



The



STATESMAN

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STUDENT PUBLICATION OF STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK AT STONY BROOK

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"Ugly" Old Dorms To Be Destroyed

The Administration announced today the real truth behind the excavation going on in G and H quads. Instead of being re-landscaped as the students were previously told, the excavation work is preliminary to the old dorms being torn down.

"I looked out my window one day," explained Presidential Assistant Sheldome Ackley, "and said to myself, 'This is really too much.' Students are like gentle little flowers; we can't expect them to flourish in such an ugly environment."

When questioned about the possibility that the University may not receive support from Albany for the destruction of the new dorms, Dr. Ackley replied, "do you think Sam Gould can stomach these buildings either?"

After the old dorms are destroyed, new ones will be erected in their place. The architect will again be Emery Roth although he explained that in keeping with what should be the spirit of a University, he would like "to confer with students about what they feel their living conditions should be like and then, with student help, experiment with new designs." All designs will be submitted for student suggestions and will not be used without student approval.



New Peace Runs Loose; Our Boys To Get Goose

President Lyndon "Pussycat" Johnson announced today that the soldiers in Vietnam would be home for Christmas. "We will have our boys home for that Christmas goose" said the President.

The President's announcement came in the wake of earlier confusion at the Pentagon. Secretary of Defense, John Connally, announced at his regular press conference, held daily since the formal end of the war last week, that he was unsure whether all the soldiers could be removed from the former battle zones in time to be back in the States by Christmas day. The President explained, however, that the entire military machine had been mobilized for the purpose of transporting American soldiers to their homes and there would be enough time and planes to see that every soldier presently stationed in Vietnam will be home by December 25. "You might call this my Christmas present to the mothers of America," said President Johnson.

In addition to explaining that the soldiers would be home, the President also acknowledged that his formal apology to the nations of the world for the American mistake in South East Asia would be ready by this evening. The President, who has been working on this statement with his new Presidential Advisor, Samuel Rasputin, will deliver the apology



The wreaths are black this year

at the U.N. tomorrow morning and then fly to the Riviera to spend Christmas with French President Charles de Gaulle whom the President described as "my good friend Chuck."

Toll To Control Recent Faculty Power Play

President Toll announced this morning that, "the faculty must be controlled." The President noted that an extensive review of the present faculty by-laws will be conducted by a representative body of faculty and Administrators in conjunction with student representatives.

"I have noted," said President Toll, "that the faculty has lost sight of its real role in this University. They have taken on too many areas and have proved themselves to be a largely conservative and ineffective body."

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Student Work Lauded On New Construction

"This new constitution represents the hard work of many students," said Steve Rosencretin, a member of the Constitutional Committee, "I'm glad that the students have voted to accept it."

The new constitution represents more than a legal landmark for the Stony Brook student body. For the first time in Stony Brook history, more students attended the numerous hearings on the constitution than attended the concert in the Gym Saturday night. In addition over 90% of the student polity cast ballots on the

new document in yesterday's election.

Peter Knack, Polity Moderator, announced that the new constitution would go into effect at the beginning of next semester. He explained that he had high hopes for the new constitution's effectiveness. "So many students have contributed to this document," said Mr. Knack, "that I am confident it represents them as well as any document can. I am also encouraged by the number of students who have expressed a desire to work on student and faculty committees. It's going to be a good semester."

Editorials:

Christmas Fun

Let's be serious for a minute. Although our special Christmas issue follows in the tradition of earlier special issues for April Fool's Day and May Day, its intent is slightly different.

As with all of these "special" editions of The Statesman, we have tried to use humor as a weapon to point out some of the sad facts about Stony Brook. Moreover, we hope that everyone who is a target in this issue will take it in the spirit of good fun which we intended.

Beyond poking fun, however, we have tried to encompass the spirit of Christmas, both as a religious and a national holiday. Our general theme has been to point out just how far the world and Stony Brook is in this year of 1967 A.D. from true Christmas ideal of "peace on earth, good will toward men." Thus we have included material that is not satirical, but which we feel is still relevant to Christmastide.

