



The Dolphin



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Staten Island Community College, Staten Island, New York

Thursday, November 7, 1968

Counselor Discusses Transfer Programs

By Michele Nagel

At SICC we offer transfer programs through which, by maintaining a proper standard of work for the two year curriculum, a student may gain admission to a senior college. Mr. Blatt, transfer counselor at SICC offers the following advice to students interested in transferring to a four year school.

Mr. Blatt stressed the importance of students obtaining their degree from SICC in a transfer program if they desire to go on for a Baccalaureate Degree at one of the senior divisions of the City University. Students receiving their degrees are officially transferrable to a four year college without the loss of credits. Those students receiving their degree on a career program can transfer to the City University, but will lose credits in doing so. However, there are private institutions which accept all credits of the career program.

Sophomores desiring to transfer after two years of work at SICC, but who do not have the full requirements for the degree may transfer to the City University under the following conditions. An average of 2.0 or better and a minimum of 60 credits must be attained for their two years of work. Freshmen wanting to

transfer after one year of completed work must have 30 credits in concrete subjects with an average of 3.0.

When Mr. Blatt was asked about financial aid for students planning to go to a private college he replied, "We have on campus two very able sources for financial assistance." He was referring to loans available to deserving students in room A-141. Students interested in these loans or other financial aid should see Mrs. Leavey.

The second place where students can help supplement financial responsibilities is the employment service office which is across the hall from the bookstore. Professor Littlejohn who is in charge of this will help find students part time employment during the school year and full time employment during the summer.

Sophomores should start considering the colleges to which to go next year. Applications for June graduates have a deadline of approximately March 15. A \$1-\$5 fee is charged for the City University and a \$10-\$15 fee is charged for most private colleges. All students are allowed an unlimited number of choices.

Students desiring more information should see Mr. Blatt in Room A-135.

Students Debate Dismal Future Of Nation at Campus Teach-In

By Sam Agar

Nov. 4 — Today at the SICC campus a rally was held to protest the lack of choice in the presidential election. It was officially titled "Students Against War and Racism."

At approximately 9:00 a.m., 50 students gathered in the courtyard near B building and set up a picket line in an attempt to win converts to the boycott. At approximately 10:00 a.m., 15 students created a counter-picket line.

The boycotters carried signs which read "Dump the Hump," "Wallace is a Pig", and "Vote in the Streets Nov. 5." They shouted such slogans as "Peace and Freedom, Not Law and Order."

The counter-pickets had signs which read "Hippies Unite So We Can Shoot You All at Once" and "If Your Heart's Not in America, Get Your Ass Out of It."

At 11:00 a.m., the members of the opposing factions and other students went into the lounge to conduct the pre-arranged teach-in.

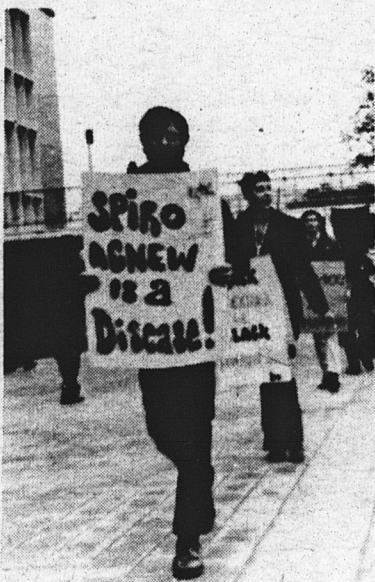
Among the speakers at the teach-in were Dr. Pessen, Prof. Schwerner, Mrs. Melman, Neil Smith (Congressional candidate of the Peace and Freedom party), and many students from both camps.

Dr. Pessen, speaking rather early in the day, told those gathered that the war was over though he stipulated that suffering remains. His speech was roundly cheered.

Prof. Schwerner, sensing a great deal of antipathy on the part of both factions, read one of his poems. The poem was humorous but pointed out the ludicrous positions of the "intellectual society." The poem calmed the crowd and was to a large extent relevant to the problem at hand.

Mrs. Melman stressed the importance of the sociological make-up of our society.

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One of the many signs that voiced the various opinions of Staten Island Community College students—both left and right.

The Student is a Nigger

(This article was written by Jerry Farber, a teacher at Cal State, Los Angeles. It may be that the phenomenon he discusses—the treatment of students as niggers by the education system—may not be limited to Cal State. We apologize for the omission of certain choice words but this was the best copy available. Our thanks to College Press Service).

... It's more important, though, to understand why they're niggers. If we follow that question seriously enough, it will lead us past the zone of academic bullshit; where dedicated teachers pass their knowledge on to a new generation, and into the nitty-gritty of human needs and hang-ups. And from there we can go on to consider whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

First let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the role students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A., where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If I take them into the faculty dining room, my colleagues get uncomfortable, as though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I become known as the educational equivalent of a niggerlover. In at least one building there are even rest rooms which students may not use.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can vote in national elections—their average age is about 26—but they have no voice in the decisions which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government run for the most part by Uncle Toms and concerned principally with trivia. The faculty and administrators decide what courses will be offered; the students get to choose their own Homecoming Queen. Occasionally, when student leaders get uppity and rebellious, they're either ignored, put off with trivial concessions, or maneuvered expertly out of position.

A student at Cal State is expected to know his place. He calls a faculty member "Sir" or "Doctor" or "Professor"—and he smiles and shuffles some as he stands outside the professor's office waiting for permission to enter. The faculty tell him what courses to take (in my department, English, even electives have to be approved by a faculty member); they tell him what to read, what to write, and, frequently, where to

set the margins on his typewriter. They tell him what's true and what isn't. Some teachers insist that they encourage dissent but they're almost always jiving and every student knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or he'll fail your ass out of the course.

When a teacher says "jump," students jump. I know of one professor who refused to take up class time for exams and required students to show up for tests

"Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education."

at 6:30 in the morning. And they did, by God! Another, at exam time, provides answer cards to be filled out—each one enclosed in a paper bag with a hole cut in the top to see through. Students stick their writing hands in the bags while taking the test. The teacher isn't a pro; I wish he were. He does it to prevent cheating. Another colleague once caught a student reading during one of his lectures and threw her book against the wall. Still another lectures his students into a stupor and then screams at them in a rage when they fall asleep.

Just last week, during the first meeting of a class, one girl got up to leave after about ten minutes had gone by. The teacher rushed over, grabbed her by the arm, saying "This class is NOT dismissed!" and led her back to her seat. On the same day another teacher began by informing his class that he does not like beards, mustaches, long hair on boys, or capri pants on girls, and will not tolerate any of that in his class. The class, incidentally, consisted mostly of high school teachers.

Even more discouraging than this Auschwitz approach to education is the fact that the students take it. They haven't gone through twelve years of public school for nothing. They've learned one thing and perhaps only one thing during those twelve years.

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Government Threatens All Students' Rights

NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR
Washington, D. C. 20550

IMPORTANT NOTICE

to

PRESIDENTS OF UNIVERSITIES AND COLLEGES

This is to advise you that in appropriating funds to the National Science Foundation for FY 1969, through the Independent Offices and Department of Housing and Urban Development Appropriation Act of 1969, the Congress provided:

"That if an institution of higher education receiving funds hereunder determines after affording notice and opportunity for hearing to an individual attending, or employed by, such institution, that such individual has, after the date of enactment of this Act, willfully refused to obey a lawful regulation or order of such institution and that such refusal was of a serious nature and contributed to the disruption of the administration of such institution, then the institution shall deny any further payment to, or for the benefit of, such individual."

Although the responsibility for administration of this provision of law rests upon the educational institution, it is requested that you immediately notify the Foundation of the facts upon the making of any such determination with respect to an individual who is receiving or has been expected to receive benefits derived from funds made available by the Foundation on or after July 1, 1968.

Leland J. Haworth
Director

The Student is a Nigger

(Continued from Page 1)

They've forgotten their algebra. They're hopelessly vague about chemistry and physics. They've grown to fear and resent literature. They write like they've been lobotomized. But, Jesus, can they follow orders! Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads.

Students don't ask that orders make sense. They give up expecting things to make sense long before they leave elementary school. Things are true because the teacher says they're true. At a very early age we all learn to accept "two truths," as did certain medieval churchmen. Outside of class, things are true to your tongue, your fingers your stomach, your heart. Inside class, things are true by reason of authority. And that's just fine because you don't care anyway. Miss Wiedemeyer tells you a noun is a person, place or thing. So let it be. You don't give a rat's ass; she doesn't give a rat's ass.

The important thing is to please her. Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines. And that's where it's been at ever since. Nothing changes except to get worse. School becomes more and more obviously a prison. Last year I spoke to a student assembly at Manual Arts High School and then couldn't get out of the god-damn school. I mean there was NO WAY OUT. Locked doors. High fences. One of the inmates was trying to make it over a fence when he saw me coming and froze in panic. For a moment I expected sirens, a rattle of bullets, and him clawing the fence.

Then there's the infamous 'code of dress,' in some high schools, if your skirt looks too short, you have to go home to change. Boys in high school can't be too sloppy and they can't even be too sharp. You'd think the school board would be delighted to see all the spades trooping to school in pointy shoes, suits, ties and stingy brims. Uh-uh. They're too visible.

What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves. What else could explain what I see in a freshman class? They've got that slave mentality: obliging and ingratiating on the surface but hostile and resistant underneath.

As do black slaves, students vary in their awareness of what's going on. Some recognize their own put-on for what it is and even let their rebellion break through to the surface now and then. Others—including most of the "good students"—have been more deeply brainwashed. They swallow the bullshit with greedy mouths. They honest-to-God believe in grades, in busy work, in General Education requirements. They're pathetically eager to be pushed around. They're like those old grey-headed house niggers you can still find in the South who don't see what all the fuss is about because Mr. Charlie "treats us real good."

College entrance requirements tend to favor the Toms and screen out the rebels. Not entirely, of course. Some students at Cal State L.A. are expert con artists who know perfectly well what's happening. They want the degree or the 2-S and spend their years on the old plantation alternately laughing and cursing as they play the game. If their egos are strong enough, they cheat a lot. And, of course, even the Toms are angry down deep somewhere. But it comes out in passive rather than active aggression. They're unexplainably thick-witted and subject to frequent spells of laziness. They misread simple questions. They spend their nights mechanically outlining history chapters while meticulously failing to comprehend a word of what's in front of them.

The saddest cases among both black slaves and student slaves are the ones who have so thoroughly introjected their masters' values that their anger is turned inward. At Cal State these are the kids for whom every low grade is torture, who stammer and shake when they speak to a professor, who go through an emotional crisis every time they're called upon during class. You can recognize them easily at finals time. Their faces are festooned with fresh pimples; their bowels boil audibly across the room. If there really is a Last Judgement, then the parents and teachers who created these wrecks are going to burn in hell.

So students are niggers. It's time to find out why,

"Back in kindergarten, you found out that teachers only love children who stand in nice straight lines."

and to do this, we have to take a long look at Mr. Charlie. The teachers I know best are college professors. Outside the classroom and taken as a group, their most striking characteristic is timidity.

Just look at their working conditions. At a time when even migrant workers have begun to fight and win, college professors are still afraid to make more than a token effort to improve their pitiful economic status. In California state colleges the faculties are screwed regularly and vigorously by the Governor and Legislature and yet they still won't offer any solid resistance. They lie flat on their stomachs with their pants down, mumbling catch phrases like "professional dignity" and "meaningful dialogue."

Professors were no different when I was an undergraduate at UCLA during the McCarthy era; it was like a cattle stampede as they rushed to cop out. And, in more recent years, I found that my being arrested in sit-ins brought from my colleagues not so much approval or condemnation as open-mouthed astonishment. "You could lose your job!"

Now, of course, there's the Vietnamese war. It gets some opposition from a few teachers. Some support it. But a vast number of professors, who know perfectly well what's happening, are copping out again. And in the high schools, you can forget it. Stillness reigns.

I'm not sure why teachers are so chickenshit. It could be that academic training itself forces a split between thought and action. It might also be that the tenured security of a teaching job attracts timid persons and, furthermore, that teaching, like police work, pulls in persons who are unsure of themselves and need weapons and the other external trappings of authority.

The classroom offers an artificial and protected environment in which they can exercise their will to power. Your neighbors may drive a better car; gas station attendants may intimidate you; your wife may dominate you; the State Legislature may shit on you; but in the classroom, by God, students do what you say—or else. The grade is a hell of a weapon. It may not rest on you hip, potent and rigid like a cop's gun, but in the long run it's more powerful. At your personal whim—any time you choose—you can keep 35 students up for nights and have the pleasure of seeing them walk into the classroom pasty-faced and red-eyed carrying a sheaf of typewritten pages, with title page, MLA footnotes and margins set at 15 and 91.

The general timidity which causes teachers to make niggers of their students usually includes a more specific fear—fear of the students themselves. After all, students are different, just like black people. You stand exposed in front of them, knowing that their interests, their values and their language are different from yours. To make matters worse, you may suspect that you yourself are not the most engaging of persons. What then can protect you from their ridicule and scorn? Respect for Authority. That's what. It's the policeman's gun again. The white bwana's pith helmet. So you flaunt that authority. You wither whisperers with a murderous glance. You crush objectors with erudition and heavy irony.

"What school amounts to, then, for white and black kids alike, is a 12-year course in how to be slaves."

And, worst of all, you make your own attainments seem not accessible but awesomely remote. You conceal your massive ignorance—and parade a slender learning.

