



Statesman Begins Expanded Service With This Issue

In an effort to provide extended coverage of University events, *The Statesman* has established a new publication policy. As of this week, the paper will appear as two eight page issues, to be distributed on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Rolf Fuessler, Editor-in-Chief, stated that, "Increased pressure for up-to-date news and University as well as outside events, have caused us to re-evaluate our potential, and therefore plan to go to press on this extended schedule."

As of this first issue, only students will receive the paper free. The papers will be delivered to the dormitories at about 2:00 p.m. ~~on Tuesdays and Fridays~~; commuters may obtain issues at the Shack in the lobby of the gym upon presentation of their I.D. cards. Those faculty members who have subscriptions will have the paper delivered to their offices about one hour after they arrive on campus. Any person not fitting into any of these categories may receive the paper by paying ten cents at the Shack (pending office hours at the Statesman Office). Subscriptions may be obtained by sending two dollars in cash, check or money order to *The Statesman* office, Box 200, Gray College.

The prime consideration at the present time is the formation of a staff to adequately attend to the additional work load. All those interested should contact *The Statesman* Office or anyone of the editors, to indicate their intentions and begin work as soon as possible.

Staff, Students Donate Blood To University Leukemia Victim

On Thursday, February 1, in the morning, the Personnel Office of the University was notified that Nicholas VonHallen, a mechanic in the theatre arts department, who is suffering from leukemia, was in need of rare, type O-negative blood for transfusions.

Notices were placed on bulletin boards around the campus and although the call was made during a vacation period there were immediate responses. A total of five pints were obtained by Friday and three more pints of

NY CRIME HEARINGS CONTINUE; PROF. JOHN HERR IS GRILLED

By Sharon Cooke

Stony Brook wasn't doing too well last week at the Hughes Committee Hearings (officially: The New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Crime, Its Causes, Its Control, and Its Effect on Society.) As President Toll, who was the first witness for the University and who didn't testify until the second day of hearings, said, "I know I can never catch up with the impression created here yesterday". No matter how bad things were last week though, from the vantage point as this issue went to bed Wednesday night, the days hearings of Wednesday, February 7 were an even sadder day in Muddville.

The hearings opened with testimony from two reporters. Frank Mazza of the "N.Y. Daily News" and Tom Renner from "Newsday". Both reporters testified to a conversation they had with Dean of Students David C. Tilley on March 7, 1967 in which they claimed he estimated about 2,000 Stony Brook students used drugs. They also testified that they agreed not to print the estimate upon the request of an assistant D.A. who was present.

Comment:

By Ron Atlas

Don't trust anybody — that's my message for the week. Apparently some people are just interested in showing that they can vivisect human beings and

other types of blood were donated to cover the cost of transporting the blood to the U. S. Public Health Services Hospital on Staten Island where VonHallen is on the "seriously ill" list.

A call for additional contributions has gone out and all volunteers are asked to call 246-6031 to be placed on the list in case of future need. The University is now in the process of establishing a campus blood bank.

The assistant D.A. explained, said the reporters, that Dean Tilley and Suffolk County Police were engaged in a cooperative venture to rid the campus of its drug abuse problem and that "such a disclosure might injure their efforts."

The next witness was Eugene Kelly, Deputy Suffolk County Police Commissioner for Legal Affairs. Mr. Kelly pointed out that a meeting called in his offices for the purpose of expounding on the legalistic horrors of drug use was attended by only one representative from Stony Brook while other Suffolk County Colleges each sent four representatives. "I detected a note of hostility on the part of the school — particularly Stony Brook — towards police," said Kelly.

The discussion finally wored its way around to the great battle of academic freedom vs. undercover agents. Mr. Posner, a member of the Committee, said that he used to be a teacher and felt he would be afraid to talk in class if he knew there were undercover agents in his classroom. "How can students be taught — especially the social

sciences in such an atmosphere?"

"The way I feel," replied Kelly, "Is if you have nothing to hide, you have nothing to fear."

Another Committeeman interjected, "When it gets to 1,000 people breaking the law then academic freedom will just have to suffer a little bit."

Kelly then brought up the subject of the "ethnic problem on campus" which confused the Committee and amused the audience. Kelly finally suggested "that the whole question of Ethnics be left to someone from the University. They're closer to it."

An appeal was made the the Committee by Jeremiah Guttman an attorney representing twelve members of the University Community who have been subpoenaed. Guttman asked that "questions to be directed... will not cause them to break the confidences... with them by students... that the identity of students who have come to them will not be asked and that no legislative purpose will be served

by inquiring into their identities." Guttman also submitted a supporting statement by an attorney for the American Association of University Professors.

Chairman Hughes agreed with Guttman's argument and asked that names be avoided. If it is impossible to avoid names, said Hughes, such testimony should be taken in executive sessions.

The next witness was John Herr, formerly Associate Dean of Students and currently Associate Professor of Theatre Arts at Stony Brook. Not counting the lunch break, Mr. Herr testified for three and one half hours. The Committee's Council, Mr. McLaughlin badgered Mr. Herr constantly reading him long sentences and asking him whether he ever made such statements or whether he made them in January 1968. Mr. Herr's usual reply to these questions was to answer that he either could not recall making the statement or that he could agree to the "substance" of the statement and might very well have made a similar statement. Almost every time that Mr. Herr volunteered to clarify any discrepancies in what he thought he said and

Continued on Page 2

A POUND OF FLESH

sap the blood of this University. There exists in New York City a group of such people. Today they had a field day on one of our professors. I am referring to John Herr, a man whom I know probably as well as any student here. One thing that I am sure of is that whatever John did, he did it out of the sincerest concern for the best interests of this University. The tragedy is that the people he dealt with were unscrupulous Brutuses. They lied to him, took what he said in confidence, betrayed him, and stuck the knife in his back. Okay, maybe he was wrong to give such information, but wouldn't you if you were convinced you were dealing with friends who could be trusted and who were really acting in the interest of the University. Well, don't! They were all honorable men. That's what we all should have learned from this. If you still ask the question how, just remember that the students who

were busted allegedly dealt to "Feds". It's the same thing. You can't trust anybody!

Don't tell anyone you've broken a law! Don't criticize members of our University! Don't spread rumors! The most innocent comments in the world can be turned around be slanted and be misused by vicious people who have no comprehension of what they are doing.

