

"THE UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE ON CAMPUS"

10¢ U.S.

DISSIDENT

VOLUME II ISSUE II NOVEMBER, 1966

Pierre Salinger: "I'VE NEVER READ YOUR MAGAZINE

AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT STANDS FOR, BUT IF IT IRRITATES ANYONE...

I'M FOR IT!"

REVIEW OF MAGAZINE
DRIVE ASSEMBLY!!!!

INTERVIEW
WITH SALINGER!!



HUMOR!
CARTOONS!

SURVEY
RESULTS

INSANITY

MORE POWERFUL THAN
TATLER!!
ABLE TO LEAP TALL
STUDENT MONOCLES IN
A SINGLE BOUND!!

A FREE PRESS AND THE ADMINISTRATION

In a recent Student Council meeting, there was discussion about giving the new Student Monocle Club a sum of money and a charter. During this discussion, the differences between the Student Monocle and THE DISSENTER were pointed out (as if they weren't obvious). According to Mike Falk, The Student Monocle will not be allowed to mention persons by name, make any "abusive" (srrong) criticisms of anything (the administration) or make any criticisma without a suggestion.

These differences are indicative of a few widespread misconceptions.

First of all, I'd like to ask: Why shouldn't a publication name people? The entire democratic system has as one of its premises the freedom of the press. THE DISSENTER would like to make Amherst ~~and~~ and all schools more democratic. Therefore, we will name anyone we think deserves praise and we weill name anyone we think deserves criticism. Criticizing persons who hold power has always been the prerogative of a free people. What other way is there to prevent them from stepping on the people? You may say this doesn't apply to a high school, buy remember the Quaker Oats Man assembly we were forced to sit through? THE DISSENTER will also offer equal space to anyone it criticizes seriously.

Secondly, any criticism by a publication should be as strong as they want to make it, depending on how much change they think the situation needs. To call any strong criticism "abusive" is a distortion.

Thirdly, THE DISSENTER does not think a requirement of any criticism is a suggestion. I have never yet read a good satire which included a suggestion. Even dead-serious criticism need not contain a suggestion. I'd hate to think that just because a person doesn't happen to have his own suggestion, he shouldn't have his criticism published at all. He might feel that he is not qu alified to make suggestions; but only to point outthe situation. The administration ought to re-examine its stand on this subject.



"The Underground Magazine
On Campus"

STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....Leon Delustro
Secretarial Manager.....RIP
Managing Editor.....Bruce Bangsberg
Sales Manager.....AL

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An Editorial.

Cartoons.....Dtarn
All Depts. and other general insanity
are by the usual bunch of idiotz (?),
the editorial staff.

Vote for Richard (Max)McCarthy!

Listen to Bob Harper every week day morn-
ing 6-10 ~~ib~~ on WYA WYSL, 1400 kc.

GOOD GRIEF! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ASSEMBLIES!!

OR

CHARLEY SENIOR AND HIS AMAZING FILM DISGORGING SUPER-MACHINE!!

As you all know (or should), Amherst annually sponsors a magazine drive to raise money for various unworthy organizations around the school. To accomplish this, they pit the Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors against one another in a frenzied attempt to sell the most magazine subscriptions. Our assembly a while back was a triple threat: each class was to present a skit and whip itself into feverish hysteria of class spirit, screaming and yelling and tearing up the chairs with their teeth.

The Sophomore and Junior skits were the usual putrid playlets, inducing nothing more hysterical than simple indigestion. As a Junior, I would be proud to say that our skit was the worst, but it ran a sickly second to the Sophomore's bomb. But no sooner had we mercifully forgotten those skits than the Seniors presented a FIFTEEN-MINUTE COLOR MOVIE!

This was unique! Of course, it was also a stunner in another way: it was the worst movie ever made by anyone, anywhere. If this seems rather a sweeping statement, it merely stands as an objective report of a film calculated to give the bends to even the most hardened late-movie viewer. Still and all, this movie was a feat to be admired. It must have taken time to persuade a retarded orangutan to write the script. It must have required perseverance to convince a Mongoloid idiot to direct it. Most of all, it must have cost a lot of money to make the teen-age "actors" (I use the word in its loosest sense) make fools of themselves in front of a camera. I believe that it even surpassed the climax of the Junior skit, which involved the dumber 3/4 of that class all rushing up to the stage, creating serious overcrowding conditions for the "actors" (again, I use the term loosely). If some enterprising young demolitions expert had blown up the stage, what a boon to mankind it would have been.



