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Rollins College

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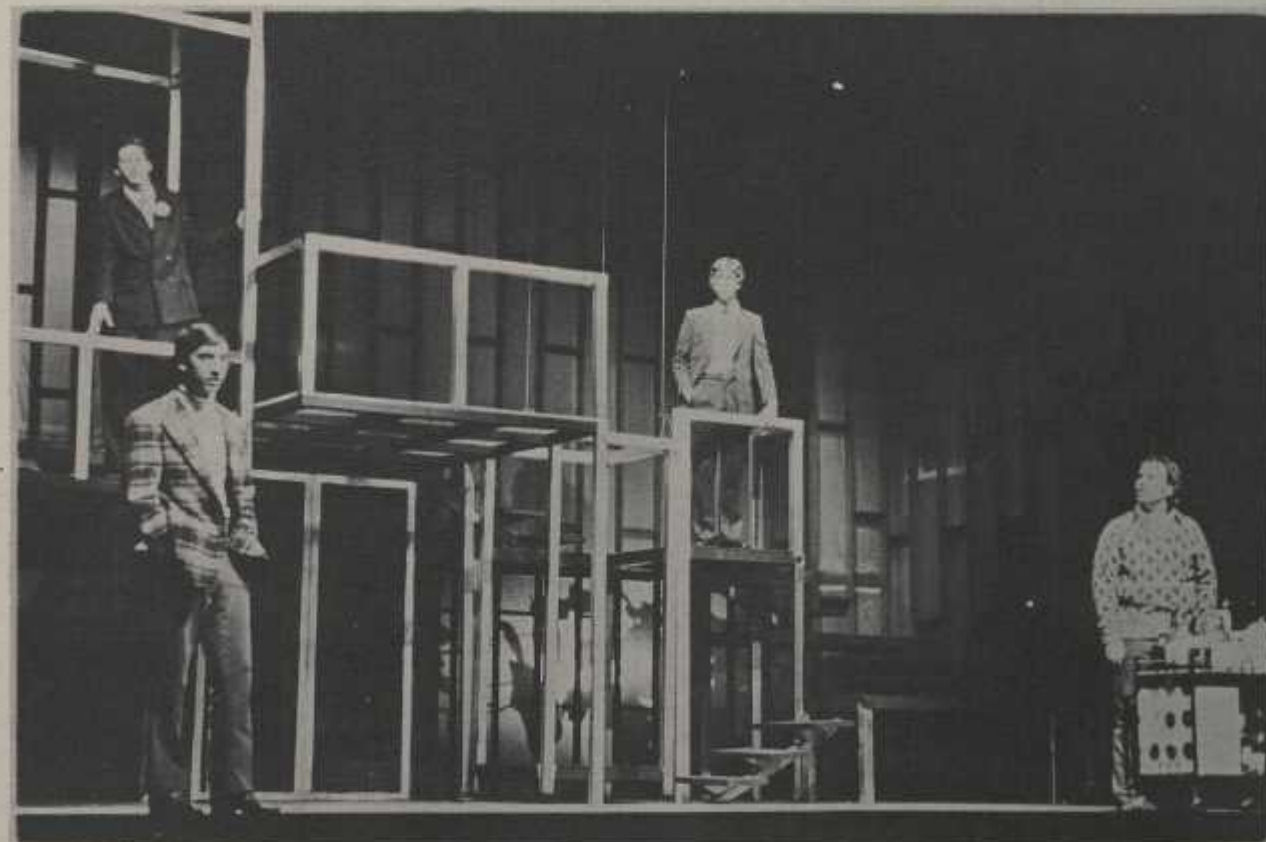
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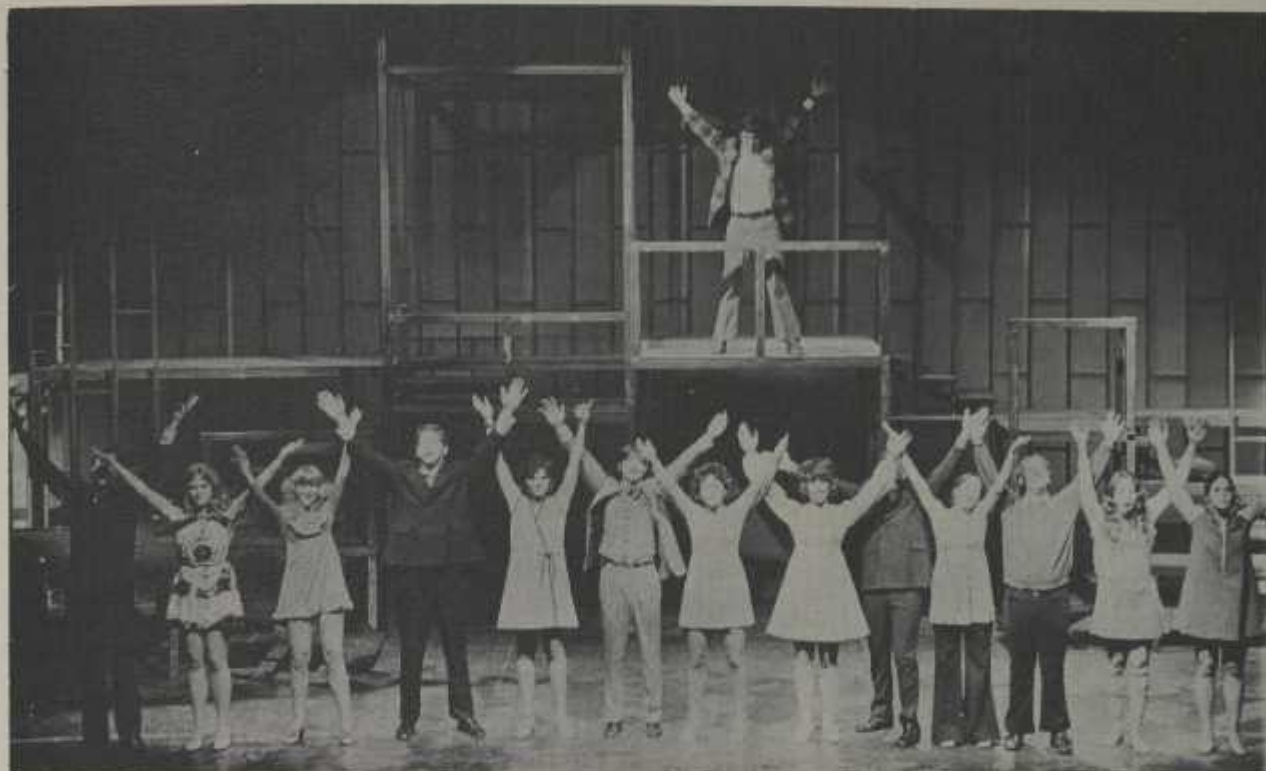
# sandspur

The Rollins College Weekly Magazine

Volume 79 Issue 5 Rollins College, Winter Park Florida 32789 November 2, 1972



## COMPANY





## From The Basement



There have recently been two elections on our campus—one was for real and the other was a "mock" election to determine who the Rollins community favors in the upcoming presidential race. The election that really counts was conducted last Monday by the Student Association for the purpose of filling the additional committee seats opened by the passage of the recent student government reforms. Here are the winners: For the newly created Directorate—Rick Blundell, Sue Carson, Mary Chapman, Winston Cheshire, Melvin Davis, Kim Flagstad, John Hunt, Mike Petersen, Joanne Rambone, Julie Wallace, Susie Wolf, Katie Curtin, and Juanita Gibson. The last two were elected by the freshmen to represent their class in the Directorate. The Student representatives to the College Senate—Joan Brewer, Barb Henning, Krisita Jackson, and Pooh Smylie. Representatives to the Committee on Academic Objectives—Boyd Darling, John Hunt, Pam McFall and Pooh Smylie. Representatives to the Committee on Academic Standards—Barb Henning, Sandee Hill, and Linda Staley. Representatives to the Committee on College Activities—Barb Henning, Pam Hobbs, John Hunt, Bob Klug, Bob McCabe, Roxwell Robinson, and Lisa Schneider. Representatives to the Committee on Professional Standards and Ethics—Sandee Hill and Doug Kling. Congrats to all!!

The tallies in the mock presidential election gave President Nixon quite a clear cut lead over Senator McGovern or any other write-ins. A total of 659 people returned ballots out of the 1590 that were sent out to all students, faculty, and staff of the college. Nixon polled 415 votes from all groups, while McGovern got 204 and all write-ins combined got 40. The senior class voted 64 to 32 in favor of Nixon over McGovern, the juniors voted 49 to 29 in favor of Nixon, the sophomores tally was 71 to 49 for the President, and the freshmen voted 96 to 37 in favor of the President. The staff count was 106 to 35 in Nixon's favor and the faculty voted 29 to 22 for Nixon. The highest percentage of returned ballots came from the staff (53%) and the junior class turned in the lowest percent of their ballots with 36%. The 659 total votes represents 41.5% of the humans connected in any way with Rollins College.

So, the Rollins people want President Nixon again, and if I may be allowed my first and last editorial opinion on the matter, you people can have him.

The fourth annual Rollins College Writers' Conference begins next Thursday, November 9 in the Crummer School building. A limited number of Rollins students will be admitted free of charge to the Conference—but registrations must be completed by the beginning of next week. The Conference offers a wide variety of speakers and subjects and has been a very successful affair in past years. Writers from all over the United States will be in attendance, and as seen on page 15, the Conference staff this year is quite a group of distinguished writers in their own fields. So, aspiring authors or just plain interested students, sign up as soon as possible so you will be able to attend all sessions of the Conference. The Conference will be in session from roughly 9 until 5 Thursday through Saturday, and will close in the early afternoon on Sunday. All students may register through Campus Mail Box 259 or by simply dropping by the English Department office in Orlando Hall.

