

I've been racking my brains trying to
figure out why I'm reading

MINDWARP

" Brain Rot from the Brain Trust "

The Literary Magazine of Richmond College

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macallit*****

AND THE EASTER BUNNY DELIVERS EGGS

By Berncenia R. Clarke

Today's generation of young people are constantly being attacked for using drugs. They're put down for tripping out on those hallucinatory drugs which take them to a world of make-believe. When they try to escape from reality, they're accused of copping out. Why should parents be so upset by their children's search for utopia. Weren't these children raised in a world of fantasy?

Wasn't it the parents who said that if they weren't good little girls or boys, Santa Claus wouldn't bring them any toys for Christmas? You know who Santa is. He's the fat little man who wears a red suit, has a long white beard, and lives at the North Pole with his elves. On Christmas Eve he packs his sleigh with toys, hitches up his reindeer (they fly, and Rudolph has a red nose), and delivers toys to good little girls and boys, via the chimney.

Then there's the Good Fairy, that lovely lady dressed in a beautiful gown and carrying a magic wand. She's the tooth freak. Put your tooth under your pillow at night and the Good Fairy will replace it with money. Goody goody!

And the Easter Bunny delivers eggs! Easter, the time of year when all the animals of the forest gather together and prepare baskets for little girls and boys. The animals weave baskets and fill them with grass (the green stuff, not pot). The birds dye eggs and paint designs on them. Then Mr. (Mrs. or Ms., whatever the case may be) Bunny delivers the baskets to all good little children.

We mustn't forget the wonder of all wonders, the miracle of birth. Weren't many of us told that babies came from heaven? If you wanted a little sister or brother, all you had to do was to pray real hard and the stork would bring one. He flies

through the air, carrying a naked baby in a diaper held with his beak. He leaves the baby on the front or back porch and flies off again to make another delivery. Why does he fly? Because his legs are too thin to walk on.

There are probably many more stories such as these which I could tell you. But a little birdie just whispered in my ear and told me that the Sandman is on his way to put sand in my eyes so I will go to sleep.

What does all this have to do with drugs? Think about it. Maybe nothing. Maybe everything. You are parents, or you soon may well be. What kinds of trips will your kids be taking? Well, maybe you shouldn't worry, by the time your kids grow up maybe Superman will really be flying flyin flyi fly fl fl f i i i i i

First Richmond College Art Major:
"Hey, what do you think of El Greco?"
Second Richmond College Art Major:
"I'm not sure -- what does he teach?"

ALTERNATE PUNCH-LINES

"I'm not sure -- I don't really care for bull-fighting."
"I'm not sure -- my TV's busted and I haven't been following the Mets."
"Don't tell me Volpe fired HIM, too!"
"Well, I liked the Moorer Leaser, but I can't say I really cared for the Pristine Chapel."
"Is he the one who conquered Mexico?"
"Did he live before or after Lyndon Johnson?"
"Let's see -- was he the King of Greece, or was he the Queen?"

The Richmond College Evening School and Board of Extra-Mural Studies Presents

A CLASS AT RICHMOND COLLEGE (C.U.N.Y.)

Conscious of the need to extend its tentacles further into the Staten Island community, Richmond College is in the process of adding the rich yeast of Evening Studies to the already rising dough of its existing curriculum. To give you, Mr. and Mrs. Staten Island, a better idea of what awaits you within our four walls, we proudly present an unedited transcript of Professor Armadore Eosamente's class in "Tuscan Village Chapels and Crypts of the Late Baroque" (Art History 08112X-1) -- or as much of it as we could fit on one page.

Sound Track: Clip-clop clip-clop clip-clop clip-clop. Squeeeeeaaaaaaaaakkkkkk. Slam. Clip-clop clip-clop clip-clop. Rustle rustle shuffle shuffle.

Students: Murmur buzz murmur giggle.

Professor: Eh-hum. Aarh-RUMPH. Aaaaarrrrr-hurrrrooooMMMMPPPPPHHHHHH.

Students: Murmur buzz giggle murmur whisper whisper giggle silence whisper.

Professor: In the last um urrrrhhh class, I forget what umm exactly we were urrrrrrhhhh discussing umm?

Student: Uhhh, Professor, I think it was uhhhh . . . yeah, I think I got it here in my uh notes: "The Biochemistry of North Eyetalian Fiasco Printing."

2nd Student: Naaahhhh! That was the class before. And it's "freshco," not "fiasco," you idiot. Last class was "Scripts and Their Ex-Vacations from Boloney to Freeheysilly." You know, how they dug these holes underneath the churches to dump the dead bodies in.

Professor: That's um it urrrrhhh more or less. Today I would like to introduce you to ummmm the ur precise relation between hmmm the crypt -- uh, that's c-r-y-p-t, not s-c-r-i-p-t -- you know, like in the uh word cryptic. Uhhh, does anybody here um know what uh cryptic means?

Student: Yeah, Cryptic was the planet which if you uh took a piece and through it at uh Superman he uh became -- you know -- weak.

2nd Student: Jesus Christ, how dumb can you be? That's not Cryptic -- that's Krypton.