Christmas is or should be a time for thought—a time to think about all that is right or wrong with this world of men; hence, the article on page 3 about Otis Redding. Read it; think about it. If it makes you sad, then we have accomplished another one of this issue's intentions.

We hope we've made you laugh, and we hope we've made you think. At any rate we would like to wish at this time the Merriest Christmas and the best University to everyone at Stony Brook.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

All letters to the editor must reach Box 200 Gray College no later than 5:00 P.M. the Saturday before the Wednesday issue. Names will be withheld on request but all letters must bear the author's signature. Letters should be limited to 300 words and be typed, double-spaced.

Final Schedules Will Be Delayed

To the Student Body:

I would like to take this opportunity to make a general announcement to the student body.

Due to a major breakdown of the computer, the final examination schedule will not be published this semester. The computer, overworked during registration for the fall semester, has never quite recuperated. New parts have been ordered but the parts were lost enroute. New ones have not yet arrived.

Examinations will take place January 13 through January 23, 1968. Students will have to study hard over Christmas vacation in

order to take their finals at a moment's notice. Notice will be sent the morning of the day of the test through our highly efficient intracampus mail system. Notices should arrive by 6 A.M. each morning. Notification of afternoon tests will be issued by 11 A.M. that day.

Another problem which has arisen due to the failure of the computer is the scheduling of students for the Spring Semester 1968. A decision has been reached by the Administration which, although it will not alleviate the problems of the students and the faculty, will make the work easier for the overworked Registrar's Office.

Teachers will each allow a limited number of students to enter each course. The choice of students will be on a "first come first serve" basis. Those students having their names placed on the attendance list will automatically be enrolled in the course. It is "intuitively obvious" that problems will arise but these will remain in the classroom and the Registrar's Office will be free of all guilt.

The Administration hopes that in the not too distant future the

computer will again be functioning and the school return to normal.

Sincerely yours, J.S.T.

What Did You Learn In School Today?

in School Today?

What did you learn in school today

Dear little boy of mine What did you learn in school today

Dear little boy of mine? I learned that language lab's a waste

I learned that tests cannot be aced

The MUD is piled up to my knees

and we only can avoid it by climbin' trees

and that's what I learned in school today

That's what I learned in school.

Repeat Chorus I learned that math is not for me

and neither is bio or chemistry

A physics major I can't be

Because my cum's below a "D" and that's what I learned in school today

that's what I learned in school. The College Union's on its way and might be finished soon someday

The new dorms won't accommodate

and next year we'll be triplicate

and that's what I learned in school today

that's what I learned in school. Twenty hours of studyin' ain't enough

and fitting in sleeping just seems too tough

to graduate here one must be prudent

I'll be the first professional student

and that's what I learned in school today

THAT'S WHAT I LEARNED IN SCHOOL.

With my apologies to Tom Paxton Marcy Mishkin

Christmas Gifts

- To Mr. Fred Hecklinger A Backbone
To Dean Tilley A Little Authority
To Hugh Cleland A Brain
To J. S. T. A Long Vacation
To Pete Nack A New Committee on Committees
To The Dynamic Duo An Air Brush
To Mr. DeFrancesco A New Cause
To Bob Brandt A Gondoliers License
To Rolf Fuessler A Bottle of Bufferin
To Stony Brook U. A New Clapper for the Ding Dong School
To the Dean of Students Office Some Pity
To Dean Bybee Some A's and the's
To the Shack More Pornography
To the Physics Building An Earthquake
To the Statesman Staff Perseverance
To Neal Frumkin Gold Caps

The STATESMAN masthead with staff list including Editor-in-Chief Rolf Fuessler, Managing Editor Mel Brown, and various editorial board members.

Toll To Control

Continued from PPage 1

"I hope that this sad situation, which was created with the formation of the present by-laws in the Spring, 1967, can be rectified as soon as possible. I do not, however, think that the student riots over the present by-laws were really necessary," said the President.