The teacher's fear is mixed with an understandable need to be admired and to feel superior, a need which also makes him cling to his "white supremacy." Ideally, a teacher should minimize the distance between himself and his students. He should encourage them not to need him—eventually or even immediately. But this is rarely the case. Teachers make themselves high priests of arcane mysteries. They become masters of mumbojumbo. Even a more or less conscientious teacher may be torn between the desire to give and the desire to hold them in bondage to him. I can find no other explanation that accounts for the way my own subject, literature, is generally taught. Literature, which ought to be a source of joy, solace and enlightenment, often becomes in the classroom nothing more than a source of anxiety—at least an arena for expertise, a ledger book for the ego. Literature teachers, often afraid to join a real union, nonetheless may practice the worst kind of trade-unionism in the classroom; they do to literature what Beckmesser does to song in Wagner's "Meister-

Professionals Act In Spoon River

by A. FALNAM

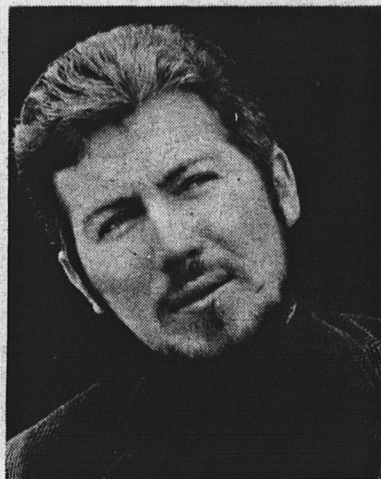
Working on the theory that students can learn much from participation in dramatic productions with seasoned professionals, Charles Raines, of the English Department, has invited six guests to the campus for a showing of Engar Lee Masters' "Spoon River Anthology."

The show, which combines music with dramatic readings, will be seen in the S.I.C.C. Theatre on November 15, 16, and 18 at 8 p.m.

Professional actors to participate in the production are Tom

appeared in Eliot Murphy's Aquashow and the Ed Sullivan Show and starred in the Brazilian Aquarama. She played the role of Peggy in last year's production of "The Women" at the S.I.C.C. Theatre. She is the composer of a number of popular songs and has worked as a model and in television commercials.

Miss Stroll holds the B.F.A. degree from the Boston University School of Fine Arts and has studied with Herbert Bergoff, Gene Frankel, Joseph Geiger and



Tom Crawley

Crawley and Vincent Baggetta. Crawley began his training at the University of Nebraska, where he received his B.A. and where he recently finished a dissertation on Shakespeare. He has done extensive work in repertory, performing featured and leading roles in "The Sea Gull," "A View From the Bridge," "The Hostage," "Richard III," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "La Ronde," "Anthony and Cleopatra," and "Tartuffe." In stock he has done leading roles in "Barefoot in the Park," "The Moon is Blue," "A Thousand Clowns," and others. His television credits include Kraft Theatre, Combat, The Virginian, The Defenders and countless soap vignettes. He recently appeared in a national touring company of "The Blood Knot" and is a member of the School of the Arts at N.Y.U.

Baggetta has massed an impressive list of acting credits, both classical and contemporary. Last year he appeared at the Studio Arena in Buffalo in Moliere's "Imaginary Invalid," and "The Threepenny Opera." He was a member of New York's Channel 13 Shakespeare Repertory Company, where he was featured in plays including "A Winter's Tale," "Macbeth," and "Twelfth Night." He then joined the National Repertory Theatre under the direction of Margaret Webster and Eva La Galienne. On Broadway he was seen in "Daughter of Silence" and "West Side Story." His Off-Broadway credits include "Sargeant Musgrave's Dance," "Electra," "Lorenzaccio," and also the Phoenix Theatre production of "Dr. Faustus." On television he appeared in co-starring roles in The Hawk, The Defenders and other major shows. In films he performed in "Les Gendarmes et New York."

Guest actresses participating in the production are Marcia Knapp and Jane Stroll. Miss Knapp is a graduate of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts and



Marcia Knapp

others. She has appeared in numerous productions at the Theatre-By-the Sea, The Blackfriar's Guild, the Rockpot Playhouse, Boston University Theatre, the Harvard Drama Center, Spencer Memorial Church, Loft Theater Workshop and the Lake George Playhouse and played the role of Edith in "The Women" at S.I.C.C.

Mike Corbett, another guest, is a singer and plays flute with "Mr. Flood's Party," which is currently preparing an album for Atlantic Records. He has had extensive experience as an entertainer and appeared in "Like I'm Talking to You Now," at the Loft Theatre Workshop in New York.

Barbara Nollman, who designed the production, has worked on



Jane Stroll

innumerable Off-Broadway shows as lighting designer, set designer and production designer. She recently worked as resident designer at the Seattle Repertory Theatre and is currently at work on designs for a Broadway production. She was associated with the original Broadway production of "Spoon River Anthology."

Students in the cast are Nan Ayers, who will sing, and George Bouquio, Paul Costello and Brian Shiefer, who will perform the music.

Admission to the play, directed by Mr. Raines, is free, and reserved seat tickets may be picked up at the box office.

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House Smells Yippies

WASHINGTON (CPS) Oct. 8. —Running parallel to last week's HUAC hearings on subversion in Chicago was a sideshow entitled "Life's Little Circles." Put on by local Movement groups, the Circus was billed as an alternative to the more formal goings-on in the Cannon House Office Building.

Both George Washington University, focal point of activity, and American University held forums at which the Movement leaders in town for the hearings gave the standard speeches against the war, against HUAC, and for funds to keep the Movement solvent.

The rhetoric was the same, but since Chicago the audience has changed dramatically. While before, radical speakers ended up talking to small bands of those already convinced of what they were hearing, the latest crowds include a sizeable number of people looking over the "peace crowd" to see if there is anything worth latching onto. Many seemed convinced. From the beginning it seemed evident that there was not only a boost in numbers, but in enthusiasm as well.

The main attraction at the outside-the-hearing-room activities, though, was the cultural Circus. It started the weekend before the hearings on Washington's P. St. Beach (which isn't a beach), and ended on the capital Mall (which is barely a mall). The most notable characters were Yippies Jerry Rubin, Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner and the entourage which accompanies them on trips. Coordinating the affairs was Dennis Livingston of Washington's guerrilla theatre troops.

As far as the public was concerned, these rallies were the only real events of the week. The HUAC hearing room had about 100 seats. Among the spectators were no fewer than 40 uniformed policemen, and an unknown number in plainclothes. In order to get a mythical spectator pass, you had to get a regular House gallery pass and then sign upon a pad of paper a Capitol policeman kept with him. By the end of the hearings over 200 names

were on it; none of them gained entry.

Yet the sight of unusually groomed and colorfully attired people lining the walls of a House office building did liven up the place. Paper hats, bubble gum and apples were handed out to spectators the first morning. Occasionally peace chants would rise out of the crowd. On one occasion, "Up against the wall" was repeated in a crescendo that baffled police. What could they do?

It was the finest week for the Yippies, born at a party in New York City last December. The HUAC hearings were the symbol of success for a massive put-on.

Not only did the Congressional committee evidently believe that such an absurdity as Yippies actually existed, but even the myth-makers — Rubin, Kressner and Hoffman — were beginning to believe it. As "Realist" editor Krassner (on assignment in Washington as Society Editor of Ramparts magazine) put it, "When I got to Chicago I looked around and I wasn't sure who I saw. They weren't hippies, they weren't straights — my god, I thought, they're actually Yippies!"

So the myth-reality Yippies were being looked into by HUAC. The policeman named Pierson who tailed Jerry Rubin in Chicago told the committee with a straight face that the Yippies planned to take over the country. This was dutifully reported in the Washington Star under the headline "Committee Told Yippies Plan U.S. Takeover."

The entire cast of the week's show was staying at the Congressional Hotel, across the street from the hearing room. The hotel restaurant is usually filled with Congressmen, lobbyists and oth-

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Students Debate...

(Continued from Page 1)

Neil Smith, the Peace and Freedom Party candidate for Congress, denounced strongly the practices of white America. However he stressed the beauty of the many white brothers who stand with the black man in the struggle for dignity in our society. Mr. Smith expressed certain reservations about the response of these allies under future pressures, but his general tone was one of angry, quiet confidence.

Tony DiRamondo spoke about the difficulties between the Bartlett Rangers and those who wish it to be expelled from the campus. Mr. DiRamondo said that his fellow Rangers must remember that opponents of ROTC have the constitutionally protected right to speak and write in opposition to their organization. Mr. DiRamondo emphasized that his fellow Rangers are pledged to support these rights and therefore they must by word and deed respect the opinions of these people. He chastised the critics of the ROTC with the words that members of the armed forces have "given their lives to protect your rights." He reiterated that without their sacrifices the meeting could never have occurred.

In general this reporter noted that the meeting began with angry overtones and progressed from there to a more calm gathering. At the outset much bitterness, but as the meeting progressed there was more communication.

SICC's boycott and teach-in served several worthwhile purposes: 1) students verbalized their anger and frustration on both sides of the issues; 2) students on campus were exposed to many varying views on the war and the election; and 3) students were not apathetic about the national and international issues at least for one day.

The Student is a Nigger

(Continued from Page 2)

singer." The avowed purpose of English departments is to teach literature; too often their real function is to kill it.

Finally, there's the darkest reason of all for the master-slave approach to education. The less trained and the less socialized a person is, the more he constitutes a sexual threat and the more he will be subjugated by institutions, such as penitentiaries and schools. Many of us are aware by now of the sexual neurosis which makes white man so fearful of integrated schools and neighborhoods, and which make the castration of Negroes a deeply entrenched Southern folkway. We should recognize a similar pattern in education. There is a kind of castration that goes on in schools. It begins, before school years, with parents' first encroachments on their children's free unashamed sexuality and continues right up to the day when they hand you your doctoral diploma with a bleeding, shriveled pair of testicles stapled to the parchment. It's not that sexuality has no place in the classroom. You'll find it there but only in certain perverted and vitiated forms.

How does sex show up in school? First of all, there's the sadomasochistic relationship between teachers and students. That's plenty sexual, although the price of enjoying it is to be unaware of what's happening. In walks the student in his Ivy League equivalent of a motorcycle jacket. In walks the teacher—a kind of intellectual rough trade—and flogs his students with grades, tests, sarcasmand, snotty superiority until their very brains are bleeding. In Swinbourne's England, the whipped school boy frequently grew up to be a flagellant. With us the perversion is intellectual but it's no less perverse.

Sex also shows up in the classroom as academic subject matter—sanitized and abstracted, thoroughly divorced from feeling. You get "sex education" now in both high school and college classes: everyone determined not to be embarrassed, to be very up to date, very contempo. These are the classes for which sex, as Feiffer puts it, "can be a beautiful thing if properly administered." And then, of course, there's still another depressing manifestation of sex in the classroom: the "off-color" teacher, who keeps his class awake with sniggering sexual allusions, obscene titters and academic innuendo. The sexuality he purveys, it must be admitted, is at least better than none at all.

What's missing, from kindergarten to graduate school, is honest recognition of what's actually happening—turned-on awareness of sexuality. It's not that sex needs to be pushed in school. But we should let it be, where it is and like it is. It is only reasonably to ask that junior high school teachers don't by example and stricture, teach students to repress their sexuality. As things stand now, students are physically castrated or spayed—and for the very same reason that black men are castrated in Georgia: because they're a threat.

So you can add sexual repression to the list of causes, along with vanity, fear and will to power, that turn the teacher into Mr. Charlie. You might also want to keep in mind that he was a nigger once himself and has never really gotten over it. And there are more causes, some of which are better described in sociological than in psychological terms. Work them out, it's not hard. But in the meantime what we've got on our hands is a whole lot of niggers. And what makes this particularly grim is that the student has less chance than the black man of getting out of his bag. Because the student doesn't even know he's in it. That, more or less, is what's happening in higher education. And the results are staggering.

For one thing damn little education takes place in the schools. How could it? You can't educate slaves; you can only train them. Or, to use an even uglier and more timely word, you can only program them.

I like to folk dance. Like other novices, I've gone to the Intersection or to the Museum and paid out good money in order to learn how to dance. No grades, no prerequisites, no separate dining rooms; they just turn you on to dancing. That's education. Now look at what happens in college. A friend of mine, Milt, recently finished a folk dance class. For his final he had to learn things like this: "The Irish are known for their wit and imagination, qualities reflected in their dances, which include the jig, the reel and the hornpipe." And then the teacher graded him A, B, C, D, or F, while he danced in front of her. That's not education. That's not even training. That's an abomination on the face of the earth. It's especially ironic because Milt took that dance class trying to get out of the academic rut. He took crafts for the same reason. Great, right? Get your hand in some clay? Make something? Then the teacher announced that a 20-page

term paper would be required—with footnotes.

At my school we even grade people on how they read poetry. That's like grading people on how they make love. But we do it. In fact, God help me, I do it. I'm the Adolph Eichmann of English 323. Simon Legree on the poetry plantation. "Tote that lamb! Lift that spondee!" Even to discuss a good poem in that environment is potentially dangerous because the very classroom is contaminated. As hard as I may try to turn students on to poetry, I know that the desks, the tests, the IBM cards, their own attitudes toward school, and my own residue of UCLA method are turning them off.

Another result of student slavery is equally serious. Students don't get emancipated when they graduate.

As a matter of fact, we don't let them graduate until they've demonstrated their willingness—over 16 years—to remain slaves. And for important jobs, like teaching, we make them go through more years, just to make sure. What I'm getting at is that we're all more or less niggers and slaves, teachers and students alike. This is a fact you want to start with in trying to understand wider social phenomena, say, politics in our country and in other countries.

Educational oppression is trickier to fight than racial oppression. If you're a black rebel, they can't exile you; they either have to intimidate you or kill you. But in high school or college, they can just bounce you out of the fold. And they do. Rebel students and renegade faculty members get smothered or shot down with devastating accuracy. In high school, it's usually the student who gets it; in college, it's more often the teacher. Others get tired of fighting and voluntarily leave the system. This may be a mistake though. Dropping out of college, for a rebel, is a little like going North, for a Negro. You can't really get away from it so you might as well stay and raise hell.

