

Letters To The Editor CAPITOLIST, Pigs?

Dear Sir:
I have just finished reading your current issue of THE CAPITOLIST. Usually I find the paper to be informative, if not always pleasant. However, the cartoon on page eight was disgusting, insulting and derogatory to Black people.
There was no reason for the animal portrayed to be yelling a Black expression (yes, jack! a Black expression that you whites, as usual, stole and now use as your own). Why couldn't he be yelling an expression typical of whites like: fuck-o or jack-off?
Second, if a squirrel had to be drawn, and so grotesquely, why must it be black. There are just as many white ones that would have served that Alice-in-wonderland article. Your paper seems to showing a racist concept.

- Armand J. Mundy
S.G.A. Senator
- B.S.U. Members:
Lois Brockington
Eva M. Warren
Donald Hilliard
Valerie Sims
Caroleetha A. Cullins
Stephen Reaves
Deborah Johnson
Leroy C. Howell

Ed. Note: We hope to hear more about this. For now, we can only say that the intent of THE CAPITOLIST was not to offend anyone. If that was the intent of the cartoonist-I do not know him personally-then it slipped by us. But THE CAPITOLIST printed the cartoon and will accept the responsibility for doing so.

The difference between intent and effect is important here. To all those who feel as Armand and his co-signers do, we offer a sincere apology. It simply did not occur to us that the cartoon might be insulting. Perhaps we should apologize for that, also.

We must take issue with two things, however. First, I would hope that in adopting (stealing, if you will) the phrase 'Right On', many white people use it on behalf of the Black struggle. Second, I cannot accept the implication in the last sentence. We do our best. But if incidents of racial misunderstandings are to be avoided, more dialogue is needed. Perhaps the damage

Words From The Other Side or 'THE SECOND COMING' - one more than is usually needed.

by Gregg Crescenzo

SIEG HEIL! SEIG HEIL!
Sound familiar Paul baby or don't you want to remember because the anguish of living in another (man's?) image is far to much for the poor pirate imitation that you are. Sure we know you try harder, such a shame that all your energies have found quite comfortable lodgings in your head. I wonder what other wonderland-like feats can be woven upon, shall we say, a set of rusted monkey bars where a flock of dingy bats cling; to form that air of pseudo-importance, the bending staturesque awe of a dreary limped court jester (Quasimoto for instance), all the royal magnificence of a miscarriage in the back seat of a garbage truck. The marvel of tapestry, (well for our purposes let's stay on the safe side an say a rubber sheet). Ah! the marvel of a rubber sheet-let us pause and pay homage (those not into the head trip may puke instead). To have in our midst, 'The Second Coming'; 'The Fifth Horsemen'; and Dick Tracy's libido is too much for one campus to handle, so excuse us if we misunderstand you every time you divide a cell. Let us take a never-neverland like look behind the seemingly slimy crustaceous thick outer shell housing, through which peers in a squinting manner-our answer to Marshall Dillon-the dangerous dick dull of the Capitol Campus Bureau of Large Intestines-Sheriff Paul.

Yeah, them were the days, 'Boot Camp' wow-young recruits, all just doing their duty; being away from home, sure they're scared, but that's the way I like it; being a nine neon General around here-they'd better respect me. Yes Sir! boy these young kids shit when they see me: come on kid, beg a little, let me see you crawl, say your sorry; you can get your tongue out a little farther than that, how do you ever expect it to come off if you don't lick faster than that. Yes Sir! i guess i showed him i'm a man, stupid recruit.

cannot be undone, but, hopefully, there will be no additional damage.

So Whites, Blacks, students, faculty-anyone. With a readership of 1500, we've got a great forum for communication here. But we can't write your thoughts. Give something to Trish. W-105.

'Security'-now that livin; imagine bein' a paid voyeur, i could write a book only it'd take forever block printing. What yah say your old man does for a job-wop! hey nigguh don't tell me your not on welfare,-kikey-thats right you Jew bastard, for this we ended the war; (Micks, Polacks, Ukes, etc. . . you get the idea)

Queers, can smell them a urinal away, commie bastards no good security risk; look pal you ain't got a job any more; imagine that guy handling all them top secret u.s. government secrets with them filthy paws!