—Jim

## Your Letters

There are many different things you can say about a college. There are many different ways a person can see and do the same things. But actually you can take a group of people from the same background, give them the same situation and more often than not, you will get different pictures of many solutions.

What I am about to say are opinions of my own. You can take them or leave them. Mind you I am not being arrogant, but only truthful. Something which I believe everyone should be. If I like you, you know it. If I don't you know it, too.

I realized today that I have been at Rollins College almost two months. In realizing that fact I find I must deal with many different attitudes of people and things. When you are Black, you notice things which someone else might not notice. It's true that what I might see - you might not, and vice-versa. From there I will begin to tell you what I found at Rollins.

I found a nice place to study - for me. Somewhere else I might not be able to function. But then again, I am not somewhere else, so that poses still another question in my mind.

I realize there are times when I don't exist in the eyes of white people here in the Rollins Community. True you see me, but not really. I am nothing but something standing behind you in the Beanery. I am the something who might ask a question in your class. I am the something sitting in your favorite chair in the Student Union, so on and so forth.

But many of the people here don't realize I am someone. A person who just might feel the same way you do on a given subject. I have feelings, I think and act . . . almost like you do. But most of all I survive. By survive I mean I am barely doing my thing. Of course Rollins can give me my educational needs. But this institution is lacking in its awareness of needs of a Black student. Rollins makes me more aware of my Blackness because of this attitude. It makes me feel that there is no place for me here. There is nothing for me to relate to. I get the feeling that this institution is only oriented for some one unlike me. It is an uneasy feeling, to feel like you don't belong somewhere, where you must stay. But I will continue surviving. I survive on Rollins Campus - not because you let me, but because I'm going to anyway. Whether you like it or not I'm going to make it here. In my own way and time, as a human being as a person, as a Black. And I'm not going to let you stand in my way. I have things to do when I leave here. Things that you as a white may not understand. But I'm not going to underestimate you because of our different backgrounds. So don't do it to me.

Did you notice the game which is played here? It is called, "WHO IS GOING TO SMILE FIRST." I pass you outside and we smile at each other. But I see your smile has faded before you get past me. I make a mental note you would prefer not smiling. That's alright, your smile doesn't make my day any happier, just as my smile won't help yours.

But there are always a few people who smile and talk, who make you feel like you are a person. Those people are people. Those happy smiling faces whose mind is not corrupted with that prejudice game. True you might have had a problem on your mind that day, just as I might have one some other time.

A person can tell friendly vibes from the ones which aren't. I can tell by the look on your face, where you are coming from. The sound of your voice and the attitude you have when you speak to me. And I trust those vibes a hell of a lot. I don't judge people rashly. Being black can't. I'm not going to play the fool, so later on you can cut me down to someone else . . . and widen your sick little game. But don't forget I am checking you out. Just digging where you are coming from. The same way you cut down your own kind doesn't stop you from cutting me and mine.

I am an open minded person maybe there will be hope . . . someday . . . maybe even tomorrow . . . You'll realize that I am here that I am a person just like you . . . one day. But don't forget to include that I am a Black who is going to survive, long after you're gone.

—Juanita Gibson

(more letters are on page four)



# ED GREENBAUM: A EULOGY

"I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul."

—William Ernest Henley, *Invictus*

I did not know Ed Greenbaum well, but just slightly. Together, last spring, we devised the idea for a series of classic motion pictures on the Rollins campus. I chose the films; he handled the money—that was our plan, and we realized it this fall. I knew him best only during our short association since early this fall; last year I knew him less well, and the year before I did not know him at all. I remember particularly about him his hands and how often they would shake—spasmodically and uncontrollably. Why they shook was never my business, so I never asked him about them. He smoked a lot of cigarettes, I noted that. I am told that in his freshman year he drank a lot, and I have been told that since then he experimented with drugs—I don't know the positive truth behind either assertion: to me, such is hearsay; I have no proof. People tell me too that Ed was a cynic, a wise-guy, and a lonely confused young man. Perhaps I can begin to see the truth here, although I wonder if he was any more confused than any other young man living in our times. Personally I knew Ed Greenbaum as a bright young man, brighter, I would say, than most people I know. I knew him too as a wise-guy—but he was never wise without a reason. One night, after a particularly poor turn-out for one of our films, he said to me: "I can't understand why hardly anybody showed up. In the north they'd be packed in the aisles to see these movies!"—and, with a disdainful smirk, "It's Rollins." He said more at that moment than he realized. After all, he was part of Rollins himself and, like Rollins, part of a particular epoch in time.

Ed Greenbaum's death disturbed me. Not excessively, but nonetheless I was surprised. I did not dramatize his death, nor did I burden myself with a sudden gush of uncontrolled sentiment. I hardly knew him well enough. But I do consider his death a tragedy, as I would consider the death of any young man under such circumstances a tragedy—and an obvious one of great overtones.

On campus the popular rumor is that Greenbaum's death was caused mainly by drugs. That assertion has been neither corroborated nor denied. Aside from a few obscure and feeble words written by the Student Association president in the SANDSPUR, the administration, the publications, and the SANDSPUR have avoided the issue. The SANDSPUR prefers to wait for a factual autopsy report, but no report appears. The administration, though preventing perhaps a glut-

terous distortion of the facts by local newspapers, ignored a responsibility to all Rollins students which spoke only of the apathy that they—the administration—claims to constantly battle. The administration worried about reputation and money, perhaps understandably, forgot about the hazy spread of deadly rumor and the proximity of a great timely threat now in clear evidence. The SANDSPUR hopes to hide the matter safely in oblivion, as does the administration, and yet they presumptuously support a new program ironically entitled the "Real World." They both feigned concern over the massacres in Munich several weeks ago. Now they quietly ignore an urgent incident that occurs broadly across their immobile laps, and they sit still. If Greenbaum had died of a sudden deadly disease, of the plague for instance, a general alarm would have been announced, perhaps in panic. And yet no one acknowledges the broader hints that have been ingenuously displayed for us.

As freedom of speech does not allow the deranged citizen to shout "fire!" in a crowded auditorium where there is no fire—neither does free will imply the volitional destruction of one's individual life. But perhaps the general opinion would today speak in favor of such action, such willful destruction. "Do anything you want," I have heard often in recent years, "as long as you don't hurt anybody." And yet that same maxim disregards the individual's immediate threat to his own health and life. Our timid age has hidden its deepest potentials in sham rules of conduct and psychological puzzles. Man is not so much man nowadays as he is neuroticism, or eroticism, or existentialism, or naturalism. He is a student; he is a worker; he is a professional. Man is suddenly second place to his label. Emerson's "All that Adam had, all that Caesar did, you have and can do," appears to us as ridiculous, as impossible.

Who is the contemporary man who guides his life through the accident and incident around us? Who now truly directs his will and energy—clear and unfogged—to his highest goal, honestly and ambitiously, and does not, in any way, allow their wanton corruption? Guided precariously by inflexible principles—and perhaps now, after all, principles, strict and straight, are out of the fashion—we overlook, and languidly, the best within us. We forget the best, and we bury our own notions of joy and nobility in a fog of miasmatic evasions, under resignation, in despair, for a quick easy uplift. This is the disease, that is the problem: what is the motive behind our dissipations? What drives us so far? Our educators won't tell us: our science merely speculates. Eternally, the poets and philosophers, the sages and wisemen of the world, have spoken eloquently and persuasively in favor of virtue, sobriety, of fresh clear joy and high lucid endeavor—until the 20th Century. We listen to our own time; we believe the amphibiotic teachings of twenty to seventy years in retrospective time, in favor of the preceeding two thousand years of man's existence on earth. Mankind ignores his own good teachings out of, perhaps mostly, a sore lack of necessary effort, and suffers, diffidently and pitifully. History should teach us: it doesn't. Machines and money should comfort us: they don't. We forsake the exuberant conception of brisk sober joy for the ephemeral flutter of what we euphemistically call "fun,"—which we induce artificially in numbers and stimulants, with the nearest gang, the quickest drug, the cheapest bottle. Or, totally bewildered, resigned, and impotent, we shut up; we ignore and evade. A youthful energy which, for the most part, is alive and bubbling inside us, restless and indomitable, dies by our own effort,

(continued on page six, column three)

## THE SANDSPUR

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## ...and Letters

Dear Editor:

Many people have criticized Senator McGovern's proposals, but let's look at some of the facts.

Both sides (Democrats and Republicans) agree on certain issues, such as: unemployment is running at almost 5 million, consumer prices have risen 18 points since the beginning of 1969, and about 1.5 million Americans have been added to what the Labor Department defines as the poverty sector in the last two years.

No one seems to question the fact that the Federal deficits for the fiscal years of 1970-73 will be over \$75 billion, more than the combined deficits of the 16 years of the Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson administrations.

The present administration is concentrating on its strategy of withdrawal. "The war is winding down," they say. If human tragedy is to be measured only in American terms, this statement is true. Meanwhile, the war continues and, while fewer than 200 Americans have been killed in the Communist offensive, the Pentagon estimates 14 thousand South Vietnamese killed, five thousand missing, and fifty thousand wounded in the last five months. The color of the skin may be different but it is more of the same red blood that's being spilled.