How do you raise hell? That's a whole other article. But just for a start, why not stay with the analogy? What have black people done? They have, first of all,

"Freshmen come up to me with an essay and ask if I want it folded and whether their name should be in the upper right hand corner. And I want to cry and kiss them and caress their poor tortured heads."

faced the fact of their slavery. They've stopped kidding themselves about an eventual reward in that Great Watermelon Patch in the sky. They've organized; they've decided to get freedom now, and they've started taking it.

Students, like black people, have immense unused power. They could, theoretically, insist on participating in their own education. They could make academic freedom bilateral. They could teach their teachers to thrive on love and admiration, rather than fear and respect, and to lay down their weapons. Students could discover community. And they could learn to dance by dancing on the IBM cards. They could make coloring books out of the catalogs and they could put the grading system in a museum. They could raze one set of walls and let life come blowing into the classroom. They could raze another set of walls and let education flow out and flood the streets. They could turn the classroom into where it's at—a "field of action" as Peter Marin describes it. And, believe it or not they could study eagerly and learn prodigiously for the best of all possible reasons—their own reason.

They could. Theoretically. They have the power. But only in a very few places, like Berkeley, have they even begun to think about using it. For students, as for black people, the hardest battle isn't with Mr. Charlie. It's with what Mr. Charlie has done to your mind.

The Dolphin

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Staten Island Community College of The City University of New York
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Editorial Page Policy

The direction the content of *The Dolphin* takes depends entirely on the student body. If only liberal articles are submitted, the paper will be liberal. We the editors determine only the policy of the editorial page. In addition, any student can submit copy to the paper, whether a staff member or not. One shot deals are perfectly valid. Let your voice be heard; write for *The Dolphin*.

Student Government and the Boycott

The lily-livered S.G. again went back into the 18th century and decided not to support the nationwide student boycott on Nov. 4th. So far the supposed "leaders" of this institution have done absolutely nothing and now condemn the people who do. In a 15 min. session (everyone had something else to do and looked very put out when asked to fulfill their function as senators) without discussion they voted 16 against, 9 for, with 3 abstentions.

The S.G. had better wake up and do something before someone does something about them.

The Election—Who Suffers?

On Tuesday, Election Day, the American voters overwhelmingly voted for two men. This act was nothing short of a declaration of war on the intellectual community of the nation. A vote for George Wallace was a blatant statement that granted permission for this unholy war. A vote for Richard Nixon was a more subtle but just as vehemently an affirmative gesture.

Richard Nixon has won the presidential election. He won it on a platform that contained a mandate that he would lower taxes. Where he intended to get the money for the defense programs that would then be deficient was not made entirely clear. Where then will this money be diverted from? It can only be left to assume from where it will come by taking notice of the recent policy decisions and budget cuts that the suddenly economy-minded Congress has enacted. It decided to limit funds that were to be directed to the National Science Foundation. Congress sliced 95 million from the NSF projects, a cut of 19% from last years total.

And what of the defense programs that are interrelated with certain colleges? The National Aeronautics and Space Administration's research funds were left almost totally intact. As if this was not decisive enough in this open war on the college mind, Congress passed a bill which entitled any administrator to deny federal funds to those students receiving them, if the institution decided that they were not acting in ways that the institution declared conducive to work. This meant that funds could be and would be denied to any student who the hierarchy decided was not fit to go to college, whether the reason was grades or disruption of "normal" campus activities.

These restrictive actions can only be understood as direct attacks upon the graduate students and the intellectual community-at-large. (If this is not meant to be an attack on graduate students, then it is demeaning to them to know that the Federal Government has decided that there studies and work are not significant enough to warrant help.) We can only denounce the work of this economy-minded destructive-bent Congress and look into the future with intense fear at the coming regime of President Nixon.

Hairless Taxi Drivers?

Are taxi drivers on the Staten Island side of the ferry refusing to pick up passengers with long hair? We've heard rumors to this effect from a faculty member and a student. If anyone has any additional information on this matter, please get in touch with the editors of this paper in C-132.

Letters to the Editor

ROTC-Man

To the Editor:

Whether or not one believes that the ROTC performs a creative function on the SICC campus, one must lament the fact that it is terribly unfortunate in its defenders. Miss Phyllis Grippi, the resident conservative on the campus, has once again marshalled her intellectual forces, assembled her facts and put both her feet and both her arms (at least up to the elbows) right in her mouth. I have always been fascinated by the efforts of people to work out their fantasies in public; fear becomes fatalism; anxiety becomes attack; ego becomes ethics. Miss Grippi's defense of the ROTC is a particularly superb example of these transformations.

Miss Grippi's defense is rather odd. She feels that the only way to laud the ROTC is to attack the hippies. By an interestingly perverse logic she chooses the grossest level of evaluation, physical prowess, and endows it with moral value. The essence of her article seems to be that since the ROTC builds bodies, it therefore builds brains. She devotes at least two-thirds of her defense to this theme and it is obviously important to her. In fact, she seems intrigued by the "muscular members" (sic) of the ROTC and by the blinding vision of an "upright" ROTC student who is "strong and masculine." Drawing a distinction between hippies and ROTC students, she reveals an essential biological difference: "... while the hippy strolls along crouched over and carrying his flowers, the ROTC man strides upright and forward." Fearlessly, the ROTC man (apparently a type of homo boobus not yet classified by Science) "does not need any superfluous love flowers." (Is Miss Grippi implying that the ROTC man is satisfied with his allotment of flowers? Does the ROTC give every man jack a ration of tulips and petunias every day? I wasn't aware of that.) Bold and teutonic-like, the ROTC man has an "immense love for his homeland and humanity." The priority of his loves should be carefully noted. Thus the ROTC man: fearless, virile, strong, true, patriotic and unwaveringly set against dirty things.

On the other hand, there are the hippies who seem to represent a grave threat to morality, decency and order. The hippies, Miss Grippi asserts, "Seek to destroy society." But let us closely observe this menace. In an extraordinary piece of "deductive reasoning" matched only by the mad hatter's tea party for coherence and simplicity, Miss Grippi decisively proves that hippies are "fragile." As if that were not condemnation enough, she exclaims (and one can almost hear the shriek of horror): "In addition, many hippies are pacifists." Gad! What a damning revelation! One would have thought that just shedding the hot ray of her logic on them would make the hippies shrivel up. Hippies are "undernourished and scrawny beside the muscular members of the ROTC," we are told. Their moral degeneracy is clearly a function of their physical appearance. (Strange, one is reminded of pictures of starving, disreputable-looking Jews surrounded by healthy, clean Storm Troopers.) Thus the hippies: they love flow-

ers, are pacifists (to the extent that they wouldn't even defend their families — do they have families?; that sounds rather conventional), are physically weak (degenerate is the word Miss Grippi is looking for) and yet they scare her so much that she must call ROTC-Man (who is strong, clean and dominant) to the rescue to prevent these beasts from destroying society. Guilt? Fear of something that she is not quite sharing with us? One wonders.

But apparently the real danger comes from the old hippy: "... when the hippy has grown older and his sphere of influence (sic) is larger ... his uncontrollable misdeeds (will) be a danger to the welfare of society." (I have changed the text from a question to a statement, feeling that Miss Grippi would concur.) But do hippies grow old? They seem so spineless that a good wind would wipe out the whole breed. Yet the idea is challenging: battalions of aging hippy grandmothers, holding flowers in arthritic fingers, wracked by coughs, riddled by disease, advancing ever closer to the Treasury Building. Hordes of them: some knocked over by a stray puff of air; some impaled on hedges; some too weak to get up after they have tripped over a pebble. And there is Miss Grippi, the fearless conservative who has been transformed into the sexually threatened liberty maiden of clean America. She cries out: "Save me Oh powerful ROTC Man! Leap between me and them. Take a deep breath, expand that muscular chest, flex those biceps, flash those gleaming teeth, gargle with deodorant and stand pure and radiant between little me and terrible them."

One could go on and question Miss Grippi's assertion that since the "military company is facsimile of a small society ... the cadet ... merely expands his horizons and will have little difficulty adjusting to his place in the world." But is the "world" a military world? Does it share the same basic assumptions the military mind necessarily operates with? This magical "widening of of horizons" is the language of a naive person who has yet to enter the real world of power, conspiracies and infrequent heroism. One could further ask whether loyalty is morality, or whether "A rigorous physical training" necessarily implies the ability to deal with complex moral issues. One could question for the next page and for the next two hours. But time and space demand a conclusion. Finally, therefore, I hope that the ROTC will defend itself from its defender and that an articulate representative of the organization will repudiate Miss Grippi before she again uses it to work out what appear to be a number of interesting problems.

—E. M. Hack,

Dept. of English and Speech

The American Way

To the Editor:

The author of "In Praise of ROTC" has come through in the true American tradition as a narrow-minded bigot. In the Oct. 24 issue of *The Dolphin*, the author insists that it is the "In thing to be a dissident young rascal." This is not so. People do what they think is right, and if some people think that holding a sign and protesting is right, I hold nothing against them.

The author states, "The dedicated potential defenders and leaders of the United States Armed Forces who join the ROTC should be commended." I would like to know why I should commend someone who was not trained to think, but trained to react instantly, much like a machine, to given environments.

The author states that an article written in the Oct. 8 issue of *The Dolphin* concerning the ROTC was crude. This may very well have been so, but I would like someone to convince me that "In Praise of ROTC" was not a crude article written by an immature person.

Between praises of the ROTC, the author constantly compares, attacks, and shows her biased opinions of the Hippies. According to the author a Hippie is comic, hairy, immature, undernourished, and scrawny. This is a very vivid description of a Hippie. It's too bad this is a better description of Phyllis Diller than of a Hippie. I have seen quite a few ROTC men and I cannot say that much for them. Some of them do not appear at all intelligent, strong, or nourished, but just the opposite. Although they are not "hairy," when I look at some of them I get a good chuckle. This would definitely put them in the "comic" category.

I cannot say much for the author's deductive reasoning about the relationship between a Hippie, a flower, and a woman. This was just one of the devices used to dramatize a ridiculous opinion. It is this type of trash that gives any newspaper a bad reputation.

The author of "In Praise of ROTC" makes a lot of comparisons between Hippies and ROTC men.

One thing I would really like from the author is a clear, intelligent, unbiased definition of the word "Hippy," printed in the following issue of *The Dolphin*. If the definition does not appear I will assume that the author was comparing and writing about material that she knows nothing about.

—Jack Allen

In Defense of ROTC

To the Editor:

In the October 8 issue of *The Dolphin* there was an article by Dan Rooney concerning the ROTC and the reason for its existence. The author of the article is of the opinion that ROTC and academic learning, if not diametrically opposed, at least could not exist simultaneously on a college campus. I feel that this is not so.

The majority of American colleges have in their curriculums an ROTC program. I cannot understand why, in the society of today, such a program should be so grossly condemned. The draft situation being what it is, I see nothing wrong with trying to cope with that situation by becoming an officer in any branch of the service.

I have one other contention regarding Rooney's article and that is the derogatory adjectives the author uses for describing the men in ROTC (and perhaps any who wear a military uniform), and I quote as an example "... napalm boys ... who have nothing better to do than burn babies ...!" I see no reason why this stigma should be applied to men who risk their lives to save a few here. —Ellen M. Roake

More letters . . .

I Just Made It

To the Editor:

Having read the articles by Dan Rooney and Dave Master, and then the ensuing rebuttal by Phillis Grippi, I felt that a third view of ROTC should be made known—that of a former ROTC'er.

I was at first attracted to this group by its distinct advantages: (1) the rank of lieutenant upon completion of the four year course, and (2) the \$650 per year salary paid during the cadet's junior and senior years at college. I felt that with the shape the world was in today, it might be a good thing to have some rank if I ever did become a hired gun for Uncle Sam.

The loss of individuality is the concern of this organization. In order to become a more effective tool for manipulation, the mind is stripped of all ability and desire for original thinking. They have to do this. If you have an army of individual thinkers, you might find some of them throwing away their M-15's saying, "I don't think it's right to kill."

Knowing several Army and Marine machines, I have found to my dismay identical character traits in each of them, and these traits are well exemplified by the ROTC leaders on our own campus. The Army is their entire life. Every decision they make seems governed by thoughts of what is standard Army procedure. Their physical actions are mechanical and their speech is abrupt and staccato—not the normal flow of voice. This comes from the "rigorous training program" and from "striding upright and forward" as Miss Grippi so aptly puts it. I did not wish to be transformed into this.

Love of country, Miss Grippi, does not necessarily constitute killing when told to do so. Love can be shown while wearing civilian clothes and having hair.

So please, students of SICC, do not mock these people as they come to school every Tuesday in their green clean uniforms, for they need your sympathy in the life that awaits them, if they ever live that long.

—David Solberg

Social Science Club

Dear Miss Phyllis Grippi and Mr. John Culotta:

Dr. Schuster and I (the advisers to the Social Science Club) read with interest your criticism of the Social Science Club.

Your main point was that the Club is controlled by radicals, who it appears turned out to elect the conservative Mr. Culotta as president. Speaking of "fairness" . . .

The tenor of the article stressed the unfairness of radicals who ran the Social Science Club. The truth is that the "so-called radicals" are truly moderate liberals. The fact that you cannot distinguish between liberals and radicals indicates that your ideology is so far to the right that anything left of it appears radical. Hence, I can only conclude that you have not been exposed to sufficient liberal and leftist thinking, and to balance your distorted perceptions, perhaps the Social Science Club should invite more liberal and leftist spokesmen to provide people like yourselves with a greater understanding of the total American political spectrum.

