cannot find fault in that position. His brand of cigarettes has changed but he still has an incredible amount of trouble finding the lighter he keeps in his shirt pocket. He continues to blow smoke and to eat cheddar cheese on toast. He still thinks the war sucks.

When the soldier was sent to the sacrifice, part of the forest of life and experience which intimacy with another being creates and nurtures became barren and dead. When, as with Abrahams son, the sacrifice was stopped before it could reach its bloody climax the barrenness and death was recorded as a winter and the coming of spring celebrated. The forest lived and radiated its beauty. However, one could not help but ponder with a sense of tragedy and outrage about the thousands of instances in which the sacrifice was brought to its fulfillment and how the forest in those cases had been napalmed into oblivion. One feels like weeping over all the empty chairs which for eternity will be the resting place for naught but cobwebs.

Damn it! What idiot decided that National interest was more important than the lives and welfare of Nationals? Why is dying for the Domino theory more significant than playing poker? Why is the procurement of foreign markets more desirable than eating cheese? Why is killing communists more honorable than making babies? It has become apparent that intellectual prowess and the ability to verbalize in compound-complex sentences is useless unless one first realizes that life, human life, is more important than the existence of any government on the face of the earth. And that if the American government cannot maintain its stability without waging war then it must be dumped. In conclusion I can only say that I may one day father a man-child and I just want to tell all the militarists who will come rapping some sophistic crap about duty and America in an attempt to sacrifice him to go fuck themselves! I saw one loved one shipped to war and was lucky enough to get him back, but before I allow another one to go I will march into the capitol with a machine gun.

More Letters

The Student Boycott

To the Editor:

I cannot agree with the statement of Korinne Bentsen (SG Senator), who said (in reference to the boycott) that 50 students do not compromise the majority of students in the school. Practically speaking, this is true, but these 50 may have been the show of the most interested, concerned, and actively responding students.

I also disagree with Anthony De Meo's assumption that people are immoral if not obeying the law. Perhaps it's the law and not the people that's immoral. By this I mean that if a law prohibits the moral objective of people to be aware (and not endangering anyone else), this constitutes an "immoral" law. Therefore, in the specific reference to pot and drugs, the law and not the people should be changed.

—Celeste Lederer

To the Editor:

Last October 31st, the Language Club hosted its annual Foreign Student Reception. A complete turkey dinner was served, free of charge, to the entire student body. The student body, however, once again displayed its intelligence, its maturity, and its mannerliness by refusing Miss Regina Knutson, the president of the club, and after all, their host, the courtesy of even a few minutes' order. As a result, the foreign students were not properly introduced, and, therefore, the purpose of the affair was lost. To those foreign students we apologize.

Despite the unruliness of the crowd, the affair was a partial success, since everyone seemed to enjoy themselves in the same breath, however, it must be remembered that this was not the primary goal of the reception. Therefore, the wisdom of leaving the next reception open to the school is in doubt.

—V. Curren



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On Students and Teachers

by Michael Fenimore

For five lovely and lively semesters it has been my good fortune to observe a phenomenon not uncommon to any institution of learning, and that is the student-teacher relationship. It at times is a very amusing anomaly but more often it is just a sombre assemblage of people. To be perfectly frank this bond between inculcator and "yearner for knowledge" appears to be at a severely low ebb, with rare exceptions. A classroom, more frequently than not, is filled with a heavy bellying silence that often lingers and stains the air for minutes on end. All that can be detected by our auditory senses is the piercing sound of a teacher's voice in a desperate labor of communication. True, the lesson may be absorbed by the audience, but the cold fact persists that classroom response is negligible if not non-existent. The little discussion that does transpire is often of the nature of a dialogue between teacher and one particular student. This situation certainly warrants remedy.

What are the reasons for this desperate dilemma which is upon us? Who is to blame? Well, some students will maintain that many teachers are dictatorial and don't give them a chance to get in a word. Furthermore, if the student is recognized by the teacher, the latter is fast to use his knowledge to "shoot the student down." This should be dismissed as nonsensical prattle, and presently will be, for any honest person will realize that teachers just aren't of this nature. Others may argue that a class in which dialogue relationships (between the teacher and a few students) are deep-rooted often creates an air of uncertainty, and as the term progresses any hope or thought of participating in classroom discourse that the student may have entertained is totally buried. More often than not there exists in a student a profound shyness (as illustrated by the student who is aghast when asked a question) which is perhaps a far-reaching effect of a psychological variable. But on closer scrutiny the reasons are found to be unpreparedness and downright apathy (a most familiar word). Though few students are fast in their admission to being unprepared, this does not subtract from their number.