Anyway, after the last reel of the Senior movie, balloons were dropped down upon the audience from above and the Seniors stood up and scowered for themselves until they were blue and purple. This was the last straw. After inflicting that ghastly movie on us, the Seniors (the stupid ones at least) had to get up and shoot off their big mouths. When not screaming the Seniors were stepping on balloons and cheer-leaders. The Sophomores bombarded the Seniors with coins. The poorer ones threw pennies, the richer ones threw nickels, the intelligent ones threw up.

For the next film, how about having Cecil B. DeMille direct it? And get Harold Robbins to write it. Show it in Cinerama, Technicolor and Stereophonic sound. Starring Sean Connery as Charley Senior, and the entire Mormon Tabernacle Choir as the Senior Class. As a finale, every Senior should be provided with an electric bull-horn to shout with, and instead of dropping balloons, drop hand-grenades. At the very last possible moment of peak mob hysteria, threaten to detonate a nuclear warhead in the football field unless everyone in Western New York does not buy a magazine subscription from the Senior Class.

Then set it off anyway, just for laughs.

THE DISSENTER SURVEY

Four weeks ago, THE DISSENTER carried out an extensive polling of ACHS students. The results from all three classes are now being published (The results of the Senior Class were printed last issue).

A total of 112 students took this survey. It was handed out in the form of dittoed sheets. The 112 students were distributed equally, both by class and sex, in the following manner: 19 Senior boys, 19 Senior girls, 19 Junior boys, 19 Junior girls, 18 Sophomore boys, 18 Sophomore girls (sorry Sophomores, but we lost two people). The 112 people represent roughly 8.3% of the student body. We think the answers to these questions should be given serious consideration by the administration. The other classes will be dealt with in future issues.

TOTALS:

On the first question, "Which are you in favor of in regard to Student Council?", 20% of the students wanted to abolish it. 61% wanted to leave it as it is. 19% wanted to make radical changes. The boys and the girls broke evenly on all three alternatives.

Question #2 was "Do you think Student Council is inefficient on the homeroom level?". A big 63% answered yes (37% no). A higher percentage of girls answered yes than boys.

Question three was on preferred marking systems, and this is how it went: 37% are in favor of the present marking system. (the letter system) 40% are in favor of the number system (65-100), 6% are in favor of teacher comment-progress reports, and 17% are in favor of the pass-fail system. The boys and girls were even on this question, on all four parts.

Question #4 had three parts. "Are you in favor of more days off a week and a longer school year?" 8% answered yes to this. "Would you want a longer school day and a shorter year?" 27% answered yes to this. 65% wanted to leave the set-up the way it is. The boys and girls went evenly on this question, too.

Question #5 read "Would you prefer a longer lunch period (and a longer school day because of it)?" 24% said yes and 76% said no. Once again, the boys and girls were even.

The first part of #6 was "Should assemblies be optional?" An enormous 83% said yes 17% said no. Boys and girls were even. The second part of #6 was "Should gym/swim classes be optional?" 62% answered yes to this, while 38% said no. More girls said yes to the second part of #6 than did boys.

Question #7 was; "Are you in favor of one, two or three semesters a year?" 3% said one, 61% said two and 34% said three. Boys and girls were even.

Question #8 was: "Are you in favor of lengthening the break by one minute?" 66% answered yes and 34% said no. More boys said no than girls.

Question #9 read; "Do you think the founding of the two-party system would benefit the student government?" 57% said yes and 43% said no. More girls said yes than boys.

#10 was "Are you against our present policy in Vietnam?" A surprising 59% answered yes. 41% answered no.

Question 11 went on to ask "If so, would you like the war escalated or halted?" The responses ran 3 to 1 for halting the war.

Question #12 was: "Do you think that the Guidance Dept. is adequate?" 57% said yes and 43% said no. More girls said yes than boys. The second part was "Do you think the library is adequate?" 67% said yes and 23% said no. Many more girls said no than boys.