We are witnessing another McCarthy. Whisper the word "drug" and you'll find it shouted back at you as "DRUG"! We've gone back to the days of Salem fame. Mention that you think someone uses drugs and watch him burn! Mention you know people who use drugs and you'll burn! On the one hand you're a criminal and on the other you're a GOOD citizen who is also a criminal.

I don't think the English language has enough derogatory

words to describe what is occurring at 14 Vesey Street. It seems that some of these people are just out to destroy. They have no interest in education! They couldn't care less whether Stony Brook lives or dies! Many don't care what happens to our faculty, administration or students! They don't give a damn about you or me!

They just want the glory of crucifying a martyr. They just seek the sadistic pleasure of a headhunter. They'd like nothing better than to disembowel this University!

I can do nothing but shed tears at what I am witnessing. I can only offer an all too feeble cry of I am with you to those who are about to face the terror of this committee. I can only hope that this nightmare will end.

E.C. Questions Student Opinion Regarding Expanded Regulations

In the midst of all the confusion resulting from the recent drug raid and the issuance of new rules and regulations, the Executive Committee, meeting at midnight for the past two nights, has taken a position on these recent events. At a meeting held Sunday night, several members of the E.C. came out against the new rules, calling them unconstitutional, and a violation of our natural rights. "Suddenly," according to these members, "the students are lacking their legal rights in the dorms."

In stating the E.C.'s position, Peter Nack, Polity Moderator, said that the University should stand up for what it believes is right. The members of the University community must join together if they wish to accomplish anything to gain their legal rights.

The major points which were disputed at the meetings were the new stipulations concerning room searches, and the regulation which makes non-resident students "remove" themselves from the campus by 11:00 P.M. At hall meetings held Monday night, the students were told of these new rules, and were told to strictly obey them. However, as the E.C. noted, morale on the behalf of both the students and faculty is lacking, thus providing an obstacle, at the present time, to full enforcement of these rules.

The E.C. tried to clarify its position at a meeting with the Student Body on Tuesday night, where the feelings of the students, as well as those of the E.C. members, were heard.

The E.C. members took a definitive stand on the University's

drug program. Feelings were expressed to the effect that Mr. Hepper's plan is not best suited for the drug problem here at Stony Brook. To set forth what it thinks is a proper drug program, the E.C. published its views in their PROPOSAL FOR A DRUG ACTION PROGRAM, which was prepared with the cooperation of the Drug Studies Program of the U.S. National Student Association.

It is evident that the E.C. has taken a strong stand on the current issues at Stony Brook.

N. Y. Crime Hearings

Continued from Page 1

what Mr. McLaughlin said he said, McLaughlin simply renewed his barrage of questions.

After Mr. Herr was finally excused by the Committee the last witness of the day was called, Detective Edward Metzinger, a narcotics expert from Suffolk County Police. Mr. Metzinger revealed that he had tapes of Mr. Herr making all the statements about which he had been questioned earlier.

Later Mr. Herr explained to The Statesman that the tapes were of a conversation he had with the Suffolk County officials between 11 p.m. Jan. 18, 1968 and 1 a.m. Jan. 19, 1968. He had been invited down by the police to talk to them "off the cuff" as were many members of the University Community on and off campus.

When they asked him if he would mind their conversation being taped, Mr. Herr said, "hold on a minute." He was then assured by Detective Sergeant Cummins that under no circumstances would the tapes be used by anyone besides those present and that they would be destroyed and would serve as an administrative convenience. After receiving an absolute guarantee that the tapes would not be made public, Mr. Herr agreed to the arrangements.

Mr. Herr was completely stunned by the fact that the bond of confidence he had made could be so rudely broken. During a recess in the proceedings Cummins summoned Mr. Herr and his lawyer Mr. Guttman out into the lobby. They were then joined by McLaughlin. When the somewhat dazed Mr. Herr asked to speak to McLaughlin about what had happened that afternoon, McLaughlin said he would not speak to Herr as long as Guttman was his lawyer. Mr. Herr responded by appearing before the Committee to publicly discharge his attorney. At this time, Mr. Guttman suggested that Mr. Herr had been through quite a bit that day, he felt the Committee should adjourn since it was

around 5 p.m. and Mr. Herr should have time to find another attorney. The Committee agreed and the official proceedings were adjourned.

The day was not over for Mr. Herr, however, who was approached by McLaughlin and taken upstairs to a private room. Friends of Mr. Herr, including John DeFrancesco, John Danner, Fred Hecklinger, and Ted Goldfarb went upstairs to find Herr. At the partially open door of the room, Mr. DeFrancesco asked if Mr. Herr was inside and was told that he wasn't and then had the door slammed in his face. Mr. DeFrancesco said that he could see through the door and that there were many people inside including Mr. McLaughlin, Metzinger and other police officials.

After being turned away Mr. DeFrancesco went downstairs and spoke to Mr. Hughes about what was going on. Mr. Hughes and four other incensed Committeemen then went upstairs to the room where they believed Mr. Herr to be. Mr. Hughes stormed into the room and saw Mr. Herr. He went straight to Mr. Herr and said, "I don't want anybody talking to you any more today."

Finally Mr. Herr's day in court was over — but things are far from over for Stony Brook.

4 Cars Pile-Up In Hum. Parking Lot



By Robert F. Cohen

On Tuesday evening at about 5:15, in the Humanities Parking Lot, a car collided with another causing a chain reaction involving four cars.

Here is the way it happened according to a report given to the Suffolk County Police by Jason S. Garber, a senior living in Roth III. A blue car driven by Nancy Thorpe of the Business Of-

office, was coming down the path in the parking lot, headed straight for the exit. Another passenger was in the car with her. Mr. Garber's car was being driven in the direction toward Roth, but was still in the parking lot. Another student, also living in Roth III, Leonard Prokopin, was seated in the passenger's seat inside the front of the car."

Miss Thorpe's car suddenly collided with Mr. Garber's badly denting the latter's on the right side, adjacent to the passenger seat. That car, in turn, plowed into a parked car, owned by Antoinette Roberts, another employee of the Business Office. On impact, her blue plymouth barely scratched the car parked next to hers. Her car was badly damaged in the left-rear and a wrecker was called to remove the car.

Within minutes, Security was on the scene Mr. Prokopin was driven to a Port Jefferson Hospital for examination, but was reportedly only slightly bruised.