In Memorium: Otis Redding

By Eliot Weinberger

He was, quite simply, the finest singer of the decade.

1960 killed Camus and elected Kennedy, and everywhere the word was hope for the new decade. Somehow we had gotten through the Fabulous Fifties. We had destroyed Korea, and had managed to kill James Dean, Buddy Holly, Joe McCarthy, Richie Valen and the Big Bopper. Televisions were clearer and cars faster. Rock & roll was practically dead, but technicolor was getting better. Change was in the air, and when we saw that a certain Senator from Massachusetts looked good on TV, we knew that he was the man to embody that change.

He almost blew us up over some island, but the outlook was bright. Teenagers were building hospitals in Nigeria, Pablo Casals was in the White House, Stevenson in the UN. The wife was pretty and showed us her house. And while they all played football, we could look at Peter Lawford, who was married to somebody.

Of course that televised afternoon in Texas brought the whole thing crashing down. We looked around and found ourselves at war in Asia, in Santo Domingo, in Los Angeles. Benny Perret was killed in the ring, Sam Cooke was shot, Marilyn Monroe a suicide. We found solace in four Englishmen who wanted to

hold our hands, five Englishmen who saw our mother standing in the shadows, and a guy named Zimmerman who was in Tijuana with a needle in his arm. Timothy Leary replaced Kennedy and we all wore flowers and swallowed pills to forget. Hollywood was hitting us hard, and soon Murph the Surf was re-enacting "Topkapi," and Pratt students were playing Bonnie and Clyde. The beautiful people were getting strung out on speed. The straight people were falling on bamboo spikes in some jungle land. The times were, and continue to be, drenched in horror.

In the reek of the rotted age, Otis Redding was our fresh wind. He was neither spokesman nor idol. We had Lennon, Jagger and Dylan for that. Nor was he specifically a man of the sixties. He could have easily stood side by side with his mentor, Sam Cooke. Rather, he was the voice of our humanness. He sang to us of a sadness that we couldn't quite articulate. The smooth beginnings and the impassioned fragmentations of the ends of each of his songs were an imitation of our own experiences. When Otis sat with us over cigarettes and coffee, when he told us to try a little tenderness, that everybody makes a mistake, we knew that he was touching roots, touching far closer indeed than the wordplays of Lennon or the elaboracies of Dylan. That touch is the soul of soul music, and Otis

was the master of it.

In the age of hippie, blanket love, he was the spokesman for the personal love. In the age of multi-media nostalgia and camp, he could sing the Tennessee waltz and send us weeping, having somehow shot all memory into the plain line, "I remember that night." And although he never knew "what was up there beyond the clouds," he held on to his "lover's prayer, hoping that it would reach out" to us, hoping that we would understand. For, as he told us in "Fa-Fa," "All my life been singing sad, sad songs, trying to get my message to you."

The tragedy of the death of Otis Redding is that his message was never heard quite enough. His most successful records were his improvements of Jagger and

Lennon, "Satisfaction" and "Day Tripper." In suburbia he was practically unknown, lost in the easier dazzle of the White Rock groups. He was never in vogue, because his overwhelming sense of sadness could never incorporate flower power or banana reefers. Otis was never cute. His song was his message, and his message was the hope of change, a change that would triumph only when a personal love was realized.

His death will not alter the course of rock, for Otis was never an inventor. All we can say for him now is: Otis Redding, 26 year old. Dead of Wisconsin plane wreck. All his life, he had a song. He tried to sing it. He was the best we had. Otis Redding. Signed off.



PLANS FOR NEW GRADUATE SCHOOL

Stony Brook Abridged

By Freda Foreman

The current condition of the landscape outside G-Quad is indicative of an exciting union between two regions... indeed, constructive efforts have literally bridged the gap between North and South Halls. Although only a mere wooden ramp connects the two areas, this structure is not to be scoffed at. Without it, G-Quad would be a campus divided, leaving students in a state of relative sexual isolation: males and females separated by an ominous crevice oozing with mud and construction men.

