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The Lantern (December 17, 1968)

Lesley College

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Mr. Spear Does His Thing

What is a mobi? What kinds of things do the seniors do with mobi?

Mr. Spear has offered the course is, “to compel people to do the seniors do with mobi.”

Students looking for summer jobs can now get help from the American Association of College Students.

Some faculty felt that coeds would not add much more than decoration to classes. One even admitted that the education of men was more important in our society and that any extra acceptance should be for men. There were few Yale or Yale coeds who would agree with these positions. Although voiced by very few, the biggest complaint was that the week was “inconsequential to the action. The programme needed to be done once, but students could expect one week to be a true application of an entire semester.”

The goal of coeducation week seemed more to be an exchange of ideas among individuals, male and female, in a more naturally integrated society than that found at an all-male or all-female institution.

After the initial shock of the confrontation of Chicago and the automated nominations of Nixon and Humphrey for president, people were open and informal, suddenly world-weary.

The Coed Week experiment at Yale is now past history, but its effects are lasting. It was an invaluable experience for anyone who participated, and it was a more naturally integrated society than that found at an all-male or all-female institution.

As the defiance of the students and Yale coeds, the weeks were an opportunity to enter into an increasingly savage war, the student movement has been hit by the generation gap. The old definitions of “correct political stances” are under attack, and new forms are beginning to emerge as a result of the confrontation of Chicago and the automated nominations of Nixon and Humphrey for president.
The Lantern Speaks

End of the year... "Don't Look Back!"

It seems that we spend our lives reflecting upon the events of the past years – mistakes, hopes, aspirations, failures, and learnings.

This end-of-the-year issue of the Lantern contains no summation of world or campus features. Rather, it views the news at hand as having no beginning or end in the scheme of things.

The Lantern (with a little help from its friends) got by. More than that, past issues have covered such topics as birth control, pot, involvement, elections, Vietnam, and more. But more than that, past issues have covered such topics as birth control, pot, involvement, elections, Vietnam, and more.

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So moved was she that her dream that night was invaded by lists of Best Wishes columns 804 names in length.

Is this what the Lesley community wants to see in print?

The second phase of our year will include in-depth articles of the topmost consideration. Editorial points to ponder: curriculum changes, off-campus apartments, campus lectures, aesthetics in the area, to name a few.

In the spirit of all that is holy (or profane), the Lantern staff extends Season’s Greetings and best wishes for a healthy and happy New Year.

"Time it was And what a time it was, It was A time of innocence, A time of confidences, Long ago... it must be... I have a photograph. Preserve your memories; They're all that's left you."

Instant Reply

Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Marcy Goldman: I certainly do. I'd hate to think that the fat man's lap I sat on in Toyland wasn't Santa!

Debbie Loomis: I hope there's a Santa Claus. It would be sad to think that my father ate the milk and cookies.

Marsh Leavit: Of course. Any cat who wears a red suit, has a white beard and smokes a cigar, must be Santa Claus.

Marcy Goldman: I certainly do. I'd hate to think that the fat man's lap I sat on in Toyland wasn't Santa!

From The Editor's Mailbox

To the Editors of the LANTERN:

Antagonism and rejection with which I think we never solve any monstrous problem. If there is any hope of a solution, it lies in making and cataloguing a commonplace, Mr. Charlie or some other, but in all men of good will, working together to reach perfection, and with love, either to crack and fragment the monolithic structure or at least to grind away at its edges.

Four-letter words are merely childish, a cheap way to shock the elders. Straw men are merely straw men; it is safe to attack them, whereas real people might strike back, or might speak up in protest about half truths. The problem, I think, is merely one segment of it, must be brought into focus if we are to be constructive about it.

Leslie M. Oliver

Dear Editors,

I think the Lantern is a very "nice" newspaper. I read each issue carefully and find out all kinds of things about everybody at Lesley. I'm not saying it's not interesting to hear what faculty, students and clubs are doing, but other things do happen in this world.

There was close to nothing about the presidential election and this was definitely one of the major events of our time. I'm sure many students and faculty in other countries are rioting and protesting, but the Lantern very rarely deals with these subjects. The black population are being awakened and the civil rights movement is gaining momentum daily. Why aren't there articles and editorials about this in our school newspaper?

Boston is one of the greatest educational and intellectual centers of our country. In Boston, things happen, yet one would not know this from reading the Lantern. I think the newspaper has improved in a great many respects, but now it's time for it to delve into the real controversial subjects of our time.

As I understand it, there is no censorship at Lesley, so why are you, the staff, reluctant to speak (write) out on the real issues? Continue the Lesley speak (write) out on the real issues? Please. We are more than willing to bring what's really happening. Anyone who is interested in writing, in this area of controversial topics, please notify any of the editors and your talents will be put to use.