The responding officer from the County Police informed this reporter that he had been to this scene on three different occasions, to respond to accident calls.

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Patriot Bombs Campus Commies

By Mitchell Snout

We have just received the following interview with Colonel John S. Scroboda, flight commander for the squadron which has reduced the State University of New York at Stony Brook to 480 acres of rubble, from ace reporter Mitchell Snout.

MS: Would you tell us, sir, when SUNY was selected for annihilation?

Col. S.: Twenty minutes before the actual attack. We had been receiving reports from Narc agents about all them orientals

out there working on an atomic reactor. We put two and two together.

MS: And what did you get?

Col. S.: Well obviously they were pinko agents working out H bomb plans for the commie president of North Vietnam Mao Tse-Tung. We were dealing with the security of hundreds of thousands of American soldiers in Vietnam, not to mention the two thousand in South Vietnam's army.

MS: Don't you think a better plan of attack would have been to enter the campus on foot and arrest the individuals in question?

Col. S.: Out of the question. We've learnt our lessons about land wars with them yellow bugers. There was bound to be resistance. Waste of manpower to send in the infantry. And then they'd start capturing our weapons and the things would grow out of hand.

MS: But was napalm really necessary?

Col. S.: At least it killed off the innocent bystanders before we blew the hell out of the place. MS: Just what was the attack pattern?

Col. S.: Roger. The first thirty bombers zeroed in on two cars from Village Pizza, thus destroying the enemy's supply line. Next B-25's took care of napalm before the strategic bombers came through with the heavy stuff.

MS: Wasn't there some sort of mix-up as the first bomber went over?

Col. S.: Yes. Capt. Muleborro radioed back to me "My God! This place looks like it's already been bombed." I informed him that what he observed was simply mud with a purpose.

MS: What is to become of this scorched patch of earth, sir?

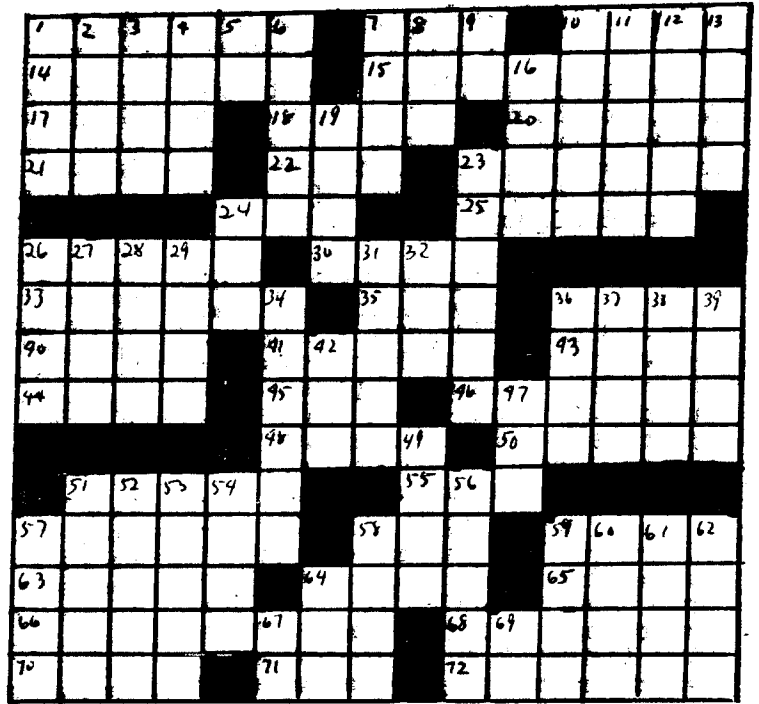
Col. S.: After pacification, the state conservation department will plant it with 50,000 yellow maple saplings and turn it over to Ward Melville in compensation for all the abuse his philanthropy got from the State of New York.

MS: Thank you, Col. Scroboda.

Brogan Swamped

A mass of humanity surged into a class of Humanities on Tuesday, February 6. The determined students who swarmed through the door of Humanities 240 at 5:30 P.M. numbered about 150 and all were united in pursuit of one goal: to sign into Professor Brogan's section of Humanities 103.

Confronting the enthusiastic mob, Professor Brogan announced that he would be willing to sign in everyone if he could obtain a lecture hall to accommodate them.



Three Wise Men

K. Weisman
L. Berman
R. Hansen

Across

1. From this.
7. Cuckoo's relative.
10. Forced entry of a member.
14. Sac-like mollusks.
15. Leads temporarily.
17. Say—
18. Portico.
20. Vituperous vegetable.
21. Debit.
22. A — will eat ivy too, wouldn't you?
23. John gambler.
24. Wisdom.
25. Sprinter's goals.
26. Video's partner.
30. This (Sp.).
33. Local paralyzes.
35. Hole threader.
36. Hive part.
40. Taj Mahal's city.
41. Verb-preceding expletive.
43. Protected.
44. Bear fruit.
45. Mottled wood streak.
46. Flume.
48. Ventral finless fish.
50. Mashies.
51. Flatulates (Sl.).
55. Peevish mood.
57. Waterproof garments (colloq.).
58. Convoy center.
59. Toddler.
63. Complaint.
64. Helminthic swimming appendage.
65. Assistant.
66. Reexaminers.
68. Made one.
70. Paradise.

71. By birth.
72. Fishers.

Down

1. Bay.
2. Wave reflection.
3. Byways (abbr.).
4. Millennia.
5. Art type.
6. Electric range finder inventor.
7. Footless.
8. Gun club.
9. That is (Lat. abbr.).
10. Doze again.
11. — predicament.
12. Peasants.
13. Hieling.
16. Cocaine shrub.
19. Fork part.
23. Ear ossicle.
24. Headland.
26. One feline.
27. Egg on.
28. Dickie —
29. Mohammedan officer.
31. Dagger.
32. Sailor.
36. David — Glover.
37. Ersatz Butter.
38. Root — square.
39. Creatures of SF (abbr.).
42. —down.
47. — for tat.
49. Box.
51. Canned.
52. Unextinguished.
53. Transfix again.
54. Spanish three.
56. Follow.
57. Creature of folklore.
58. Ewer.
59. Spinal extension.
60. Ceremony.
61. East European River.
62. Spreads for drying.
64. State of The Dalles (abbr.).
67. Half-em.
69. Compass point.