Having thus established the indisputable importance of Stony Brook's "mini-bridge," I propose a series of modifications which might make the bridge an even more valuable asset to the University community. To begin with, we might consider the possibility of turning it into a drawbridge so that tall construction men could walk beneath it without sustaining head injuries. The construction men would certainly applaud this effort since it would provide them with a more rapid means of climbing out of ditches to confront students with seemingly radical viewpoints. Unfortunately, this might very well make the drawbridge a drawback.

However, this should not discourage us. Other possibilities remain. The University could actually capitalize on the

bridge. I propose the immediate construction of a booth where volunteers would collect a small surcharge from all persons who cross the bridge. I would even suggest we honor Dr. Toll by naming the booth after him. Revenues obtained from the bridge could go to a worthy cause such as draining the campus swamps.

The bridge might also be used to add an aesthetic note to the campus. Artistic students could be commissioned to paint it in a manner that would be harmonious with the Stony Brook environment. Who knows? We could end up with the world's first psychedelic bridge! The bridge could even help create a romantic element on campus, by becoming the proverbial Lovers' Leap. Desperate or disillusioned lovers could hardly find a more spectacular way to end it all than leaping, arms entwined, off the bridge and into the reeking mass of slime below.

Of course, an infinite number of possible uses for the bridge are conceivable. I only hope my few modest proposals will stimulate more creative thinking among the great minds of our University. However, I have been told the bridge is only a temporary fixture and that it will soon be removed. This brings up the question of where we can find another inspiration for creative and practical campus improvement. I can only answer by suggesting that we cross that bridge when we come to it!

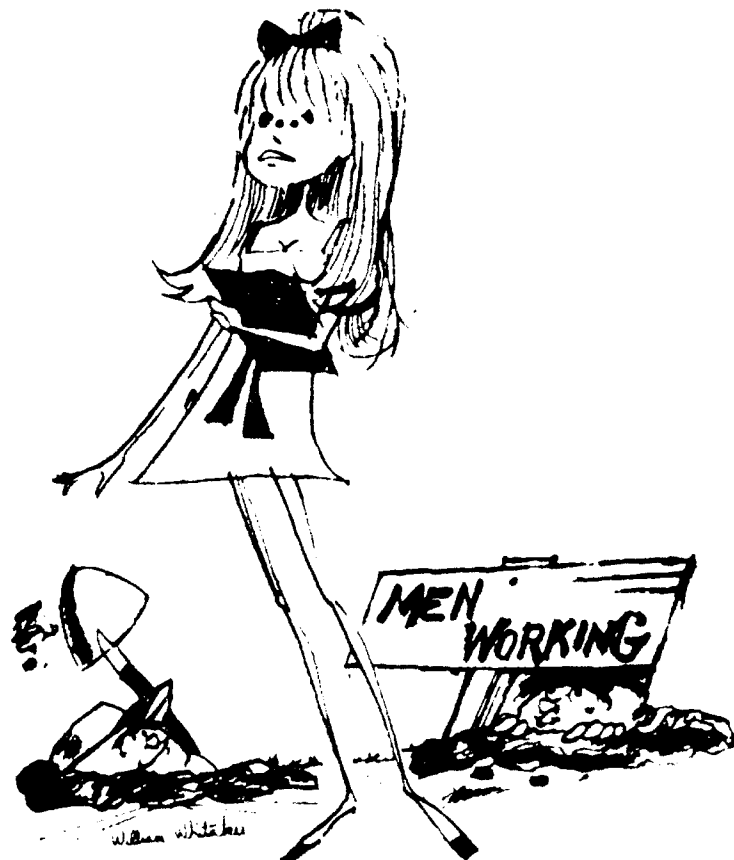
Mixed Reaction To Mud Hazard

By Richard Putz

With the inception of Stony Brook's annual monsoon season, the mires and morass of campus grounds have reached the critical level. Students and University personnel are urged not to walk near the excavations in the old quads. Several incidents have been reported thus far, regarding shoes, boots and other garb sucked into the mud. Rumors are spreading of more serious occurrences; these allude to the several mysterious student disappearances within the past week. According to these rumors, students falling into trenches and ditches are literally being swallowed up by the mud.

