

## EDITORIAL

## The Great Publications Board Hassle

When Lee Nell told me that SGA was considering a Publications Board I was simultaneously shocked and hurt. I felt that my position as editor of the newspaper required my consultation about a matter as important as this. I felt personally hurt because I felt that a Publications Board was an affront against my job as editor this year.

A student showed me the constitutional clause which would make this board a reality. It read (paraphrase) that the Board should be composed of senators from the student government. I opposed this board for two reasons: 1) I feel that a Publications Board is a repression of both free speech and free press (which I will discuss later), and 2) I feel that elected senators of SGA are not qualified to judge either the content or the form of the student newspaper.

The idea that elected officials are incompetent in judging literary merit or journalism is not a new one. In the seventeenth century, John Milton addressed the Council of England on this matter, in a work entitled "Areopagitica." It applies as much to Capitol Campus as it did to Milton's England:

"...Who shall warrant me his judgement?" "The state sir," replies the stationer: but has a quick return—"The state shall be my governors but not my critics..."

The Student Government Association, by their delegation of funds to the newspaper is correct in requesting that a weekly paper be published during each term, but is wrong in feeling that they can control

or advise any of the newspaper's policies. Student government is composed of students from every curriculum. None are journalists, none are critics, and definitely none are qualified to become active critics of a student publication.

After my protest, newly-elected SGA President Terry Wimmer reconsidered the clause and deleted it from the constitution. Still without consulting me, Terry informed me that they were now considering a new type of publications board. This would consist of (paraphrase) the editors of THE CAPITOLIST and CAPITOLITE, the station manager of WZAP, the advisers of each of these organizations, the Chief Justice of the Student Court, and the SGA president as ex-officio chairman.

This second version of the proposed Publications Board displeased me less than the first for it allowed participation of the editors in matters which affected them and their publications directly. I was disappointed, in an ethical sense, that the aforementioned consideration was not applied by the people involved with starting a Publications Board in the first place!

The entire concept of a Publications Board is a dangerous one in my view. It is a board of potentially great power. When a paper is operating under the constant threat of being taken before the board, the editor can do a justifiable job neither to his readers nor his conscience. Every editorial being written, every article being submitted, every picture being taken must be viewed as a possible threat to the

very existence of a newspaper. On top of the monumental job the editor already has, he must assume responsibility for the ethics of everyone and the morals of little old ladies in Highspire.

This is why I feel the Publications Board is unnecessary. There should be no restrictions on what the reader is allowed to see in print. He certainly is old and mature enough to decide his own opinions on editorial matters. And, since very few little ladies in Highspire would ever see THE CAPITOLIST, there is very little reason to bowdlerize our content to fit her delicate ears. I am not advocating obscenity or poor taste, however, but I really don't think that an occasional "Fuck" for emphasis ever corrupted the morals of any Capitol Campus reader.

Once a permanent newspaper has established itself on campus the students, administration and faculty should have the good faith in it that it would not slander or libel anyone. This also falls under the heading of poor taste. I feel that THE CAPITOLIST has proven itself in the past. It deserves the good faith of the campus community. "Thou shalt not libel" has always been one of our cardinal rules, and if the readers respect this there will never be the necessity of libel suits.

It would be a very great loss to Capitol Campus, if it lost a fine, growing news media because the careless and paranoid activation of a student Publications Board. And yes, that may just happen. Repressed editors become poor editors...who quit.

In the epilogue to the "Report of the Special Commission on the Student Press to the President of the University of California" the contributors state: "The press must be free because its freedom is a condition of its veracity, and its veracity is its good faith with the total record of the human spirit."

So be it at Capitol.

## WHERE IS JUSTICE?

by Skip Lewis

Where is Justice? Where does credibility end and trumped up falsification begin? Why is inequality so hard to put to rest? These are questions we all might ask ourselves on different occasions from time to time; but recently they are questions that have come to the forefront in the minds of Leroy Howell, Carol Sims, Chandler Wolf, and of other Black Student Union Members. (HEY! Don't get turned off by the name. Read on.) They have but one problem and but one question. Their problem is one of inequality in terms of percentage of black faculty and students to white faculty and students. Their question is why out of twenty-seven faculty positions open for the academic year starting September 1971, there is only one black professor being offered a contract. This one professor is a man named Clem Kelpen who is being retained to teach and coordinate the Black Studies option. But what of the inequality?

The BSU has met off and on with Dr. Heindel, Dean of Academic, about just this matter hoping to have their demand of two black professors per curriculum satisfied and to have the injustice of not having all sources through which black professors may be reached and obtained exhausted. But such meetings have revealed little except that Dr. Heindel believes, himself to be fulfilling his obligations in the aspect of academic recruitment. The BSU disagrees and feels they have valid reason for their pessimism; they feel Dr. Heindel and the division heads who recommend prospective candidates for position within their field, are over worked and do not have the time needed for a thorough investigation into the many diversified avenues one must explore in order to find the proper people with the proper credentials. The BSU suggests as an alternative to this pressing

time problem, that the college enlist the services of a full time person whose responsibility would be to investigate the many diversified sources for qualified professors while at the same time working hand in hand with the academic department. This proposal was met with a hand raised to the mouth and an astonished "things just are not done that way." Well, we say why not if the old system can no longer function in the collegiate world.