3rd Student: Yeah, dummy! That's got nothing to do with churches! Cryptic is what you have to put near the house so you can flush the toilet. A cryptic tank.

4th Student: Holy Moses, how dumb can you be? That's not a cryptic tank, that's a stypitic tank --

5th Student: Oh come on now, stypitic is a special kind of pencil that artists use. You're driving me nuts with your bibble-babble. My notes are a mess every time I come out of this class! What you're trying to describe is a SKEPTIC tank -- you know, because it kind of cuts up the shit that gets flushed into it. Hey! What's wrong with Professor Eggzaminaty --

TEETH and FOREHEAD and NECK and YOU *****

It goes without saying that MINDWARP receives many unusual submissions. Seldom, however, have we had a manuscript delivered at midnight to the Editor-in-Chief by men with their coat-collars up, their necks down, and their mouths shut. Stapled to the manuscript was a note saying that this represented an offer we could not refuse. The author was given as "Sally Boy, alias Salvatore Francis Giarratano". We have no comment to make on this fact. Indeed, we have no comment to make. None. And we have printed every single word of this manuscript with no changes or omissions. We swear it. Honest!

TEETH

As I was walking down a quiet dark street a glaring light caught my attention. Trying to look into it was like staring at the sun at its best. The light was coming closer and closer. It seemed to be motivated by a walking object. Now it was right in front of me and the light went out. It was a woman and every time she smiled the light hit me. It was her teeth. The size of them was tremendous. An unexaggerated comparison would be a grown lion's set of teeth compared to a new born baby's starting set of teeth. Even when she shut her mouth her hand went over her lips to really keep the light in and hide the hugeness of her teeth. When the lights go out again call on Miss Teeth to brighten the night.

FOREHEAD

On my way to the circus I was reading the lineup of weird characters I would be seeing in the freak show. There something caught my eye: the world's largest human forehead. I laughed and shrugged it off as a gimmick, a goof made up by the circus as a publicity stunt. But there it was like a dream. A bad dream. She had her own private tent -- that's how big her forehead was. It was like a runway for the quarter mile at the racetrack with no ending in sight. The size could be compared to the depth of the Grand Canyon, the height of the falls at Niagara. Up to her eyes she was normal. From there on it

was all forehead. I saw fuzz at the other end of it but I couldn't make it out. It was so high, I guess it was her hair.

NECK

At the zoo my favorite animal is the long necked giraffe. The best part of the zoo is feeding time for the animals. As I went to see the giraffes being fed the crowd was enormous, very enormous. Then I saw the unbelievable reason. A lady was feeding the long necked giraffe, face to face. She was a very pretty lady. With one fault. A long giraffe-type neck. Only it stretched to unbelievable sizes. Her neck was as long as a part-time job. She stood, mind you, and washed the face and brushed the teeth of the Statue of Liberty. WHAT A LADY! WHAT A NECK!

YOU

"It's a boy, darling, what should we name him?" STOP!

That's where all the problems start, but is it really a problem?

Let me introduce myself. On second thought, try to guess who I am.

You often hear people yelling this at me in the middle of the night:

"I don't care who you are, get those reindeer off my roof!"

Here's some more clues for the "quick" college youth of today.

I'm fat and I wear red clothes. I also have a long white beard. Yes, my beard is wierd and my nose is red.

(c o n t i n u e d)

They say I'm jolly, but between you and me and my connection, I'm just high. You guessed it -- I'm a fat fag who's high. No, not really, I'm Saint Nicholas. Hi, kiddies, have you all been good little boys and girls? Reindeer shit! Don't lie to me! For all those naughty little children who have been bad and want to make it up to me -- here's what you can do for Santa.

Year after year you darling, caring children leave a glass of milk and some cookies for dear Santa . . . Well, since there's a milk strike here's what I would like: instead of a glass of milk, leave me a bottle of booze. The WHOLE bottle!

It's cold out there, you know, and my wife's soooooo far away, and I need something to keep me warm. No, it's NOT true! I DON'T fool around with the reindeer! NO . . . NO . . . NO!

So, kiddies, I'd really appreciate it. Because: no BOOZE, no presents!

Now down to business.

Through my travels around the world I saw and heard a lot about naming oneself. Don't you people realize you do that?

Take my name, for instance: Saint Nicholas. How's that for a name? "Can St. Nicholas come out and play with us?"

So one day, a new Jewish kid moved onto the block and pronounced my name in that typical Jewish accent: "Santa Claus" . . . I dug the nickname, so I kept it.

The same goes for all the Joes whose real names are Joseph, Billys originally William, plus Mike, Sal, and all deviations on real mother-given names. How about nicknames which stayed with us all our lives: curly, pudgy, mope, RED and lefty. I could continue but I don't have to, we live in a world of nicknames.

So what's all the commotion about?

Your winning the game and the game is your name. (That sounds familiar, wonder where I picked it up.) Oh well!

