

# THE PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER

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## BESIDES

Fact 1: S.S.C. instituted an open cut policy last year.

Fact 2: The overall cumulative average dropped a few points.

To the not so discerning reader these facts show the open cut policy to be a failure. If our reader is sharp he will notice that there is another invisible fact, which makes the open cut policy an automatic success.

For most students to get high grades it is necessary to attend classes, listen to lectures, and read the text. Now that the first has joined the last two in not being compulsory, it takes a more self-determined student to achieve high grades.

Perhaps the average S.S.C. student will learn a little less about methods of reproduction in the amoeba or the type of verse found in Beowulf, but he will gain valuable lessons in self determination. These lessons will ultimately prove more valuable in his future life experiences.

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## CAMPUS JUSTICE

Many interesting little things have happened around this campus since I last showered words of wisdom down upon you.

The girls at Peabody Hall were told at 7pm that they were not going to receive the extra hour due to the time change. Any girl that happened to go out before 7pm was not informed of this. Therefore any girl that came back to the dorm between 2 and 3 am E.S.T. thinking she had made her curfew was then informed that she was late and would have to appear before the judiciary board. Of course the girls would have been better to have realized that while the rest of the Eastern Time Zone switched at 2 am Peabody Hall didn't bother to change until after 3 am. After all, Peabody hall always has been a little slow to accept changes.

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## MAKE WAVES

Will you watch Salem's state drift slowly out to sea? President Meier, floundering about his buildings, has gnashed his teeth on the bell tower steps and he is falling with the water flowing over the dam. Now is the time to alter the course of the stream and create whirlpools within the stagnant murk.

Rumor has it that an individual, unbeknown to most of the campus and a friend of Congressman Michael Harrington, named Mr. Hawes has his eye on the great Neptunes throne. From the information at hand, the honorable Mr. Hawes would be wonderful as a Y.M.C.A. camp director. His presence in Salem would, however, back up the stream, washout our established freedoms and drown the tadpoles now wriggling about campus before they could begin to froggily bound for their rights.

Wade into the mainstream, roll up your pants if you like, but get your feet wet before the tide goes out again. You'll have to paddle upstream through the rapids but, you have the water of Walden Pond to drench our distastes for our shallow lives here.

Toss your gapping irons now, into the face of Moby Dick, before our community becomes an Atlantis.

Byron Cohen

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## BOGEI- by Lionel Bliss

### Chapter One

Once upon a time there was a fiefdom near the sea. This exceedingly tiny realm was ruled by Baron M and was called Mesaly. The Baron was not a particularly evil man, nor was he a particularly good man. He advocated moderation and conservatism in all things, and except for being rather dim-witted, he was no worse a Baron than those in any of the other eleven fiefdoms in the Confederation. The Confederation, to which the Baron owed token allegiance, was formed of other small lands, and was formed to ward off the evil dragon.

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Please don't misunderstand this. This isn't a great step, but if we (the students, faculty and administration) expand upon this idea of building self-determination, we can look forward to producing a new, or perhaps traditional, breed of Americans.

It is well within the realm of possibility that this isn't good. This new American will be dangerous. He will question authority, tradition, all that has been accepted in the past, and all that his political and economic bosses tell him in the future.

If you (faculty and administration) are afraid of the basic values of the common man, and you (the students) are afraid of your own judgement - then do all you can to keep "the man in the street" ignorant and subservient. But be careful, because you will find the staff and myself on the other side fighting against you.

Wait - look around you - the sides are now forming. Where will you stand, for ignorance and subserviance or for higher education and self determination?

zerob brittar

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INTERNATIONAL EVENTS

The tragedy in the Mideast is moving toward a crescendo. The events of the past week - in Lebanon and in Isreal - have brought the searing spectre of all-out war, once again very close.

The virtual civil war in Lebanon was only the latest illustration of the Arab terrorists' strength. In that country, the terrorist organizations turned for the first time against Arab government, proclaiming it to be "too moderate" in the struggle against Zionism. Open warfare resulted between Lebanon Government security troops and the Commandos. The ancient streets of famous cities such as Tripoli resounded to the chatter of automatic-weapons fire, and rocked to the concussion of

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INTERNATIONAL EVENTS continued grenades. When the fighting subsided, several other Arab governments - such as that of Nasser's U.A.R. had sided with the guerillas against the government of the country. If the commando-terrorist are now strong enough to topple or create sovereign governments then the day of renewed holy war for Israel's destruction is not far off.