—Clara R. Melman, Dept. of History & Social Sciences

The Improved Dolphin

To the Editor:

I'm sick of the negative side of every story. I'm sick of people who sit on their butts knocking people who work their butts off. I'm sick of the do-nothing look-out-for-your-own-hide, maintain-the-status-quo conservatives attacking the people who try to improve the sad state of things. And one of the things that has been in a very sad state until this term is *The Dolphin*. John Farley and Franc Caggiano have not only improved *The Dolphin*, they have made *The Dolphin*. They have made it a college newspaper! Whether you agree with its viewpoint or not, at least it has a viewpoint. A "be-nice-and-don't-offend-anybody," "hurray-for-motherhood" editorial policy belongs in the P.S. 80 Gazette, not in a college publication. There seem to be a few staff members who belong in public school; their middle name is Regress. I congratulate John and Franc and the other progressive editors and bid a tearless farewell to those they left behind as they grew up.

—Leona Rati

(a proud staff member)

P.S.: I can remember the days when we couldn't fill 4 pages once a month!

Bravol

To the Editor:

Bravo and congratulations to the editor and staff of our college paper *The Dolphin*.

I do not know if it has been done intentionally or by accident, but *The Dolphin* has put a damper on school apathy.

I have been a student at SICC for two years and never before has there been such disinterest in our school's policies and activities. I guess that this is the penalty one has to pay for the expansion of our college. No more do we have the intimacy of a small college nor the close relationship between students and faculty. Since the fall semester has started, everyone—from the president of the college to the students—has been talking about the problem of student apathy. And until now nobody has done anything about it.

The Dolphin, however, has created many situations which have brought the entire school, including the faculty, to their feet.

Initially *The Dolphin* published many articles concerning the problem of student apathy, thus trying to inspire the students to become more involved in school activities. Unfortunately this effort did not work. Next they published a series of articles which were sure to insult and offend almost everybody connected with the school. These articles ranged from sex to profanity, and from politics to the ROTC.

These articles and cartoons, as we have seen in the Oct. 28 issue of *The Dolphin* in "Letters to the Editor", have brought about a huge amount of response from students and faculty, both pro and con, to the activities of the paper. As long as I can remember, there has never been nearly this amount of response from the students, published or unpublished, in the history of our school.

In response to the letters of some students who questioned the abilities and qualifications of our new editor and his staff and to the other students who say that the standards and quality of material now being published in *The Dolphin* are inferior to those of

previous years, my answer is this: Is the reason for existence and publication of our school paper solely to win journalistic acclamation? Or is it published to inform, encourage, and relate to the students a sense of involvement in school activities and policies?

I am sure that nobody will dispute the fact that everytime *The Dolphin* is published and distributed 99% of the student body read with interest and delight the humorous and serious articles it contains.

In ending off what started to be a brief acknowledgement and appreciation of the brilliant work and outstanding success of the spirit of '68 "Renaissance *Dolphin*," I have one closing statement shared by myself and many other SICC students: May the "Renaissance *Dolphin*," its editors and staff carry on their superb work in literary journalism and school involvement.

—Ira Strumwasser

A Masterpiece?

To the Editor:

So as to show my views of *The Dolphin* are not entirely derogatory, I would like to compliment the illustrious David Master on his original article in the October 24, edition of the *Blowfish*. It is nice to see a well written article every once in a great while which is free from foul language, and Dave Master's article is tribute to its originators, *Time Magazine*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *N.Y. Times Magazine*.

Now if one wants to see the effervescent David Master, one need only look at page 10 of the same issue to see his masterpiece, a self-portrait. If I may be allowed to say so from my own brief—thank heaven—encounter with him, it seems very true to form. It depicts a man with no eyes—an expression of how Mr. Master likes to cover his eyes to the truth, and perhaps also no brains! To say one is only going to protest says nothing. Protests done by morons and half-wits—which also seems depicted by the sketch—are always negative with no constructive point of view.

So, until Mr. Master can come out with something worthwhile instead of asinine material to help inflate his swelled head, I wish he would be so kind a gentleman—a term I use very, very loosely—to discontinue his wonderfully wise and witty works.

—Thomas I. Marsh and Ellen M. Roake

Boycott For Wallace?

To the Editor:

Having no SDS chapter on campus I suspect that the proposed Nov. 4 boycott is being endorsed and pushed by some plastic people here. They want to follow and be a part of a nationwide strike that will have no good effect. Sure, be against what are truly injustices but also be realistic. The country at this time will vote 30% for George Wallace. Some time ago 58% of those polled supported Mayor Daley's handling of the demonstrators. Those polled were from liberal New York State. The greater percentage of college students are under voting age and their proposed action will only cause further antagonism in those undecided voters who might cause a Wallace victory. I only ask them—those who feel they must demonstrate—to realize fully what might happen.

—L.R.

Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

To the Editor:

It is interesting to note the many leaflets that were distributed throughout the school October 29. They dealt with the proposed November 4 boycott which rejected "war" and "racism."

Rejecting racism is a sound idea, while rejecting superiority and initiating equality is a better one. Rejecting war is also a utopian idea, but when one totally refuses to take up arms in defense of his country, the idea becomes nauseating to say the least. What has happened to the backbone of students in the United States who continually denounce the U.S., defy its laws, and at the same time live under U. S. protection, enjoy U.S. freedoms, and then cry for more student lounges and psychedelic cafeterias? Pacifism will get us nowhere. Lily-white peace doves and defiant protesters of American society do not advance our society but rather hinder the very ideals that so many men have died and are still dying for. They succeed only in interrupting and degrading our society, giving our country the lowest prestige it has ever had.

If this 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.

—Lewis S. Camino and Camille F. Fiorillo

"I Am With You"

To the Editor:

To the members of the Electrical Society, Dr. Wolf, Agnes Gendvil, Anthony DeMeo, and George M. Sideris and all others who object to the use of obscenities in *The Dolphin*. I am in complete agreement and pledge my support as a member of the Editorial Board. The overall policy of any newspaper, be it professional or student operated, should be the continual upgrading of the quality of the publication.

Be assured that I am in complete accord with your belief that use of obscenities in *The Dolphin* can only degrade and debase the newspaper.

The true criteria for judging the relative worth of any school publication should be its respectability as evidenced by the enthusiasm accorded the paper by the student body. *The Dolphin* is greatly lacking this support.

It seems that this rather than the use of four letter words should be the goal of *The Dolphin*. The school newspaper should be beyond a doubt "The Voice of the School." If the use of obscenities is allowed then the newspaper ceases its proper function. It then becomes the plaything of an immature few not worthy of representing the school.

—Mary Deidre Tormey, Exchange Editor

SG Elections

To the Editor:

In the October 24 editorial of *The Dolphin*, the students of SICC were accused of not "giving a damn" about the recent election for senators of the Student Government. I disagree with this. How can you expect someone to vote, when they have only a limited amount of information about the candidates they're voting for? During the weeks of the so-called "campaign," I saw a few "vote for" signs and the pictures of the candidates outside the cafeteria. I never once heard a candidate speak about his or her platform or address the student body.

I think *The Dolphin* was wrong in blaming the students alone. The candidates are just as much to blame for their lack of effort.

—Joyce Clarke



Still More Letters

Complaints from the Nurses

To the Editor:

Nursing students have lousy programs. I am qualified to say this because I am in the nursing program, and I don't live on Staten Island. As I live in the Bronx, I can readily speak for my fellow Bronxites, who have the opportunity of watching the sun rise each morning, as we ride the ferry on our way to the hospital. Since we must be at the hospital at 8 a.m. and remain there until 11—we all become instant track stars in order to be in time for our 12 o'clock classes at the college. Following this we're lucky enough to have an hour break in order to catch our breath and grab a bite to eat. Our break is usually followed by another class and a boring 2 hours break (which we utilize to go crazy). After our 2 hour break we have a class at 5 (every student's greatest wish). When we get out at 6 (exhausted and half asleep) we then proceed to make our journey home in great anticipation of watching the sunset, and seeing the Statue of Liberty. After a hectic subway ride, we finally reach home at approximately 8:15. By this time we're just about dead, and we force some nutrition into our mouth and manage to get ourselves into the bathtub. If we're really lucky we might be able to keep our eyes open long enough to do some reading. Finally we collapse into bed — being lucky enough to catch four or maybe five hours of sleep before the alarm clock awakens us at four-thirty a.m.—signaling the start of a brand new energizing day for us lucky souls. By the time the weekend comes, all we're good for is sleeping. So what do you say we do something to get the nursing students better programs.

—Joyce Weiner

To the Editor:

I am one of the Staten Island Community College nursing students. I have a very important complaint to state—why don't we have a nursing dormitory? The majority of the nursing students have to travel for (2) to three hours to get to school. This transportation becomes exceptionally ridiculous when you have to do all this traveling for just one class.

I propose that we be given the opportunity to start special programs or entertainments which will raise money to start constructing our nursing dormitory.

If you're wondering where the dormitory is to be built, I propose that we use the land that we own behind the college. We can divide the land into two parts—one side for the constructing of the dormitory and the other side for the expansion of the parking lot.

Thank you for your time and co-operation, and I hope to see you at the opening ceremony of the Staten Island Community College Nursing Dormitory.

—Julia Mestey

To the Editor:

I am a nursing student and feel some changes should be made. The program on the whole is good. The only complaint is that first most of the students have

class right after the hospital. The most time we have to get back is fifteen minutes. Second, if you don't have a car or get a lift back you are out of luck. By bus it takes forty minutes or more depending where the hospital is. I feel that if a shuttle bus could run from the different hospitals many students would be made happy.

—Mary Ann Lenzo

To the Editor:

Concerning the letter printed in the last issue of *The Dolphin* suggesting that coat lockers be set up in the school area, I will take it for granted that this letter was written by one of our new freshmen. When we old freshmen first entered the new campus last year, we found many things about the college that we felt should be changed. One of these included, as this freshman suggests, coat lockers for every student. As the semester progressed into the winter months we learned the value of carrying our coats all day long from building to building. I guess that this freshman does not realize that this is not just a one building campus, and to perform a normal day's activities, a student must leave one building to go to another. He will also learn through experience that not all of the heaters in all of the rooms work as well as they should during the winter. There were times last year when students have worn gloves and hats, as well as coats, to keep warm in class.

This term's incoming freshmen have expected too much change in a very short time (after all, it took a few years to get unlimited cuts for the sophomores), but I guess that they are too used to being babied in high school to realize this. If their coats are too heavy to carry, let them come without coats if it pleases them.

—Joel Grabie

First Impression

To the Editor:

Here I am, a college freshman, wanderlessly roaming the halls in search of . . . My first months here at SICC proved to be something like I had imagined it to be (college, that is). The atmosphere for me is extremely different because first of all I graduated from an all girls high school. To say the least, this is a radical change because here at SICC we have a wide range of students of all shapes & sizes. College is quite a different life from high school because you're left much on your own. You are expected more of and given more to do and the outcome of it all is up to you—it's as simple as that. Now I see I have a responsibility to myself and that there is not going to be anyone policing me. Many of the other students seem to feel the same way I do so I'm not alone in that respect.

The faculty and our president seem very student-oriented and want to do things for us and become acquainted with us. They are "down to earth" people who have an interest in their students, not only mark-wise but socially also. With this friendship much can be achieved and discussed because we seek the same goals which I know we can attain. I will leave you with my first impressions of . . .

—Patricia Gomez

Language Club News

By Vincent Curren

The Language Club has planned an active month of November despite the fact that there is only one formal meeting this month.

Heading the agenda on November 16, the club, in conjunction with the Social Sciences Club and the Menorah Society, will feature Mr. Jerry Goodman on Czechoslovakia. Mr. Goodman is a specialist in European affairs and has just returned from an eight-week stay in Czechoslovakia. The presentation will be in room B-146 at 12 noon.

Saturday night, November 16th, the Language Club will venture to the Fashion Institute of Technology for "Balalaika," a Russian folk festival. Russian folk singing and dancing will be presented by a famous Russian troupe. Tickets are two dollars; admission is open to the school; the time; 8 o'clock. Tickets may be purchased anytime in the Student Activities Office or in the Language and Arts instructional staff office (Mrs. Calderon).

Wednesday night, November 27th, the club will journey to Feenjon, a Greek Restaurant in the Village. All are invited.

House Smells

(Continued from Page 3)

ers of their ilk. This week the New York entourage monopolized part of it, baffling many of the regulars. But by the end of the week, when money was being raised to spring a friend from jail by the customary method of passing the hat, a number of "straights" contributed ten and twenty-dollar bills.

The money was used to pay the \$200 fine for a classic example of the Yippie put-on humor, minor civil disobedience and guerrilla theatre. After Abbie Hoffman's arrest for desecrating the American flag (his 30-star red, white and blue shirt was the issue) one of his cohorts, in front of police, newsmen and bystanders, let the air out of a tire on the police van. Hoffman saw the act as a question of free speech. "I mean how else are you gonna make a noise like 'ssssssssss'?" he asked officers.

Back at the rally behind the GWU library, Rubin and Krassner were announcing their plans for the coming months. Rubin talked of the fun in Washington on inauguration day. Krassner urged people to go vote and throw up in polling booths to "screw up the system." He said he hoped he'd be called to testify. He was going to present the committee with one of his "Fuck Communism" posters and accuse them of being soft on communism if they didn't accept it.

At one of his regular lunch-time press conferences with about 25 newsmen, Rubin also expressed sorrow that he hadn't been called to testify. "I planned to tell them everything," he said. He carried with him the Washington phone book to submit as the Yippie membership list. He said this was the second time in two years HUAC had paid his way to Washington only to not let him testify. "And I'm getting pretty pissed," he concluded.

"Excuse me," came Krassner's voice from the crowd of newsmen, "is that spelled p-i-s-s-e-d?"