Many students are "crammers" who allow precious weeks to pass before perusing the material. These are the same students who vow to study on Sunday night but fall prey to the irresistible likes of "The Ed Sullivan Show," "The Smothers Brothers," and "Mis-

sion: Impossible." Consequently, their performance in class indicates a resounding unfamiliarity with the subject material. The last possibility to be considered is apathy. It is no secret that many male students are here to avoid the grasp of the armed services or because mother told them: "Ya' need it to become a doctor." Similarly, it is no less obvious that many female students attend to avoid the possibility of an insignificant Wall St. job and to enjoy more social exposure. (This is not to infer that all students fall somewhere within these male and female circles, for SICC is blessed with a wealth of conscientious students).

It would be false to state that I have unearthed a sure-fire solution to the problem just related. I can only offer suggestions to aid the silent student and the weary teacher, who is often found glancing with an empty stare at students and ultimately answering his own questions. One suggestion to teachers is to utilize any and all inculcatory devices at their disposal in an effort to instill in their students an understanding of the nature of knowledge and the self-gratification that accompanies it. Students can read the material prior to class, thus giving them "one foot in the door." But more important than all, the student must realize that college affords you the luxury of expressing yourself fully and wholeheartedly sans repression; it tries earnestly to develop the arts of communication and expression (which are absolute necessities to people of culture and depth). When you make a comment in class you are on the podium, and your right to speak your mind is thoroughly observed. Take advantage of it.

In psychologist W. C. Schutz's book, "Joy," he states that "realizing your potential is joy." Communication in class is surely of immeasurable importance in the attainment of that end.

FORTY-THREE NIGHTS

it's early this morning; golden and grey.
things
are lined up waiting.

the sameness has sounded; out and get started.

air separating before thoughts.
Caution: Cigarette Smoking
May . . .
it could end

March 1968
Brian C. Schiefer



Methods of Influencing Profs.

by Christopher Thompson

As a freshman I have found that approximately one-third of a student's grade is a formulation of the professor's opinion of the student. The professor's opinion, in borderline cases, is sometimes the difference between passing and failing. Even in cases when the student fails he fails with a higher degree of self-confidence. Listed below are 10 of the 365 commandments. We as students have to improve our images in the eyes of our educational ministers (the professors).

1. Always sit in the front of the class.
2. Get a pair of fake horn-rimmed glasses.
3. As the professor lectures, look up at the ceiling and nod whenever the professor raises his voice. If you're female, crossing your legs will also improve your classroom participation and let the professor know where you sit.
4. Find out if the professor is the author of any books. If he is, casually ask him if he is the same person who wrote the book.
5. Look in papers and magazines for articles which relate to what the professor is lecturing about and ask him to relate them. If you can't find any articles which seem related, bring one in anyway. Ask the professor, "Is this what you are talking about?" 85% of the time it will be related.
6. Always wear clean but never starched shirts. What this does is to give the professor the old "when I worked my way through college" complex.
7. Ask questions you know the answers to, but the questions must help the professor bring out his point. While the professor answers your question, don't forget to say "oh" and "mmmm" to let him see how fast you can comprehend what he's saying. Then stay in your seat 3 to 5 minutes after the period ends.
8. Never write your best when writing your first theme. Let the professor "save and develop" your style.
9. Disagree once in a while, but not too strongly. This sometimes helps the professor prove his point and covers up your brown-nosing.
10. Write an article for the school newspaper and reveal some of the tactics used by students to guide a professor into giving a passing mark. What this does is remind him of the tactics he used. Only write about 10 tactics, any more than 10 will make him jealous.

By asking the right questions we as students can move a class in any direction we desire.

The motorcycle parking area is available and any student wishing to purchase a decal should contact the business office.

The Logic of the Right

by Dan Rooney

In the last issue of this newspaper the "Right" spoke in a vague and incoherent manner. Most of the article was pure gibberish and its lack of cohesion would make analysis difficult. However, there was one section of the piece which was clear enough to stun anyone possessing a rational mind.

The section referred to smoking pot and grooving on pills. In it the author takes the incredible position that law, society and morality are synonymous. He does this by stating that smoking pot is against the law and therefore against society and therefore immoral.