There is even some question as to whether any Arab ruler can stay in power without making it clear that he intends to smash the Jewish state. Some competent observers, at the United Nations and elsewhere, believe that Gamal Abdel Nasser could not continue in power for 3 days if he ordered his forces to pull back from the battle line along the Suez Canal.

Meanwhile, Israel was in the midst of a general election campaign. Faced with the stark reality of ascendant terrorism in the streets of Lebanon, the Israeli voter swung sharply to the right. He endorsed candidates whose harshly repressive attitudes toward the Arabs - even towards the Arabs who are Israeli citizens - will only serve to increase the level of violence.

No one knows what the future may bring for the nations of the Mideast. But one thing at least seems certain; for a long time to come, the most frequent sounds heard in the desert will be the crash of artillery and the thunder of speeding bombers.

Alistair Lancaster-Fleming

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The staff of the PLAIN BROWN WRAPPER would like to take this opportunity to thank Doctor Meier for fifteen years of Dedicated Service to Salem State College.

thank you  
Doctor  
Meier

## THE ADVENTURES OF ROBERT WOOD

Our story re-opens in River Forest where Robert and his faggot friends have their commune. As you may remember from last week, ex- maiden Mary (alias six-pack Sally) has just been busted by the local gendarmes for smoking peanut butter and being a minor. Robert addresses his gay gang:

"What ho, brave companions, here under the spreading beech-nut tree I must tell you of woes and bad tidings. Our dear ex-maiden Mary (alias put-out Polly) has been stolen away by the local constabulary and we must rescue her. Does anyone have a plan?"

"I have a plan!", the voice belonged to six feet eight inch Little Jerk. "What we do, Robert, is send old Weird Will in his pink tights down in front of the police station and while he attracts their attention we snatch the broad, er our dear ex-maiden Mary (alias Horny Hildegard) and run!"

"A great idea! Get our brave companion, Will Pinko and let us be off!" commands Robert, buckling his sawed-off AR-15 with blue gabardine holster.

Robert, Little Jerk, Alan-a-Pitch-Pipe, Fripper Supt, Durwood, Will and the rest of the happy homos set off for the police station. Of course the plan of our heros works and back to River Forest they came.

"What-ho, good comrades, we have absconded with our fair laid, er maid, but we must stop and give tribute to our captured comrade, Will Pinko, captured in the line of duty." declares Robert. Just then a familiar figure in pink tights prances down the lane.

"Great Pot!" cries Fripper Supt, the freaky frior. "Is it Tiny Tim?"

"No!" cries Little Jerk "Is it Spiro Agnew?"

"No!" yawns Durwood. "It's only Will Pinko."

"Will, how did you escape. Didn't they accost you?" queries the gay group.

"Heavanth no! They were my thort of people. The captain, he was thimply divine. We had a wonderful time..."

B.B..

BOGEI continued from page 1

The Baron was a happy man, because few of his subjects ever questioned him; because he had a tower that none of his rival Barons had and because he had a bastard son, Bogei.

Bogei had many half-brothers and half-sisters, but he was known to be the Baron's favorite, because he looked most like the Baron. To the Baron's way of thinking, sireing as many sons and daughters as possible was a noble occupation, not because he enjoyed it, Heavens NO! it was a duty that must be performed to produce as many subjects royal to the house of M as possible. The Baron was sometimes critized for showing so much enthusiasm in producing new subjects, but the replied that if he produced many people, perhaps a few might be as good as Bogei, or even as good as his own noble self. To this his more outspoken critics argued that Mesaly, already very small, was getting overcrowded. They added that perhaps the Baron might have better quality children if he would reserve his strength to just a few of his favorite wives. And to this argument, the Baron answered in the best way he knew how, by exiling the dissenters.

to be continued next week

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Of course our noble judiciary board will punish these girls to make sure that the next time they are not informed of a rule they will through divine revelation manage not to break it.

The Judiciary Board is becoming famous for its own special brand of injustice, and many reforms and re-appraisals are necessary before this board can even begin to be thought of as a place where justice is delivered. But I make a plea right now for the J-Board to reform itself. Drop the charges against these female victims of Peabody Hall stupidity, before you add more injustices to your growing list.

Paynter James

## STUDENT POWER

Student power at Salem State College is the best joke of the past three years. By student power I do not necessarily mean a violent upheaval, but a peaceful uprising of constructive criticism. At Salem State the Administration has been presented with constructive criticism and proposals by duly elected officers of the Student Association and every time the Administration either gives a flat no or reverts to tokenism.