Through in '72

By Ian Goldman

This election year the voters had a hard time deciding before they finally elected you, but don't count on being elected next time around. Your election to office depended more on the lack of your opponents' virtues than on the qualifications you possess. Your triumph is abhorred because your qualifications satisfy not a better platform, but merely adhere to the basic outline of acceptable standards. You have won, but do not be proud, for a candidate that is capable of being president didn't run against you.

The electors put you in office, thinking you the lesser of three evils.

The people of this country must support an abused political system by electing someone who is unfit for office simply because they are afraid of having someone even more unfit get elected. The presidential election is reduced to a mere formality. As the president becomes more of a figurehead, the institution that controls him will soon inherit his power. Unpreparedness of the factions believing in a positive approach to America's future and well being dominated this election. There will be four long years till the next election. Four years the president will sit under the watchful eyes of those people who will use his every mistake to fortify their cause. This very minute there is a man in training who will be recognized as our country's next logical choice for president.

It is unfortunate but true that the president of the U.S. must belong to either one of the two major political parties. It is evident that the political parties control the president and institutions control the parties. Too often institutions base their decisions upon economic and military justifications which primarily benefit America,

not the Americans as people. These institutions are so powerful they employ the government in helping them further their goals. This is why taxes are high, we're at war in Vietnam, and corrupt administrators exist. Thus, as long as institutions, not the president, determine what is going to happen, we, as people of America, can write to show that we realize the role of institutions and that we want it changed to one which gives more power to the people. If you are racist, fascist, pacifist, communist, or socialist, the time has come to unite in a cause toward America and democracy. Do not let the election of 1968 repeat itself four years from now, let the president and the institution know that we will no longer settle for their mediocrity. Mr. President is through, come '72.

CLARION

THE
CAMPUS
OPINION
MAGAZINE

HAS
COME

PROSPECTIVE GRADUATES!

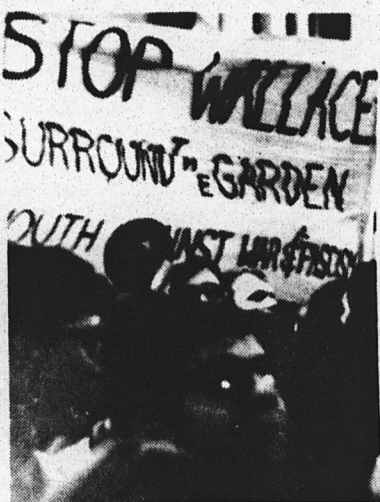
RICHMOND COLLEGE of the City University on Staten Island, (the only school in the Northeast designed specifically for community college graduates) invites you to visit its campus. Open House will be held Thursday, November 14 from 12 noon to 2 p.m. and Saturday, November 16 from 10 a.m. to 12 noon at 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, near the Ferry Terminal. This is your opportunity to inspect our facilities and talk informally with faculty and students about this new and exciting school.

HERE AND THERE

A Panacea

By Dan Rooney

Despite all that has been written and spoken concerning the events in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic National Convention no one has reported the true significance of the events. The reason for this is that in their attempts to find negative aspects in the behavior of the Chicago Police, the journalists have been blind to the beautiful applications of the lessons learned that week and how the gorgeous Chicago Police force represents a panacea for mending America's most ticklish dilemma. The idea dawned upon me slowly as I watched the police clubbing young women, hurling people through windows and beating prisoners as they entered paddy wagons. However, you all watched these events and, I am sure, were as stunned by the beauty of it as I was. However, lacking my pragmatic brilliance, you were all unable to see any utilization of the aesthetically satisfying events. I, inspired by the Lord, will show the way. These police who will stand for a generation as models of masculinity will carry America to newer and greater glories. The simple profundity of this scheme is amazing. We will draft the courageous Chicago Police Force into the army and allow them to apply the techniques used in stomping chicks in the Viet Cong. In this way the malevolent odor of Ho Chi Minh's impish white beard will be sanitized and we may all bask in military glory praying that great prayer "There is no God but Mars and Rooney is his prophet."



A happy ending

WHEN YOU

STUDY & REVIEW WITH BARNES & NOBLE

College Outline Series

Key notes

KEYED TO YOUR TEXTS

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CHICAGO (CPS) Oct. 21. — It looks like a car. It sounds like a car. It goes like a car.

But, really, it's a tank.

The vehicle in question is a new Lincoln limousine built for President Johnson and his successor. It is unlike any car on the road. First of all, it costs \$500,000, which is about \$497,000 more than most cars go for. And second, it has some optional extras not available from your nearby dealer.

It has, for instance, a fighter plane canopy and more than two tons of armor. This shielding is designed to stop a .30-caliber rifle bullet, a barrage of Molotov cocktails, or both. Once inside the six-ton car, claims a Ford Motor Co. spokesman, the President will be "perfectly safe from a small-scale military attack." The window glass and the plastic bubble top canopy, all bullet-proof, are thicker than the glass and plastic used in Air Force fighter planes.

According to the U.S. Army, a brand new M43 A1 tank would have been \$70,000 cheaper.

BERKELEY, Calif. (CPS) Oct. 28. — In the wake of two protests that resulted in 197 arrests, University of California students have called for a student strike.

The striking students are demanding:

—credit for Social Analysis 139X, the experimental course on racism in which Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver is lecturing;

—that the University regents rescind their Sept. 20 resolution, which denied credit for any course in which outside lecturers appeared more than once and called for censorship of campus dramatic productions, as well as denying credit for the Cleaver course;

—"an end to university racism" and implementation of demands by the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) for non-discriminatory hiring practices and admissions;

—amnesty, including no university discipline and the dropping of court charges, for the 120 students and one professor arrested at Tuesday's non-violent sit-in at Sproul Hall and for the 76 persons arrested early Thursday morning after holding Moses Hall for 16 hours.

California political leaders were quick to react to the protest. Gov. Ronald Reagan praised the administration for calling in the police. Max Rafferty, state superintendent of public instruction, and Republican candidate for the U. S. Senate, was blaming the campus disruptions on "communists" in campaign speeches around the state. Assembly speaker Jesse Unruh, the state's leading Democrat, said that if Cleaver "provoked or counseled" the Sproul sit-in he should be barred from lecturing on the campus. Cleaver, whose course met Tuesday just before the sit-in began, told students to "do their own thing."

Appetite . . .
an unbricht
of hardened poetry . . .
J. McDermott

SANTA CRUZ, Calif. (CPS) Oct. 21. — "I intend to propose that the Regents take over this University. It's now or never. Our asses are to the wall."

Those were the words of California Governor Ronald Reagan after he had pushed his way through a crowd of several hundred students to reach a closed session of the University of California Regents, meeting on the University campus here Thursday and Friday. He was speaking to another Regent but was overheard by a reporter.

That afternoon Reagan made good his threat, proposing an eight-point plan that would have stripped the university faculty of virtually all their power and put the Regents in complete charge.

But most of the Regents wanted to avoid the confrontation they knew this would create, and they voted 13-8 that this motion was out of order. Earlier they voted 14-7, again over Reagan's objections, to delay until their Nov. 22 meeting any more action on the course being taught by Black Panther leader Eldridge Cleaver at Berkeley. Although Reagan's motion was put off, it seemed likely that it also would come up in November, with strong support among the Regents.

NEW YORK (CPS) Oct. 25. — John D. Rockefeller III believes that "instead of worrying about how to suppress the youth revolution we of the older generation should be worrying about how to sustain it."

At a dinner here he called student activists "in many ways the elite of our young people."

A philanthropist and brother of New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, he received the Society for the Family of Man's annual award.

He listed three ways the older generation can deal with the "youth revolution": backlash and suppression, apathy or muted hostility, and responsiveness and trust.

"The key to sustaining the energy and idealism of youth is more direct and effective action on the problems about which young people are concerned," he said.

WASHINGTON (CPS) Oct. 21. — Dr. Erich Fromm, the noted psychoanalyst and author, believes that the current "wave of aggression" — student rebellions and urban riots — won't be stopped by police brutality.

It will only be halted, he told an audience at Trinity College here, "by a life which permits people to be fully alive, fully active, and fully human."

Dr. Fromm said student protests result from "a tremendous hunger for life" among the young.

God is alive
and well in
the Bay
contact Him thru
his apostle Paul
in C-132

MINNEAPOLIS (ACP) Oct. 23. — A majority of the nation's college newspaper editors favor stopping all bombing in Vietnam in order to further peace negotiations.

The poll was conducted by Associated Collegiate Press during the second week of October before rumors became persistent that the United States had made such a proposal and was based on a computerized sample and a mail-ballet to 10 percent of all college editors.

Editors were asked: Regarding the conflict in Vietnam and peace negotiations, I favor (a) stopping all bombing, (b) increased military effort to deal from strength and (c) a middle course of military action.

Results indicated 52 percent favored stopping all bombing, 24 percent increased military action, 22 percent a middle course and 2 percent called for stopping all bombing and immediate withdrawal.

Breakdown of the respondents by sex showed 35 percent were women and 65 percent men.

BLUEFIELD, Va. (CPS) Oct. 24. — The students and administration at Bluefield College have decided to keep the school's American flag at half-mast until the end of the Vietnam war.

Dr. Charles L. Harman, president of the Baptist junior college, said he approved the idea after the 250-member student body voted unanimously for it.



What's Going On in C-132?

NEW YORK (CPS) Oct. 8. — The Cox Commission, appointed by the Columbia University faculty to study last spring's disorders there, issued its report last weekend, predictably allowing that all parties to the dispute were to blame for the violence that erupted on two occasions.

In a 222-page report, compiled from interviews, testimony and evidence gathered during the summer months, the five-member commission laid responsibility for the campus disorders largely at the door of an administration which it said "too often conveyed an attitude of authoritarianism and mistrust."

The report calls the quality of student life at Columbia "inferior in living conditions and personal associations," and says the spring rebellion gained deep and widespread support from students be-

CLINTON, N.Y. Oct. 28. — American colleges and universities have been criticized for their failure to retain the interest or meet the expectations of their students.

Newly-inaugurated President John W. Chandler of Hamilton College recently said "... much of what we offer students answers questions which they are not asking and ignores questions which they are asking." He placed a great deal of the blame at the feet of the graduate-schools which, he explained, have become the central preoccupation of the liberal arts colleges.

But another part of the blame he attributed to the undergraduate colleges themselves for ignoring the relationship between a student's intellectual development and "his more general development as a human being."

SAN FRANCISCO (CPS) Oct. 24. — On Saturday, Oct. 12, 15,000 people joined a GI march and rally in San Francisco against the war in Vietnam. About 500 active-duty GIs participated, some of them in uniform.

The GI organizers and leaders of this impressive demonstration are now threatened with punishment by the military. A massive protest is expected.

The GI Civil Liberties Defense Committee has sent telegrams to commanding officers vigorously protesting the unconstitutional action against them and demanding that all harassment of GIs who participated in last Saturday's march cease immediately.

cause of their "deep-seated and relatively unfocused dissatisfaction with the university."

The report's conclusion was a hopeful one—that if students were given a significant voice in university affairs, the need for protests like last spring's would disappear and the university might become a place to live and learn in again.

The commission thinks students who had a part in the decision-making of the university would "acquire a more sophisticated understanding of the university's difficulties and complexities," and become more sympathetic with "the necessary functions" of the administration and governing body.

One can almost hear Columbia students rising up against that one, if it means becoming sympathetic with war research and ghetto landlordism.

Ulysses Emerges From CREAM

By Dennis Moriarty

Saturday, November 2, was a momentous occasion for 20,000 music lovers. They had assembled to say farewell to the best group of musicians today, the CREAM. Madison Square Garden buzzed with excitement and rumors were hatched spontaneously. Some fans said that the CREAM wouldn't break up because they had massed so many people on their last tour; but once the concert started, the animosity surrounded the stage. Fans blamed Eric Clapton for the end of the world's greatest trio of musical geniuses.

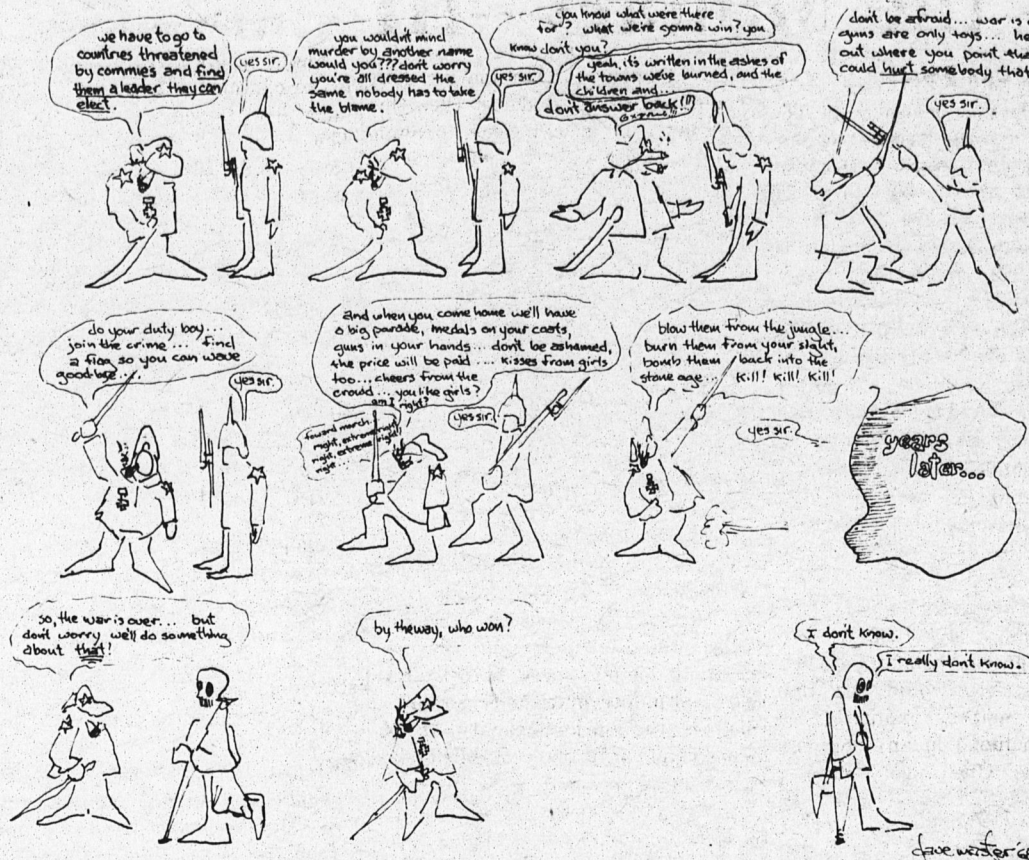
Eric has a certain individualistic path to follow. From his early days with the Yardbirds, he was always developing techniques that required new personnel. Many blues enthusiasts thought he had found his identity with John Mayall, but after one fantastic album, Ulysses boarded another musical ship. When that ship consisted of the greatest percussion man in the universe (if you heard "Toad" at the concert you know that that's no exaggeration), the finest white blues voice in the business and the guiding guitar of the most charismatic character ever produced on records; people exclaimed that Ulysses had found a home.