Question 13 was "Are you in favor of co-ed homerooms?" 60% said yes and 40% said no. Many more girls said no than boys.

The last question asked "Are you a conservative, middle-of-the-roader, or liberal?" 16% said conservative, 37% said middle-of-the-roader, and 32% said liberal. More boys answered conservative than girls.

2081. Once again it was the year of the Gun. Peter shuddered. Had four years really passed since the last Gunning? He was twelve now, and had been registered for just two months. Father was going to "forget" and not register him until afterwards, but he decided against it. The authorities would have found out, that would mean prison for the boy. Better this way, reflected Peter.

Then the package came. It was made of plain brown cardboard, and it bore the official government seal. Father opened it slowly and pulled out the little pistol. The shiny metal caught the sunlight and beamed it into his eyes. Susan is already eleven, he thought. A good thing. She will be fifteen before she learns how to worry. No problems for Susan. But Ellen is already eight. Poor Ellen. The pistol had a sealed carriage. For each registered child there was a cartridge inside the gun. Maybe they would be luckier this time, thought Father. Maybe they would all be blanks. Then he thought of Jamie and he hated himself for the thought. Gone, he muttered, to a better place. There must be a better place for the dead.

After supper the registered children formed a line. They were ready for the Gunning. They had learned what to do from the drills at school. Bill got the gun first. Bang. Nothing. The eighteen year old smiled as he passed on the gun. His last gunning, he mused. For the next one he would be past the age limit. Peg got the gun next. Bang. Relief. On went the gun. Ann's turn at the game. Bang. Nothing. Then Paula. Bang. Down she fell with a thud. She made no cry. Rule #5 was "die with grace". She had remembered it. Mother began to sob and talk to the dead child. While the rest watched in silence Peter took his turn. Bang. Blank.

It was all over.

The next day the government coffin arrived. Paula was placed inside along with her snapshot for identification purposes, and the little shiny pistol.

Peter was feeling very glum. Poor Paula, He thought. Why? He had always been rather fond of her.

So there I was at our marvelous editors pad, and we were sitting around gettin' high on seven-up spiked with Pepsi and Coke and cherry pop and sweet Basil (I'm not quite sure what that is but I know it has nothing to do with Mr. Rosenberry). And we were gettin' turned on by the Fugs singing dirty songs an' Stern is playing (?) this guitar and trying vainly to sing along with the song He's playing (?) and everybodies gettin' pretty sick and Stern loses the guitar in his hair and Mrs. D gets popped off and everybodies screaming and yelling and getting sick (sic) and so Len suggests we all go down and watch the Amherst motorcade to Williamsville.

So here we are at the Berryman parking lot and everybodies honking their horns and the chaos is terrific. And about ten thousand cars are parked in the lot and that is a common occurrence at a lot of parking lots lately, I've noticed. And Joe Gudelsky is collecting parental permission slips and telling drivers where to go and then they tell him where to go, and then they go where they want to go, and that's good, because I think that one of the cornerstones of this fine country of ours is a persons right to drive anywhere he wants to while in his automobile any time he wants to. And Joe doesn't really care as long as they go somewhere. And Brian Ford is walking in ten different directions (at once) and talking to everybody, and crying on D,W, Munsons shoulder, and all the time trying to find something to do and look important. And the belle of the Physics Dept., no, not Mr. Mildrew, wheeling her SS 396 perambulating "noisemobile" (that is, a car with seven screaming cheerleaders riding in it.) was quite a sight! Sooooo, as the motorcade pulls out, amid screeching girls voices, streaming crepe paper, and car horns blaring, in one mammoth dischord, Len suggests we go back to his house and rest out poor ears.

So there we were at our marvelous editors pad, and we're sittin' around gettin' high on seven-up a spiked with pepsi and Coke and cherry pop and.....

THE PRINCE OF FROGS
another ridiculous Golden Fable.