The 3rd Degree

During the recent vacation most of you were probably deluged with questions from friends, neighbors and parents about the raid. How did you answer them? Probably not like this...

1967 — Where do you go to school?

Stony Brook.
Oh??

1968 — Where do you go to school?

Stony Brook.
Oh!!

I was looking for you on T.V., How come I didn't see you? They photographed me, but I had a beard and dress on that's probably why you didn't recognize me.

Mother — Have you ever smoked POT?

Yeah, but the TEFLON was really terrible.

Gee, how are things at POT UNIVERSITY?

Cooking nicely.

How come you weren't arrested?

I'm so clean and straight, you could use me as a toothpick.

Is it as bad as everyone says?

No, it's worse.

What did you do with your stuff?

I flushed it down the pot.

Did you bring any funny cigarettes home?

No, just Camels.

So glad you weren't involved.

Anyone I know? Anyone you know?

They deserved it anyhow.

Is it really true that everyone at Stony Brook smokes pot?

Ans. 1 — No, some of them eat it.

Ans. 2 — No, it's only one person, but he smokes a lot.

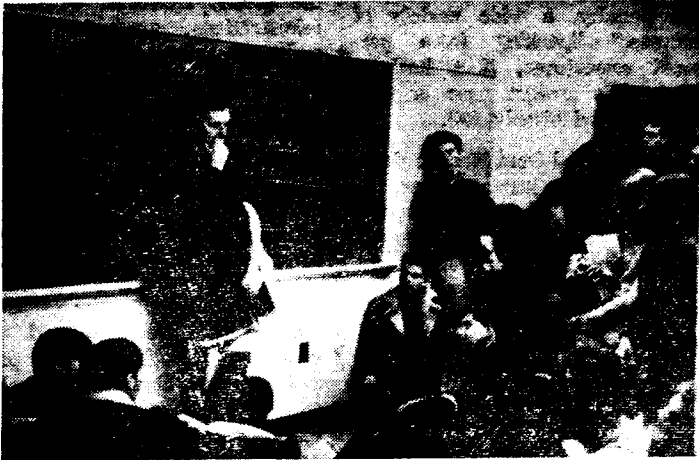


Photo by Ron Atlas



by bob passikoff + bart davis

Who Can We Trust?

The Bust is history now, but its effects, like the ripple of a pebble dropped into a lake, continue to make waves in ever-widening circles. This one incident will touch the lives of literally thousands of people before it runs its course.

The crisis first fell on the heads of the students who were arrested, and then on their parents. The newspapers, by their inaccurate publicity, made every student at this school potentially a suspect of drug abuse. And now we are under the investigation of a Joint Legislative Committee, composed of seven state assemblymen and senators.

The importance of what has happened, and what will continue to happen at this hearing, cannot be overstated. The State University of New York, of which we are one part, is the creation of the State Legislature. The State University system was set up by legislative decree and is dependent upon Albany for appropriations. In short, the duly elected representatives of the people of the state of New York who sit in Albany can financially strangle Stony Brook if they choose to do so. If you think we have problems now, imagine what would happen to this school with, say, a third less money.

An educational institution can function with less funds, if necessary, but it cannot function without trust. If parents of prospective students can't trust this school not to encourage their sons

and daughters to break the law, then the quality of the students who enroll here will certainly drop. The Joint Legislative Committee has subpoenaed members of the Stony Brook Administration, faculty and official records of Campus Security and the Polity Judiciary. Students are rapidly becoming aware that (with the exception of men of the cloth, lawyers, doctors, registered psychologists and husbands or wives) people can be forced to reveal the contents of conversations told to them in confidence. Many of the constitutional guarantees that apply in the case of a trial seem to be insignificant in a legislative hearing. The right to cross-examine witnesses, for example, does not exist. But the point is that members of the Stony Brook Administration and its faculty are on trial for their reputations and their jobs.

We are not being overly dramatic by saying that the very existence of this University as a functioning institution is in jeopardy. This situation was caused, in part, by a lack of trust between the police and the University community. It has resulted in a lack of confidence in the University on the part of the State Legislature. It may even lead to the dismissal of administrators and faculty who refuse to betray confidential information told to them in good faith by students. With apologies to T.S. Eliot, "Thus may our proud University end, both with a bust and a whisper."



Lack of privacy

?!p!x?!p!x?!p!x?

The primary purpose of this University, or of any other, is supposedly education. "Education" is achieved through taking courses. Obviously, the educational process is not being served adequately when the necessary courses are not available to 25% of the student body. Once again, through the non-planning of the Registrar and the individual departments, a great many members of the student body are without the courses they need. Even many of those who did receive their schedules are confronted with the ludicrous situation of classrooms and lecture halls which are so overcrowded that students are standing or sitting on floors and steps and in many cases, lines of students attempting to add courses spill out into the hallways. Are those responsible actually that incompetent or is it that they just don't give a damn for the student?

The Registrar's office has succeeded in further aggravating a large number of students through the charging of late registration fees. Not only must students rush from one closed course to another carrying folders of add-drop

cards, IBM cards and course schedules, but they are also further "punished" for the existing bureaucratic incompetence by having to pay a fee of \$15. This applies to everyone who did not go to the final registration on Feb. 1 and was closed out of one course even though it may have been physical education, or the student had already been scheduled for 12 credits.

Grade Reports are another example of the combined negligence of some faculty members and the inadequacy of the Registrar's office. Despite the fact that the last final was given over two weeks ago, grade reports weren't sent out until yesterday and won't be received by most students until tomorrow or Monday. Why so late? Because some faculty members were over a week late in reporting the grades and the Registrar refused to start computing the reports until every teacher had submitted grades. It would be "too much work" to compute the schedules as the grades came in. Once again, the students finish last.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

All letters to the editor must be addressed to Box 200 Gray College. All letters must be typed, double-spaced, bear the author's signature and should be limited to 300 words. Names will be withheld upon request.

Pass-Fail-Is It Enough?

To the Editor:

This system, I am told, was conceived by the faculty and the Administration to relieve a student from the "constraints which our present grading system may impose on the student's desire to try, without undue penalty, a wide variety of courses." Speaking from personal experience, if I had to grade this system pass or fail, it would indubitably fail.