The Lesley Family—now what girl would want anything more? It infers closeness, people really caring about you—wanting the best for you; making sure that they're doing all they can to make you happy. Why if you have a problem concerning school, a professor, a roommate or even a room change—ah, what's that way? no, I haven't been to the Dean lately. Why, has a member of Our Family upset you?

In most families, there is an authoritative figure, true, but person still respects the rights of others in the family. When two people in a family discuss a problem, honesty and tact should always be remembered.

Now, my friend, tell me...you've been unhappy all these months and still not changed. You've gone through all the right channels, haven't you; meetings with all members of the Family. Ah, you've done all that and still no luck. And you think students and teachers in this school could be used to our change and everything would be happy! Well, what's the problem?

I guess you'd better face the fact—there are some members of Our Sweet Family who don't want to see you happy. You see, they all have this power and like to throw it around, Gee, it must be fun to be able to toy with a person's life and happiness. However, there's an emphasis on sensitivity. These Dear Readers of Our Family want to see how sensitive we are...to pain!? That seems to be the sort of sick, don't you think?

But then again who has the power to decide between making a person happy and unhappy and then prolongs the unhappiness for no real reason must be sort of sick herself...or insensitive.

I think the Dean should remember this season of the year is all about.

Peace on earth to all good well men. Why can't it begin at Lesley?
I am presently living in the modern city of Chicago. My husband is a mechanic in the construction business and I suppose he could be called a teacher but since today's education system is completely run by machines he is actually a mechanic. My life is spent in crawling under cars full of debris. My home is the typical mid-rise apartment consisting of every new modern convenience: push button this and that. It takes me forever to clean my seven-room apartment and even less to cook meals. I can’t imagine how my mother ever survived without these conveniences. I am the proud mother of three boys now: age six, ten, and seventeen and my days are spent caring for them, I am very worried however, about my eldest son. I guess I could classify him as a hippie. He is bald and wears a round-trip to New York City, which handles 29 local student papers, and it all: ‘Somewhere down along the line somebody has to say something about smut, I’m just trying to protect those nice people who still write when they see the word — in print.” It is very reminiscent of Mayor Daley, yeling at Connecticut Senator Ribicoff to “go home — budge the floor of the Democratic convention, and this, the university mostly about demonstrators outside bad-mouth ing cops.”

The Parade not Scheduled for Today has been Cancelled

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Contact
Ronnie Grueffman
Sacramento Hall
for more information
Photo by Dennis Mahony

PEACE ON
EARTH
Student Movement

Continued from Page 1

to confront these realities, it is no longer necessary to join a protest movement. The patent absurdities, the unspeakable violence have become as predictable as the six o'clock news.

In all of this, the sense of an orderly progression of consciousness has been shattered. The anti-war/imperialism movement (which has replaced the anti-war movement, which has replaced the civil rights movement, appears itself threatened by pure chaos.

One sensed through all these movements that they were more in scope. They touched, oddly enough, only a small part of what still troubles the great mass of Americans. Other, more fundamental questions remained — more deeply felt needs to which no voice in our national life has yet spoken.

For too many people, the American environment simply does not allow a satisfactory way of living. But these conflicts for many young people, will not go unexpressed if they must remain unresolved.

Consequently, in 1968, the Democratic Party became the object, the convention became the time and the Conrad Hilton became the place for thousands of kids from high schools and colleges all over the country. This was the moment, everything was out in the open, and America glimpsed perhaps the first time — just how deeply the divisions really run.

Even at the moment of worst was passed somewhere not very long ago — the moment when the student movement a kind of break with the past. One sees the word becoming too restrictive, the indictment against American society, once the property of desperate, suspicious, bearded minority, has been joined by in a new host both on and off the campus.

which defines simple classification.

For example, last week, New York University students mobilized militant backing over an issue on the older radicals con demn as passe — reinstatement of a fired professor. But if the issue was outdated, the tactics certainly were not. Students took over two campus buildings, bombarded two dorms and disrupted the university's telephone system as an expression of their support.

Campus politics moved into the open, but almost before they could call a rally for that purpose, most of the proposals had returned quietly to their regular student roles.

Recently, a similar event occurred at Boston University. Students sometimes numbering 1000 joined an AWOI Army protest in a symbolic gesture of sanctuary in a university chapel and holding off federal officers for five days and nights. But when radical leaders tried to link that action with the issue of campus ROTC, the interest lasted only until the desiring soldier was placed under arrest. One of the sanctuary organizers confessed with disappointment...

"We raised their commitment to action, but not their political consciousness."

The fact that the protest failed to develop the kind of awareness, he was unused to recognizing seemed to be the real source of his disappointment. For while students this fall clearly have a greater sense of the potential dimension of their lives, that awareness has not automatically committed them to the struggles of the past.