Peter Nack, Polity Moderator, has urged the immediate formation of an investigatory committee to determine the validity of these rumors. Other E.C.

members have begun organizing search parties, fearful that wasted time will lead to future disappearances. Security's reaction to the incident has been to seek an unlisted phone number to prevent them from being flooded by missing persons reports. As one Security officer said, "We hardly have time to give out parking tickets, let alone be concerned with missing students." Administrative reactions to the disappearances range from "students should work through the proper channels in order to alleviate the situation" to "students tend to overdramatize trivialities such as this; actually, the situation will improve dormitory living conditions by cutting down on tripling and overcrowding." Dr. Toll said "I support students in this endeavor (search parties), however, to make it more educationally meaningful it should be incorporated into the College Plan."



THE DAILY UTAH CHRONICLE, University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah



CHRISTMAS BALLS

with fred thomsen

What goes through the mind of a vacationing college student? Is he vivacious or placid? Only you and I know for sure, but for instance:

" 'Tis the season to be jolly. . ." Whoever thought that at this stage of the school year I'd be singing this song. Then again, why not forget all my cares and woes? This is supposed to be the season of giving and such. It's only too true though. For this spirit of giving remains at Stony Brook beyond the Christmas season. They give marks.

Ah! But at home I'll be able to see my family and relatives in between the football games. That's one consolation, anyway. Football. . . I mean seeing the family.

Christmas! No time for slumming. Friends are back and there's partying to do. Merry Christmas everyone-watch that drink. It might spill. Work, it can wait another day. . .

Oh. well. Time to catch that bus back to school again. I wish I'd studied that material for Math. But what fun would that have been? What do they think I am anyway? Who studies over vacation?

Did I what? No! Why? I was going to, but the time flew by. Maybe Neil did it. What page was it on?

Gee, I wish I could grow up. It seems that I never feel like working. Well, intersession isn't far off, and then I can go home and see. . .

The EC's Offensive Team

By Stuart Over

The football season at Stony Brook did not end with the Zoo — B-3 Intramurals Championship game. For instance, there is political football. The Executive Committee has been very active in the games this year. Therefore a brief rundown of the roster is in order.

Split End — Bill Gold. The shifty Soph Rep gained fame as the Lonely End last year. This year he is allowed in the huddle, and his Quad representation play is being considered.

Left Tackle — Burt Sharp. As Frosh Rep, this boy has shown great enthusiasm for tackling large general problems, such as Hershey.

Left Guard — John Panzer. This newcomer (Frosh President) is coming along rapidly as he learns to play his position on his own initiative.

Center — Mike Molloy. The broadbacked Treasurer has been very effective in cutting down

club members who try to sneak through the line.

Right Guard — Larry Hirschenbaum. The multifaceted Corresponding Secretary has shown his abilities in executing different plays.

Right Tackle — Lonny Rose. As Recording Secretary Lonny has shown great team spirit. Could become quarterback next season.

Tight End — Steve Gabriel. The neophyte Junior Rep's play has been characterized by his fantastic fraternal spirit.

Quarterback — Peter Nack. The polysyllabic Polity Moderator made the transition from center to quarterback this year. However, he was slow in learning the ball-handling techniques necessary for his position.

Halfback — Al Jeknavorian. The elusive Junior President is working on getting the team to work in concert.

Flankerback — John Jones. The Senior President has been accused of contemplating his navel too often and playing one man ball.

Fullback — Peter Adams. Referred to as "Carrot Top," the Soph President had distinguished himself in his attempts to harass the Administration defense. He must learn to use his interference more effectively before becoming a real power runner.

Coach — Steve Rosenthal. Affectionately known as Cretan, the loudmouthed Soph Parliamentarian has been running the team according to Hoyle.



Quarterback Nack watches as Auctioneer Diane Sharon sells the EC team to The STATESMAN and SAB.