I transferred from Nassau Community College last semester, entering Stony Brook as a Junior. Perhaps my problem is unique. While preparing my Fall program, I realized that I could only take one course which was not a requirement for my major, and since I needed nine credits in the Humanities, naturally I chose a Hum. course. Now, since I could only look forward to four semesters at Stony Brook, and since I had the option of taking four courses pass-fail, and since I could only take one course per semester on a pass-fail basis, naturally I "elected" to take Hum. 105 on a pass-fail basis. This same situation exists for me this semester. The only course I can take pass-fail is Hum. 113. But this lack of freedom in electing my P-F course does not exasperate me as much as the fact that I have unwittingly sacrificed a B grade for the sake of a P. Perhaps this sounds mercenary, but a look at the realities of academia at Stony Brook, regardless of our limited pass-fail system, still reveal the Administrations preoccupation with letter grades; in short, the student must maintain a certain

cum. in order to remain a student, and the aspiring graduate student needs all the B's he can get.

Personally, I would welcome a total, unrestricted pass-fail marking system. I believe a pass-fail marking system does relieve the student from the pressure of grades, and enables him to pursue each course for its own sake, and not for the sake of the grade. However, since administrations, graduate schools, and our prospective employers believe letter grades are the best measure of a student's knowledge, then I feel it is unfair to sacrifice an A or a B for a paltry P, thereby denying the omnipotent CUM is natural right to raise himself from the mire of a mere 2.0001... (ad finitum)

My suggestion is this: since the student has been offered the option to "elect" a course pass-fail, why not allow him the option to accept an A or a B in place of the P. In short, if the student takes a course pass-fail and fails, then give him an F. If he receives a C or a D give him a P. But if he earns an A or a B, then give him his just reward.

Frank Auld

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The Statesman is published twice a week on Tuesdays and Fridays. All articles, comments, opinions, letters to the editor, etc. should be addressed to Box 200 Gray College and should be submitted by 6:00 P.M. Sunday for the Tuesday edition and 6:00 P.M. Wednesday for the Friday edition. Signed comments or opinions do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Editorial Board. Information may be obtained by calling 246-6787 between 2:00-4:00 P.M. weekdays.

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"I Wonder As I Wander"

Reflections of a stranger on the happenings at Stony Brook on January 17.

Well, our University has been raided!

At the risk of shocking some readers, I would say that this "raid" has been a very useful lesson. Of course, the Stony Brook student will have learned that it is better not to take drugs, but other lessons are even more valuable!

One is that final exams have no importance whatever, since the police, that had been investigating for three months (according to the newspapers) did not hesitate to make an arrest in a classroom and in the middle of these final exams. Another is that it is good not to trust anyone, since the fellow-student that one meets on the Campus may be a policeman in disguise.

Another lesson, still more important, is that the end justifies the means ("Not kennt kein Gebot", as our German friends used to say, 1914 and 1939). "At first, some of the students thought we were federal agents, but as soon as we convinced them we were not, we had clear sailing" (Daily News, Jan. 18). In other words, if you are convinced of the rightness of your purpose, don't hesitate to lie, to break confidence or to deceive. . . . Another lesson, of equal importance, is that if you have 1000 dollars or 5000 dollars at your disposal, you will be released on bail. In other words, if you are rich, or if your family is rich, Justice is going to be more lenient with you. But if you are poor, if you do not have the sum in question, you will be held in prison until you are judged for your crime, and so Justice is not going to be quite so lenient.

Finally, not only the students, but the professors have got a saner idea of things. For instance, that if the final exams have no importance, it is be-

cause the University itself has no importance either, so that it is not necessary to notify the president before intruding on the campus at dawn, disturbing the whole University community in order to arrest a certain number of students.

A single detail ought perhaps to be criticized in this beautiful operation: According to the photos in the newspapers, it is evident that the students were handcuffed — that is fine — but on the other hand, it is also evident that the policemen had no machine-guns! Or at least, they didn't point them at the guilty. Now, this is a dangerous negligence. What would have happened if the 33 had resisted? After all, there were only 198 policemen. I watch the TV with as much attention as the police authorities seem to do, and I am sure they will recognize that I am right; either in "westerns" or in "Mission Impossible" or in "Man from Uncle"; the "good" guys always have their machine-guns pointed at the "bad" guys when they arrest them.

So Where Are The Ethics?

by Howie Klein

I hate to say this at a time like this, since it will doubtlessly be misconstrued as a cop-out, but I think students in American universities and colleges have had enough of the drug life. Perhaps some of us needed pot and acid and, just as important, the life-style which goes along with the use of drugs in the context of this society, but for the students of today, drugs can only point out a direction, maybe teach us that we must strive to be better individuals. Drugs, for students, are not a way of life. Sure, everyone should turn on, tune in, drop out . . . for a while. Drugs, dealing, getting busted, paranoia, acid culture, et.al. are all part of a very worthwhile experience, far more important than freshman English; but only so much can be gotten out of drugs, and I think many of us have reached the point where we can relegate "grass" and acid to the function of the middle class cocktail, once a year is more than enough.

Drugs, when used in excess over long periods of time, become a destructive force for students. I can see a place in our society for drug users as mystics, the function they play in Eastern

parts. Also, as students, our task is to prepare ourselves to take over and improve society. Drugs are sapping our strength. What's important is social justice, social justice in Alabama, in Harlem, in the suburbs, in Viet Nam. What is totally irrelevant is sitting around passing joints, grooving on the Grateful Dead. It can be argued that if everyone sat around stoned there would be no social injustice (given a technologically advanced society where a few straight men could run everything), but technology hasn't advanced to the state where that would be physically possible, nor has society's valves changed enough to permit it. Of course, those of us who are in the drug scene might feel we're showing the way by force of example, but we must ask ourselves if this long-range goal is to be allowed to let Lyndon Johnsons take over the world. Do you feel that the climate produced by the LBJ types will speed us on our way to a better society through better individuals? Get what there is to be gotten out of drugs and go back to the picket-lines, demonstrations, elections. I think it will be easier to convince the American people to stop killing Vietnamese first and then "turn them on" than it will be to "turn them on" cold.

Letter To President Toll

President Toll:

"There is no excuse for a political witch-hunt against those who preside over Stony Brook, or for the kind of police exhibitionism that marked the invasion of the campus." (Assemblyman Joseph Kottler as paraphrased by Wechsler in the N. Y. Post Jan. 24).