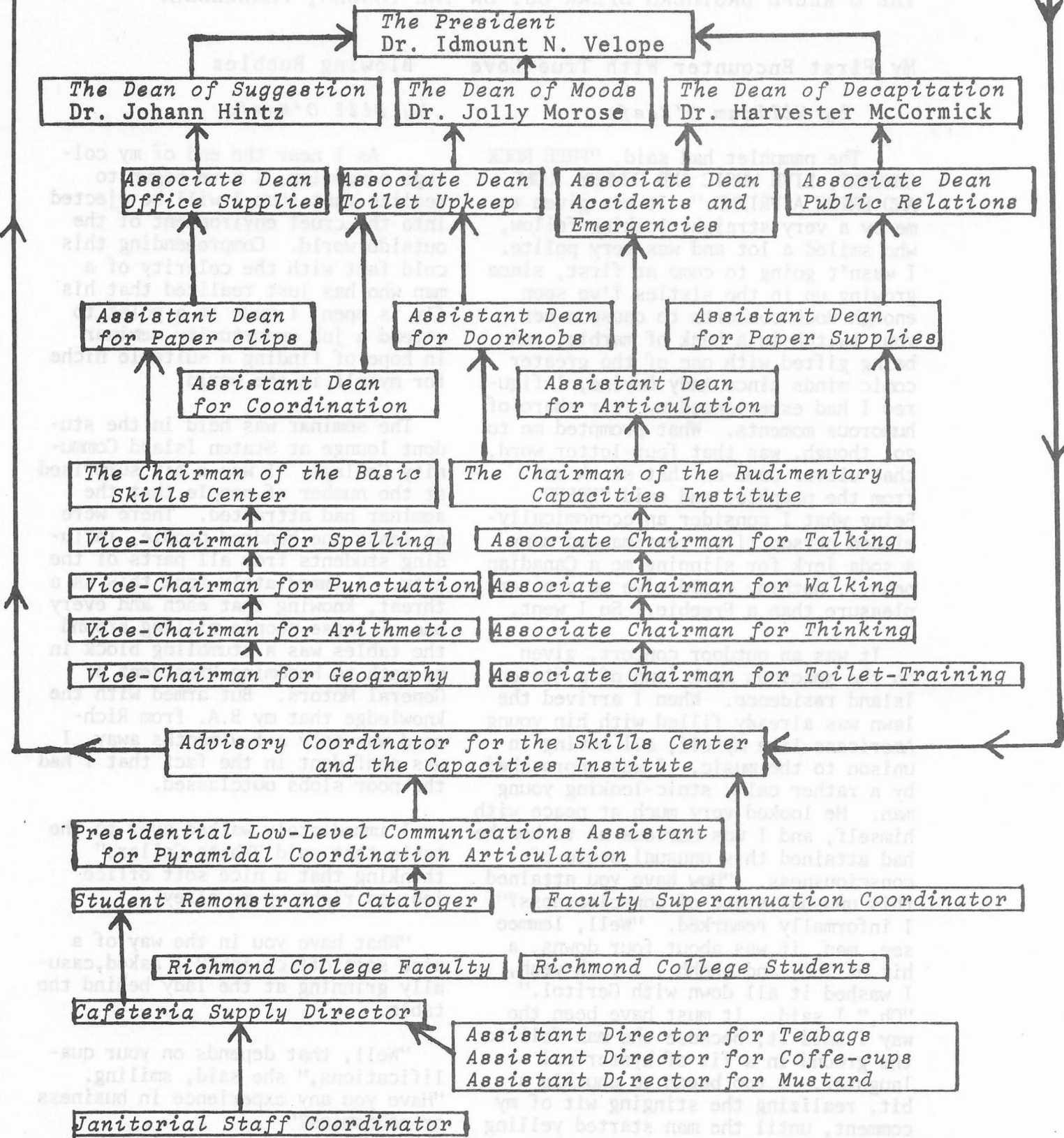
The most important thing in life is what you make of yourself. A name can't make a man or a woman out of you. You got to go out and raise HELL! Whatever you call yourself. Make something of yourself, all of you Harvey Horatio Crakenfelds. So what's in a name, DUMMY! Good luck and have a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

Your one and only Santa Claus,
P.S. Sorry, Mom (for 'Mom')
Saint Nicholas.

To the Editor of MINDWARP: We the undersigned students of Richmond College protest the ethnic slurs in the piece called YOU that appeared in the latest issue. We are reporting YOU to President Edmond Volpe, you BASTARD!

Harvey Horatio Crakenfeld Norma Nibs Glockenspiel
Sidney Max Swinburned Guglielmus Hasti-Vibrans

THE POWER STRUCTURE: A RICHMOND COLLEGE ADMINISTRATIVE FLOW CHART



THE O'KEEFE BROTHERS SPEAK OUT ON THE ISSUES, FEARLESSLY

My First Encounter With True Love

by William O'Keefe

The pamphlet had said, "FREE ROCK CONCERT, LIVE MUSIC AND COMEDY. COME AND BRING A FRIEND." It was given to me by a very straight looking fellow, who smiled a lot and was very polite. I wasn't going to come at first, since growing up in the sixties I've seen enough Rock concerts to cause a nervous twitch in a hunk of marble, and being gifted with one of the greater comic minds since Andy Devine, I figured I had experienced my fair share of humorous moments. What prompted me to go, though, was that four-letter word, that clever come-on that stuck out from the pamphlet and said "FREE!". Being what I consider an economically-minded person (I've reprimanded many a soda jerk for slipping me a Canadian penny), nothing could give me greater pleasure than a Freebie. So I went.