Once upon a time, there was a handsome, brave, kind, decent, humane, gentle, valiant, wise, and wonderful young prince. This was not, however, the ordinary, run-of-the-mill type of fairy-tale prince. In fact, this young man was'nt even a prince at all, but an enchanted frog, who had been changed into a prince by an evil sorcerer frog, when he had been caught making love to this sorcerer frog's daughter. (She was a real beauty.... as far as frogs go) Anyway, this prince (who was really an enchanted frog, if you remember) had a real problem in that he remained naturally cold-blooded. Not only that, but he had the emotions of a fish (or a frog, depending on how you look at it) The poor, enchanted prince was very unhappy when he was with people, especially beautiful, young princesses. He used to spend a lot of his time down by the frog pond, gazing at the lily pads, and dreaming about how wonderful it would be to be a frog once again. Now it just so happened that one day this frog-prince happened upon a little ghomewho was wandering by the frog pond.

"I don't suppose that you're an enchanted frog or something?" ventured the little gnome.

"That I am!" replied the prince, gloomily.

"Funny," said the little fellow, "You don't look it." He seemed a bit puzzled. "Anyway," he went on, "I bet you're really glad about being a prince. So many chivalrous things to do!"

"Oh, no-" answered the prince-frog sadly- "I'd give anything in the world to be a frog again!"

-cont. top of next column-



"Give me your purse," said the gnome, "and I'll see what I can do."

And so the prince-of-a-frog gave the little fellow his purse, and the gnome conjured him back into frogdom. At first the ex-prince croaked for joy, until he discovered that most of the frogs he had known had also croaked, but not for joy. The sorcerer's daughter was the only one who even remembered who he was, but she had gotten so old and ugly that he hated to see her. The poor frog-prince was even unhappier than before. He would spend most of his time gazing from a lily pad, and dreaming of all the wonderful things he would do if he were a prince again.

MORAL: The pond is always a lot nicer when you're a prince, not a frog; while, on the other hand, chivalry is a lot nicer when you aren't a prince; it is strictly for the frogs.

or:

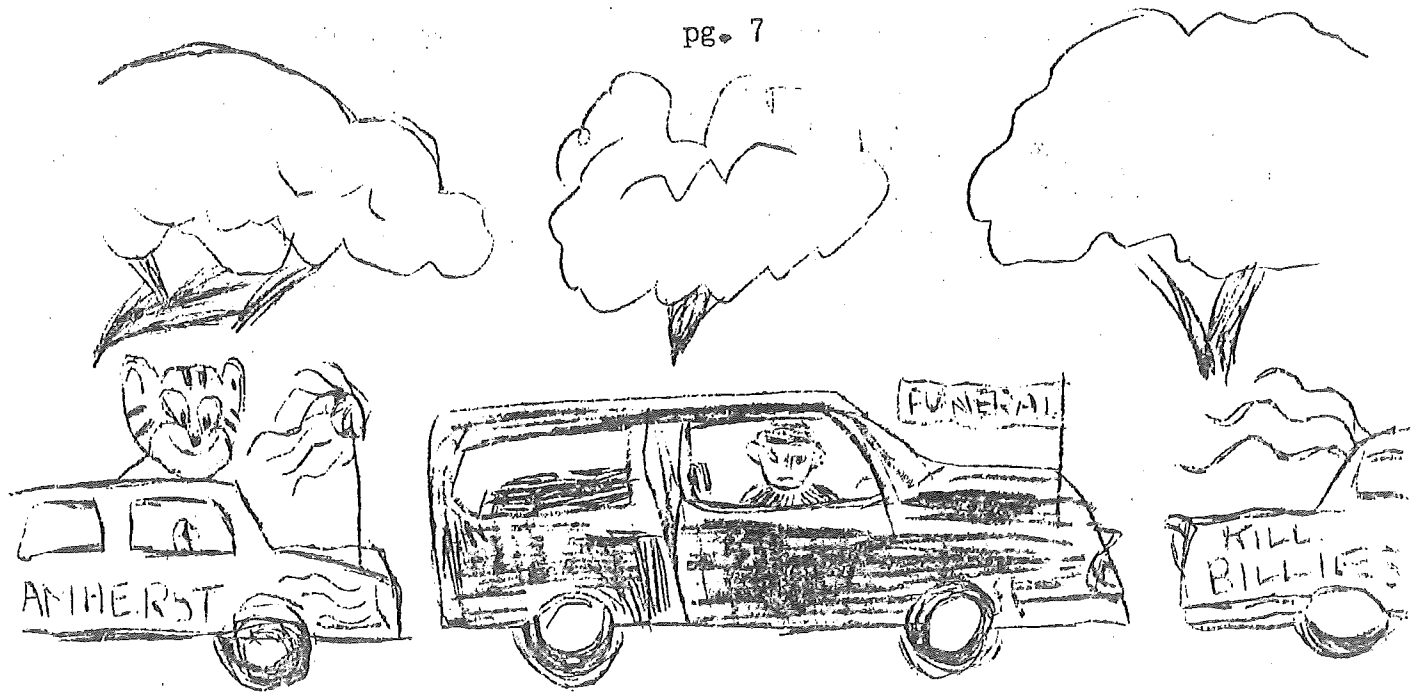
The truly happy person learns to enjoy being a frog or a prince; depending on which he is.