Yet, next semester approaches amidst a deep apprehension for the security of our University. It is a tragic paradox to find Stony Brook so deeply preoccupied with defense. We the members of the University Community must not passively or unwittingly allow

our community to disintegrate.

May I include here a portion of the text of a resolution that I introduced to the Executive Committee of Student Government.

Drug use is prevalent in University centers across the country. It is not a problem unique to Stony Brook. Yet, S. U. N. Y. at Stony Brook has been slandered. Aspersions have been cast on the entire student body, and on the Administration. We urge President Toll to respond vigorously to all such allegations. We call on the President to defend the University against all those crusading against it.

This is not presented as a case for "pot." The political realities may appear ominous at the moment. But I urge you not to allow the University to substitute for the Suffolk County Police.

I urge you to emphasize the counseling programs. Stress the environmental symptoms that can, and must be remedied. Strengthen Security; but please do not contribute to the creation of an atmosphere of suspicion and fear.

Let us not be intimidated by

those who "extract cheap headlines from the theatrical crusade" against us. (Wechsler N. Y. Post Jan. 24).

I have trust in your fervent desire to further the development and growth of the University according to the highest standards of educational excellence.

However, I listened with great distress to your expressions that Psychological Services records may be subpoenaed. I along with many other students have always thought them to be strictly confidential. I have been advised that outside Psychiatric records are considered confidential.

I write to you hopeful that you can lead the University, as we stand within the shadow of peril.

Compromise is a constructive approach except when applying to principles. The principle of educational integrity of the University is a sacred one. I firmly believe that united as a community we can defend it valiantly.

Bill Gold

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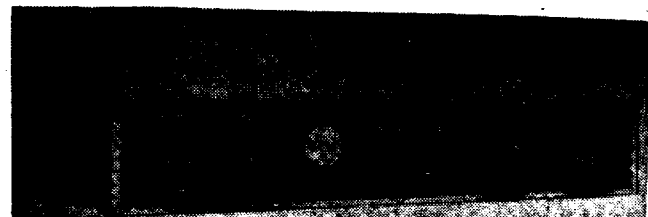
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sitions have come in. Anyone interested should check the listings under **Summer Job Placement Center** on the Gym bulletin board in the hall leading to the Placement Office. If you would like to check into any of the positions, get in direct touch with the employer listed on the form.

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"Reflections in a Golden Eye"

Gung Ho For Maturity

by Harold Rubinstein

The Great Society's greatest contribution to Hollywood has been Jack Valenti. Embracing the same progressive spirit that he was taught to have under the guiding hand of President Johnson, Mr. Valenti set out to update the outdated Motion Picture Code, as its new president, and filmdom's chief censor. Mr. Valenti updated the code. It has become liberal. It has become permissive. It has become worthless. The new Motion Picture Code is as important to filmmakers today as is Shirley Temple's opinion on the war in Vietnam. It is so liberal that now filmmakers no longer bother worrying whether or not they will offend the censor. Because of this attitude, 1967 was the year that "Hollywood grew up." One of its major attempts to show its maturity is the screen adaptation of Carson McCuller's *Reflections in a Golden Eye*.

It is a bold attempt. It boasts not only an all-star cast and a C (Condemned) from the Legion of Decency, but a set of characters comprised of not one, but six (count them sir!) perverted people. All this interwoven by Director John Huston into a story which is "adult." It is also a sorry failure.

Reflections is a failure not through any fault of the people involved in its creation, save one; the person whose idea it was to make a movie out of *Reflections*. One day, when Hollywood gets enough creative writers, they will cast aside the notion that anything in print can be adapted to the screen. *Reflections in a Golden Eye* is not suitable material for a film.

The idea of a latent homosexual officer in the Army is not a bad idea for a film. It is provocative, stimulating and contemporary. But instead of relating the homosexual's problem to the existing world, the problem is placed in an unnatural setting. The homosexual's wife is a dominating woman hungry for a man and sex. His friend satisfies his wife's appetite and his wife is a demented woman whose combination houseboy - nursemaid dreams of running away with her while he dances and sings like a combination of Martha Graham and Yma Sumac. To top it off, there is an Army private who creeps up to the Major's wife at night to stare at her, to feel her

slips, and to ride horses in the nude. Life cannot be more repellent than this sorry bunch. This is precisely the problem. In the film, the only life shown is the life that these people experience.

Without a norm to measure these people against reality, the viewer is forced to enter their world, a world he probably does not wish to become part of. The viewer feels uneasy, he is in a state of emotional unbalance. He is compelled to watch this study of the frustrations of the homosexual, but his fascination is hampered by his fear of being drawn into this world.

In this world, Marlon Brando does an admirable job as the homosexual officer, though his southern accent sounds as though he has black strap molasses stuck in his throat. As his wife, Elizabeth Taylor can be understood, but she constantly smacks her lips as if she has just finished devouring an entire plate of fried chicken. She does not have much to do, however, and she does that very well. Julie Harris is properly mousy looking, probably because she has

had so much experience playing these roles that she must feel as if she is doing a night-club act. Surprisingly, it is Brian Keith (re: *Family Affair*, minus, Buffy, Jody, Frenchie and what's-her-name) who gives the most powerful performance as a man who lives in a house of macabre fantasy and must go elsewhere to find comfort.

John Huston's direction is skillful, and his effective use of tones of brown and gold adds a new dimension for the camera in relation to the movie's theme. His manipulation of symbolism concerning the horses, as a symbol of the male, from Miss Taylor's riding of the stallion, to the horse-whipping she gives her husband is the most effective aspect of the film.

But the overall effect of the film is one of depression. The interest in the plot cannot overcome the depravity of the characters. The new code has been an incentive to Hollywood to come of age. The glamour capital has tried to grow up too fast. Like the Great Society that Mr. Valenti is a product of, his new code is a mixed blessing.

Stony Brook's "Underbelly" Hits The Big Time

By Howie Klein

Opening of the Anderson-Crawdaddy Theater: Country Joe and the Fish, Jim Kweskin Jug Band, and our own boys, the already awesome Soft White Underbelly.

Country Joe and the Fish alone would have packed the place twice. But the A-C Theater presented a second act, the Jim Kweskin Jug Band, which sold out at Town Hall recently, and a fantastic up and coming second group with whom we at Stony Brook are all acquainted with, the Soft White Underbelly.