It was an outdoor concert, given on the spacious back lawn of a Staten Island residence. When I arrived the lawn was already filled with hip young Americans like myself, all moving in unison to the music. I was approached by a rather calm, stoic-looking young man. He looked very much at peace with himself, and I was curious as to how he had attained this unusual state of consciousness. "How have you attained this unusual state of consciousness?" I informally remarked. "Well, lemme see, man, it was about four downs, a hit of THC, and ahhh . . . oh yeah, I washed it all down with Geritol." "Oh," I said. It must have been the way I said it, because the man fell to the ground in a fit of hysterical laughter. I too began to chuckle a bit, realizing the stinging wit of my comment, until the man started yelling in the midst of his hysteria "Lame, man, I don't believe it, fucking lame, man!" I immediately called for assistance, realizing that the man had obviously gone lame in the middle of

Blowing Bubbles

by Bill O'Keefe

As I near the end of my college education, I have begun to realize that soon I will be ejected into the cruel environment of the outside world. Comprehending this cold fact with the celerity of a man who has just realized that his fly is open, I made it a point to attend a job opportunity seminar in hope of finding a suitable niche for myself in the world.

The seminar was held in the student lounge at Staten Island Community College. I was a bit surprised at the number of people that the seminar had attracted. There were at least one hundred people, including students from all parts of the city. I immediately took this as a threat, knowing that each and every one of those people milling around the tables was a stumbling block in my path to becoming President of General Motors. But armed with the knowledge that my B.A. from Richmond was only a few months away, I was confident in the fact that I had the poor slobs outclassed.

I immediately walked over to the table that said "White Collar," thinking that a nice soft office job was right up my alley.

"What have you in the way of a nice soft office job?" I asked, casually grinning at the lady behind the table.

"Well, that depends on your qualifications," she said, smiling. "Have you any experience in business or economics?"

Being a dramatic arts major, it dawned on me that my education in business and economics was in fact lacking. Although as far as econo-

our conversation. He was helped to his feet by a number of his friends and they all walked off laughing. At least he kept his spirits up in a moment of crisis, I thought to myself.

As I mingled with the crowd, I was again approached by a young man, but this one looked like he had passed up the Geritol martinis. I recognized him as the man who had given me the pamphlet, and, recalling his pleasant smile and polite mannerisms, I knew he was a down-to-earth person with whom I could hold a pleasant conversation. When he introduced himself as Michael-Luke-Abraham, Disciple of the Prophet, I greeted him with a smile hitherto reserved for slobbering relatives and State policemen who've caught me doing 20 miles per hour over the speed limit.

He said he was a member of the Children of Jesus, and that it was they who had given the concert. "Oh," I said, but I didn't get a laugh this time -- no joke works twice in one night. I followed him over to a group of his friends who were also Children of Jesus and he introduced me to them. I was very impressed with one girl I met. Her name was Rebecca. She had a very attractive face, and her figure was not unlike Mae West's. When I shook her hand I was waiting for her to say in that subtle Mae West fashion: "Come up and see me some time." Instead, she said that I smiled like Howdy Doody. Just to show her how much I appreciate a witty comment, I squeezed her hand until I heard her knuckles crack.

Rebecca and I talked for a while. She kept trying to convince me how I should follow the teachings of Jesus and love my neighbor. I told her it was difficult for me to love my neighbor ever since he threatened to insert a rake up a certain part of my anatomy if I didn't keep my dog off his lawn. But she was very persistent, and I finally agreed that while I found it difficult to love my neighbor, I'd at least make an effort to be fond of him.

Suddenly, from out of the crowd, a

mic goes, I am extremely adroit at making change and balancing a check-book. I decided that I would not let on about my inadequacy, and instead would cleverly talk my way around it.

"Nice weather we've been having lately, isn't it?" I said, smiling.

"Yes it is, but . . . do you have any experience in business or economics?"

"I don't see how that's any concern of yours," I retorted, again managing, with cunning agility, to dodge the question.

"Perhaps you should try the next table," she said. "If you ever make up your mind you can come back."

My next stop was the table marked "Blue Collar". I was a bit disappointed as I walked over to the table. I did have my heart set on an office job, but I figured with my degree I could always be president of a trade union.

"Hi!" I said to the man standing behind the table. "I'm getting a degree from Richmond College in a few months and I was wondering if you had any job possibilities. Preferably as a union official or something of that caliber."

"Well, I might not be able to start you off right at the top, you might have to spend a few days working your way up."

I'm not sure, but I think the man was being facetious.

"Do you have any experience in the trades? You know, construction, carpentry, working with your hands."