Four more years of what? It's not very hard to debate Senator McGovern's defense and economic policies but at least he has put on paper a clear statement of his war aims—end the killing—and a much clearer definition of his tax and full-employment policies. He has given first priority to relief of those in the greatest distress both at home and in Vietnam. One can argue about his policies but at least they are to be argued, which is more than can be said about the President's ambiguous peace and tax policies.

Arthur M. Okun, former chairman of President Johnson's Council of Economic Advisors, states about the Nixon administration:

"No previous incumbent has created as much uncertainty about what its policies would be like in a second term of office. We have had diametrically opposed Nixon economic policies in every area. On wage-price controls, where would a second Nixon administration stand between total non-intervention and complete freeze? On the job front: would we get the Nixon administration that promised to hold unemployment down when it was 3.5% or the one that dismissed 6% as the hole in the doughnut. On taxes: where would the '73 Nixon stand on the value-added tax? How would he honor his promise of property tax relief? What did the President have in mind in his Texas speech when he pointed to new unspecified tax preferences? On fiscal management: would the new treasury team change the procedures that produced the worst record of fiscal estimates in our history?"

And now we hear of a peace proposal. Why now, two weeks before the election when this war could have ended four years ago? How do we

know that if there is not a complete settlement that President Nixon will not put troops back if he is re-elected.

Four more years may not be a bad slogan, but when you step into the voting booth next week, ask yourself, "Is this what I want four more years of?"

—Stephen Rosenstein

Remember, we print these letters VERBATIM, so spell correctly if you want correct spellings.

Dear Editor:

This is a rebuttal to the "Rotten Rollins" letter by Talbert Wells. If you'll recall, he complained of the inequality of opportunity allowed the faculty, students, and staff. He went on to complain of the Student Center's inability to provide him with anything to enjoy, and wound up by condemning all of White Upper-Middle Class Society. I don't think Rollins College is deserving of such condemnation. Rollins is not the proximate cause of that which Talbert is complaining.

I think the reason there are only two Black teachers on the faculty is not because those who hire are your basic bigots, but because when the need to hire an additional teacher arises there are seldom qualified Blacks who apply for the job. Due to conditions beyond the control of Rollins there are not very many Blacks capable and willing to teach at Rollins College precisely when they are needed. I seriously doubt that superior Black teachers are not hired in favor of inferior White teachers in the event that Blacks have applied for a particular position.

In regards to the low percentage of Black students, I think a similar problem, for which Rollins is not responsible, causes the small Black enrollment. Rollins has a right to set criterion for entrance. One can't really expect Rollins to accept those who don't meet them. These include grade point average in high school, scores on national tests, participation in extra-curricular activities, attitude, etc. If for no other than economic reasons Rollins will admit anybody who meets these criterion. For admission, however, it requires applications of a qualified nature. Is it true that Talbert believes that the admissions office adds points for being White and subtracts for being Black?

Why is such a large percentage of the maintenance and janitorial staff Black? I suppose because Rollins goes out and looks for Blacks to do jobs that it considers unfit for the White population. No, I don't think so. I think that Rollins checks with employment services and puts ads in the paper like anybody else. The people who respond to these offers of employment happen to be Black to the largest extent. This is unfortunate, but don't blame Rollins. Rollins is not the proximate cause.

It's a shame that the Student Center and the Student Union are unable to satisfy Talbert with the entertainment provided. Injustices of this type occur however when social goods are offered for the benefit of the most. The Student

Association is sort of like the Rollins Commons Block in that it takes a fee from all and spends it in such a way as to give the student body as a whole the most enjoyment it can. Equities to personal tastes happen in a system like this. I don't like much of what the Student Center does either, but I recognize that it is caused by an intentional effort to displease no given member or sub-group of the student body. A segregated Black Student Union has been established out of funds from the Student Association budget. Participation in this Union is open to those allowed in by the Union while participation of all is still allowed in those activities presented by the Student Center. Perhaps the Student Union should provide such dissatisfied persons as Talbert with an over-sized, soundproof playpen in which he can spend his idle hours and not have to listen to Chuck Berry and Little Ricky Nelson.

Regarding his condemnation of White Middle Class Society, it is his prerogative. He is being just as bigoted as any member in that society could be. In the meantime, however, we should not deny Middle Class Society's right to condemn him.

—Christiansen, Von Worn

Dear Editor:

This is a rebuttal to the "Rotten Rollins" letter by Talbert Wells. The complaints brought in his article have to be the most prejudiced, one-sided arguments that I have ever had the misfortune to read in the Sandspur. How many other minority groups on campus have professors, or a dean of their own faith or race, and how many of these groups have their own student union? With his constant harping on equal opportunity it appears to myself and others that the Black students have a greater percentage of scholarship without demonstrating the usually related superior qualities in the classroom.

Talbert criticizes the social life on campus. He has complained about the concerts and music on the jukebox. Both of these forms of entertainment have had the backing of a good percentage of the student body. Talbert at no point has stated when his ideas for enjoyment would have a similar backing and would therefore warrant White student center financing. The point being that the student center tries to please the majority. In an effort to please the Black students money has been allocated for their own segregated student center. I might add that no other minority group enjoys this privilege.

I do not wish to sound unwilling to make an effort to improve black-white relations. However, there is a greater need for constructive suggestions instead of out-and-out criticisms. What Talbert must realize is that the white students are just as tired of the continued complaints registered by less than 4% of the student body as he seems to be of the so-called restrictions placed on him. The black students at Rollins College must also open their "eyelids" and realize that their desires must be incorporated with the desires of the student body as a whole.

—Bruce Barnhill



## JACKIE

(James Roosevelt Robinson's sensational entrance into baseball in 1946 with the Brooklyn Dodgers opened the door to black participation in professional sports today. In 1949 the Baseball Writers Association voted Jackie the Most Valuable Player, precipitating his election to baseball's Hall of Fame. He retired in 1956 to become Chairman of the NAACP Fight for Freedom the following year.)

There is one interesting thing about disaster. It is a great leveller. Some years back, there was a sudden and very frightening power failure resulting in a blackout of the city of New York. For a few hours which seemed like an eternity the city was in quiet panic. It was a circumstance which could have been open season for muggers, looters, thieves and racists. But when the lights went on again, it was proudly noted that there has been virtually no major crime. Human beings huddle together in the darkness of crisis and even hold out helping hands to each other.

Drug addiction is one thousand times more disastrous, more dangerous than power failure or a blackout. Power can be rejuvenated. Drug addiction turns out the lights in the lives of so many of our young people, extinguishes forever the bright flame of their existence. It is no respecter of color. It is an unfortunate truth — but a truth nonetheless — that the sensibilities of our society to the killer drugs were not really aroused so long as drug addiction was presumed to be the bane of the slums and ghettos, striking down the poor and the black. But when it was revealed that the monster was attacking in the suburbs as well as the slums; when news articles and television bulletins began to reel off the names of youngsters from rich and famous families as addiction victims; when polls and investigations revealed that addiction was spreading like poison ivy through college campuses and high schools and grammar schools in communities all over the nation — then a mighty concern was generated and we began, as a nation, to ask ourselves what we had not done, to question ourselves as parents as to how we had failed our children.

I know what it is to feel personally safe, feeling that the terror of drug addiction could never come to my home. I know what it is to wake up one morning and find my whole world — the whole world of those nearest and dearest to me — changed, threatened, transformed — because my son had become addicted. I stand here today, grateful to God and to my dear wife and my children that we were able to close ranks — ranks we had felt could not be closer — to unite and to fight off this disease so that today I can say I believe Jack is cured.

We must do something about our laws. The laws which punish the user are too repressive and the laws which punish the pusher are too lenient. It is unbelievable — but true — that in many states the penalties for marijuana users are greater than the penalties for heroin users.

I want to say right here that in our civil courts and on our college campuses, we are, I

think, much too strict on the first offender who is caught with possession of marijuana for personal use. Excess punishment can have the effect of hardening the youthful experimenter into a consistent user. We must try to ensure that our laws help rather than harden our sensitive young.

On the other hand, I want to say that I am as opposed as I can possibly be to the increasingly popular proposal that we should confront the narcotics problem by legalizing marijuana. I think this would be a critically serious mistake — possibly a tragic mistake. The theory — and it is no more than a theory — that marijuana is harmless, that it is not addictive — can lead us down a blind and dangerous path. The truth is that we simply do not know enough about the evil or innocent effects of marijuana to take the gamble of making it easy and simple for our youngsters to get the habit. We hear the stories of the percentages of youth who use it now that it is illegal. But I believe those percentages would be greatly increased if we make it easily available. I think that for our society to become permissive about marijuana is to place an unfair test of strength on our kids. My boy tells me that he began to smoke "grass" in his early teens. He swore he would never, could never go further — could not go to heroin; he hated needles. He saw what zombies other kids became when they became junkies. Yet, there he was, surrounded by and associating with other youngsters who were regarding him with pity because he was too square to get as high and happy as they were on heroin. And one day he took the fatal step. Like every other kid, he knew, just knew he had the strength to try it just once. But that just once became an again and an again and a heartbreaking again — until the day he stepped aside to look at himself and realize that he was hooked.

There isn't any easy solution for dope addiction — this most challenging problem of our times. In a way, we are all users and pushers. We indulge in hallucinations when we think America is so perfect that it must not be criticized. We are hooked on the nerve-deadening belief that we are all right and our kids are all wrong when they seek to remind us of the moral values we taught them by word but violated by example.