What the Black Student Union wants to rectify is the inequality of black faculty recruitment. Moreover, they would wish to see an increase in the number of black faculty members on Campus. It seems the replacement-nonrenewal of contract syndrome so popular in administration today has shown its ugliness here at Capitol also.

## POTPOURRI

by Missy Rotondaro

Say this fast five times: Five Fresh Fried Fish.

Candy is dandy; but sex won't cause tooth decay.

Who's the wildman of 823B Nelson?

Why does everyone stand up when President Wimmer enters the room?

For Smokers Only: It's not the coughin' that carries you off, It's the coffin they carry you off in.

Why does everyone stand up when President Wimmer enters the room?

Paper thin walls tell the tales on Delores.

To ALL the men out there: Don't drink anymore beer till the end of the year—take a girl to dinner.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner Eating his brother.

REMEMBER: A bird in the hand, really gets kinda messy. Some write for pleasure Some write for fame I just write to sign my name.

Mary had a little watch She swallowed it one day. Her mother gave her castor oil to pass the time away. The castor oil it did not work, the time it did not pass. Now when you want to see what time it is you look up Mary's uncle—He has a watch.

I want to thank you all for reading this insane column. I've really enjoyed writing it. Thank you Walt for the idea, and thanks go especially to Ro for being Potpourri's biggest fan.

## Sob, Sniff, Etc.

The Junior class members of the staff of the CAPITOLIST hereby address themselves to the graduating Seniors.

As the year ends and you leave us, we might express joy or sorrow, or some other suitable sentiment. In this yearly changing of the guard, we could say that we will miss you in many ways. Or we could say that we are happy to be assuming the status of Seniors. And this is all true.

It is also our sincere wish that you may see the just results of your endeavors. We wish you peace, freedom and love. But as the sun sinks slowly in the west, all you really can be sure of is that the CAPITOLIST wishes you the best.

## Free Grass in Venderville!

by Lee Nell

Just one last abuse of editorial freedom to get your attention. Actually the only free grass you'll get is by following the mower around. But what we're offering is almost as good. (Keep reading, Juniors and Seniors.)

Next year, Seniors, you can keep up with the unfinished business here at Capitol Campus by subscribing to the CAPITOLIST. That's right. For the low cost of only \$1.50 per term (to cover postage and handling, of course) you can get the CAPITOLIST mailed right to your door, tent or cell.

And, Juniors, if you are interested in joining the staff—in Editors:

Please send me the CAPITOLIST on a weekly basis during the fall/winter/spring term(s). I understand that my \$1.50 per term will cover postage and handling for this wonderful paper. Enclosed is \$..... for the service.

Send to: NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
.....Zip.....

reporting and commenting on events next year—let us know. Meet with Tom Hagan and I in the TV lounge at noon today to discuss it further.

You know how good the CAPITOLIST was this year, and next year it will be even better. We will be publishing six pages of news, happenings, comment and a few other surprises. If you want to help us in this, let us know. And, Seniors, if you want to subscribe, use the following form. Mail it to: THE CAPITOLIST care of this campus when you know what your address will be. And we are always open for articles from alumni. Have a good summer.

## THE LOT DOWN THE HALL

by Tom Ogden

Transferring to a new campus, I had no idea what life would be like—yet on the "dorm experience." For those of you who are commuters, or Meaders from the start, or live in the tents in the wasteland, let me describe the nerve-racking ordeal. I'm certain many of you recall with anticipation the idea of moving into the dorms. This was making us all "college joes" (or Joe-esses, as the girls on second floor Wrisberg, etc., may testify to). The dorm room, especially to those who had never had a room of their own, was to be our own little worlds, complete with billposters, beer bottles and bosomy broads.

All of this is true. It is the unanticipated events that I wish to describe herewithin: the lot down the hall. You know them well. The group that never goes to sleep before three, and keeps you awake too! Sample prank: Hook up one hose to faucet in bathroom. Spray generously down halls and in any open doors. Result: One R.A. trampling down the hall. Another routine event: stereos do NOT go on until 11:30 and then remain on until 2:30. Some of us are lucky and have REAL stereo—a record player on each side of us. One hall sports a full billboard-size poster of Lucy,

slightly disfigured. Ahem. A door boasts a "Girl Wanted—Apply Within" sign. Another the list of gripes: (1) Too much ..... noise, (2) Too many cans in the hallway (sic)—referring to the playing of ten-pins with tennis balls and beer cans down the halls, (3) MORE water battles, and (4) We ran out of warnings—this last referring to the hundreds of trips the R.A. had to take down the hall.

Yet they boys—be they ever so humble—feel the dorms are just like home, evinced by the dirty laundry left hanging everywhere. The place is kept in care, so what if one morning the water fountain is missing. Is it any worse than a missing rock or TV? Klackers, skateboards, bowling all find their way into the dorm halls. No wonder sleep is impossible.

Still I love it. Communal life is often tiresome, dining hall food could possibly be surpassed; but the friendships which can be built in such a situation can NOT be surpassed. Pity the Meaders and commuters who never have and never will fill those blessed halls of horror, the dorms. You will never—unfortunately—get the taste, be it bitter, of the "dorm experience."

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