Recalling for the moment that as a child I had caused a psychologist to rant and rave by continually insisting that I could put a cube into a round hole, I decided not to exaggerate too excessively as to my manual dexterity. Instead I said:

shabbily dressed guy with long hair and acne staggered over to us holding what I recognized to be a joint in his outstretched hand.

"Want some, man?" he mumbled.

"Oh no, thank you," I said, trying to be graceful.

"I'll take some," said Rebecca as she grabbed the joint and sucked in deeply. "Thank you," she said, handing it back. The shabbily-dressed, long-haired guy with acne stumbled back into the crowd.

"I was under the impression that you people didn't believe in drugs," I said.

"We believe in living life to its fullest."

"But isn't it dangerous having that stuff around? I mean, what happens if the police show up and arrest everyone?"

"Jesus will protect us. He always does."

At this point Rebecca started discursing at length about how beautiful the world we live in is. The only trouble was that I found it increasingly difficult to hear her, as the rock band began playing louder and louder.

"You have to realize, Bill, that the world is arrayed with many beautiful things."

"What was that?"

"I said, the world is arrayed -- "

"What? I can't hear you."

"THE WORLD IS ARRAYED -- "

"WHAT? WHAT DID YOU SAY?"

"ARRAYED! ARRAYED! ARRAYED!"

"A RAID?!!!" I exclaimed. "Jesus Christ, I have to get out of here, I can't get arrested!"

With remarkable alacrity I bounded from my seat and attempted to hurdle a

"In the opinion of many, I am an excellent hammerist and nailist and second to none on the screwdriver."

Before telling me to get lost, the man called over a few of his friends and they all had a good laugh.

The next table was marked "Last Chance Before Welfare." I admit that at this point I was becoming frustrated, but the fact that I would soon be getting my degree kept a faint glimmer of optimism glowing in my heart.

Sitting behind the table was a squat little man with a bald head and glasses. I figured that the best way to approach him would be to nonchalantly walk over to the table and casually remark that I'd be getting my degree from Richmond soon and perhaps I could help him out by taking one of his jobs off his hands.

I sauntered over to the table and in my best off-the-cuff voice I remarked: "Hello."

The man looked up and said: "You must be from Richmond College."

"Whatever made you think that?" I said, still remaining cool.

"Because you people all end up here sooner or later. You can't fool me, pal."

I decided that it might be advantageous to slightly alter my tactics.

"Mister you gotta give me a job!" I pleaded, dropping to both knees.

"Take it easy, son, I'll see what I can do," he said, helping me off the floor.

He put a book on the table. I mistook it for a dictionary until I read the title which said Jobs for the Humble but Practical American.

"Let me see now, what's your major?"

"Dramatic arts, sir," I said, trying to regain my composure.

picnic table so as to make my escape. To my dismay I slipped on a Children of Jesus pamphlet and landed face-first in a bowl of onion dip. A large crowd gathered to watch me emerge from the bowl, looking like a greedy potato chip.

"Bill!" Rebecca shouted, "you prayed to JESUS when you thought you were going to be arrested! You're one of us! You can be saved!"

Trying to make the most out of the situation, and trying not to be too conspicuous, I began to scrape the dip off my face with potato chips which I then handed out to the crowd.

"Look! He's smiling just like Howdy Doody again!" Rebecca quipped.

Had my hands not been busy passing out potato chips, I think I would have smacked her.

M I N D W A R P classifieds *****

RECENTLY DISCONTINUED EXPERIMENTAL COLLEGE SEEKS EMPLOYMENT: WILL RELOCATE TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS, An actively involved and sparkling experimental college, currently located in a major metropolitan area, has been discontinued through no fault of its own. Willing to relocate in any part of continental U.S.A., Alaska, Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico, Virgin Islands, eastern and western hemispheres. We are an Affirmative Action Non-sexist Non-discriminatory unemployed and will not rule out any form of national ideology or psychosis in our desire to please. Staff includes one president, three vice-presidents, sixteen deans, three hundred professors at all ranks and a supportive staff of 3,397, not including typewriters and office equipment. Skills include -- but we digress. Write in strictest confidence to Scribe X, 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

"Well . . . I'm afraid there isn't much of a calling for dramatic arts majors . . . let me see . . . How do you feel about bowling? There's an opening for a pin-setter in a bowling alley just outside Newark. You want it?"

I told him I couldn't take it because I have been deathly afraid of bowling balls ever since I mistook one for a kickball and fractured several toes.

"Can't set pins, huh? . . . Well, let's see what else we can get for you."

As he continued thumbing through the book, I noticed with great apprehension that he was rapidly approaching the end.

"Sir, I've spent the last four years of my life in college. Surely you must have some kind of job for me!"

"Do you have any experience at clam-digging?"

"No, sir."

"How about pig-wrestling?"

"No sir, though I did have a slight altercation once with a package of bacon that refused to open."

"I don't know if I can help you, son, I seem to be running out of openings."

"Sir, I took some creative writing courses in school. Perhaps you have an opening in that field?"

"I doubt it, but I'll look." He turned to the front of the book.