If we could only withdraw — cold turkey from lying to ourselves, we might be able to save America — and the world.

Thank you!

—Jackie Robinson

## COLLEGE u i s i n e

We're back again this week with another super tantalizing recipe. This dish is the type that can be served anywhere—a party, a barbeque, or even at the beach. The recipe is not only elegant looking, it's easy to make and is absolutely delicious. It is a meal in itself and contains few calories or carbohydrates. We are happy to announce that this week's recipe was submitted by a fellow gourmet, and we thank that person.

Recipe Number Four: This is a basic shish kebab and again we leave many of the ingredients up to the individual's discretion. The major substance of this recipe is cubed beef or lamb—the amount depends on the number being served. About four ounces per person is the recommended serving. Place the meat on skewers, alternating the meat with mushrooms, peppers, cherry tomatoes, and baby onions. It is your choice as to where you cook this feast—outside over a grill or inside in an oven. While cooking, brush frequently with any commercial brand of barbeque sauce. This sauce will make the meat and other ingredients more succulent. Cook for about eight minutes over a grill or about twelve minutes in the oven. This recipe is very spectacular and is quite an impressive dish to serve to your favorite guy or girl.

—Cris Bantivoglio and Dinny Abramson

(Ed. note: James R. "Jackie" Robinson died on October 24. We shall all miss this great human.)

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# COMPANY—a good show

Company, the first presentation this season in the Annie Russell Theater, is unquestionably a successful production. Viewed in total perspective Company, a relatively new musical that opened in New York not more than three years ago, is perhaps the best production offered on the Rollins campus in several years; and if Company suggests the theatrical future at Rollins, then an exciting and exuberant season, promised by this production, lies potentially ahead. Company at Rollins is of course not faultless: some performances on some nights are better than others, the orchestra at times plays too loud—which is a major problem—and some members of the cast act better, perhaps due to more confidence, than others. But whereas in the past certain aspects of most Rollins productions have overshadowed the other aspects—sometimes, for instance, a production is more technically than dramatically competent, and vice versa, and sometimes an individual actor's performance shames a performance that is less accomplished—Company, for the most part, is firmly balanced in exposition and content, and is an even distribution of technique, drama and spectacle. Confined to a cast of fourteen, director David Gawlikowski has carefully integrated all the promise and dazzle that Company offers and, with the co-operation of William Hardy, Dale Amlund and Emmitt Woodley he has put together a thrilling show, moving as well as diverse, that glows poignantly and cheerfully and, firmly paced, moves smoothly through any slight problems and evenly around the roughest snags, and almost irons these snags completely out.

Written by George Furth, an ex-actor, Company is about marriage—or, rather, about Robert, who, celibate and lonesome, stands perplexed in the midst of all his good friends, who are all married and aging, as he questions, with diffidence and apprehension, the commitment, the sense and the durability behind marriage. His friends become obstacles to him rather than aides, as perhaps most friends become, and he eventually realizes that he must seek his answers alone, and as a free agent, and not through their counsel. Stephen Sondheim, the lyricist for West Side Story, wrote the songs, which range from soft poignance, as in "Sorry-Grateful," to clever parody as in "You Can Drive A Person Crazy," and passionate concern, as in "Being Alive." Together Furth and Sondheim approach the problem of marriage with an obvious though somewhat superficial affirmation, which much of our contemporary literature and art has evaded since perhaps Marty, in 1954. And as in Marty, they have mirrored clearly the sad imponderance and hasty attachment that often makes up the bachelor's daily life. And though Furth mainly ignores some definite problems that often lead to or arise out of marriage—such as divorce, or marriage as a mere hasty escape from tired celibacy, or infidelity—he handles his selected material, however limited, with enough consistency and concern for Company to succeed.

The Rollins cast, especially as a team, is remarkably good. All the performances complement one another and hence strengthen the central effect of the show. As written, no one really steals the show but, out of the series of episodic vignettes that compose the play, there are several outstanding moments among the various members of the cast. Steven Smith, as Robert, has both his high and low points. Though he fits his role well, and his presence is confident, and his voice strong and pleasant, his acting at times is weak, and then unconvincing. Unfortunately this mars, in spots, the direct impetus of his role and his is slight rather than strong, and incorrigibly bland rather than "the type of man most women want but never seem to get"—which is a special demand of his character, however flexibly that demand is realized. Among the five couples on stage, Susan Meade and Gary Rankin are wonderful in an early scene that deals with diets and karate. Their wrestling match and mutual nagging, about food and liquor respectively, are two of the comic highlights in the show. And Miss Meade is particularly delightful in each of her scenes. With a strong voice and fluent control, fresh and energetic, buoyant and bright, she appears on stage with an active sparkle and exuberant charm that seems tireless—especially as she points wildly off stage in imitation of a child during the opening number in the second act, and as she rushes on stage to dance for the discotheque scene. But she neither dominates nor up-stages, keeping her energies in strict co-operation with the rest of the cast. There is an incredibly—and admirably—stolid expression on Jeff Octjen's face during a scene that involves marijuana. Margarita Delgado, despite the monotonous gestures she makes with her hands, sings a forceful song about New York City. And Celeste Day, in perhaps the most demanding female role, sings a cynical song, about pointless lives, in a drunken wretched rage. Another couple, portrayed by Victoria Wood and Christopher Hasket, perform an involved duet—that actually begins as a solo by Miss Wood—which particularly illustrates the most serious fault in the entire production. Miss Wood sings a frantic and hurried song that, at first, she enunciates clearly and desperately; and then, however she sings doesn't matter—because the orchestra is too loud, and you can't hear her, whatever she says.

Company demands a reasonably large orchestra for the best exposition of Sondheim's music. The orchestra for the Rollins production, however, despite the protective shield surrounding the pit, often plays too loud, and at times completely submerges the performers' voices, particularly during the latter part of Miss Wood's number. Polished and precise, the orchestra is uniformly good and, of course, as Company is a musical, an essential part of the play. But when the actors must battle with the musicians for first place, the best qualities of both are un-

fortunately dissolved between them, such imbalance is the general rule—in only true in a few numbers, and always last few bars—but even once is far too much.

But Company, despite the minor drawbacks, is nonetheless a major success. A means well as entertaining play, it is of wide appeal; Gawlikowski's deft handling of the cast generated in several sequences, especially opening, an excitement and thrill that through the entire audience. Perhaps aspects of the production could stand improvement. At this point, however, Company, perfect, is alluring; it supplies the peculiar fact that the theater can most effectively offer: a live and suspenseful performance from celluloid, void of cinerama or tricks behind editing. Dale Amlund's attractive, and Emmitt Woodley's light, pheretic, in the proper cosmopolitan way to play. As a production utilizing student actors who, hopefully, as they perform, learn Company is a mark of special accomplishment. Experience sometimes only tells us what is wasted in the wrong endeavors. Some go the old saying—never learn. In spring's fiasco called Rain, where an experienced professional inaudibly muttered through perhaps Company will show that the first success is integrity—honest integrity, in any

—Donald Wilson

or lack of effort. We blunt the drive, halt the motion, and stop the march, resigned, apprehensive, immobile, and snug in safe conformity. The low step far down towards dissipation, down to wild raucous "fun," to perverse neglect suggests always a hopeless position. Ignition hints at helplessness. And in the most turgid pattern of naivete and defeat and careless, undisciplined and sloppy, here and there and back again impossible force we can't ever see or touch—but call it Work, bearing no immediate results, we wait. So we don't work, as work would strengthen but only in our unchosen weary tasks could relieve the tedium in "fun," by chance. Historically: chance—which is of course impossible.

—Donald Wilson

Ed. note: The SANDSPUR, as well as the administration and Ed's parents, is waiting for an autopsy report to be released. Until it is, we wait for any really official word regarding the death of one of our students. My concern is that any speculation merely fuels the matter. However, it has been a while without any word, and I agreed with Donald that it was high time we made some attempt to how deal with this tragedy.



# CAMPAIGN

'72

Without touching upon the past record of the President, the McGovern-Shriver team has plenty of ammunition to use by squeezing out the facts in the Watergate case. It was revealed just last week that Dwight Chapin, Mr. Nixon's appointments secretary, hired and financed the spying and espionage activities of one Donald Segretti. And that H.R. Haldeman, a close advisor to the President, oversees the daily activities of Mr. Chapin. It is not necessary to draw pictures to understand this direct implication of political conspiracy lands smack outside the President's office.

Obviously no one but a fool would admit complicity to the invasion of the opposition's party headquarters—especially the incumbent. But now the task at hand is for George McGovern to embarrass the President with the facts and explain to the voters that Mr. Nixon's Re-election Committee deliberately indulged itself in the practice of illegal wire-tapping, provoking the disruption of Democratic presidential campaigns early last spring through infiltration, and the forceable entry into the Democratic National Headquarters last June. What kind of President do we have if he publicly denies knowledge of a program that is conducted by several close aides? Was it just a coincidence that John Mitchell quit the Committee immediately after the Watergate arrests? Baloney!!

George McGovern is not a conventional politician. And because of his fumbling attempts to become a polished character of the political arts, George has stumbled badly. What the McGovern candidacy needs more urgently is a listening audience. A body of voters who will temporarily cast aside their prejudices and listen to the astonishing chapters of political espionage in this campaign. The dilemma of Campaign '72 is not really located inside the transmitter; in this case, the candidates. The problem lies deep within the make-up of the receiver; in this case, the electorate. The American people have been conditioned through the years to government back-talk, red tape bureaucracy, and administrative fabrications as part of its regular public announcement format. We, the people, have been so numbed by big government's flagrant abuse of the truth that our ability to perceive something fresh and untouched by the greedy paw prints of special-interest groups is nil. Something akin to bright daylight falling upon the dilated pupils of eyes accustomed to darkness. We are blinded.