Now, Webster's New Seventh Collegiate Dictionary defines Law as: A binding custom or practice of a community; a code of conduct or action proscribed or formally recognized as binding or enforced by a controlling authority.

Society as: a community, nation or broad grouping of people having common traditions, institutions and collective activities or interests.

Moral as: of or relating to principles of right and wrong behavior.

We can therefore see immediately that these words have little in common in a linguistic sense. And on examining the statement closely we will see that it is also philosophically deficient. On the question of law and society a hypothetical example will serve to show where the author misleads us with his statement. Suppose the government enacted a law which ordered the infanticide of all children born from this day forward. We would be forced into a situation in which compliance with the law would cause us to act against societies collective interest of continuing its existence and against its tradition of caring for children. Since to wait for a legal opportunity to change the law would entail the murdering of countless thousands we would have to decide whether to act against society or the law. In this case we see that the terms law and society are antithetical rather than synonymous. (Indeed the Selective Service System is a somewhat inefficient version of our hypothetical law and many people, such as members of the Resistance, have chosen to go against the law rather than society).

Regarding law and morality I will use an example which has already been so over used that one more time won't really matter. I refer of course, to the lawful extermination of six million Jews by Hitler and his underlings. The legitimacy of Hitler's government gave the genocide legal status but could not alter the fact that it was against all principles of good behavior. The men who followed the orders of the German government were

guilty of mass murder and immorality or amorality. In fact those who went against the law and resisted the government in this case are considered heroes. Many laws fall into this category among them the Jim Crow laws and the dubious legality of the Vietnam war.

In discussing laws it should also be noted that laws exist on different levels. There is, for instance, International law which forbids the intervention of one nation into the affairs of others therefore making such American adventures as its invasion of the Dominican Republic illegal in the eyes of many, regardless of the power granted to our president by our constitution.

There are also stupid laws. These include the prohibition in some areas of our country of a man kissing his wife on Sunday mornings; the closing of liquor stores on Sundays; the declaring of combat veterans as too young to drink; the regulations concerning the sexual activity of adults, and the laws concerning the use of pot and pills.

What the author of "The Right Speaks" accomplished was merely the exposure of his intellectual immaturity. The fantastic shallowness evident in his perception represents a danger not only to himself but to the entire nation because this shallowness is indicative of the entire Rightist movement. It is this inability on the part of present day American leaders to comprehend complexity and ambivalence that may cause the doom of the nation.

I suggest that the author in question refrain from writing any more silly articles and instead sit down and attempt to purge his intellect of its childish approach towards life.

NAVAJO POEM

changing woman
changing but still
in one place
impregnated
giving forth the
hero twins (they are of sun)
mourn
white shell woman
mourn
child of the water
mourn four days
turquoise woman, salt woman
we fear holding hands
the wolf people
the shadow of night
burn down my hogan
build another
miles away, far
earth surface people
bow, bow, bow
holy people
with many odored deeds
over us, holding us—still
holding us—still

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INQUIRING REPORTER

by Leona Rati

In the past few months I've come to realize in a very personal way that this country is in a state of revolution. Perhaps, and I suspect preferably, the revolution has just begun. I have decided, as I know many of my fellow students have, that I will take my place in that revolution in any small way that my capacity allows. Out of the dissent, the cynicism, the burning, must come something. And that something will be change. And change will be the battle cry, and change will be the victory, and change will be the savior of the country and of the human spirit.

As everywhere else in the country change will come to SICC. This week I spoke to several students at SICC and asked:

"What would you like to see changed at SICC?"

"I think SICC should be run like City College with no required courses, only electives. Certain subjects should not be required of all students. I also believe that prerequisites are unnecessary; if a student wants to take Human Relations he must first take Sociology! This is ridiculous!"

—Harvey Zelefsky

"The fact that Horn and Hardart has been given a stay of execution is amazing. I only hope

those who hold the life-line for H&H do the humanitarian thing for the student body and cut the air hose of our "caterer."

—John Jorgensen

"What do I think needs changing at SICC? Do you mean in 25 words or less? We need to change the basic concept of what a college is supposed to do. I would like college to be an institution for learning rather than a prep school for industry. Once we decide what a college should be we must implement this in a thousand important details."