It is evident that Eric didn't think the same way as his admirers. He had inspired all the groups he was with on his journey; but he still had to continue his search. It seemed clear that he was not satisfied with constantly playing with the CREAM. At the concert he stayed close to his amps as Jack Bruce stood in the spotlight. During "Toad," Ginger Baker's drum solo, Eric sat behind his amps while Jack stayed on the other side of the stage. The

crowd was compassionately confused.

Eric drugged the fans with his guitar solos in "Sunshine of Your Love" and "I'm So Glad." After each series of winding riffs, the crowd went wild but Eric stayed away from the front of the stage. Jack Bruce proved his versatility when he drove the crowd to three ovations during his harmonica solo "Taintime." The entire audience went absolutely wild when Ginger Baker commenced with his 20-minute drum solo "Toad." The crowd had been calling for it all night and when they got it they exploded. The last number finished the crowd off. As the CREAM started the classic "Spoonful," the minds of 20,000 people evaporated. They rode the pulsating strings of Eric's guitar, they became absorbed in the throbbing of Jack Bruce's bass, and they bounced up and down to the booming of Ginger Baker's drums. That crowd will never be the same. Once you have experienced CREAM, you demand more from Jimi Hendrix, Mike Bloomfield, and Jeff Beck, not to mention the world we exist in.

Many people are starting more rumors about Eric Clapton. What will he do next? Some say he will experiment with musical techniques similar to THE BAND or start a group like SUPER-SESSION where he can jam with the best musicians in the world without being tied down to one specific group. Wherever he goes and whatever he does he will be the best. The same is true of Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker. When you are a fantastic musician looking for diversification you never fail. You widen your audience and you improve your talent until you unite with the cosmos.



The Spirit of '68

by Jerry W. Brown

Sometimes I look around me, when I'm walking or riding the bus or just sitting and watching people. Sometimes they even watch me. I really can't help but say I was worried about a close friend of mine who I was talking with recently. It seemed to me that he lost all hope. Lost all faith in people. He really was a frightened cat. Man this dude would run home at night through the streets all the time looking behind to make sure that no one was gonna rape his sister or steal his momma's purse. No life. No living. Just looking back and running from big black shadows. He was strange. Not that he was a homo or anything, just strange. He was like a lot of other mommas and poppas. They're all around. Haven't you ever seen them run by you on the streets. Don't you ever care why they're running, or if you're running neck and neck with them. Any way, like I tried to straighten him out. You know what I mean. I sat this dude down to teach him where it's at. We were gonna explore the world right there and then and save ourselves. He was driving with all his running. We started talking. I said to him what the hell are you always tailing out from. Why run chicken ass backwards from every sound and light. He started mumbling something about his childhood and as we sat there I watched and looked around me (always look around yourselves). I saw some little old lady getting the shit kicked in her face by a man who was walking his dog on the curb. Some liquor store clerk was helping a man up from the street. The man was bleeding. This man's mumbblings were coming through to me. Five little midgets were beating on a communist hippie who picked a flower in the park. This is all trivial stuff I told myself as I listened

to my chicken friend cluck his woeful tale. I thought of all the living things dying in useless wars defending ideals that were devilish because they called for human blood sacrifices. All the people in the commie lands who were rotten because they were living in rotten commie lands and I wondered if they were better off than the kids who died sacrificing themselves to those bloodcovered craven idols of love and peace. I thought of the time I saw some vets beating a flag burner, not realizing that the flag was not theirs but that the flag was all of them. I saw the hippie bleeding as his hate for the truckmen was spilling on the ground. Three kids in a candy shop stealing candy. Visions of wild dogs eating and chewing on the flesh of other dogs, masturbating and copulating in the streets in a frenzied horror. I saw cops in Chicago beating anyone and my father and mother hating all that the commies stood for. Then the commies were trying to kill to win converts and I knew that both were sick. A cat with its head and stomach ripped open was lying in the street run over by a fatass car and it scared me. A busdriver giving someone twenty nickels because of his looks and the man giving him twenty pennies because of his hate. Mumbling my friend rose and started to walk away, started to pick up speed and run. And then it was clear to me. Every thing focused that morning on the bench as I sat there like usual watching the world, and I started to run. Faster and faster and faster until I thought my ears and head and heart would burst from the pain. And then I knew why they had been running for all these years and I ran. I ran I ran I ran faster and faster until I was all alone where not one person could touch me, hurt me, or feel for me.

Black Recognition

By Dan Sheehan

The history of the relationship between the black man and white man in this country is a long and embarrassing story. It is a long story, because the Negro has been here on this continent since the 1600's, almost two hundred years, before the U.S. became a nation. Embarrassing to the white man, especially since the foundation of this country is based entirely upon the truths stated in the American Declaration of Independence . . . the document which states "all men are created equal." The great majority of white Americans become hypocrites. The black man is "inferior, something less than human," has been the prevalent attitude throughout American history, before and after the Civil War.

Despite what happened one hundred years ago despite what gains and advances have been attained, there is still one fact which is embarrassing to everyone in this country—white and black. There is not now and there has never been a national holiday, commemorating the Negro, in either the form of an event which took place in American history, or an individual.

This disgraceful fact should be erased. As long as it remains, perfect equality can never be achieved. In order to remove this fact, Jan. 15, Dr. Martin Luther King's birthday, is being nominated to the United States Congress as a national holiday.

The reasons for this particular nominee are many. Most are self-evident, if one knows anything about Dr. King—his life, policies, his goals, achievements and his sacrifices. National recognition is not only due, but is now long overdue.

The battle for equality between the races needs at least one day each year, when people across the country can not help but stop and think or have the opportunity to become aware of the struggle which is raging. This is the least that can be done for Dr. King.

mind
chain

upright stainless steel suds of the mind
bursting upon silvered nails, groaning with
the tranquil, lighted wind.

—decision.

patterned
after flattened tiles of tomorrow.
concern for another — breakage upon a glance
sharpened by its own mortality.

—linkage.

one
crevice of rust
attracting the eye, hearing the mind
grating its cares against the rock of insignificance.

—dependence.

chain
link
link
the oil is hope, the machine better than
infinite. the rust remains, grows.
love blossoms,
—fades.

March 1968
Brian C. Schiefer

Yesterday i watched some kids playing in a yard
9, 10, 11 little blacks, little whites
little
a bully threatened them
cursed them
chased them
when i was a kid we ran from bullies
they turned
they picked up big rocks and looked
watched the bully look at them
i started to walk away as the bully ran by
score one for the kids
score one for the future

—Jerry Brown

On the Military—III

By Dan Rooney

In the October 8 issue of *The Dolphin* an article, written by me, appeared which reported the ripping down of a poster by two ROTC cadets and my thoughts on the incident. Subsequently, in the October 24 edition of the newspaper there appeared a large amount of vehement protest over the article. In the vanguard of these "dissident young rascals" was the spirited Phyllis Grippi who authored the most absurd article ever to grace the pages of *The Dolphin*.

Upon reading her article one immediately entertains doubts concerning her ability to read. She sees fit to devote her entire article to attacking hippies who she claims were praised in my ROTC piece. Anyone interested enough to re-read my article would see that hippies are neither explicitly nor implicitly included in any segment of this piece. One must therefore surmise that if Miss Grippi does know how to read then at the time she wrote the article she must have been having an orgasm over America's latest bombardment of Vietnam. Indeed, her characterization of ROTC members as "muscular, upright, forward striding conscientious" citizens is interesting since by using the same genre of deductive reasoning that Miss Grippi uses in her flower analogy we conclude that Americans and Vietnamese must continue dying in order to keep America's female militarists, (i.e., Miss Grippi), amply supplied with Phallic symbols.

Two other critics decided on a different direction from which to attack my article. These two say there was justification for ripping down the poster since the cartoonist neglected to have it approved by the appropriate bureaucratic chieftan, PIGEON SHIT! Any student familiar with this school knows that students have de facto sovereignty over the wall space in a student activity area. Furthermore, since when are members of ROTC empowered to tear down unauthorized posters? I therefore repeat that the action taken by these two commandos of America's military establishment was a blatant attempt to suppress an opposing opinion.

I would now like to turn my attention to something that was conspicuously absent from every protest concerning my article. What did not appear was any attempt at refuting my contention

that academic complicity with America's gurus of death (i.e., the military), is a cancerous growth on the University's heart: academic freedom. The assumption must be made that the critics could not develop any valid counter-arguments. They cannot attack it because the suppression exhibited in the tearing down of the poster is the same suppression that we say was manifested when tanks and machine guns were sent into the streets of Chicago to deter "scrawny, fragile, crouching" hippies. The same suppression that was evident in the Soviet rape of Czechoslovakia. The same suppression that has killed thousands upon thousands of innocent Americans and valiant Vietnamese nationalists while our pompous fat ass military leaders play with statistics and mouth platitudes. Suppression is the major activity of an American military establishment which have become a parasite sucking away the world's guts.

I say to those who believe the military defends our freedom that it is time to eject yourselves from the womb and consider its actions. Are the foregoing examples actions which defend us? Is the guardian angel role our military assumes in behalf of every puke-ridden fascist junta in the world a defense of freedom? Is the drafting and sentencing to death of America's young an act which strengthens the security of our youth? Who may I ask is going to defend us from these self-proclaimed Lancelots?

I say to the Defense Department: get the hell off American campuses. Spend some of that inexhaustible supply of money the buffoons in Congress give you every year to build your own cadet training centers. American students must fight the Pentagon's Maharajah's of gore and they should start by seeing to it that the ROTC's program is expelled from American campuses. Only then can the Universities get on with the task of developing a society in which no one will be allowed to prosper from split blood.

To Miss Grippi I can only say, keep reading William Buckley and continue praying to Robert Welch, but remember to always keep your eyes turned upward so that you will have adequate time to avoid being crushed when your clay-footed god is hurled to the earth.

*Quoted from Phyllis Grippi's "In Praise of ROTC."

Reflections on Nov.

By Bette-Marie Miller

Signs around the campus boldly proclaimed "Boycott?", "Support The Boycott," and "Boycott The Boycott." What it all boils down to is this: on the fourth of November—the day before Election Day—students on campuses all over the country staged boycotts of classes, marches and teach-ins—SICC was no exception to the rule. As one who marched against war and racism, spoke at the teach-in, was heckled and attacked by name by a speaker on the podium (who shall, for this article remain nameless), I would like to offer my personal reflections on this long, and unusual November Fourth.

The demonstration began promptly at nine a.m., and was soon followed by a conservative "pro-American" counter demonstration (as if the boycotters were somehow doing something un-American by protesting injustice in this country!). It was somehow saddening to see them marching with an unfurled flag, as if (as Neal J. Smith put it so well at the teach-in) they owned it. It was also discouraging to see a sign that read "Hippies Unite—So We Can Kill All Of You." For this is the very thinking that has catapulted George C. Wallace to his prominence on the American political scene—and it is this kind of thinking that necessitated the original demonstration in the first place!

By anybody's standards, the teach-in was a success. I was the first speaker, as a matter of fact, and I spoke on a half-hour Wallace campaign spot that I had seen on TV on the 28th of October. (Incidentally, the speech I used was intended for *The Dolphin*, but was rejected because it was too long.) As I spoke, Wallace-supporters heckled me, and almost shouted me down, and it got so bad that the organizers had to call for a little "order"—these are the same people who call for "law and order" in the nation, yet they couldn't give me "order" when I tried to air my views. I was both roundly cheered and booed when I closed my speech by saying that Wallace "posed the greatest threat to American freedom and sanity that this country has ever faced," and by saying that if the challenge he has confronted us with had not been met—"then 1984 Here We Come!"—then Frank Giacalone, the next speaker, gave us a picture of the type of people Wallace attracts by pointing out that he was present at the Wallace rally at the Garden two weeks ago—and with their show of chauvinistic "patriotism" ever present, Frank didn't hesitate to state that these Wallace supporters brought to mind the German "Bund" rallies that were held in the old Garden 30 years ago.

The other speaker—Neal J. Smith, the candidate for Congress on the Peace and Freedom ticket, Hans Marryshow, two ROTC speakers (and it was one of these who lodged his personal attack at me), one of the people who carried the flag with the rightwing group at the back of the lounge among other—were well received—if you call being harassed by both sides being "well-received!" You could easily tell the sympathies of the speak-

HUAC and the Left

WASHINGTON (CPS) Oct. 8. — In a speech several weeks ago, Maryland Governor Spiro Agnew called for a "greater national sense of humor." Last week the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) and its subpoenaed witnesses responded to the call: HUAC by taking itself seriously, and the witnesses for refusing to.