Hand in hand with this condition is Mr. Nixon's spirit of winning. As seen in Vietnam, the President's game plans have been titled "Operation Linebacker," or "Operation End-Run." One might wonder if the participating peasants and soldiers realize that they are playing in Vietnam's Super Bowl. Supporters of the President tout his strong conviction and the strength in his stubbornness. The people of the United States, along with their President, are guilty of priding themselves with first place achievements and number one recognition. We believe that this is the only way to maintain peace in the world. However, Vietnam has brought out the worst of this winning spirit. A once honorable tribute to our commitment with our allies in Southeast Asia, the war has crippled this nation into a disfigured casualty

of fire-fights, mortar barrages, fragging accidents, direct SAM strikes, munition explosions at sea, increased drug addiction among the troops, the black market in Saigon, wild-fire inflation and a 90 billion dollar budget deficit. And more.

The Republicans have painted George McGovern as a wild-eyed radical who would hop into his Robin Hood costume after inauguration and steal from the rich in order to give to the poor. These opponents also portray the Senator as a naive strategist in military corners, and predict unilateral American surrender world-wide after January 20, 1973. The voter must be reminded that George McGovern and Richard Nixon can only promise or pledge certain platforms. What either man says during the campaign doesn't necessarily mean it's reality after one of them is elected. The Congress and the Supreme Court offer protection to the population against extreme postures that might be offered by a President. In other words, a President must have the co-operation of Congress and the Court in order for their promises to become law.

To the McGovern supporters, the end of the world is not coming if President Nixon is re-elected. And conversely for the Nixon supporters if George McGovern pulls an upset. The entire campaign process mirrors the opportunity for the individual to educate himself about the issues, introduce himself to the candidates and choose an active or inactive part in that campaign. No matter how fiercely one might dislike politics, they are here to stay. Politicians are the only available instruments by which our system can progress—forward or backwards. A democracy needs politicians, not anarchy. Looking at the future, there is a fresh breeze flowing into the cigar parlors of Tammany Hall. The 93rd Congress, scheduled to convene next January, holds the opportunity for nearly 100 freshman Congressmen to join this governmental body. Along with the incumbents, nearly one-half of the House of Representatives will be under forty years of age. Perhaps their zealous idealism will write a new chapter in political etiquette.

The key to this system of representation is voter participation. Without exercising their influence, the people have to bear witness to seeing their country destroy another sovereign nation in order to preserve a corrupt, dictatorial government. An individual may lack a sense of direction, but for a country to lose its way is tantamount to the disintegration of its principles and formative guidelines conceived at its birth. R.F. Kennedy once remarked that failure to involve oneself in the political processes of a democracy is a tragic waste of human resources.

The election of 1972 produces a clear choice between the candidates. Many voters claim bolsterously that Campaign '72 is a choice between the lesser of two evils. Others profess disgust and a deliberate effort to sit out the election. This is a cop-out. Senator McGovern summarizes this malady of apathy in America: "To remain silent in the face of policies that one believes to be hurting the nation is not patriotism, but moral cowardice."

-Ted Marsh

In recent weeks it seems that fewer and fewer people are bothering to read the news stories about Campaign '72. This year's election process has been accentuated by the uncommonly wide yawns of the electorate here in America. It is really a sad commentary about the American voter when one witnesses this quiet acquiescence of the Nixon Administration and its re-election strategy. The \$64,000 question is when will the voters rise up off their comfortable rear-ends and see Mr. Nixon's record of performance for what it really is?

Richard Nixon remarked in January, 1972, that any candidate using the Vietnam war as an issue "will have the rug pulled out from beneath him." True to his words, the President has commenced to pulling that rug out from under George McGovern's feet. The recent peace move may well form into a sharp backlash against the President as outlined by the Democrats. Peace now, as advocated by the President, is little different from what peace could have been in 1969. The tough line enunciated on May 8th by Mr. Nixon has since been watered down by Hanoi's concession to let President Thieu remain as a member of Saigon's triumvirate coalition government after a cease-fire has started.

Rather than a public ovation for this breakthrough in peace negotiations, one should see a moral outcry against this obvious political ploy to boost the Nixon campaign frenzy to its peak just prior to the election. The President insists that he will not seek peace with surrender, but peace with honor. This should be amended to its current fashion—Peace with the Re-election of the President. Mr. Nixon, how dare you surrender the lives of 20,000 American soldiers and countless Asians for your own re-election? Coincidentally? Baloney!



1971 - "For we have not merely extended the scope and scale of changes, we have radically altered its pace. We have in our time released a totally new social force - a stream of change so accelerated that it influences our sense of time, revolutionizes the tempo of daily life and affects the very way we feel the world around us. We no longer feel life as old men did in the past, and this is the ultimate difference, the distinction that separates the truly contemporary man from all others." (Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock*)

Poolhall, flophouse, jazzjoint, jail dark brown stone tenants, cement vs. nail. White electricity, no less a neon city. A worried headwaiter among potted palms - in cans, drunken burlesque - and body fans. Fat women in strapless silk - catfish sandwich with onions and red sauce. Black is beautiful at the White man's cost. Laughter and pistol shots echoing - a desperate attempt, fertile land turned to stone, man's retaliation - a fear of the Unknown. Cocktail conversation, stylized gestures, odd familiar visages, singular recognitions that register indifferent, a Kodachrome souvenir of a gathering of souls.



## THE UNITED BLOCK

Back to my visions, my office, where once fixed I stand on the balcony looking out, waiting for an explosion of Total Consciousness of the All. All that will be only a prelude to a new beginning!

Jump in time, thirty years, to the immediate future and the year 2001. Collect, if you will, the dogtags of a dying soldier, the United States of America. Enumeration of the population revealed a nation of five billion men, women, and children; far too many mammals that big for a nation that small. Cities became mere monuments of motionless buildings, as many set out on a barefaced pilgrimage in search of adequate work, food, and shelter. Those who chose to remain behind must have found a firmament of mind, for they could go no further before heaven until each exhausted the physical round of his mortality.

States within the nation no longer remained true to the rule - indivisible. Civil authority was unable to appropriate sufficient financial aid to accommodate droves of new-comers. Federal intervention in this time, a trip of a lifetime's loss or gain, could conceivably repair the face of reality.

Proportion control on food, strict regulations regarding the human factor, reproduction, sanitation, communication, transportation, and the provision of land space, so as to illuminate the unnatural condition of over-

crowding. Organization of a nation undone, would take time however, time, the fatal creature man had so little of. Time would not feed a mouth or clothe a body. A plea of "please be patient" will not hide the madness of a dying nation. Thus, on the 29th day of December in the year 2001, the Federal Government dissolved like a rusty ship in a sea of salt.

Returning after years, I see a continent in rain. Its the old familiar world and not some abstract mystical dream. A long journey unaccomplished, I disappear into the wilds. Constructed on a plain, I find a face with eyes shut, created in the imagination of man. Standing down front there appears to be an inner anterior image of divinity made palpable for adoration. Moreover, I feel as though it tries to beckon me out. Who? . . . To where? . . . Why? . . . Suddenly from a distance there appears what seems the likeness of a heavenly file of female saints. Thousands of saintnesses in blue robes and hoods looking out at me and beckoning: SALVATION! Follow as I travel to a land that is the home of these hooded vigilantes. And allow me to tell what I have seen and heard during my stay in the United Block.

Occupying the same territory as the United States of America, the United Block is bordered by oceans east and west, and continents north and south. There is much the same population

problem, as witnessed in the United States of America, early 21st Century. In fact, people are virtually packed together like drupelets. Drupelets are the pulpy little knobs that compose the outside of a raspberry.

In order to maintain peace among the citizens, one man, entitled the Handicapper General, rules the United Block. Believed to have been a product of supernatural assistance, he watches over the people like headless sheep, having all fear rather than respect. In addition, he is the law giver. The equalizer man, then, is due to the unceasing vigilance of the Handicapper General and his loyal agents.

Yes, all men are meant to be equal before the law and certainly before the Handicapper General. Equal in every way - no one is more intelligent or better looking than another, and just as all believe that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, no one is:

I have before me Text 2, amendment 2 of the Handicapper General's Code of Laws. In anticipation of a freak birth within the United Block the General writes: "Whosoever does not appear to be equal, whether in spirit, in thought, or day to day activity, shall be deemed a criminal and dangerous to the welfare and collective interests of those persons who occupy space in the United Block."

The General and his agents reserve the divine right to pass such judgements. So, does the occasion arise, though, for all the sheep follow their flock, peace doth abound in the Block!

Some things about living still aren't right. December, for instance, always makes people crazy; for it is by law that the Handicapper General orders all citizens to



their heads bald-equality. During this month the General's agents took away Walter and Francie Zucowski's ten year old boy Cybel. Indeed tragic, but Walter and Francie weren't able to think on it too hard. Francie was of normal intelligence and was unable to think about anything except in short bursts. Walter, on the other hand, was far above normal. The General's agents, therefore, installed a tiny mental handicap radio in his ear. Law required that he wear it at all times. The radio, tuned to the government transmitter, would receive code noise impulses every twenty seconds. This was to keep Walter from taking unfair advantage of others because of his excellent mind. Science appropriately calls the operation Central Brainpoint Powerhouse Braindrain!