"Well, what do you know! There's a company looking for a writer! You're in luck!"

My spirits soared as he wrote down the telephone number of the company and handed it to me.

"Thank you, sir! Thank you, thank

you," I exclaimed, picking myself up off the floor and wiping the shoe polish from my lips.

I bolted out the door and headed for the nearest telephone. I called the company and I could not believe it when they told me I could have the job. I was ecstatic.

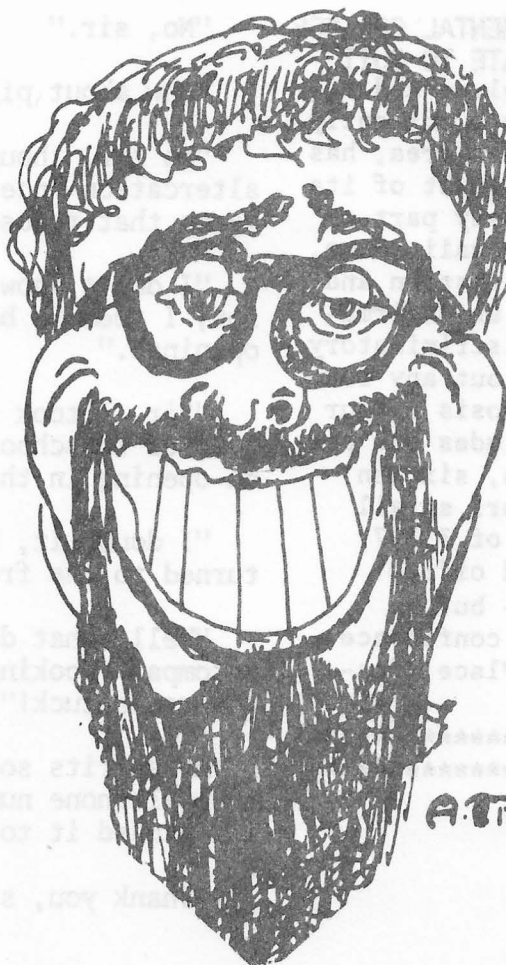
Writing comics for Bazooka Bubble Gum was not exactly what I had in mind. But I'm told that if I really apply myself to the job, I can work my way up to baseball cards in no time at all.

Even though I am settled in a career, I have taken the precaution of signing up for some graduate courses, in the event of my employer finding out that I come from Richmond College. The courses include Introduction to Panhandling, the Rudiments of Grovelling, and Advanced Starving.

MEET YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD ADMINIS-
TRAITORS DEPARTMENT (A MINDWARP SERVICE)

El Presidente

(The Exorcist!)



YOU'RE

FIRED!

A. TRADO

M I L T O W N I N M E D I E V A L L A N D *****

The author of the following piece needs no introduction to readers of MINDWARP. Thinly disguised as Rod McKuen, Robert Macduff, Mack the Kife, MacOuewen of MacOuewen, and Benito Profumo, he has carried out a series of gallant commando raids on the oppressors of his aboriginal homeland. Recent arrivals at Richmond College should be aware, however, that Kife, besides being a typographical error for Knife, is Highland Gaelic for "that which one carries concealed beneath the kilt."

On a hot sunny day in a green field, two strangely-garbed, panting-and-puffing figures carrying what appear to be shields on their arms lunge at each other with what appear to be swords, while motley-clad spectators urge them on.

"Strike! Strike, Sir Eolf!" "Watch thy side!" "Sock it to 'em, Akbar Baby!"

Eventually, the telling blow is struck and one figure falls. While the winner acknowledges the plaudits of the crowd, keening women and loyal servants bear off the body of the fallen.

At first glance, one might be disposed to think of a tourney scene from out of the Middle Ages. On closer inspection, one sees what looks more like a collection of extras from several different costume epics taking a break between scenes, or organizing a walkout. Over here, one sees a twelfth-century English knight talking to a fifteenth-century Italian courtesan -- and both wearing sunglasses.

For this is the Society for Creative Anachronism, a collection of people who decided that "getting away from it all" meant getting out of the century as well as the house. Or should I say -- castle?

What started out as a backyard "fun happening" in Berkeley about ten years ago has mushroomed into a nationwide -- no, international -- avocation for literally thousands of people who want to recreate the High Middle Ages as they should have been.

Originally, the emphasis was on having fun with a little scholarship and research thrown in for flavor, but with the passage of time there have been some changes. Titles other than royal used to be up for grabs, but now no one can claim to be other than a mere lord without having earned the privilege -- which privilege comes from either holding one of the Great Offices of State, or from having become King of one of the Four Kingdoms by beating all comers in the Crown Tournament. After your reign as a King has ended, you can be an Earl or a Count, or the equivalent; twice King, and you can be a Duke. If you are a woman, life is a little tougher: honor comes with attachment to a male winner, which is another tradition altogether.