The STATESMAN thanks the American Tobacco Company, without whose products this publication never would have been possible. (All the editors smoke Tareytens.)

REVIEW SECTION

A Concerted Effort

By Jim Franco

The concert season opened this year with the swinging Doors. They were Eight Miles High. But all was not lost, the audience just had to gird their belts and settle for Buckley (Tim, that is). Then, after the smoke had cleared, our next program was filled with the soulful sound of Chambers music.

When Phil Ochs drifted in on the wings of a dove, somewhat sullied, there was some interference from some righteous and syntactical Rounders. But our sore ears were salvaged by the Soft White naval of Steve Noonan. Then we were crucified by Ochs. In between all these goings-on we were informally inspired by Schlomo, our Israeli Carlebach.

After being spooked later that week, the Jefferson Airplane made a landing on the Stony Brook sound stage. In spite of a

power shortage, the Airplane flapped its graying wings and took off for a vacation of Bathing at Baxter's. That same night, after removing the air-plugs, we had to put on the blinders but rejoiced at the sparkling Kaleidoscope which danced and twinkled before us accompanied by Bob Altman and Bob Tranco in the string section.

Before departing for stuffed turkey, we witnessed a Magical Mystery Tour, led by Ravi Shankar and his smiling Buddha and faithful partner - Alla Rakha. However, declaring general independence, we had to try to Stop the World the next night, led on by a Warner Production.

Just when the semester seemed to be coming to a serene and apathetic conclusion, Olatunji invaded and, armed with his tribal dancers, attempted to provoke a coup d'etat over the establishment. However, not enough people were there to get any sort

of decent uprising. Charles Lloyd did succeed in a revolution, however, and in the process left most of his listeners gyrating and gimpling in the wabe.

Only one bad Connection separated us now from vacation, and, after a four-day siege, the holiday were once again the order of the day. Now, all that remains is to sever the connection with this reviewer. Close your eyes, think happy, wonderful thoughts and, woooooosh. Perhaps you'll end up in Carnegie Hall. But for the time being, Merry Christmas to all and ughh, to all a good night.

JOY TO THE WORLD
FAREWELL PARTY
FOR
MR. HUGE CLELAND
Who is leaving S.B.
G Y M
Dec. 31
Midnight

A Christmas Fantasy Pats In The Festival

Next Friday, when the basketball team opposes Kentucky at Madison Square Garden, they will be placing their winning streak right on the line. The team isn't worried, though. Kentucky is no better than the teams which have suffered at the hands of Stony Brook's astounding team. Dayton, Princeton, Louisville, Boston College, Houston, Vanderbilt and Davidson. Yes, these seven schools have at least one thing in common; a loss to the unheralded Stony Brook Patriots.

The season started out badly enough, with an opening loss to Brooklyn College. Then, in a seemingly suicidal move, Coach Herb Brown announced a revised basketball schedule, pitting our team against the giants already mentioned. It was, Coach Brown said, "to let the boys travel a little." Well, they traveled and they played, and between it all came home to a crowd of 7,000 students who watched them harry Elvin Hayes and the Cougars of Houston in a 67-58 upset victory.

All of the wins have been upsets. Coach Brown, elated over the great season and a little confused, attributed the team's

success partly to the participation of the students and alumni in cheering on the team. Also a factor in our victorious season, was the opening of the beautiful, 20,000 seat Melville Memorial Gymnasium. With more seats available, and the promise of great opponents, students and alumni flocked to the games, cheering the team to efforts which were considered impossible at the beginning of the season.

But then, many things were considered impossible, and Stony Brook is a place of many upsets. For example, the design of the Gymnasium. Used to extreme short-term planning, the Administration was practical and considerate, designing this beautiful structure with the student in mind. Especially well conceived was the idea for a removable floor, one which could protect the ice freezing pipes below. This will be a great aid to the Hockey team in future years, and a boon to pleasure skaters within the University Community.

Yes, Christmas is a wonderful time to look out across our lovely snow covered campus, and reflect upon the past achievements of Stony Brook, and our glorious future.