Since one family living in the Block is a direct measure of every family, the Zucowskis shall remain for study. Enter, if you will, their home. Walter and Francie are watching television. There are tears on Francie's cheeks, but she's forgotten for the moment what they're about. On the television are the June Taylor Dancers, second generation. A buzzer sounds in Walter's head and his thoughts scatter like fragments of a clay pigeon from a scatter gun. "They dance real pretty," said Francie. "Huh," said Walter. "That dance - it was nice," said Francie. "Yup," said Walter. He labored to think about the dancers. They weren't really very good - no better than anybody would have been, anyway. Each dancer was burdened with large rubber sacks filled with water. Each sack hung from the chest, the back, the waist, and from the ankles. Their faces are masked in order that no one, seeing a pretty face or a graceful gesture, will have feeling. Walter, thought for one short moment that the dancers should not be handicapped. But no sooner did he begin the thought when another noise from his transmitter coupled his brain. Walter winced, so did two of the eight June Taylor Dancers. Francie saw him wince, and since she had no mental handicap herself, asked him what the latest sound was. Walter, with hands held tight to his ears, rocking back and forth in his chair, mumbled, "sounded like somebody hitting a milk bottle with a ball peen hammer."

"I'd think it real interesting hearing all the different sounds," said Francie enviously. "All the things they think up." "Um," said Walter drifting from one loud clash to the next. He found one moment to think about his abnormal son, Cybel, who is now in jail. But a 21 gun salute in his head stopped that thought!

"Boy," said Francie, "that was a doozy, wasn't it? It was such a doozy that Walter was white and trembling with tears on the rims of his red eyes. Two of the eight June Taylor Dancers had collapsed on the studio floor and were holding their temples. "All of a sudden you look so tired," said Francie. "Why don't you lie back on the sofa so's you can rest your handicap sacks on the pillows, honeybunch." The reference Francie made was to sixty-two pounds of water sacks hung from Walter's body, attached by a rubber wrapped steel chain and padlock. "Come on Walter, rest your sacks," she said. "I don't care if you're not equal to me for a

while." Walter weighed the sack around his neck with his hands. "I don't give no thought to it," he said. "It's just part of me." "But you been so tired lately - kind 'o wore out," said Francie. "If there was just some way we could poke a hole in the bag and let some of that water out. Just a little." "Two years in prison and two thousand dollars fine for every ounce I take out," said Walter, "then other folks'd get away with it - and pretty soon we'd be right back to the Dark Ages again with everybody competing against everybody else. You wouldn't like that would you? "I'd hate it," said Francie. "There you are," said Walter. "The minute people start cheating on laws, what do you think happens to society?" At that point, even had Francie supplied Walter with an answer to his query, it would have remained unanswered - a scrap truck just overturned in Walter's head. "Reckon it'd fall apart," Francie said. "What would?" asked Walter. "Society," said Francie uncertainly. "Wasn't that what you said?" "Who knows," said Walter.

Now complete is a short glimpse of two average United Block citizens, given only enough mental dexterity to survive and benefit the collective interests set down by the Handicapper General.

Cybel, unlike his parents, is a criminal at the age of ten. A superb athlete, he has the strength of five men and the intelligence of ten. He also stands seven feet tall and thus poses a definite threat to the Block's social ideal - equality. If one were to approach this hulk of a man, the General requests that you exercise extreme caution, and by all means don't try to reason with him. He talks in circles using poetic, hypnotic persuasion to corrupt the Block. Above all, he is an unpredictable individual and must be locked away.

Substantial evidence against Cybel rested on his ability to outgrow hindrances faster than the Handicapper General could think them up. Instead of a small radio transmitter for a handicap, this revolutionary prototype was made to wear a tremendous pair of headphones and accept stainless steel plates that were sewn below the globe of each eye. An electric charge sent through the plates would render Cybel nearly blind and cause whanging headaches. Due to the boy's disregard for the water sack handicap, scrap metal was hung all over him. Although it was customary to observe order and neatness in dressing and handicapping strong people, Cybel looked like a walking junkyard. He carried three hundred pounds in the daily race of life. To offset his good looks, the Handicapper General required him to wear a red ball for a nose, keep his eyebrows shaved off, and cover his perfect set of teeth with whale blubber. Although now in prison, Cybel is to be exiled to a labor colony for gifted children. By age fifty he will be permitted to return to the United Block - provided that his appetite for dreams has been replaced by a mental state of nothingness. He shall then be a citizen.

So it was I saw reflected there in the United Block. My journey now accomplished, I have

before me a land, a people grinding their arms and dreams into submission - a whitewashed corridor in a vast ethereal gulf of Time and Space. Unlike the citizens, I have seen the Handicapper General, but know not why he thinks to behold a Utopia. But wait . . .

I fear of this land I can tell you little more. Appearing before me, as did that first day, is a file of saintesses in blue robes. Agents sent by the Handicapper General to silence my brain. When asked, as a visitor, not to reveal the nature of the Block, I gave my word. Then to me was given the gift of free will. Now in violation of that promise, me thinks they come to silence me for good. Fast upon me the hooded vigilantes take my head and with a torch seal a tiny radio beneath my skin. A rivetting gun, madness, and then . . . turning to a fellow agent, one said, "I could tell that one was a doozy!"

2081- "To understand what is happening to us, we must analyse the processes of deceleration and confront the concept of transience. If deceleration is a new social force, transience is its psychological counterpart, and without an understanding of the role it plays in contemporary human behavior, all our theories of personality, all our psychology, must remain pre-modern."

"By changing our relationship to the resources that surround us, by violently expanding the scope of change, and, most crucially, by decelerating its pace, we have broken irretrievably with the past. We have cut ourselves off from the old ways of thinking, of feeling, of adapting. We have set the stage for a completely new society . . . (Alvin Toffler, *Future Shock*)

As night doth greet the day, this is a prelude to a new beginning.

Bibliographical sources used in writing this story:  
Toffler's *Future Shock* and Vonnegut's *Welcome to the Monkey House*.

-Peter Stroh

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# Bill Baird

Upon entering Bush Auditorium last Tuesday night many people were immediately disconcerted by the presence of two uniformed Winter Park policemen at the door, who, when questioned, replied that they were there for "security purposes." When asked about the nature of these security purposes, they refused any further comment. As the evening wore on, however, their presence provided a restraining effect upon the more temperamental participants of the audience.

Bill Baird, "the nation's leading advocate of abortion reform," spoke before a responsive crowd of about 150 people on what is unquestionably one of the most controversial issues of the day. Baird opened his address by relating the story of how he was arrested in Huntington, R. I., for corrupting the morals of a minor. His method of corruption consisted of showing a diaphragm to an audience which included a fourteen month old baby. As a result, the man who has "more enemies than you have hairs on your head" served three months in prison, re-emerging into the public spotlight to resume his crusade for liberalized abortion laws.

This instance was not the only time that Baird has been arrested. Make no mistake about it; he is a firebrand, and has gone to court seven separate times in four states for leaving his smolder-

ing sparks. His main argument for legalized abortion is that the law chauvinistically denies women the right to decide for themselves whether to have a child or an abortion. (At the present time, abortion on demand is available in approximately five states, abortion if the life of the mother is endangered in approximately seventeen states, and abortion after rape in fourteen states. However, these figures vary in accordance to changing state laws and the attitude of the populace.)

Baird then proceeded to exhibit various forms of fatal and near-fatal home-made abortion, and coat hangers. Assuming that his purpose in doing so was to literally scare the hell out of the audience, his point was made. He then showed medically sound birth control devices, such as a diaphragm, an intra-uterine device, the Pill, foams, jellies, and condoms, and explained rhythm, withdrawal, and vasectomy. Once again, however, Baird scared the hell out of the audience by discussing the respective faults in each of these preventatives. The common ignorance of the audience, despite its supposed sophistication about such matters, was bluntly exposed when Baird asked for the identification of one of the birth control devices and was answered, "Well, it's either a diaphragm or a very large condom."

After citing several rather nebulous statistics (including one from the New York State Board of Health stating in effect that legal abortions were ten times as safe as natural childbirth), Baird began to tear into the Catholic Church as the single greatest opponent to legalized abortion. Giving examples of the Church's attempts to deny legalized abortion through shady financial transactions, he included the "incredible fraud of Richard Nixon (who, on the eve of the New York State Legislature's vote on the abortion bill, wrote Cardinal Cook expressing his stand against legalized abortion), the man who said that as a Quaker he revered the human right to life while bombing North Vietnam."

Revealing the fact that 13,000 Florida women had visited New York in the past year and a half for legal abortions, Baird concluded his address with a plea to the audience, "If you give a damn, then form a group on campus, write your legislator, or join us in a lawsuit, but for God's sake - for your own sake - give a damn about this fight for basic human rights."

While undoubtedly Baird is sincerely devoted to the fight for legalized abortion, he appears to devote more attention to the many cases of character assassination directed towards him than to the question of the individual moral culpability involved. He cites such diverse personalities as the Black Panthers, Betty Friedan, and obscure Catholic bishops, who have all either verbally or physically affronted him in his crusade, while at the same time he denounces those few in the audience who doubt the veracity of his statements. All of this goes on much to the delight of his young devotees, both female and male (despite several drooping jaws at the besmirching of the Panthers and Ms. Friedan). Perhaps this is the result of Baird's jousting (in the early days of the Movement) with assorted cretins on the "Joe Pyne" and "Allen Burke" shows, but his

militancy dissolves into obtuseness when he misdirects his wrath towards those who offer constructive criticism.