It was my dubious distinction to be the Earl Marshal of the Eastern Kingdom (finally named Østgardr) for three years, during which time it was my job to judge matches and see that all due precautions were taken to avoid injury. Although the material for weapons is rattan, a fibrous grass that grows in Southeast Asia (only guess who opposed defoliation in Vietnam), the swords made from it have the weight and feel of the real thing. So bones have been broken, not to mention a collection of cuts and bruises to gladden the heart of your average sadist.

One of the major problems of the Society was that its scope was too wide.

You could represent yourself as a person from any culture, real or imaginary, as long as it fell in a period before 1650, which means that there were all sorts of people in all sorts of costumes and weaponry trying to have a shot at the Big Apple -- the Crown. One of my particular interests at the time was reviving rapier-and-dagger fencing as a sport, but to date no one has worked out a satisfactory method of scoring. In any case, the Society tends to have a very motley look, unlike the older British Medieval Society -- often used in historical films because of their authenticity and homogeneity -- or the Sealed Knot Society, which recreates the Royalist half of the English Civil War re-enactments.

The other problem is that there are people in the Society for Creative Anachronism who take the whole damned thing seriously. The utter height of folly was reached when a Japanese Samurai (in his other life, a nice Jewish boy) actually conspired to take over the Kingdom. What was worse, he succeeded. At that time I found myself squarely in the middle of the rottenest faction fight one could imagine, and with the accession of the Shogunate I took my leave of the organization for three years. Now I occasionally attend something if it is close by and I have nothing better to do, which has happened three times in two years.

This is not to say that all the nuts that fell out of the trees joined the SCA -- far from it. Most people enjoy the ambience, something a little out of the ordinary for a Sunday afternoon, and a certain amount of insight has been gained into the life-style of other periods. Speaking "forsoothly" (in semi-Shakespearean English) is encouraged, and at the revels and banquets many authentic dishes are prepared and eaten from authentic trenchers with the appropriate beverage -- the making of mead and similar delights has progressed considerably over the years. There has also been a lot of rediscovery of hitherto lost arts -- weaving on a loom, spinning, armor-making. It is very possible that, if technology collapses, Anachronists may have a higher survival index than others.

The revels -- indoor events -- also bring out a lot of hidden talent, and there are prizes awarded for the most authentic costumes, poetry and music of the period. Belly-dancing has become all the rage as well.

Recently, a breath of fresh air stirred the Kingdom in the person of an Italian policeman from New Jersey who showed up as a Highlander, won the throne, and proceeded to give a great imitation of the lighter side of Henry the Eighth -- eating, drinking, chasing wenches (sorry, I mean serving-persons), and making Royal Crazy Jokes.

With the appearance of the light touch, and the disappearance of the former Shogun, the SCA has become a fun thing again. But if I get one more letter from that guy in the Bronx who writes in chancery cursive, I'm gonna send him a glove.

A SPECIAL NOTICE TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN FROM THE COLLEGE'S SECURITY POLICE

Attention, please. We have received your offer to return the Richmond College administration for a ransom payment of \$225.75.

Please write us again when you are serious.

ONLY PLEASE DON'T PICK ON ME

by L.E. Bearneh

Here he is again. The usual routine. Opens the door, staggers in, looks around as if the room was full of bad smell. Never fails. Now for the Mystery Man bit. No papers, no notes, no attendance, no nothing. Zorro slithers over and sits down on the table. Not for him the lowly chair; no, HE has to tower over us. Kind of rub it in posture-wise that we don't know 10 languages and while he was waltzing around the world we were getting our asses whacked on Staten Island. Looks out the window (his I-am-a-man-of-bottomless-depths number) as if his uncle were sailing the Queen Elizabeth past and waving hysterically from the Captain's deck, which he -- being a Professor -- doesn't find too funny.

What's this class supposed to be about? Shakespeare? Then you can bet he'll spend the hour talking about how to bake good brownies. If it was Home Economics, then he'd talk about Shakespeare. Why doesn't he come out and say it? "Don't you just ADORE me for being so perverse?" No, you horse's ass, I work at seven part-time jobs and as far as I'm concerned you're about as adorable as pimples.

But we can't get to brownies right away, of course. FIRST he has to make you feel bad by asking you your OPINION on today's assignment -- that all-time best-seller, the complete speeches of Demosthenes and Isocrates, \$7.50 in paperback, 456 pages long. He says they're very important. That's why he wants our FEELINGS about them, especially the feelings of those of us who are able to read these masterpieces in the original Swahili.

But no -- the clown's got a whole new routine today . . . Whaaaa? . . . wants money . . . ahhhhhhh shit!!! And I couldn't had tickets for the BALLGAME!

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF PROF. SHMOB

by Henry Ebel

I enter the classroom. It is the usual scene. A gas attack? A Communist death-ray? Whatever it is, it hits me like a wave of translucent pea-soup. Moments before, I was an alert, fully functioning human being. Really, that was me on the phone talking to one of my intellectual confidantes, throwing out insights and witticisms like some madly revolving crystal. Now some insidious force has hold of my brain. Left lobe has parted from right, and some sort of pre-frontal lobotomy is underway.