—Sam Agar

"A student shouldn't be obligated to take a given curriculum. If someone wants to be a psychology major and enters the school in the Civil Tech program it is almost impossible for him to change."

—Bruce Merles

"I think Horn and Hardart should be driven off campus. The prices compared with the prices in the City College cafeteria are high, but the quality is low."

—John Goebeler

"I feel that the school shouldn't make profits on the cafeteria and book store. Rather the school should subsidize them so that the students benefit directly."

—William Pollak

"I think students should get the hell out of the cafeteria and

get their heads into things like the Martin Luther King Memorial Program and Kaleidoscope. Indifference must be extinguished!"

—Lynne Olsen

"The responsibility for the student's education must be shifted to the student. Specifically, it is the atmosphere that needs changing. The atmosphere is detached, it's clinical, not warm. We should have classes in which the students can sit where they want (on desks or floors) in informal surroundings. There shouldn't be a teacher-student relationship in the classroom, but rather an atmosphere where both are striving for truth."

—Lloyd Smith

"Things need to be more organized around here. There should be a central committee for activities which would coordinate all club events so that all students would know what's going on and when."

—Regina Knutson

"The relationship between different ethnic groups in this school must be changed, it's terrible."

—Cathy Patterson

Of course, here we are merely scratching the surface. But the moment people begin thinking about change, it begins! Thinking leads to acting, to joining, to hoping and eventually the hope becomes the cause and the cause my fellow students is change.

Security Through Terror

by Ian Goldman

Any loyal patriotic American citizen can sit down relax and take for granted the American democratic way of life. America makes its citizens feel secure 'cause every last one of them knows ol' America got "The Bomb." "The Bomb" is really a great thing to have. Its presence creates security everybody knowing good ol' America can destroy every commie in the world just by pushin' the 'Button.' Nuclear weapons are also owned by Russia, England, France and maybe even Red China. If everybody decided to bomb everybody else the world would be free of present day tensions and problems. Oh yeah people too. Some people complain about the huge sums of money being wasted on a weapon whose use would bring about the destruction of the Earth. What the hell is money when its benefits are compared to those of "The Bomb." Once you build a "Bomb" there are lots of things you can do with it. They make excellent paperweights and Christmas presents, but the government is selfish and doesn't let anybody play with their toy. Besides the people in Washington are real smart 'cause they know there are only two things they can do with their "Bomb." They can use it and watch the Earth shrivel with radiation poisoning, otherwise they have to stockpile "The

Bomb" it serves no practical purpose except waste money and the government is real good at that. They have lots of practice. Instead of being wasted on "Bombs" the money should be wasted on something more worthwhile . . . Like a ten foot high wall around the whole United States. If "The Bomb" is used really doesn't matter. If we don't use it it will get rusty, if it is used complain to your congressman if you still have one. I wouldn't worry too much though. "Bombs" are a costly, destructive, dust collecting waste of good money that can be spent on something practical . . . Like 'German Warfare.'

When you get to the end of the sentence note the size of the period. Instead of a worthless period being there, in the same space you could put enough Bubonic Plague germs to annihilate every living creature in North America. That's real cool, no fuss no muss no population. Chemical and Biological warfare are real important today. Every country in the world is culturing its own special germ guaranteed to eliminate the competition. Be careful what you read 'cause some nut could be putting strains of horrible diseases at the end of the sentence where the periods belong. Germ warfare is fun, maybe we could have a rerun of the Black Plague. Better Living Through Chemistry. Botulism Anyone?

"and visions of sugarplums dance in their heads?"



Rights in Conflict

by Dennis Moriarty

The President's Commission on Violence assembled a candid (?) eyeopening (?) report on the police riot in Chicago. This wonderful intellectual account of police action during the Convention was issued to place the blame for the bloody confrontation on the instigators. Mr. Kalker, the head of the committee, stated in the summary that the police caused

the confrontation. This is nothing new. There have been police riots at Columbia, Telegraph Hill, Watts, Newark and Detroit. We don't need reports to tell us that the police are fanatic fascists, what we need is mass action.

Who is this informative report aimed at? Perhaps the commission would like the radicals to feel appeased by this liberal tokenism. Only a liberal could fall into the trap. On a special report by CBS, Charles Collingwood stated that the report proves that America is a true democracy because it can chastize itself even if it hurts. The only thing the report proves is that Chicago is one cesspool in the network of capitalistic sewers that comprise America.