Bill Baird is an odd man indeed. Facing threats against his life, his liberty, and his honor, he nonetheless travels about the country facing audiences of varied inclinations, arguing against seemingly insurmountable odds, a simple act of surgery that he will never have to undergo. Why? "Would I risk all that just to give a damn?"

-Peter Turnbull

On Friday, October 27 President Richard Nixon vetoed the second appropriation bill for the Congress which funds the Higher Education Act of 1972. This veto may have serious repercussions for colleges and even more serious ones for students who receive financial aid.

The Higher Education Act of 1972 was discussed at a recent President's Coffee by Loving, Director of Student Aid and Planning. When this reporter contacted Loving about the Nixon veto he commented, "We know now this means no further federal student aid for the remainder of this academic year. We were hoping for additional National Defense Loan money, possibly a little more Educational Opportunity Grant funds."

Loving went on to sketch out the details of the recent legislation: "The original act passed in June of this year authorized about \$3.6 billion dollars. When Congress got around to appropriating funds for it they only came up with 3.6 billion dollars. The President vetoed several weeks ago as unacceptable. Just before their adjournment the Congress then passed appropriations bill which contained only \$1 billion the original authorization of \$1 billion. The second bill is what Nixon vetoed. Loving added that this last appropriation bill contained no funding for College Work-Study, Educational Opportunity Grants for the next academic year. Nor did it call for funding the Basic Opportunity Grant program which would cost every student potentially as much as \$100 per year.

The Higher Education Act of 1972 called for a dollar-for-dollar federal matching of state scholarship programs. Since Florida has not begun such a state grant this meant a doubling of Florida funds. The vetoed bill would have even contained funding for this.

Loving was then asked what students and parents could do about this. He suggested that they should apply very early for aid for next year because it could run out early unless Congress or the President reverse their action over the next few weeks. Then, by all means, they should flood their Congressmen, Senators and the President with letters and telegrams. Loving asked if there was anything else they could do. Loving added, "I hear there is an election on Tuesday. That's a very good way to get a message across."

-Rick Smith

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*Baggage in and out*

*Room based on double or triple occupancy*

*Breakfast (tips and taxes)*

*Game ticket*

*Transportation to and from Underground*

*For information and reservations call*

*Nancy Hundley*



## Manly D.

Manly Duckworth's piano recital last Friday night in Crummer Auditorium featured a selection of impressionist and romantic music. He played Debussy's Etudes, Book II, Brahms's Intermezzo, Chopin's Ballade No. 1, and works by Schumann and Mendelssohn, and too, more Chopin. A graduate of both Columbia University and Rollins College, Mr. Duckworth has lectured on music nationally and abroad, and he has served as judge for the National Guild of Piano Teachers. He is the music critic for the ORLANDO SENTINEL and, although as a pianist he has been acclaimed in both Europe and America, perhaps he is more the critic than the artist. He approached his program last week with more academic detachment than passionate concern: he was simply, more erudite than recondite, and he played ultimately without charm or drama. Not that this recital was a total failure—in fact, he played calmly and with sure craft—but he was not consistently successful. For the most part, his music hung suspended in dull abeyance on that safe plane of mediocrity between total failure and high success, often too careful and too calm. Mr. Duckworth performed academically; he merely quoted great passages from musical art, and his phrasing was sound, his punctuation precise—but he played without passion or drive. So the ephemeral sparkle of Debussy's Etudes was lost somewhere between all the exact notes and thoughtful progressions, as was the poignance of Intermezzo and Chopin's Ballade. And after intermission the audience grew restless; chairs squeaked, papers rattled, whispers buzzed and feet shuffled, all in competition with the music. Art, which is an indefinite process, is more than careful phrasing, and perhaps most of all it is spirit; and, at that, individual spirit—which accounts for the difference between a Rubenstein and a Horowitz, Schnabel or Kempf. And Mr. Duckworth ignored that spirit in favor of quotations. Of course he played safely, and he did not aim for such high standards; but, as well, he stayed too fixed in the tranquil center.

Nevertheless, for one reason at least, Manly Duckworth's recital was refreshing: because he performed live—not on record or tape. A real man played a live instrument in person. Before his death, Igor Stravinsky lamented the popularity of the synthetic artificiality of recorded music over that of music performed live. Several years ago nearly all of the symphony orchestras across America were facing bankruptcy. That speaks unfavorably, obviously, of the cultural situation current today. Almost no Rollins students appeared at Manly Duckworth's recital. At one time, the educated man was considered as one who knew and appreciated the value of most of the arts, of language, of music. Education nowadays consists perhaps mostly of appreciating conformity. "You can learn in a hole somewhere," some one once said to me, "if you really want to learn." Of course, a person can choose always to learn nothing—but excess sordid experience. Nescience, organized or amorphous, remains always nescience, inside school or out.

—Donald Wilson

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# STUDENT CENTER

## activities

What's coming off?? A new month and different Student Center programs. In the coming week you will find one feature film, the second major on-campus concert and a bowling party.

The D.I. with Jack Webb will be presented on Friday, November 3 at 8:30 p.m. in Bush Auditorium. This was the first film to concentrate on the Marine Corps training at Parris Island. The D.I. shows how an apparently soulless but dedicated Marine drill instructor molds a confused recruit into a crack marine. This graphic tribute to the sun-up to sun-down marine training methods accurately portrays life in the barracks.

LEO IS COMING! Brother, are you half a dollar short? This has been the life story of Lee Kottke, the acoustic guitarist performing on Saturday, November 4 at 9:00 p.m. in the Field House. He has cut three albums, his second described as "a good album for those who like to hear the impossible". His latest album is on the Capitol label and features bass and drums on some of the cuts, and Denny Bruce and John Fahey as producers. "Lee's solo concerts in the mid-west are becoming legend", and he will be at Rollins free of charge to students presenting I.D. cards. Outside guests who are dates of Rollins students will be admitted for a one dollar charge.

Take out your post-election day emotions with the bowling ball and pins. There will be a party including refreshments on Wednesday, November 8 from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. at the Wick Parkwood Plaza Lanes. Transportation will be provided by the Student Center to the lanes on West Colonial Drive in Orlando. Students, faculty and administrators need only present I.D. cards at the door.

-Lynne Henshaw



Lee Kottke





## TARS TOP STETSON & FIU.

The Rollins booters came a step closer to a possible NCAA tournament bid by crushing the Hatters of Stetson University by 9-3 in a game that gave the Tars the Florida Intercollegiate Soccer Conference title. Last Saturday the Tars won their sixth in a row with a 1-0 decision over Florida International University.

In the past, the Tars have had a lot of trouble with the Hatters on their home field at Deland, but this was not the case last week. Rollins jumped off to an early lead when Skip Yakopec converted a pass from Billy Barker only 33 seconds into the match. At the five minute mark John Shapiro headed in a corner to make it 2-0. Bill Huchliff scored on a direct kick for Stetson to cut the margin to one goal for a short period of time.

Chris Schmitt scored on a penalty kick several minutes later at fifteen minutes into the game and came back twenty minutes later with a big assist on a goal by Jeff Fischer. At the 39 minute mark Russ Ricciardelli scored on a cross from Bob Dewald and shortly before the half Brad Zim-

merman netted a score to give Rollins a commanding 6-1 lead.

Stetson threatened briefly again in the second half when the Tar defense seemed to let down. The Hats scored twice, but the Tars came roaring back and salted away the win. Shapiro and Ricciardelli each scored their second goals, both on assists from Fischer, and Sam Witten bagged the final Tar tally on a pass from Craig Watson.

This past Saturday the Tars triumphed 1-0 over FIU. They are a first year upper division school out of Miami who, with the help of some scholarships, put together a very formidable side made up largely of players from Miami-Dade North and South. Their coach, Greg Meyer, took Davis and Elkins to the NAIA championship two years ago.

The game was extremely rough and hard-hitting. Forty-two fouls were called and several flare-ups caused the ejection of one FIU player and three warnings to Rollins and FIU players.

The only score in the match came 24 minutes into the first half when Bob Dewald blasted a

fine ball past the FIU keeper. It was Dewald's first collegiate goal and his first successful shot this season after 84 previous scoring attempts. It couldn't have come at a better time. Todd Marsh played the entire game in the nets for the Tars and handled seven saves for the shutout.

The junior varsity has won two matches recently—beating Shelton College 8-1 and FTU 3-0. In the Shelton match Sam Witten had three goals and Craig Watson, Steve McAuliff, C.C. Sloan, Errol Cunningham, and John Huddleston got one goal each.