Those new activists, many of whom date their changed perspective as recently as, for example, the Berkeley riots this summer, that certainly was the rationale. In spite of the constant flow of rhetoric on the part of the leadership, it was the continuing possibility of confrontation with the police that brought people into the streets each night. "The streets belong to the people," was the cry. The appeal was not complacent, but perhaps even primitive — but it moved people to action. After that level of involvement, explanations about its political significance became merely boring.

With the demand for the development of a unified revolutionary movement has been a greater conflict with the older radicals. "Revolutionaries" individually want to live. They need to find a combination of life style and politics — in an atmosphere where neither impasse implies a contradiction of the goals of the other.

In the process the movement seems having some kind of clash between generations. Already older radicals express suspicion over these "Joe-College-Come-Lately revolutionaries" individually want to live. They need to find a combination of life style and politics — in an atmosphere where neither impasse implies a contradiction of the goals of the other.

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THE LANTERN

December 17, 1968

Life in 2000 A.D.

Continued from Page 3

He even denounces our government figure head. I'm just sick about him but hopefully these radical ideas will lose their significance as he grows older.

Now about my life. By day, I'm the dominant and most influential member of my family. I must keep myself well-informed in order to raise my family correctly. I read all the great books, I always stress to my family that men are created equal except for the lower intellects and the beastous. The Negroes today all seem to be doctors and scientists. They spend their lives obtaining useless information and think because of this they are superior. They seem to think mechanical training is beneath them. I find this totally absurd but as I always say "Why should I worry about them?"

My parents are living in an old age home in Nevada. If possible I visit them once a year. Relatives are becoming just as bitter, always wanting money. I like to keep my family very small because it eliminates most of the responsibilities.

My worries seem to be rising at all times. At night I work hard to protect my children from the intellectual environment. I want them to be satisfied with the life the commuter picks for them. I hope that today's school system is preparing them well in sex education as this is important. I am rated a normal housewife having a husband and an occasional affair.

Workdays are becoming more and more enjoyable. Friday nights my husband and I go to various concerts concerning "the techniques of guerrilla warflers. I find this very important to know in case of invasion. Saturday nights we usually spend watching television commercials or talking on our telephone.

As you can see, my life is spent very complacently and I can't imagine how our society could progress any more than it has now. I think we've reached our peak and I hope our government can keep it this way.

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And finding out whether it might ever be possible for students to come up from slavery.

The Present Scene

First, let's see what's happening now. Let's look at the robins students play in what we like to call education.

At Cal State L.A. where I teach, the students have separate and unequal dining facilities. If they take it into the faculty dining room, my colleagues say they're professors, though there were a bad smell. If I eat in the student cafeteria, I am called nothing but an educational equivalent of a Negro lover. In at least one building, the women are in even worse rooms which students may not use. At Cal State, also, there is an unwritten law barring the student faculty love-making. Failing that, some students do from ant-minorization law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent what it seems.

Students at Cal State are politically disenfranchised. They are in an academic Lowndes County. Most of them can not vote in national elections which affect their academic lives. The students are, it is true, allowed to have a toy government of their own. It is a government where the class split apart by Uncle Toms and countersubversives. But it is a most irritating and ant-minorization, law, like its Southern counterpart, is not 100 percent what it seems.

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Shalako

Shalako, starring Sean Connery and Brigitte Bardot is an Americanized version of the James Bond flicks. Mr. Connery trades in his British citizenship to become an American cavalry of the plains who is clever and strong. Yet the personality he creates has not changed. He is so much the same James Bond that the audience waits to see an Indian's reflection in Connery's eyes. His escape routes are still filled with impossible dangers which he manages to escape.

The humor is so subtle the audience cannot be sure it's humor. There are unsuccessful attempts at thematic material. The characterizations are weak and unrealistic. But the scenery is beautiful.

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter

Soft shoulders and strong hands are valued assets. A good listener is a good conversationalist. In such a conversation, goods and services are the coin of exchange in return for a human relationship.

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter is a movie which causes the audiences internal sadness as well as external tears through its portrayal of a human's effort to communicate. Alan Arkin plays the role of Mr. Singer as an intelligent sensitive person. This character reaches out to certain members of society — all of whom are her outcasts, a drunk, a Southern Negro Doctor, a lower class Georgian White teen-age girl, and a mentally retarded deaf-mute. He listens to their worries seeking to find another person. He gives time and feeling, but no compassion is returned.

Mr. Singer is a deaf-mute. He read lips and can write. He is a skilful jeweler who can fulfill his own material needs. But he requires the moral support and sympathy which he gives to others. He is considered only a nominal member of society. He is accepted as a "nice dummy" who does have his advantages.

Mr. Arkin does not, however, characterize Mr. Singer, as an idealistic, self-less, do-gooder who attempts to Polly-annalize the world. Instead he seeks his way out of aloneness in a very subtle and unrealistic way — give and then perhaps there'll be something to take. But his efforts are unrewarded, and his aloneness changes to loneliness. Then there is only one way out if the world posed is to be realistic. A person cannot continue endlessly being devalued.