After issuing the report Mr. Walker stated that Americans better learn from this report or else there will be more Chicagos. The radicals know that there will be more Chicagos. The next time there is an assembly and the cops charge, they will not be met with a retreat. The "beautiful people" are beginning to realize that a flower petal wilts when sprayed with bringing about needed reformists is the only way we can put these unzipped phall back in their place. People concerned with bringing about needed reform are tired of being beaten unconscious. In conclusion, I think a quote from Allen Ginsberg's poem, "America," is fitting: "America, when will we end the human war? Go fuck yourself with your bomb."

Our Poor Pop's Plight

by Steven Higgins

My favorite tipster was slow in greeting me at the door as I entered the bookstore. "Well, what's it this time punk," she warmly greeted me. "I have come," I said, "to see if you knew what happened to that kindly old man and maker of the greatest food this side of Nathan's, Pop's!"

"Sure, sure," she replied, "I remember him. He's now living at the Happy Valley Farm for Retired Coke and Hot Dog Restaurateurs." I thanked her and handed over the ten dollars. She said all I had to do was follow RT. 73 and I couldn't miss the farm. I walked out the door and just thinking about seeing Pop again rushed fond thoughts into my mind. Thoughts like his wife Maria with the thick sauce stains on her blouse, his kids helping the old parents by dumping coffee grinds into the street. As I turned the corner, I was jumped by two men. "Keep your trap shut," he said, the boss has sent us here wit' a warnin'—don't see Pop or you won't be breathen' too much longer." They shoved a danish into my mouth and fled as quickly as they had appeared. I laid on the ground astonished.

The next morning I left early to drive up to the H.V.F.R.C.H.D.R. to see my old friend and to see what the connection was with the

men who had jumped me. When I finally reached the Valley, an attendant stopped me at the gate and asked me what I wanted. When I told him who I was looking for he said I should go to Dr. Frank N. Stein head of the wing for retired hotdoggers. As I walked to his office, I looked around the estate. It has grass as green as any green peppers Maria ever used. Trees as tall as Pop's truck, buildings as strong and sturdy as Pop's homemade meatballs and a quaint dirt road as brown as Pop's coffee.

I entered the office and Dr. Stein greeted me at the door with a big, warm smile. "Welcome to Happy Valley Farm, etc., son, we're here to help you, you'll have a nice rest here."

"No, no, I'm not here for any help. I'm just here to see a guy named Pop."

The doctor, after checking my story, said Pop was down in the kitchen and I could see him right now. I walked down to the kitchen and looked for Pop. He was sitting at the end of the room with six other men gathered around a table making peanut butter sandwiches.

"Pop, I screamed, "I've come to see you." A tear came to his

eye as he leaped from the table to greet me. "How you do sonny boy," he declared, "longa time no see."

"Pop," I said, "let's sit down and talk awhile. Pop, what are you doing here making crummy peanut butter sandwiches, where's Maria and the kids, and why did you retire?"

"First," he said, "we no make hot dogs here 'cause they no let us go near fire or sharp objects to cook the hot dogs with." "And Maria," I insisted. "Well, Maria when we no more got wagon, she leave to Naples with the kids to stay with her Mamma." "But why," I blurted, "why did you retire from your budding business?" "Because," he started to sob, "they make me do it." "Who's they, Pop," I screamed, "who did this to you?" "They was," gaining his composure, "those two bullies Corn and Hardducts, they threaten my two boys and Maria, they make me go outta business."

Just then a big attendant came over and said one more minute left. "Don't let it get you down, Pop, I'll go back and make them listen to me; you'll soon have Maria and the boys back." "How, how you do this? They pretty tough bunch." "I'll enlist the aid of the Porpoise, the school paper, they'll support anything. With their help and others we will bring you back."

EUROPE '69

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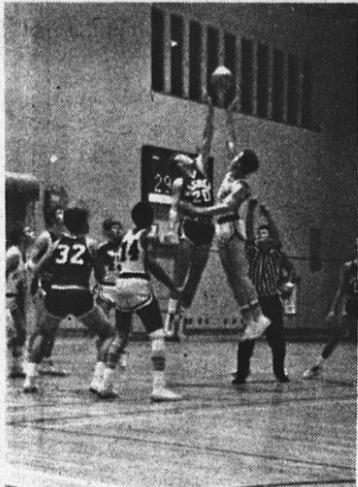
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Dolphins Upset Wagner 85-70

by Gareth Ganim

In a game highlighted by some of the finest plays ever seen on SICC's campus, the Dolphins defeated Wagner's Junior Varsity by a score of 85-70 on Tuesday December 3. Some three hundred spectators watched as the Dolphins crushed Wagner, who was favored by the Staten Island Advance, due to their Superiority in height.