The Soft White Underbelly opened the show. The audience was pleasantly surprised. The Underbelly received moderate applause and only a few catcalls from Kweskin fans, the same few people who walked out when Country Joe came on. The Underbelly is unquestionably one of the strongest instrumental groups to play in New York since the Cream whom they have surpassed in technical virtuosity. Their major flaw was a weak vocal showing, which improved in the second show. "You" was superb. Jeff and Albert did amazingly well with their voices. Albert's drumming and Don's lead guitar were out of sight. "Hangin' Round," a song about draft boards, had some of the clearest, most integrated organ of the night. "Green," is a beautiful folksy piece. It was followed by a tight hard rock number, "All Night Gas Station," which introduced Jeff on a tastefully used saxophone. They do what few rock bands can do: add a saxophone in a non-raucous manner. "Alan's Song" was the weakest piece. "Rain is Falling," a soul song, was fantastic, enlivened by Don's unsurpassed guitar rushes. The Jim Kweskin Jug Band,

the best of that type of music around, was tumultuously received. As a second act, it was one of the biggest successes around. As usual, the breaks between the numbers were an integral part of the show. The band generated a warm friendly feeling and the crowd, geared to rock, ate them up. "Gwabe, Gwabe," an African folk song and "Kicking the Gong Around" were excellent, but without a doubt the two best Kweskin numbers were "Never Swat a Fly," and "I'm a Woman." In both, Marie's vocals were fabulous, but in the latter the electric violin solo was one of the best things done by any jug band.

The stage work accompanying the change from Kweskin to Country Joe was the most professional that I've ever seen. The sparkling clear and radiant introduction was followed by Barry Melton's voice and guitar dominating the song "Love." The harp in "Masked Marauder" was perfect and the organ was just incredible. "Thursday," by Chicken and Dave, is filled with perfect examples of the Meltzerian tongue categorizations. When Country Joe announced satirically that he was dedicating "Superbird" to President Johnson, he brought the house down. After "Acid Commercial," they went back to some more political rock, dedicating "I-feel-like-I'm-fixin'-to-die" to Che Guevara. With Barry on kazoo and everybody in a real good time music spirit, the song was better Jug band music than Kweskin's stuff. "Death Sound Blues" is the best American rock has to offer in the way of harmonious instrumental virtuosity. The next song could be called psychedelic soul because of the James Brown influence. Applause to "Not So Sweet," and "Thought Dream" was unrestrained. They knew what they were doing, and one sort of got the feeling that the whole thing was a show.

Media Mad Age Dominates Pop Music

By Geoffrey O'Brien and Eliot Weinberger

It is an age mad with media. In India, young men volunteer sterilization for a free transistor radio. In Wyoming, a mother watches her son murdered in Vietnam on television. In Ellsworth, Kansas, a butterfly lands on a painting of a flower. In Watts, ghetto-dwellers riot to steal televisions, and not food. In the nation, a President is elected and assassinated on television. The newspapers create a new sub-culture called hippies and watch as it becomes realized in the city streets.

It is an age where what is human and what is pop may no longer be easily delineated. Madison Avenue asks us, "Is your wife afraid of the stick shift?" or reassures us that, "It's not how long you make it, it's how you make it long," and suddenly we see American womanhood raped by automobile and extra-length smokes.

The guitar of Jimi Hendrix becomes phallic in the great tribal ritual, complete with feedback screams of the sacrificial

victims, that is a live Hendrix performance. Or witness the protagonist of Roger Corman's movie, "The Trip" (who is of course Corman himself, in the tradition of Fellini's "8 1/2" or Antonioni's "Lady Without the Camelias" or "Blow-Up"), who finds that in his search of the inner through acid, all he can understand is in terms of his own films, and thus the many Poe horror sequences and so on. Or, in a similar vein, "Chappaqua," whose hero-director's hallucinations are only of pop figures: Ginsberg, Moondog, Ravi Shankar, and RKO travelogues.

More seriously, ours is the generation whose entire life has been spent saturated with pop. When we were infants, our parents pacified us by putting us in front of the television. Thus our earliest memories, sublimated or repressed, are not just Freudian, but also of Captain Video, Charlie Chan, and the Honeymooners. What has resulted is, in effect, a pop unconscious, and worse, a pop nightmare.

This is best seen in the great triumvirate of rock: the Beatles' "Sgt. Pepper," the Stones' "Satanic Majesties," and the Beach Boys' "Smiley Smile." All three are whole albums (rather than just a collection of songs) and all are pop dream experiences. "Pepper" is a daydream concert, a conglomerate of schlock music (circus, tap-dance, fifties rock, big band, light classical, etc.) and good feeling. The cover is a graveyard of pop heroes (a rock tradition that goes back to the Coasters' "Searchin'), the music is lifted from pop hits, the lyrics are concerned with campy people (meter-maids, runaway wall-flowers, dancing horses, and so on), and yet the media is deliberately not taken seriously. They see the photograph, but they still have to laugh. The result is a brilliant artifice, a masterpiece removed, and never moving. Which is why nobody plays it anymore.

The two strains that dominated the early Beach Boys, on the one hand the sublime lyricism of, for example, "Surfer Girl" or "The Girls on the Beach," on

the other the manic obsession with the stuff of the age, the high banality of "Our Car Club" or the anthem "Surfers Rule," collide in "Smiley Smile." Again, the focus is on media, the music of many periods plus the memory of old movies ("W. Woodpecker Symphony," "Heroes and Villains"). But it is the presence of their unique lyricism that makes the album perhaps the only existing religious music of the times (the "Mass in F Minor" by the Electric Prunes is not even worth considering). This will be dealt with in a later column.

Finally, the Stones. From the beginning, they have chosen to follow one step behind the Beatles and negate (and clarify) everything the Beatles are trying to say. When the Beatles wanted to hold our hand, the Stones knew that it was just frustration, that none of us could get any satisfaction. And so when the Beatles came out with "Pepper," the Stones countered with "Satanic Majesties," the other side of the coin. The day-

NOTICE

There will be an informal concert featuring Bill and William sponsored by Mount College. It will be held Friday, February 9 in Roth Cafeteria at 9:00 P.M.

dream became twisted into a pop nightmare. The sitars, the jungle drums, the lonely sci-fi planets, the melody copped from "Flying Down to Rio," the rinky-tink piano, the Big Ben chimes, the enchanted palace, the horrible haze of the cover with its hidden glimpses of Beatles, Einstein, Stalin, and obscenities, all mingle into a terrifying dream of the age, and whose dreamer awakens (at the end of "2000 Light Years from Home") to find himself at a Soho strip-joint, no better off than he was when asleep.