The Open House proposal for the mens dorm has been stuck in the Administrative bureaucracy for over 3 weeks. President Meier has increased the student enrollment here creating larger classes without the necessary increase in professors. Both the faculty Senate and the Student Association opposed this increased enrollment, but President Meier increased the enrollment.

The Student Association offered constructive proposals for curriculum changes. It is true that some departments instituted pass-fail courses, but this is tokenism.

For too long at this college the students have been led by the nose and boxed into a corner by the Administration. No matter how loud our protests have been, no matter how justified our cause, our paternalistic and overbearing Administration led by Doctor Meier and Dean Sullivan have always looked in the other direction basically seeing no farther than their noses.

This is intended as no slight of character to either Dean Sullivan or Doctor Meier- each man has his own set of values and their values at this time create great conflict with today's newly rising moral and political values.

I cannot say the students' political activism is due to the Administration. The students at Salem are satisfied with their little social cliques, beer, and parties. They seem to shun the

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## ANCHORS AWAY!

October 28th a small group representing the ever popular United States Navy sat, like preying vultures, in the main lobby of the SSC Student Union. This carefully trained well versed and well equipped force of three swabbys sunk their venomous talons into anyone who showed even the slightest interest in their wares.

These recruiters (regardless of what they would like to be called they are still in essence recruiters) are the finished product of years of experimentation in the propagation of the faith. These men were carefully trained and chosen for their jobs. If you had the good fortune to see these lads, you noticed that all 3 were young, or at least not much older than many of us in the community. The Navy figures we will listen to them more than we would the traditionally older recruiting sergeant with the distinguishing sabre cut on his cheek and they are right in their assumption. They figure that students won't argue as much or as violently with members of their own generation, they score a second coup here. These sailors are also versed in the art of bebate. They are taught to hold the defensive position in arguments until the proper moment then from an underdog position to seize the opportunity to champion their cause with a well prepared bold statement of little known fact which is usually statistical.

Perhaps their most clever weapon is their delayed action bomb, "free literature". This pictorial advertisement usually contains very little information but is very suggestive and stimulates the imagination.

Some men may see themselves in these flicks vicariously depicting soaring jets, blue skies, and feats of daring. I wish the war freaks the best of luck in finding volunteers for Nixon's war, but let them do it where I don't have to confront them as I leave the cafeteria with a full stomach.

Snake

STUDENT POWER continued from page 4

responsibility of thinking and acting like mature college students. Most students here lack the fortitude to stand up for what they believe in. They continually lack down when threatened with intimidation. A few students here have the bravery, but are quickly deserted by their friends and supporters.

It is possible for this situation to change, but the road is long and hard. It is up to every individual in their mind to finally decide what is right and what is wrong and not be led astray by beclouded issues.

Student power here to become truly effective must be backed by the majority of the students here. If the Students at this college would stand together once and stay together to face the Administration and say this is the way things are going to be done here - from here on in. To some this may seem like an idealistic dream, but to others it represents a future, a freedom from Big Brothers Iron Hand.

As you noticed these articles that appear in this paper have falsified names in order that we might have complete freedom from Doctor Meier and the boys. It has been our common experience that people who speak freely at this campus are generally silenced quickly and efficiently.

To create student power here is necessary. With 3600 students we are the majority. What the Administration does here effects our lives immediately. We can no longer step aside and be led around, it's time that we moved. It is time to open the eyes of the students here to some gross inequities at Salem State College. What ever happened to the All College Congress, Doctor Meier? In my opinion this would be an ineffectual organization for Doctor Meier would censor them as he censored the LOG. Either you think like Meier or you don't think at all.

It no longer seems necessary to stay put - it's time to make a stand. To stand and fight and possibly die in the process seems worth the while - that's why this paper exist----

We're dissatisfied.

Mark Rudd

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#### FOR MY FRIENDS

In the process of maturing, one often endeavors to acquire a quality which is not easily defined. It has been labeled as everything from "class" to "magnanimity", but, still, it has not been suitably titled. Truly, it is impossible to denominate, but it can be qualified.

It is the ability to accept the criticism of others, just or unjust, in its proper perspective.

It is the ability to avoid being tempted into a controversy in which the means employed are not justified by the objective.

It is the ability to be able to complacently relinquish a position of significance on demand of a rightfully invested argument, plea, or order.

It is the ability to speak civilly, maintain dignity, uphold pride, and to be benign.

Perhaps, the most wonderful thing about this quality, which is composed of so many virtues, is that it may be procured very easily. In fact, by merely striving for it you obtain it.

Anon 2