JOKE OF THE MONTH DEPT.:

The joke of the month is not former Rep. John Pillion himself, who is currently running for his old seat in the 54th District, but this quote of his from a while back;

"The United States is foolishly and fanatically obsessed with peace."

If this comment is any indicator of Mr. Pillion's political insight, THE DISSENTER would like to wish Mr. McCart his opponent, lots of luck.



THE WIT AND WISDOM OF PIERRE SALINGER

It was the 3rd Annual Graduate Student's convocation at the Fillmore Room in Norton Hall, University of Buffalo. The principal speaker: Pierre Salinger, Press Secretary to President Kennedy and defeated candidate for Senator from California. THE DISSENTER now brings you an exclusive question-answer period with Pierre Salinger.

Q. (After a short explanation of the DISSENTER and its purposes) Do you have anything to say for DISSENTER readers, Mr. Salinger?

A. ~~WE~~ Well, I've never read your magazine and I don't know what it stands for, but if it irritates people, I'm for it. (Smiles)

Q. We do irritate people. What are the failures and successes of the Great Society?

A. I think really, that President Johnson has done a remarkable job domestically. Some excellent legislation has gone through.

Q. What do you think caused the Negro rioting over the country, especially in places like Watts?

A. I think the basic cause is that the Negro is now so close to full opportunity, but doesn't quite have it. I can understand this frustration fully. They don't have equal education, and I'm talkin about the North as well as the South. It's this nearness to their goal and yet not quite achieving it that causes this, such as the Open Housing law in my own California. When they see a majority of their fellow-citizens voting for discrimination, this just clinches it for them.

Q. What is the present California political situation?

A. Dismal. The last poll I saw said that 40% were for Reagan and 38% were for Brown, with 22% undecided. It's those undecided that worry me. Of these are the same people that voted against open housing, it'll probably become a victory for Reagan. I was defeated on the issue of open housing. You might say that I was the first victim of white backlash (Smiles).

Q. What do you think we should do in Vietnam?

A. This isn't an original idea, but I think we should continue the present policy, not sending any more soldiers in. If we pulled out, it would be a disastrous blow to our prestige, and if we escalated to destruction it would defeat our own end. This would mean a knock-down, dreary, long fight, but as soon as we convince them (The Viet-Cong) that we won't get out, they'll sit down at a conference table with us.

Q. Thank you, Mrs. Salinger/

THE DRAFT * A NEW PLAN

The draft system today is most definitely unfair. The United States Government is taking 18 year old unskilled drop-outs and turning them into the defenders of the nation. The following is a suggestion to completely eliminate this deplorable condition and once again make the world safe for Mother, Apple Pie and the Girl next door.

The first fact you have to realize is that the average male can expect to live to be 69 years old. By drafting someone 18 years old, we are potentially eliminating 51 years in which this person can become of use to the country, (politician, garbage collector) Thus the first part of the Master Plan is the elimination of the 18 year old draft age.

A person of 65 years (the age of mandatory retirement) can only ~~be~~ expect to live four more years. At this time he has either helped (garbage collector) or hindered (politician) the country and his job in life is done. These older people, those who have already served the country in a non-military capacity and are about to die anyway, are the ones who should be drafted.

Think of the advantages.

First, not time or money will be wasted on useless training. These people have had a lifetime to perfect their individual skills. The government could spread their training program out over 40 years.

Second, old people will no longer complain of having "nothing to do". The still-active older people could become the fighting forces while the lazier types could be the officers.

Third, the lucrative funeral business will be ended. The old people, when they die, will be buried with military honors and at military expense.

