

# SANDSCRIPT

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO

Volume I Number 14

June 8, 1965

TO THE CLASS OF '68;

CASH PAID FOR USED BOOKS

Your first year of college life is about to end. It has been a most rewarding experience for me as Dean of Student Affairs and as supervisor of your physical education activities.

In response to numerous inquiries I am pleased to announce that College Book Company of California has been selected to buy used books from students at UCSD.

Never again will it be possible to become personally acquainted with all of our undergraduates. Next fall you will number roughly 900. To your credit goes the distinction of introducing many functions and activities that will be observed for decades. Your leadership and example shall carry over into your sophomore year.

A representative of this company will be on campus Tuesday, June 8 and Wednesday, June 9, to purchase any books you may care to sell. Look for posters as to time and location.

C. A. Valverde

The best of luck on your final examinations. I am looking forward to seeing you next fall.

EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC GROUP  
FORMING AT UCSD

Ted Forbes

TO THE EDITOR:

In the Suggestion Box section of the last issue of SANDSCRIPT, it was suggested that free admission to the San Diego Zoo be arranged for UCSD students, as was said to have been done for high school and City College students. Always eager to be of service, I immediately checked with the people at the Zoo, and found it isn't so: all kids under 16 are admitted free, as are all high school students, but City College people have to pay the same as anybody else -- UNLESS they are in a study group, visiting the Zoo so as to further their studies in art or biology. A good way out of having to pay a dollar every time you go to the Zoo is to take out a membership in the Zoological Society of San Diego; it costs but \$7.50 per year, and gives you a pass to be used at any time.

Sam Hinton

To all Club Presidents:

A group dedicated to the study and furthering of the various forms of experimental music is now being formed in the university community. Dr. Stewart has offered facilities at Camp Matthews for the development of an Electronic Music Laboratory and Sam Hinton has volunteered to direct workshops in the design and construction of new kinds of musical instruments.

The purpose of the group is not only to stimulate general interest in experimental music, but more importantly, to make it possible for students to explore and employ contemporary theories and techniques. Several flexible programs are being contemplated, ranging from guest lecturers and performances to the formation of a collection of micro-tonal and Electronic Music. Informal study sessions in Music Acoustics and related fields are also planned. Out of these programs, it is hoped that performances of student composed and realized works will result.

As many of the people associated with the university will be here this summer, it is hoped that some of the programs can be begun immediately. Anyone interested, regardless of background or experience, should contact John Chalmers, X 1716, Rm. 3126 Bonner Hall.

UCSD would like to welcome the new Freshmen with a fun-filled week of activities. This cannot be accomplished, however, without the help of the university's organizations. If your club is interested in sponsoring an activity during orientation week this fall, please contact Freddie Felcyn or Cathy Miller before June 10.



Well, it's almost over. Another two weeks and we will all be deep into summer, and miles away from UCSD. For most of us it has been a fruitful year, most of all it has been a unique year. Next year will be quite a difference.

With 900 students at Revelle College in 1965/66 we can expect a few changes. Most evident will be the hustle and bustle in the library, dorm areas, student center (can you imagine playing pool with a 10 or 11 game waiting line or watching color TV in a smoky 8'x15' room with 67 other students), and at the beach (it will probably be so crowded noontimes that the University will have to issue beach space permits). Before I get carried away by these images of a large university, grant me the profundity of saying that quite a bit of change is in store for us. We will have underclassmen to fetch and carry for us and I imagine that we (plus a few juniors) will be providing them with guidance (social, academic, and social). I imagine that we will see each other much less often than now (at least there won't be days when we are at school for many hours and don't see anybody). In our future now that we have "sort" of adjusted to la vie jollie, i.e., college life we can sort of relax a bit and derive a pleasure from watching next year's freshmen struggle awhile. It will happen to them too.

I expect to see much more efficient student government operation, more student activity (politically not just socially), more demonstrations, more atmosphere, and more intellectual activity. More crowded elevators and fuller ashtrays too.

Next year will be fun. We will all be old hands at the game. I expect to see La Jolla loosen up quite a bit too. We will see UCSD grow until it's almost unrecognizable as the UCSD at which we spent our freshman year. I'm going to save this picture that I have in my mind of this first year, I imagine most of you will too. Good luck on you finals

Mark Hinderaker, Editor

(Well, if you remember back that far, Sandscript was trying to get the Humanities Department to submit an "ideal theme." Sandscript hoped to publish it so that students could get a good idea as to what makes a good theme. Well, we didn't get any action, (they were more disorganized than we were) so we rummaged around and came up with this superb example of frosh writing. Much thanks to Clyde Ostler. All you freshmen notice the style and enjoy the paper, all you others just enjoy the paper).

# SATIRICAL LUCIAN SKETCHES

## I. Conversation in Low Society

Mother Knows Best

or

Lucian's New Pencil

Scene: A shabby living room in Athens.

Mother: There now, Lucian, that wasn't as bad as you thought, was it--writing that crap about nice men and earning your first mina? And I'm going to spend some of it right away to buy you a new pencil.

Lucian: Oh, thanks Mum. Can I have one like the Mouseketeers have with a Mickey Mouse rubber magic eraser.

Mother: That's just the kind it will be. But first I want to give a bit more advice on how to write that crap. You see, Lucian, it's our only source of income. You know what a struggle we've had to make ends meet these last two years, since your father left. And really, Lucian your father was right, you shouldn't have kept calling him, well you know what. After he left I sold all his underwear, you know how father liked to save underwear. Then I did various odd jobs, but you always insulted my boss. It doesn't matter now, because you can support us.

Lucian: This mina, do you mean?

Mother: No, not just that. I reckoned that once you could write, as you can now, you'd sell some of your insults.