Kenny Lam, the games high scorer with 29 points, sparked the Dolphins throughout the entire



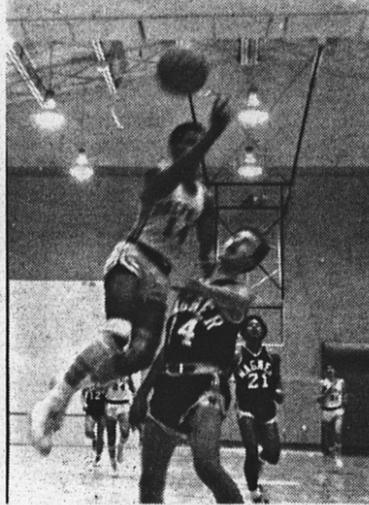
Kenny Lam scores 29

game. Lam, who is a freshman, never played high school ball, but apparently learned just as much in the schoolyards as he did in school.

Continuing to spark the team this year are veterans John Kuhn, Glen Jensen, and Mike Walters, who also plays baseball in the spring. Jensen chipped in with 13 points, coming mostly on buckets from the corners. Mike Walters also contributed to the cause by

scoring 11 points, John Kuhn who was out for most of the first half, due to an injury still managed to score 12 points to help assure a Dolphin victory.

Earl Edwards, a guard who played at Port Richmond high school, scored 17 points, to be second to Lam.



Earl Edwards on lay-up

After getting off to a slow start against fast breaking Wagner, the Dolphins began to score to fast for Wagner to keep up with them. At half time the Dolphins led by six points, 37-31.

In the second half, the Dolphins came on stronger than in the first half. Scoring forty-eight more points while allowing Wagner only 39 points more. The Dolphins earned their second win of the season, against no losses. Their next game will be here at SICC on Tuesday December 10, at 8:30 P.M. Come on man, support your team.

WAGNER

	G.	F.	T.P.
Walters	0	1	1
Brooks	6	0	12
Bailey	6	3	15
Bayerdorfer	4	0	8
Windrum	6	4	16
Ferrera	1	2	4
Booker	55	2	2
Skyles	0	0	0
Rohan	1	0	2
	29	12	70

SICC	G.	F.	T.P.
Edwards	7	3	17
Jensen	5	3	13
Walters	4	3	11
Lam	13	3	29
Kuhn	5	2	12
Keller	0	0	0
Sheldon	1	1	3
	35	15	85

Halftime score SICC 37, Wagner 31.

Intercollegiate Football Fever

by David Goteiner

At a time when colleges throughout the nation are closing out their football schedules and are possibly preparing for bowl games, students here at SICC might wonder why we do not have an intercollegiate team. Most of us will just shrug our shoulders, in our regular apathetic way, but some students are taking action. A movement, led by Charles Nelli, Mario Patella, and Peter Fedele has been formed to push for the initiation of an intercollegiate football program here.

Petitions, declaring support of the formation of a team, have already begun circulating and posters have been put up. A strong effort will have to be made by this enthusiastic group since there are many obstacles which have to be conquered. There has to be an overwhelming student support of a team at all costs for anybody to even consider forming a team. A study must be done concerning the feasibility of intercollegiate football at SICC. The availabil-

ity of coaches must be determined.

Mr. Joseph Barrest, a football specialist, would make an excellent head coach but more like him are needed. The number of teams in the metropolitan New York City area that we could play against must also be determined. The question of finances also presents a big problem since it would cost over \$10,000 to start a team. For a team of fifty players, equipment for the first year would cost around \$8,000. Yearly medical supplies would cost approximately \$2000 while the doctor's fee would be \$120. More money would be needed to rent a stadium for games since they could not be held at the Sunnyside campus. Altering the athletic field for football could not be done since it would disrupt other activities and teams. The City University would also probably not approve of it. Still more money is needed for trainer's fees and other assorted items.

Although many obstacles stand in the way, the dream of intercollegiate football can become a reality. Immense student support is presently needed in the form of your own signature on a petition or in room D105. Sign up now and help to make a better SICC of the future.