Fourth, Medicare, Medicaide, and all similar health programs would be ended since the armed forces take care of all medical expenses. This lowers taxes and releases more money for investment.

By adopting this plan, the U.S. can not only keep a constant supply of young, productive people coming into the economy, but the plan also presents 4 significant advantages to the American people.

SPECIAL DISSENTER AWARD: THE AL CAPONE CITATION

(For Persistent, Habitual,
Illegal Activity)

THE DISSENTER salutes Student K., who has hitch-hiked to school every day for the last two years. If you happen to see him tomorrow or any other morning, give him a ride. He is quite friendly and doesn't have had breath.

SCHOOL LUNCHES ARE
BETTER THAN EVER DEPT.:
(A NEW WAY OF MAKING MONEY!!)

Recently, on a bet, Renato Leone ate a napkin for a dollar. Now, if he wants to be successful and rich and make 100,000 dollars a year, he'll only have to eat 100,000 napkins a year. This would come to about 259 napkins a day, and in an eight hour day he would have to eat one napkin every nine minutes. In the evening, he would come home to his big house and eat the evening paper.

NEXT ISSUE!!
SPECIAL FEATURE!:
(CONDENSED FROM "FANTASY MAGAZINE")

"HOW BOOTH LUSTEG WON THE GAME FOR
THE BILLS 20 to 17"

WISDOM THROUGH THE AGES DEPT.

"If you start abusing people, the
Student Council won't like it"
-A.J. Shaefer

"Whoever insults his brother shall
be liable to the Council"
-J. Christ Deut. 21:23

COMEDIAN OF THE MONTH DEPT.:
C The DISSENTER would like to commend Brian Ford on the increasing good quality of the monologues he delivers each Friday assembly. There is no question that Mr. Ford's wit is a vastly superior to previous S.C. Presidents. Now, if we could eliminate the rest of the assembly.....

INSULIU

One of The DISSENTER's more contro-
versial contributors, Mr. Michael Stern,
was approached in lunch a few weeks
ago and handed a small piece of paper
bearing the following illiterate scrawl
(we have edited the crude words):

COMMIE*---

GET A HAIR CUT

I HATE YOU F-----G
GOD DAMNED COMMIES
YOU GOT S--T FOR BRAINS
YER GONNA DIE !

Mr. Stern would like you to read his
reply:

FASCIST---

GET YOUR MOUTH WASHED OUT WITH SOAP

IRATHER DISLIKE YOU ILLITERATE,RE-
TARDED RIGHT-WINGERS
YOU HAVE DECAYED CHICKEN-FAT FOR
BRAINS YOU'RE GOING TO GET AN "F"
IN ENGLISH!

Mr. Stern also says he will indeed
get a hair cut. He hasn't decided which
hair he will cut. As for the other
subtle insinuation, Mr.Stern assures
us that his brains are made of the
usual gray cells. Mr.Stern is not a
communist. He is a middle-of-the-road
anarchist-heterosexual.

Please address all future hate mail
and crank letters to Mr. Stern's home
so he can laugh himself sick without
making a scene of himself.

Thank you, anonymous admirer.

AMHERST BEAT THE BILLIES DEPT:

SPECIAL DISSENTER CONTEST! PLAY
DISSENTERINO! The big rage lately is
commercial contests, so we'd like to
sponsor one. WIN! WIN! WIN! WIN!

D I S S E N T E R
If the above squares spell "DISSENTER"
in your copy, go to a salesman and ask
for your money back. He won't give it to you.

Interact Club's purpose is to help
needy people. Besides raising funds for
this, the members have fun with gym
nights and parties. JOIN INTERACT!!!

608 (formerly 316) openly challenges
all Junior homerooms in Basketball com-
petition this year.
1965-1966 Champions

I Love George - G²

Riddle: What's big and takes the
phone off the hook?

Nec possum tecum vivere, nec sine te

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"

Buy the Student Monocle.

Don't buy the Student Monocle.
-THE DISSENTER

Note- The ads appearing in this magazine
do not reflect the editorial policy of
THE DISSENTER. The rate is 1¢ a word. THE
DISSENTER will limit insults and/or ads
to one column an issue. -Ed.

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THE WAY
"BOSS" SOUND
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Soon!!

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