Lucian: Why, however did you expect me to do that. Mum? I don't understand.

Mother: Simply by writing crap about people --mind you not living people, because we'd always be in court. You just keep writing about dead people, like the old philosophers. And Lucian leave the gore out of it, make people laugh.

Lucian: (falling to his knees) No mother, don't make me prostitute myself. I can't leave the gore out, that is in my blood. I must write what I think most about.

Mother: (scoldingly looking down at her son) Well, Lucian, gore just doesn't sell any more so leave it out or else I'll take your Mickey Mouse pencil away from you.

Lucian: (now clinging to his mother's right ankle and slobbering all over her foot) Please not that--I promise I'll write whatever sells.

## II. Conversations in High Society

NONE

## III. Conversations in the Underworld

Menippus Goes to Hell and the Moon

Scene: A gutter in Athens. A man playing in the sewer causes a passer-by, Philonides, to turn and stare.

The Man: (splashing) Oh, fun, fun, fun, fun sewage.

Philonides: (to himself) Why, isn't that Menippus head of the Syndicate. Menippus, large as life! But why in the sewers.

Hullo, Menippus. Where have you been? I haven't seen you in town for ages.

Menippus: (still splashing) I've been in hell, and it is hot there.

Philonides: Oh, is that why you're in the sewer to cool off. But heavens man why did you go in the first place. Was it an orientation day for prospective sinners or something?

Menippus: I went for a visit.

Philonides: What on earth made you choose such a place for a holiday.

Menippus: Lucian, (splash) Lucian, (splash) Lucian.

Philonides: Oh, come off it chap--out of that sewer and talk some sense. How did you get to hell anyway?

Menippus: Well, I went to see this old wizard who spit in my face and threw stones at me and said, "Go to hell, you stupid jackass." And in my flight to escape at last, I landed in a boat filled with skeletons on their way to hell.

Philonides: Really, how exciting. But why did you want to go in the first place?

Menippus: I told you. Lucian drove me to it.

Philonides: Indeed, who is he? The old wizard perhaps.

Menippus: No, Lucian wrote satirical sketches. All of them slandering Philosophies, philosophers, and people in general.

Philonides: How gruesome. Did you go to hell to escape?

Menippus: No, I went to see if that's how philosophers really were, are; I mean were.

Philonides: How are they?

Menippus: Dead!

Philonides: Profound! What happened after that?

Menippus: Two birds, an eagle and a vulture, crapped on me, and before I knew it I was sitting on the moon discussing some awkward questions for Zeus.

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Menippus: She's disappointed in not getting enough attention, so she's take up fishing for phonies.

Philonides: Tsk, tsk, poor girl. Do scoot over and let me play with some of that sewage.

## Lucian Gone Cheap

Scene: Auction Room. All philosophers have just been sold, and, now there remains only the miscellaneous group--Lucian.

Hermes: (beckoning) Down here you!

(Lucian comes down from the platform. He has a big nose which looks like someone had recently slammed a door on it. Both his hands are in the same pocket, and he is frowning).

Now here's a good funny specimen. Anyone take him.



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Customer: (to Lucian) Tell me, what's your specialty?

Lucian: Exaggerations and slander, you nosy homosexual.

Customer: Hermes you're not really trying to sell this malicious malcontent are you?

Hermes: One obol?

Lucian: (laughing) One obol, one obol, one obol---

Customer: Quit laughing and repeating yourself!

Lucian: Well, well, I knew you were a homosexual, but now I see you hate for anyone to laugh. In fact, you beat your wife and children.

Customer: I haven't a wife or any children.

Lucian: (to Hermes) See, what'd I tell you. Homo! Homo! Help police homosexual!

Hermes: (malicing toward Lucian) Quiet!

Customer: (to Hermes) What good is this fellow?

Hermes: He can tell funny stories.

Customer: (to Lucian) Can you?

Lucian: Don't proposition me you homosexual.

Customer: Really now, can you tell funny stories?

Lucian: Yes, I'll tell you a funny story and make you laugh.

Customer: Good.

Lucian: And then I'll tell the same story again, and again, and--

Customer: Whatever for?

Lucian: To bore you to death, you cheating, thieving, adulter--

Editor of the S. D. Union Paper: Hermes, Hermes, I'll buy that man. I need him. How much?

Hermes: One obol.

Editor: (quietly) Look Hermes how about a few free passes to some action in TJ. What do you say--a deal?

Hermes: Sold!

Editor: (putting his arm around Lucian) Let's talk business. Have you ever written any editorials?

Lucian: (shouting frenziedly) Help police! Homo! Help I've been sold to a homosexual! Help! Get your hands off me, you thieving, lying, no good... (exit the pair--the editor writing down all the accusations Lucian is screaming).

## Quotes (if any)

For the Editor: Look before you lie.  
 For Lucian: Jealousy is the root of all ridicule.  
 For Mr. Gelinske: Gelinske has murdered sleep.  
 For me.....none  
 For LBJ: Out! Out, damned Santo Domingo.  
 For the Union: Is this a commie I see before my eyes.

## ABSURD

### RULES FOR FINALS WEEK GAME

- 1) Let it be known that you are leaving school for home the last day of classes. This will be disconcerting to all the people who must stay around UCSD to study for the finals.
- 2) Be seen on the beach all during finals week. Come to finals with bare sandy feet. (P.S., if you feel the need to study you may do this between 4 p.m. and 11 a.m. (of following day).
- 3) Show up once or twice in the library on campus with tennis shorts and tennis racket and a sporty sun tan. Don't study, just walk over to the newspaper rack and read the La Jolla Light or, take a towel into the lawn patio area adjacent to the library and sleep in the sun (while other people study).



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