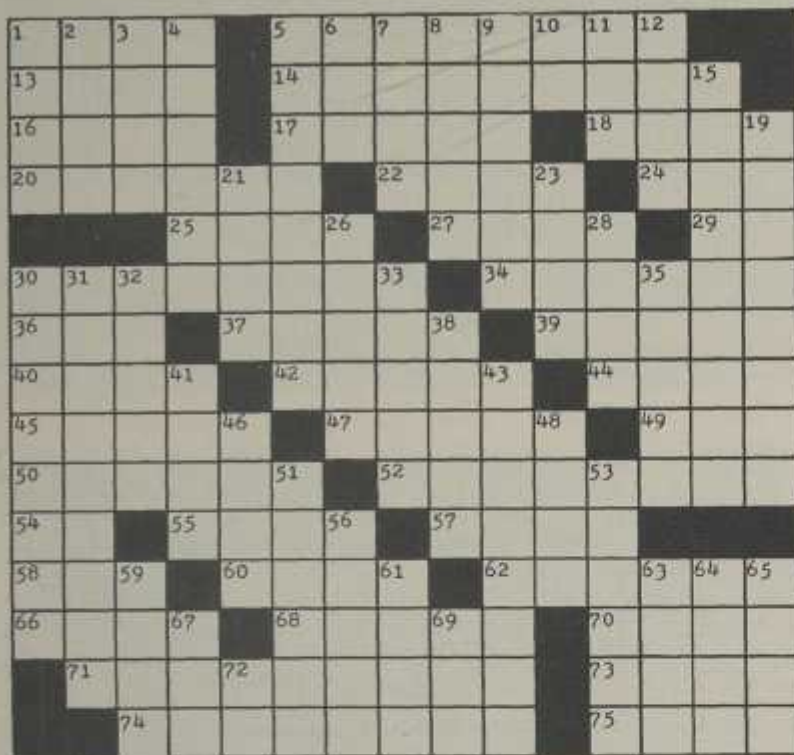
Witten broke a scoreless deadlock with only 7 minutes left in the half against FTU. Craig Mello and Joe Krupa added second half insurance goals for the Jayvees. Duke Marsh and Dave Fleming combined for the shutout and Marsh made several spectacular saves while in the nets.

Scores from around the state:  
St. Leo 1, Florida Southern 0, South Florida 5,  
Stetson 0, Stetson 9, Marymount 1, FTU 4, FIT 2.

—Larry Hauser



# targum crossword



## ACROSS

1. Door's Side Post
5. Poisonous Arachnid
13. Russian Mountain Range
14. Of the Underworld Gods
16. Oriental Souther
17. King of Judea
18. Russian Name
20. Church Official
22. African Tree
24. Exist
25. European King
27. Ever and
29. Burmese Language
30. Musical Instrument
34. Roguish Persons
36. Peer Gynt's Mother
37. Chose
39. Spanish Friend
40. Strike-breaker
42. Danube Tributary
44. Island Country (post.)
45. Incognita
47. European Gold Coin
49. Scottish Digit
50. Bug
52. Dying
54. Bone
55. Tape Recorder Brand
57. Mother of the Gods
58. Drink of Liquor
60. Kick
62. Inferior Substitute
66. Before Long
68. Set of Rooms
70. Taj Mahal Site
71. Descriptive of Owls
73. Mr. Errol
74. Pistol Cases
75. Body Part: Fr.

## DOWN

1. Fits of Intoxication
2. Bitter Drug
3. Short-tailed Cat
4. Circus
5. Liquor
6. Guevara
7. Other: Sp.
8. "The Bad Seed"
9. Imaginary Small
10. Fashionable
11. New Zealand Mutton
12. Female Camel
15. Nationality of 25
19. Thought Out
21. Potpourri
23. Lisa
26. Stinking
28. Appellation
30. Fortifications
31. Christian Holiday
32. Toothed Wheels
33. Watery Blood
35. Love of Art
38. Room Setup
41. Harte
43. North Carolinians
46. Served Well
48. Row of Seats
51. Ankle Bone
53. Columnar Rock
56. Woo
59. Milne Character
61. Long Por
63. To One Side
64. Jogging Gait
65. Grey
67. Military Person
69. Sailor
72. 81st Element



**gort**

What's happened  
to your hair,  
Samson?!

Delilah  
gave  
me a  
haircut!



That's  
terrible!  
What're  
you  
gonna  
do?



Who knows?  
My strength  
is gone!...  
My hair is  
shorn!...

...But I'm  
strong  
on  
FAITH!



Umm...An  
out-of-shape,  
short-haired  
optimist!



You might  
apply as  
an IBM  
salesman.



## THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE STAFF



**Consultant, Allen Drury, Maitland, Florida:** Pulitzer-Prize winner, former political reporter for the Washington Star and the New York Times; author of *Courage and Hesitation*, *The Throne of Saturn*, *Advise and Consent*, *Capable of Honor*, *Preserve and Protect*, *A Shade of Difference*, *Three Kids in a Cart*, and many others.

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**Robert Arbib, Mamaroneck, N.Y.:** Editor, *American Birds* magazine; author, *The Lord's Woods*, *Enjoying Birds Around New York City*; John Burroughs Medal winner for outstanding nature book of 1972.



**Hester Chapman, London, England:** Historical biographer and novelist; author of more than twenty books including *Lady Jane Grey*, *The Last Tudor King*, and *Caroline Matilda: Queen of Denmark*; consultant for BBC on production of *The Wives of King Henry VIII* television film series.



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**Jean West MacKenzie, Winter Park, Florida:** Widely published in literary journals and in the field of children's literature; former editor, *Epoch*, at Cornell University and presently with *Epos*, at Crescent City, Florida; English Department faculty, Rollins College.



**Celestine Sibley, Atlanta, Georgia:** Syndicated columnist, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*; author, *Peachtree Street*, *Place Called Sweet Apple* and *The Malignant Heart*.

**Max Steele, Chapel Hill, N.C.:** Short-story writer, *Where She Brushed Her Hair*; Harper prize-winning novel, *Debby*; head of the University of North Carolina's creative writing program; editor, *The Paris Review*; twice winner of O. Henry Prize.



**Wendy Weil, New York City, N.Y.:** Former staff member with Doubleday & Company, Inc.; former assistant editor with New American Library; literary agent, associated with the Julian Bach Literary Agency, Inc.





# Integrity in Washington

Once asked what he regarded as the most important virtue, Winston Churchill replied, "Courage—because it is the guarantor of all other virtues."

But it could as well be argued that integrity is the most important virtue because without it all other virtues rest on sand. In politics as in family life, telling the truth is the first requirement of any viable relationship. An Administration that does not tell people the truth is destroying the basis from which trust, confidence, and therefore effective action have to start.

An Administration which engages in blatant favoritism, which is susceptible to the power of money and private influence, subverts law and the social order. An Administration which uses violent or corrupt means—intimidation and investigation, sabotage and surveillance, bugging and bullying—is an Administration which cannot establish justice or insure domestic tranquility.

In his address to the nation on Wednesday evening, Senator McGovern presented a powerful indictment of the Nixon Administration's methods. The Administration's year-long campaign of disruption and espionage against the Democratic party, climaxing in the Watergate episode, is a sinister operation without precedent in the history of this nation. The continued concealment of the source of \$10 million in campaign contributions in defiance of the intent of Federal law is an extraordinarily insolent expression of contempt toward ordinary voters.

Questionable antitrust settlements, milk price manipulations, grain trade profits, delayed enforcement of safety regulations—it seems that lapses of administrative integrity are frequent in Mr. Nixon's Washington.

The response of President Nixon to this indictment has been to ignore it. He feels secure in his wide lead in public opinion polls. Perhaps more significant is the response of many voters, including some independents and Democrats, who support Mr. Nixon for re-election. They do not really dispute these ugly charges. They only assert a different order of moral claims.

Because Senator McGovern has the support of many college-educated youth and of many in "liberation" movements, these voters fear that his election would be tantamount to legitimizing the values of the counter-culture. The facts of the McGovern record and to the Democratic party platform do not justify that fear.

Many of the cultural issues which trouble voters are not susceptible of direct solution in politics. Insofar as those issues can be influenced by Presidential leadership, Mr. McGovern speaks for traditional American values of openness, decency, generosity and compassion. Hypothetically, his philosophic views could be counterpoised to those of a genuine conservative—but Mr. Nixon is not a conservative in any coherent philosophical sense. The *Wall Street Journal*, which on balance judges Mr. Nixon favorably observed the other day: "The image has not been one of an Administration intent on preserving and restoring traditional virtues, but of one practicing rootless pragmatism that moves whichever way the political pressures push."

But supporters of Mr. Nixon, some of them deeply convinced and some of them reluctant, are able to make a virtue out of that "rootless pragmatism." In their minds, it is linked with Mr. Nixon's presumed competence. By contrast, they perceive Mr. McGovern as radical, inexperienced and incompetent.

The *Times* believes that these perceptions do not square with the facts. The programs which Senator McGovern has presented in his campaign, including his tax and welfare programs as he has recast them, are liberal, not radical. They are in accord with the Democratic party's traditional striving for social justice reaching back to John F. Kennedy's "New Frontier" Administration—in which Mr. McGovern served—and to Franklin D. Roosevelt's "New Deal" Administration.

As for experience and competence, the modern Presidency is an office for which every new President finds himself inadequately prepared. Experience in office inevitably changes some pre-election ideas. President Roosevelt found he could not restore the economy and also balance the budget. President Kennedy discovered there was no missile gap. President Nixon has had to reverse pre-1969 positions on a number of fundamental issues from unbalanced budgets and price controls to dealing with Communist China.

Ultimately, a national election is not only a referendum on policies and programs. It is a judgment on the character and quality of the nation's political leadership. In reaching that judgment, voters can find no substitute for integrity. Intelligence and competence cannot offset its absence for they are like engines without a set of brakes. Political cleverness can conceal its absence but only for a time. No amount of toughness or guile can sustain confidence or inspire a rising level of national performance when integrity is absent. Experience can be acquired and a program revised, but neither provides a true basis for leadership.

Integrity and competence are not alternatives for the former is fundamental and the latter is secondary. With integrity, much is possible. Without it, nothing lasting can be achieved.