The committee was looking for evidence of "subversive activities" involved in the last week of August in Chicago. It brought to Washington leaders and anti-leaders of the political and cultural peace movement—most prominently Dave Dellinger, Tom Hayden and Ronnie Davis of the National Mobilization and Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman of the Youth International Party (YIP-pies).

This was the first formal meeting of radical leaders and "system" politicians since Chicago. If what happened is any indication of meetings to come, it is apparent that the politicians will sidestep the New Leftists rather than attack them as they have in the past.

In a normal HUAC hearing, a case against subpoenaed witnesses is built by the Committee staff; then amidst the usual publicity the witnesses refuse to say anything under the protection of the First, Fourth and Fifth Amendments. This time it was different.

The first witness, Bob Greenblatt of the National Mobilization, spoke at length on his activities in anti-war work. (He was the first of what HUAC called the "hostile" witnesses. Earlier the "friendly" witnesses gave a summary of Mayor Daley's report on the week's activities.) Dr. Quentin Young, of the Medical Committee for Human Rights, successfully managed to monopolize his time on the stand with planned propaganda on the medical needs of demonstrators everywhere.

Periodically one of the other witnesses would interrupt the testimony with comic relief. After

Jerry Rubin stood up once to make an announcement, Committee chairman Richard Ichord (D-Mo.) proclaimed, "The chair is not conducting a circus here today." Earlier, while one of Daley's police infiltrators was testifying, Abbie Hoffman asked to be excused to go to the bathroom. His request was granted.

Plagued by interruption and witnesses who didn't see things his way, Chairman Ichord constantly repeated the intent of the hearings: "We want to find out," he said, "if communists in this country inspired and took part in the riots in Chicago... and if certain organizations in the United States have connections with foreign communist powers."

Ichord found his main troubles with Dr. Young. The Committee was trying to establish that Young loaned Ronnie Davis \$1000 to lease office space for the Mobilization in Chicago. Davis had traveled to Hanoi last spring, and this was enough to link him in the Committee's minds with all sorts of anti-U.S. activities. Young quietly replied that he does not ask for travel dossiers from people to whom he loans money.

After more haggling over the legitimacy of some evidence with the ranking Republican on the Committee, John Ashbrook of Ohio, Young explained why Medical Committee for Human Rights staffers are present at street demonstrations. "MCHR was born out of things we didn't believe happened in this country," he said.

After Dr. Young spoke on the third day of hearings, the Committee brought Greenblatt back for an hour or so, then adjourned the hearings until Dec. 2.

The Committee hearings were most noteworthy for what didn't occur, rather than what they did. The most articulate and colorful anti-war leaders were not called to testify; the questions of free speech and suppression were not raised. Most strikingly, the Committee failed to put the Movement in the slightest bit of disrepute.

Psychology Workshop

presents

Dr. Albert Ellis

in a free lecture concerning

Pre-Marital Sex

Sat., Nov. 23rd

8:30 P.M. Student Lounge

Refreshments will be served

Fri., Nov. 8th
8 P.M.
S.I.C.C. Theatre
"Loves of a
Blonde" and
"Virgin Spring"
2 great movies
FREE!

Churches Discover Fifth Commandment

"Depart from me, you cursed Americans, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was a hungry North Vietnamese and you gave me no food, I was a thirsty Viet Cong and you gave me no drink, I was a napalmed child and you did not welcome me . . ." (Matthew 25, contemporary reading).

WASHINGTON (CPS) Oct. 24 — To many churchmen in this election year, that slightly modified Curse of Christ becomes in fact their indictment, and that of all religious Americans who profess the creed of peace and love, in a land of war.

Catholic and protestant clergymen, on campuses and in parishes, have spoken out increasingly loudly this year against a war they know Christ would call immoral and unjust. They have spoken against the injustice of a conscription system that gives a panel of men and women arbitrary power to interpret a young man's conscience for him.

Religious periodicals by the score have denounced the Vietnam war. Churches have been used as symbolic sanctuaries for young men escaping the military and the command to kill. Priests and religious laymen have counseled draftees to obey their consciences and the law they see above that of the United States Congress.

Even Catholic bishops have signed statements calling for "negotiation now" to stop the war. Priests and nuns have poured blood and napalm on draft files in moving anti-war protests, and been convicted by doubtful and half-hearted judges and juries.

In a nationwide campaign, the Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam have called upon religious Americans to observe Vietnam Sunday November 3.

Although their call opens the possibility of protest marches and other active forms of protest, the emphasis is on teaching and discussion. Priests and ministers who decide to devote their services to Vietnam are urged to discuss the war, the problems of conscientious objection and the church's relation to these issues—"utilizing the resources of their particular tradition."

Such activities as Vietnam Sunday are part of a burgeoning peace movement in the churches. Perhaps most interesting is that in the Catholic Church—which has always been at the same time the most traditional and most innovative of religious bodies.

Its schizophrenia is often indicative of a class-like struggle. The Church hierarchy in America—unlike that in European countries—is almost without exception conservative, line-toeing and authoritarian. Many bishops have close ties with government, and have, in the words of one Catholic writer, "blessed weapons, been

active in support of armies, and devised theological rationales to establish why 'God is on our side.' "

Thus lay Catholics, who are taught to obey the bishop, receive the distinct impression that to advocate peace is disloyal and unpatriotic—not only from the state but from their church as well—indeed a formidable alliance.

The innovations which have been forced on the church has for the most part come from below—from the seminaries and from parish priests. Creative activity thus is either confined to small packets within or becomes so widespread on local levels that it is gradually assimilated into the structure.

The Church peace movement, which started out as isolated and localized activity, is threatening to engulf the Church in America as it has in other countries. Although it has not yet spread to the hierarchy, antiwar activity is increasingly condoned and accepted by priests and laymen alike.

Its acceptance involves a simple but (for Catholic) painful philosophical move away from the "just war doctrine" first advocated by Saint Augustine. That position states that peace is desirable, but that the means of attaining it is through war.

The alternative way of thinking about peace—that advocated by more and more churchmen today—is as a condition to be attained only through the necessary abolition of all war and violence. That definition of peace seems more sensible to them in a world where a "war to defend and attain peace" might kill off the entire human race.

But the old theology, the old definitions, are not easy to shake off. A recently released volume of essays by laymen, "American Catholics and Vietnam" (Eerdman's Publishing Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 1968), outlines the struggle of many of the early "peace people" in the Church to keep their religion in step with the world.

In those "early days" of the peace movement (1960), University of Massachusetts professor Gordon Zahn—almost alone and unheeded could say, "I submit it is more fitting for the Christian to approach any actual or impending war under a general presumption of injustice. This at least would put the burden of proof upon the warring state and not, as is now the case, upon the individual with a troubled or doubtful conscience."

In 1968, Zahn's assumption is accepted by more and more religious people. The Church may be the only institution strong enough and powerful enough to effectively form an opposition to the State—through its opposition to war.

Nazism Lives

By Frank Giacalone

On the night of October 24th I witnessed the political expose of a man whom I have always denounced and feared. Upon entering Madison Square Garden I observed huge numbers of policemen in "riot drag," patrolling the huge edifice at every level. A crowd of over 15,000 awaited the oration of the man whom they want as President of the United States. A man with all the wonderfully humane principles Adolph Hitler stood for and Heinrich Himmler executed. That man was none other than the American fuhrer himself, George Corely Wallace.

About nine o'clock the crowd went into an uproar. After repeated choruses of the "Star Spangled Banner," "God Bless America" and beseeching their god to justify their platform of racism and war by the recital of the "Our Father" and other neurotic incantations, the fat field marshal of the American Luftwaffe Curtis Le May made his debut. Respectful "Sieg Heils" were directed at the fat Nazi from the small minority of anti-Wallace personnel. His speech contained the same subject matter I have heard him express on other occasions. Win in Vietnam, etc. Finally I saw the messiah who would save America from communism. The storm troopers ranted and raved while the idiot paraded around the stage like some queen auditioning for female impersonation. What a beautiful target! For fifteen minutes nothing was heard but the excited cries of his humane, benevolent followers, while the anti-Wallaceites observed with despair. It resembled the pre-World War II bund rallies and expressed nothing but overt imperialism and extreme nationalism. Giant American and Confederate flags were waved while the fascists picked fights with anyone who had hair below his ears or who, in their brilliant opinion, possessed the inferior attribute of being black. Slowly they converged on the peace demonstrators like a vise, seeking to trap them against the upper wall. The hatred expressed was so incredible, that it made one sick to look at them and what frightened me was that there was plenty to look at. At this point I was exasperated. Under the modes of self-preservation and repugnant disgust I left, leaving the imbeciles in a frenzy at a point where I thought they would have an orgasm, while the Fuhrer was still giving his treatise on "Humanism and love".

This is Wallace's idea of law and order. Dancing to the tune of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" the Fuhrer and the other fat man strutted around like lovers, holding hands in a gesture of alleged victory, while people in the audience got their skulls cracked.

This man breeds violence wherever he goes. If he ever got to lead this ethnically primitive and ignorant nation, coupled with the other's love for those lethal phallic symbolisms dropped from his planes, they'll go on to victory and light the spark which will blow this whole rotten, God forsaken race from the face of the earth.

Pres. HumpWalNix

By Vincent N. DeFranco

On January 20, when the birds Lyndon, Lucy, Linda, and Lady Bird leave the White House, a new flock will enter. This flock will not consist of hawks, nor will it consist of doves. Its constituency will be more akin to lemmings, leading this country on to evolutionary destruction. Evolutionary, because our national and governmental evolution since 1898 has carried us over a path whose destination is fixed. We have stopped at rest areas along the way which are indicative of our final destination. You know these "stations" well: the Philippines, Chateau-Thierry, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Korea, Laos, South Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, and more recently, as we get closer to the end of the line, Newark, Baltimore, Washington, D.C., Watts, Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Miami, Chicago and Madison Square Garden (Oct. 24).

And so, as the lemmings head for the White House in their flight to destruction, let us look at the next patriarchal lemming. We need not be concerned about his name, since the American voter was offered a choice as varied as limburger cheese wrapped in aluminum foil, plastic wrap, and a paper napkin. Just as in the case of our three illustrious candidates, in each instance the stench of the contents comes out a little stronger or a little weaker depending on the cover. However, remove the plain or fancy cover and the same stinking, odious substance will be found. Therefore, we shall refer to this patriarchal lemming as President Humphwalnix, the "anti-people" president. He could hardly have been elected by "pro-people" voters, since ere long, if we continue to hazard our route to oblivion, there simply will not be any people.

My rhetoric may infer that I have started processing my passport papers, but I have not, though I might have to someday. I love this country for what it once stood for, and I love many people who live here. Therefore, either I make it here or I won't make it anywhere. President Humphwalnix probably has some notion of what

he intends to do as Lord High Lemming. However, there will be a loud voice in America confronting him with the challenge to smash through the barriers of this God-damned course of destruction. I am revolted at the use of the words "God damned." However, if we do continue as we have, God will surely damn us all. Hence, this voice that I spoke of clearly has its work cut out. This voice consists of all Americans, voters and those too young to vote, who did not support Humphrey, Wallace and/or Nixon. These Americans are duty-bound to implore all Americans to join in with them in letting President Humphwalnix know that they do not like the road they have been traveling on since 1898, and thereby induce him to steer a new course to constructive programs of aid to the cities where aid is most needed. The road might be uncomfortable as it has been little used recently, and construction has been halted for so long. However, construction can and should resume as of November 6, with ourselves as the workers, in order that President Humphwalnix realize on January 20 what must be done for America, and more important, for Americans. I can't believe, either way, that "Nothing Can Change the Shape of Things to Come."

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— FUTURE REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS —

CAMPUS REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

President Birenbaum is eager to increase the participation of students—especially graduating students—in the Commencement planning and procedures. For example, he would welcome the recommendations of the graduating students, through their Student Government, regarding a Speaker for the 1969 Commencement. All SICC students are invited to work with Student Government and the stand-

ing Commencement Committee on the procedures to give the graduating students a significant voice in all aspects of their Commencement. As a Speaker ought to be invited before the end of the calendar year, the students' recommendations in this area should be received by the President no later than December 15.

Abe Habenstreit,
Asst. to the President

Inquiring Reporter

By Leona Rati

The Boycott?

Opinions on Opinion Day
On Monday, November 4, everyone knows that something went on at SICC. What exactly it was is a matter of opinion, it seems. Some people went to classes and didn't seem to care about the turmoil within their school or, in a larger sense, within their world. But SICC demonstrated Monday, and I believe that the little school on Staten Island voiced its varying opinions extremely well both on picket lines and in verbal debate. The main issues were the Vietnam War, facism, and the three presidential candidates. I was at the teach-in and I asked several students there what they thought of the activities of the day.

"I think this is letting off a lot of steam on both sides. It is educating people to the views of both sides."

—Henry Alba

"It's not too well organized. The two points of view are so strong that the two sides will never come together. People should try to get together in other, more physical ways, like singing or rolling on floor. There should be more human contact, more mixing."

—Paul Costello

"I think it's a good thing. It's far to insufficient at this time to bring out all its good points. If this statement sounds confusing that's what's wrong with the whole show."

—Dave Anderson

"What? Me worry?"

—Alfred E. Newman

"This school is alive at last!"

—Cathy Carrigan

"I believe in youth power—we students have so much force to exert against racism, against illegal war. But we must stop butting our heads against each other."

—Don Anzalone

Ocean Hill Mail Call

(The following letter, reprinted exactly below, was placed anonymously into the letterbox of every teacher in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville school district.)