Yes Sir! i'm awright, i mean, they threw the mold away, damn, see how neat i walk, just like a tin-soldier; hear my voice how sweet, smooth as bile-an boy oh boy when you put them together-kid, hey (watch this) allright kid, your under arrest. you have the right to beg and crawl and ask my forgiveness, you have the right to build my shaky ego, you have the right to fear me and give me respect-or else. You have the right to do all of this so i can go on thinking that i'm a MAN, a MAN, a Man, a man, a ma, a m, (see what happens to a ballon when you let the air out?).

TOURISM

In a land called Nakkonomera, reason, order, and rational logical thought reigned. It was a prosperous state of affairs for those involved in their mediocral devotions; to wit: their devotion to a compartment, that modular state-built constructions of separate cycles brought together to form their unorganic wholeness encased in dust, as fingerprints laid about in sterile harmony with their environment. Within the confines of this land of holy forethought, strobing energy forces beckoned from many subcultures of higher conciousness other alien beings. In a far field away from much death, a light glow was forming in the atmosphere. In calling with oneness, a source of energy so intense, picked up other radial energycycles and beamed in on this one chosen destination. In the quiet fields, the sun smiled a gesture to the alien beings. All the forces of oneness urged forth a mighty rush-and in totality everything that surrounded us was bursting forth with life-so we rolled another one

-MSP

Scholarships

Application materials for University Scholarships may be picked up in Room E-106.

These scholarships are for the 1972-73 Academic Year, and are awarded to students who:

1. Give evidence of superior academic attainment (usually with a cumulative average of 3.00 or better);

2. Have a financial need, as verified by the Parents' Confidential Statement.

Those students who are interested should see Miss Toni Jennings before the deadline date of February 11, 1972.

Sooner Or Later, One Of Us Must Know

Even at midnight, when later the dawn catches a glimpse of its darkness and tracks it down from later years, only sometimes when you catch the sun crying-Yes, even at midnight. Now i know you wont believe this, but some might say, so it be. Not necessarily an old folkway or anything traditional, but over the last few years, some traditions have had there very foundations rocked by today's abrupt changes. Some here tell it's this revolution, just after evolutin' from the apes. Hell, i can recall a time when that didn't matter; Well, i guess i could just say it was the city folks way of talkin', but you just can't excuse it-it's the sign of the times. Hell, also of us old timers, we remember the way it used to be, but somewhere along the way your soul gets lost in the transition. Well just to say, we're the lifer's, and our souls are tempered with the ages. Great glory it's raining, i'd better git home, but i'll follow the sun anyway. . . Mom will be hallerin' and the kids cryin', the ole woman's gonna' take to my hide, shit we'll see you later . . .

Hey Charlie, up and over to the left a little bit, there that's it. Did you make it, i see you've slipped thru-hey, that's pretty good. Our missions mean very much to us, and though some odd coincidence of life, we manage some semblance of reality . . . You're not talkin' to the old man in the shoe, no sir ree bob. Why i tell ya', just the other week, we had to go up the street here and see what the disturbance was. Christ, it was foggy as hell, pollution and all that shit. Man, it was zero visibility, can ya' dig it? Charlie

was just here where he went to, so hell, we wuz just spaced out. We thought he went over the hill. Regardless, it was a bitchin' site to see. We crawled up this line of the pavement. Now this is the lowdown, some heavy shit, can ya' dig it. We went until we found this light. It appeared that we were in a well, whether it was upside down or not, is your trip, or whatever. There were all these people takin' drinks from the well, and coppin' there supplies in buckets and such . . . Wierd men in black cloaks, their heads dissolving into skulls when they dropped their cups from their lips . . . There were fire places burning where there had once been eyes, assorted lizards and other crustaceans had gathered to warm by the sun . . . And shit, just at that, the sun sank with my words in its mouth, then the cloaked figures would turn and walk away as the ripples of water blurred their images . . . the tears in their eyes, wretched away by a kuckles or a thumb . . . Charlie was layin' on the floor laughing, babbling, and droolin', there were giant misquitoses hovering around his ears like hummingbirds. . . Hell, i had crawled back into the kitchen to rap to Freddie, a pet mouse, but he was preoccupied with snakes, scorpions, praying mantises, and such . . .

-Michael Patti

HOT LINE --944-1033

... MISSING DR GRIMM'S
ROUND TABLE TALK.

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