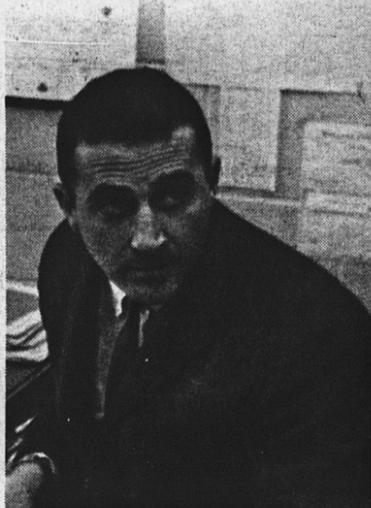
MCCAC Winners Take 6th Place At Region XV Track Meet

by David Goteiner

The SICC cross country team has closed out its season with the winning of the Patrick J Kelly Memorial Trophy at the Munche-Struck Run on November 11. They were awarded the trophy because they proved to be the best Staten Island club competing.

teenth place. SICC's John Whyte (18:58), George MacEwan (19:57), Joe Wnuk (20:96), Gene Padilla (21:13), and Bill Hodge (21:15) enabled the team to triumph over SIAC, 24-31.

sixth in a field of nine. Almost a full minute elapsed until Whyte, back in twenty-fifth place. McEwan ran only eight seconds behind Whyte with a clocking of 17:35. Wnuk, Artie Peterson,



Track coach N. Farkouh

Mike Marotta was the first SICC runner to cross the finish line in this Tappen Post American Legion sponsored three and a half mile run held at Clove Lakes Park. His time of 18:38 was far off the winner's pace, St. John's University's Terry McQuade (17:09), but it was enough to beat Joe Jones from the Staten Island Athletic Club for thir-



Dolphin Harriers win MCCAC

On November 9, the team competed at Farmingdale, New York, in the NJCAA Region XV Cross Country Championships. Despite a fine third-place finish by Marotta (16:24), the team placed only

Hodge, and Pete Ramos were the remaining scores for SICC. The team's final score of 122 was only five points shy of fifth place but was 85 points away from Suffolk CC's winning score of 37.

The third place finish of Marotta in the Region XV meet gave him a berth in the Junior College National Cross Country Championships held on November 16. In this meet at Lawrence, Kansas, Mike did not make a good showing. Plagued by a mysterious leg pain and further hampered by a fall during the race, he placed 136th among 225 competitors. His time of 17:40, as compared to his Region XV time of 16:24, shows how far off he was from his usual performance.

Now that SICC's maiden cross country season has concluded, it can be looked upon as a very successful one. Sporting a 7-4 record and two trophies, this team has shown that cross country competition is here to stay at SICC.



Regional debut gives Dolphins sixth place

Dolphins Defeat Alumni 69-56

by Gareth Ganim

In their first game of the 1968-69 season, the SICC Dolphin Basketball Squad defeated the Alumni by a score of 69-56. As coach Ira

ried, played an excellent defensive game, but had trouble scoring. Berry, the only SICC player ever

the last game of last season. Kenny Lam, John Kuhn, and Ron Sheldon did most of the Dolphin's scoring to give them a 41-16 lead at half-time.



How high do I jump

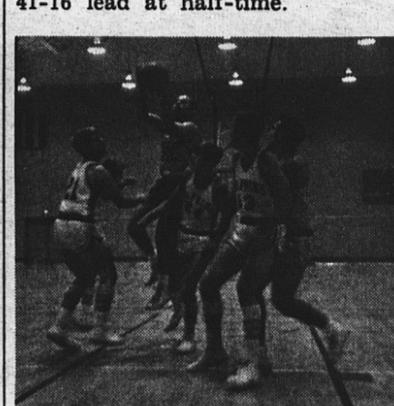
Sweet remarked after the game, "This game told me a lot. It proved to me that we have the ability, but we're green and can fall apart too easily."

Hank Lam, who played for the Alumni, was easily outplayed by his brother Ken, who was the game's high scorer with 22 points. Steve Berry, who is now mar-



Berry hits on jump shot

to hit the magic number 1,000, had not touched a basketball since



Now we're only down 9 points

In the second half, the Alumni closed the gap to nine points, but were thwarted by Earl Edwards, who dropped in a layup and then two free throws to help the Dolphins go on to a 69-56 victory.