If African American History and culture is to be taught to our Black children it must be done by African Americans who identify with and who understand the problems. It is impossible for the middle east murderers of colored people to possibly bring to this important task the insight, the concerns, the exposing of the truth. That is a must! If the years of brain washing and self-hatred that has been taught to our Black children by these blood-sucking exploiters and murderers is to overcome.

The idea behind this program is beautiful, but when the money-changers heard of it, they took over, as is their custom in the black community if African Americans' History and Culture is important to our children, in praising their esteem of themselves.

The only persons who can do the job are Africans, Americans, Brothers and sisters, and not the so-called Liberal Jewish friend. We know from his tricky, deceitful maneuvers, that he is really our enemy and he is responsible for the serious educational retardation of our black children.

We call on all concerned black teachers, parents and friends to write to the board of education, to the mayor, to the state commissioner of education to protest the takeover of this crucial program by people who are unfit by tradition and by inclination to do even an adequate job.

The black community must unite itself around the need to run our own schools and to control our own neighborhoods with out whitey being anywhere on the scene. We want to make it crystal clear to you outsiders and you missionaries. The natives are on the move. Look out! Watch out! That backfire you hear might be your number has come. Get out! Stay off, shut up! Get off our backs or your relatives in the middle east will find them slaves giving benefit to raise money to help you get out from under the terrible weight of an enraged black community.

Reflections on . . .

(Continued from Page 9)

er by the groups who were doing the heckling—those who heckled me also heckled Smith, Ciacalone, Marryshow and the others who exposed the hypocrisy in this land of ours, and the tolerance of such hypocrisy—and who exposed the lack of a real choice in to-morrow's election, and the threat that their "main man" Wallace really poses for this country. Naturally, there was a good deal of heckling from the other camp, too—and as one of the ROTC speakers in his attack on me put it—"trying to impose my views on everybody else"—but isn't this what the teach-in was supposed to do? Not so much to "impose," but to have both sides speak, and for the general audience to understand the other guy's ideas! I don't know if this speaker heard me speak, but if he did, he knows that, unlike him, I didn't have to contend with just one heckler, but from a well-organized group of them, who held up Wallace posters, and, as I have pointed out, almost hooted me down! And when he said that he would "rather have 180 million of Wallace over 10 thousand of me," let me say to him that even ONE of Wallace is at this time endangering the very freedom of expression we were taking advantage of at this teach-in to-day! And I am very sorry that he had to say this, but if he saw the harassment I got as I spoke, he would think twice before lodging this attack at me.

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Sports Comes in Many Ways

by Gareth G. Ganim

SICC, home of many wonders, has produced its first MCCAC championship cross-country track team under the direction of coach Nicholas Farkouh. After losing its first meet of the season, the cross-country team began a long period of beneficial practice. Mike Marotta, a veteran from last spring's team, sparked the team to a glorious victory over all of its opponents at the metropolitan meet which was held at Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx on Tuesday, Nov. 5. The track team, which is only in its second season of existence, can now look forward to many more victorious seasons. Congratulations to all!

On a somewhat sadder note it must be recorded that SICC's soccer team, which has now finished its '68 season with a record of 6 wins, 2 losses, and 2 ties, did not get an invitation to the region XV championships. This year's team has proven to be the best that SICC has ever seen, and the school can be very proud of them.

There are many activities at SICC which are not directly related to the college's intercollegiate activities. They include the football intramural program, which is continuing satisfactorily, and an intramural program in table tennis which is also now in progress. In the physical education classes we see sessions in ballroom dance, modern dance, touch football, basketball, bowling and many other sports. Where else but at SICC can you find such a wide variety of physical education classes to choose



Are you tired of losing fights? Join the Martial Arts Club.

from? In the club hours we have a Martial Arts Club which meets every Thursday afternoon in the gym between 12 and 2. If you feel that there is not a "thing" for you, then you are under a mistaken impression. If you feel that there is something missing, however, then you should contact Prof. Carl Ferguson, in the Physical Education Department office and voice your opinions to him.

On Thursday, Nov. 7, there will be an intercollegiate touch football game between the all-stars from Richmond College and SICC. The game will take place on the athletic field at noon. Come see, you'll enjoy.



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Dolphins Tie Orange

By Linda Marino

In their ninth game of the season, Coach James Donlan's Soccer Dolphins could only salvage a tie, 3-3, against Orange County CC on October 30 at SICC.

For the Colts, Mike Magee kicked one through goalie Eddy Mills early in the second quarter to give his team a 1-0 lead. His teammate Joe Tawill followed him, as he scored twice to give the Colts a 3-0 edge at half time.

Coach James Magli's Colts were the superior team throughout the first three quarters. But midway

into the final period the Dolphin team came to life.

Peter Vlitas, the team's leading scorer, brought his season total to 20 as he ripped one by goalie George Graham. Harry Tspelis followed, cutting the Colts lead to 3-2, and put the Dolphins back in the game. With minutes remaining, Vlitas came through once more as he scored on a foul shot, ending the game at a 3-3 tie.

During the overtime period neither team could score due to the fine work of both goalies.

The Dolphins, who have one remaining game, now have a 6-2 mark for the season.

Soccer Dolphins Beat Manhattan

By Gareth G. Ganim

In a game controlled totally by the Dolphins, the soccer team went on to make its record 6 wins against 2 losses by defeating Manhattan CC 10-0 on Oct. 26.

After a scoreless first quarter, Pete Vlitas, the Dolphin's leading scorer, Harry Tsepelias, and Joe Iacobuzio combined to score 5 goals in the second quarter. Iacobuzio led it off by scoring on a pass from Ivan Mino. Tsepelias then followed with a shot from 20 feet out to put the Dolphins on top 2-0. Vlitas then gave the Dolphins a substantial lead by scoring 3 goals to make the score Dolphins 5, Manhattan 0, at halftime.

The second half of the game was again controlled by SICC. Mino, Pinarli, Iacobuzio, and Juan Gaete combined to score 5 more points. Ed Mills, Dolphin goalie, who had allowed only nine goals through in eight games, got credit for his third shutout of the season.

The lineups:

Mills	G	Jellineck
Leniszewski	RB	Greene
Veza	LB	Pomponia
Nacinovich	RH	Ingram
Gaete	CH	Jamil
Pinarli	LH	Philpotts
Bellande	OR	Magrogenis
Iacobuzio	IR	Pisohalides
Mino	CF	Conte
Tsepelias	IL	Wood
Vlitas	OL	Pale

Substitutes: SICC Minola, Tsiamis, Woods; Manhattan Benson, Abum
The score by periods:
SICC 0 5 2 3 10
Manhattan 0 0 0 0 0
Goals: Vlitas 3, Gaete 2, Iacobuzio 2, Mino, Pinarli, Tsepelias.



John Kuhn ready for first game

GOD CANNOT BE DEFINED BY A COLOR. WHY SHOULD MAN BE ANY DIFFERENT? SUPPORT THE MARTIN LUTHER KING MEMORIAL PROGRAM

Cross-Country Team Wins MCCAC Meet

By David Goteiner

In an excellent display of fine running, the SICC cross-country team beat out three other teams for the MCCAC Invitational Meet trophy. This was the first meet of this kind between community colleges in the city, and the SICC runners made sure that it did not slip through their grasp.

Mike Marotta of SICC took the lead from the very start and never gave it up in this election day meet held at Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx. Over the rugged terrain Mike ran exceptionally well as usual and crossed the finish line in 16:33 to capture a gold medal for himself. His teammate, Ed Whyte, was clocked in 17:07 and took second place. Cola Matt, running for Queensborough CC, finished third while SICC's George MacEwen really gave it everything he had and placed fourth, with a time of 17:41. Adolphus Bensien of Manhattan CC finished fifth and Fred Torres of Queensborough followed. Joe Wnuk of SICC finished only four seconds behind Torres and placed seventh.

Queensborough's Andy McElroy came next and then Bill Hodge of SICC placed ninth with a time of 18:17. Artie Peterson, another SICC runner, missed out on tenth place by only two seconds as Tyrone Williams of New York City CC edged by him at the finish line in 18:42.

Coach Nicholas Farkouh's team probably could have even taken another place but one of their runners was injured in the race. Ed Dalton, who was running in fourth place midway through the race, tripped in a ditch and sprained his left ankle. The gap between SICC's final score of 21 and

that of their closest competitor, Queensborough's 36, certainly shows the fine skill and effort of the men representing SICC on the cross country courses.

In a triangular meet held on October 26, the SICC team whipped both Ulster County CC and Queensborough CC. Marotta and Whyte provided the 1-2 punch again while the rest of the team scored well ahead of the competition. The winning runs of Marotta and Whyte, 16:36 and 17:00 respectively, paced the rest of the team to victory. MacEwen can a 18:01, Hodge a 18:29, Dalton a 18:42, Peterson a 18:59, and Pete Ramos a 19:07 to give SICC a score of 16 against Ulster's 47 and a 23 against Queensborough's 33.

The SICC team, despite first place finishes by Marotta, did not fare as well in their next two meets.

Competing in a triangular meet on October 30, they lost to Nassau County CC 37-24 and were nipped by Orange County CC 28-27. Marotta's blistering 15:38 gave him first place and Whyte's 15:52 was excellent, but the rest of the team had trouble with their fleet-footed rivals.

Against Suffolk County CC the SICC team also ran into trouble. Marotta finished in his usual spot, first place, but his teammates did not do as well. Whyte was the next SICC runner to cross the finish line, but it was in eighth place. The rest of the team finished too far behind to pull it out for SICC. The final score was Suffolk 20, SICC 42.

The team next goes to Farmingdale to compete in the Region XV tournament on Saturday, November 9. With star runner Marotta pacing his fine teammates, and with the expert coaching of Mr. Farkouh, the team could well surprise their tough opponents.



Getting ready to start at the Election Day MCCAC County Championships are l. to r. George MacEwen, Joe Wnuk & John Whyte.



Don Campbell, SICC pole vaulter runs X-Country to get into shape for Spring Track & Field Season—Don crosses finish line at Van Cortlandt Park.

Intramurals

Touch Football Ends

By David Goteiner

After five weeks of competition the regular touch football season has come to a close. Still forthcoming are the playoffs and the game against the Richmond College All-Stars.

The Pixies, returning champs from last year, dominated the AFL as they rolled over their opponents and posted a 5-0-0 record. For the other playoff berth in that league there is a tie between the Packers and Hawks. This deadlock could have been broken in the final week of play but these two teams played to a scoreless tie. To decide which of these two teams will compete in the playoffs, a sudden death game will be played between the Packers and Hawks on November 14. The first team to score in this ten-minute game will cap second place in the AFL. The Titans, who were plagued by an unproductive offense, finished in fourth place. Their hard-hitting Utes gave them a final week 6-0 victory over the 2-3-0 record. The Utes come next in the standings with a 1-4-0 tally while the hapless Dutchmen occupy the league cellar.

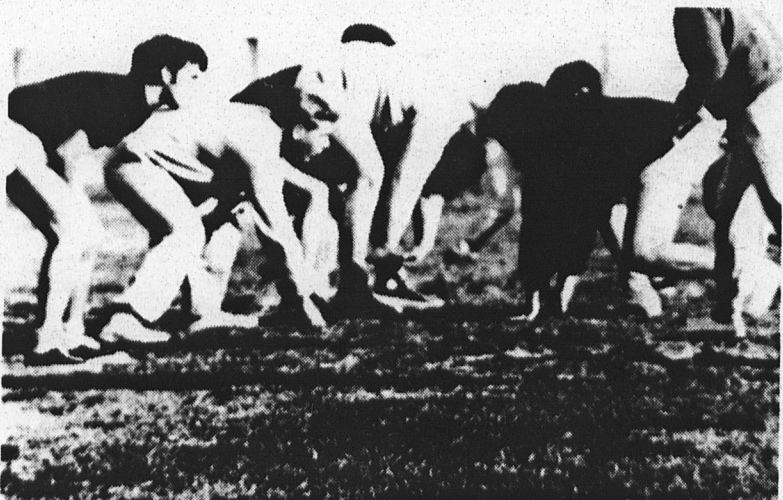
Along with the end of the season came a three way tie for first place in the NFL. Boasting records of 4-1-0 are the Centrals, Fighting Irish, and Trojans. To untangle this mess, faculty adviser Joseph Barresi has scheduled the Centrals to play against the Fighting Irish. The winner of this game goes on. The two teams that miss out on first place will play each other on November 21 for second place. In the rest of the league, the White Lightning team wound up sporting a 2-3-0 won-lost record while Da Guys did not even fare that well

as they won only one game while losing four. The Spartans have the privilege of bringing up the rear of that league as they end up 0-5-0.

After the inter-league playoffs have finished, regular playoffs between leagues will take place on December 5. On that date the Pixies, first place team in the AFL, will play the second place NFL team as the second place AFL team tangles with the first place club of the NFL. The college championship is scheduled for December 12 with the hope that all goes well. The long awaited game versus Richmond College has now been tentatively scheduled for December 19. SICC will be represented by the intramural champions while Richmond College will field an all star team.

During the football season, the caliber of play has been exciting and rough. Sometimes it has gotten too rough and heated. Coach Barresi said that he was disappointed in the sportsmanship of the petty arguments, that took away from the game, were going on always. On the subject of officials he felt that they were not given a fair deal by the players. "The officials are acting in good faith by giving up their time to officiate games but they are receiving undue abuse from the players," said Mr. Barresi. One of the problems is that the players try to make scapegoats out of the referees to cover up their own mistakes. The referees have tried their best throughout the season and have done a fine job.

Doing even a better job coordinating this activity has been Mr. Barresi. Although this is his first year at SICC he has handled the job like a pro.



Intramural Football Players Poised on the line

The Dolphin congratulates the soccer and cross-country teams for their outstanding accomplishments this season