Awake or asleep, these are the things of the year, and, with alternating columnists, we hope to explore them.

INTRAMURALS INTERLUDE: A LOOK

by Jim Frenkel

By now the basketball standings are starting to become a bit interesting, albeit more complicated. The races in the various colleges have narrowed down to two or three teams in most cases, with Henry James the notable exception. In that race, there are four teams in real contention, with undefeated D-2 (3-0) leading A-1 and D-3 (both 3-1), and C-1 holding on at 2-1.

Briefly, these are the contend-

ing teams in other colleges:

Washington Irving: A-2 (4-0), B-3 (2-0), C-2 (3-1).

Asa Gray: C-1 (3-0), C-2 (2-0). Irving Langmuir: C-3 (3-0), D-2 (3-0), C-1 (1-0).

George Gershwin: A-2 (2-0), B-3 (1-1) — these are the only teams. Gershwin ought to hang its head as the most apathetic college, concerning intramurals.

Joseph Henry: A1B1 (2-0), B3-C3 (1-0).

Benjamin Cardozo: B0B1 (1-0), B-3 (1-1).

The Independent leagues are running tight races. In A, the 76ers are undefeated at 3-0, with Zoo (2-1) at their heels, and three teams tied at 1-1 for third place. In B, the Chugalugs are also the undefeated leaders at 3-0. The Royals (2-0), are second, with the Tuskmens (2-1) third in the standings.

As always, there is fierce competition this year for top intramural honors and the McDowell Trophy which goes with it. At the top of the heap, as of now, are two familiar halls and a Roth transplant. Washington Irving is represented by halls B-3 with 690 points and B-2, with 490 points. B-3 was last year's champion. From Roth's Joseph Henry College hall D-1, D-2 (formerly J S D-2) is running third for the prize with 455 points. They placed second last year, so the spirit is rather high on this hall, hungry for the honor which eluded them last year. But one must count their chances as slim, as WI B-3 and B-2 are running so far ahead at this date.

Short Pauses

Table Tennis — if you are interested in entering this tourney, have your application in the Intramural Office by 5:45 p.m., February 14. The first play will be on Sunday the 18, early in the morning.

Handball Doubles—All entrants must register before 5:45 p.m. Wednesday, February 14.

Aquamen Sunk By New Paltz

Jeanne Behrman

After a smashing victory over Hunter College, the Patriots were soundly beaten, 62-42, in a home meet on February 6. Although few in number, New Paltz made a strong showing, garnering first place in every event but two.

In the 500-yard freestyle, Stony Brook's John Sherry just edged out his opponents, with a winning time of 6:18. In the final event of the afternoon, the 400 yard freestyle relay, New Paltz did not enter a team. This automatically gave first place to the Stony Brook team of Bowen, Selnick, Linn and Eule. Though losing, and with no opposition, they still swam strongly and should be congratulated for a fine effort.

New Paltz jumped off to a 7-0 lead by beating the relay team of Peters, Fluhr, Sherry and Epstein in the 400-yard medley. In the 1000-yard freestyle, the Patriots Rocky Cohen bowed to Sachs of New Paltz. Sachs also took first in the 50 yard freestyle, edging out Captain Wally Bunyea, who finished second and Roger Fluhr, who was a close third. Staying with freestyle, Sachs won his third event by outdistancing Bunyea and Bill Linn in the 100-yard race.

Arnold Pulver, a returning key member of last year's team, came in third in the 200-yard backstroke. In the diving, the laurels went to New Paltz, as Kramer far outshone Doug Hennick and Jeff Singer.

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SIDE LINES With Stu Eber

Feb. 7, 1968

Dear Fred,

Well, it's copy night and I have to write a column. For the first time I realize what you went through every week, trying to find something interesting to write. Do I tell an apathetic student body about what the Stony Brook athletes have accomplished? Do I pass my expert judgment on the fortunes of the Knicks, Rangers, or Jerry Quarry? Should I talk about the Olympics? Should I write about the local taverns and their relative merits?

I really wonder if the students know what's new in the field of Stony Brook sports. Will Epenstein, Anderson, Hirschenbaum, Stokes, Garahan and company be successful before the local fans in their remaining home games with Harpur, Kings Point, Pace, Oneonta, N.Y. Maritime and Geneseo? Does anybody know about the accomplishments of Glenn Brown, Gene Willard and the Freedman boys? Who knows that they're the stars of our successful Freshman Basketball team?

Will anybody attend the home Squash matches with Fordham, Adelphi and Seton Hall? I'd bet that few people realize how much time and effort Coach Snider and his raquetmen spend down in those hot, sweaty courts. Everyone likes to swim, but how many people have seen the Patriot's swimmers in action? How many people will be at the pool tomorrow at 4 p.m. to watch us go against Harpur College?

I guess it all boils down to this: How many people appreciate the sacrifices a Stony Brook athlete has to make? While they should be studying for exams, many athletes are practicing. Not every team member can get into the game, so for many it's just another grueling practice. What's worse is the fact that so few bother to attend sports events. People have enough time to bitch about the new rules (which they probably wouldn't violate anyway), yet they can't take the time to go to the pool, or to the squash courts to watch their fellow students do something constructive.

What about Intramurals? How can a hall of 40 boys forfeit a game? Walking to and from class should build some stamina and strength (just look at the legs on some of the girls) for us. I guess we're just a bunch of lazy, self-centered people who have time only for wasting time.

However, I'm determined not to let myself become upset because of my fellow students. What I'll try to do in future columns is give them information about Stony Brook sports. If they don't respond, well, that's their loss, not mine. I expect to have a good time watching the games and talking to the coaches.

Oh, about the doings in the "outside" world. The Knicks will fade, but the Rangers will hang tough. Ellis and Frazier will win, but neither could ever beat Muhammad Ali. Cassius is still the greatest (Just ask him, he'll tell you). The Winter Olympics are always disappointing for Americans. Let's hope this year is an exception. But the Summer Olympics have always been more interesting to me.

Well, take it easy Fred. Good luck and keep in touch,
Stu Eber

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