It is a beautiful day outside -- ecstatic, gorgeous, perfect. But the curtains are still drawn, just the way they were left after last period's movie course, and the venetian blinds still blindered behind them. 18,000 kilowatts of fluorescent gestapo-glare are beating down on those bombed-out heads. The air is filled with blue chalk-gas, ghastly shit-brown coffee ooze is leaking out of the wastebasket, the board is heavily annotated in Bulgarian calculus.

They're obviously dead. That one, who was staring at me as I walked in the door. He's still staring at the door. Most of them haven't looked up, though for all they know it's Godzilla or the Giant Spider rather than me, or some mad terrorist named Abdullah who thinks this is the Israeli Consulate. It's true that those two women over there are muttering at each other. But that could just be a post-mortem reflex.

I stagger over to the desk, wipe off a half-inch of blue chalk, and ease my ass gingerly into place. No change. A group suicide? Maybe they all took cyanide before I opened the door. But THERE -- THAT one -- I swear it, you gotta believe me: I SAW HIM BLINK. And THERE -- THAT one, with the big Sloppy Joe filled with salami and potato salad with mayonnaise: I SAW HIM CHEW. Praised be the Lord! They LIVE!

(continued)

Indeed, I can almost hear their minds springing to life. Almost. I can imagine the words that even now are chattering out of the abruptly charged ticker-tape of those electrified brains:

"Wha. Whawha. Wha kinda bullshit. Wha kinda bullshit today? Hah?"

But I am not put off. Not in the least. 23 years of education --higher, lower, and lowest -- plus ten years of front-line combat in the classroom, are now about to PAY OFF. Today's the day: DER TAG when I shall reap the benefit of MEIN KAMPF.

"You think," I begin debonairly, "that I am about to start orating at you about some of the usual literary-historical-psychological horse-manure, don't you?" (Cynical smiles.) "Well, you are gravely mistaken."

That one in the corner, who NEVER moves. I could swear that I saw a flicker of interest cross his face.

"You see," I continue, crossing my legs with just that touch of savoir-faire that I remember George Sanders using around 1940, "you see, I have done some soul-searching over the past weekend, as well as a characterological analysis of these United States, and I have come to an important conclusion.

By God, he really DOES look interested. It is the resurrection of the dead, just as Jesus promised!

"I have decided, dear students of mine, that in these United States of America NO ONE appreciates ANYTHING that happens to be free."

A gasp? Well, perhaps a sharp intake of breath.

"Si, senor. Si, senorita. No money, no appreciation. And conversely, what you pay for you adore, or at least pretend to adore."

Not only a gasp. A grunt!

"So if you want my services henceforth, my friends, you will have to pay for them. One hundred dollars per person per semester, to be put in escrow by my lawyer and eventually transmitted to the charity of my choice."

Not possible! MURMURS of indignation. GROANS of dismay.

"Or you can drop the course, and give me some time for my writing. And a chance to recover from the decade of depression inflicted on me by faces like yours. Think it over. And don't come to the next class without a check."

I stride manfully to the door and walk out. Behind me, the unmistakable shouts and screams of reawakened Life. I cannot keep the tears of joy out of my eyes.

MEET YOUR RICHMOND ADMINISTRATORS DEPT.

Dean Burton W. Shlag



"YOU'RE FIRED!"

1st Student: "Didja hear the one about Professor Ebel?"
2nd Student: "Probably. And anyway, I have to go make pee-pee now."

The following is dedicated to the countless baseball fans across America who live to cherish the accomplishments of others.

CELERINO MANIFESTO

by Harvey Araton

Who is CELERINO and what can he mean for the multitudes?
For the thirsty masses?

*Who is this CELERINO? And more important,
whose is this CELERINO?*

*He is yours, theirs and ours,
and that is what makes him who he is,
for only together can he deliver the American people
from the clutches of Watergate,
the snowballing of technology,
the insidious pollutants of mind, spirit and body and . . .
the decline of the Yankees in recent years.*

Yes, we must wait no longer.

**CELERINO HAS COME,
BEARING FRUITS, THE TASTE OF WHICH FAR TOO FEW HAVE KNOWN.
AND TOO, THE TIME IS NIGH FOR THE YANKEE'S CLIPPER TO AGAIN SET SAIL.**

**TOGETHER WE MUST COME TO HIM, FLOCK TO HIM,
LIKE SO MANY SHEEP TO THE MOST GLORIOUS OF SHEPHERDS,
WITH ARM OUTSTRETCHED
WITH FIST CLENCHED
AND A HEARTFELT "CELERINO".**

A curious grouping of eight letters,
a simple soulful chant,
and the oneness and harmony of the universe come into focus,
regardless of the Yankees ever being swept by the Tribe.

*And so we must humble ourselves unto his saving grace,
and before our days dwindle to a precious few
and we ready ourselves to join him in the dugout above,
to enter into that eternity of Yankee pennantdom,
we might best serve our master by journeying,
like so many reverent pilgrims, to the Holy Land,
Mexico City,
and if on that glorious path you should happen upon a stranger,
a skeptic perhaps, greet him with outstretched arm,
clenched fist,
and a tumultuous "Celerino!"*

He need only see the calm in your eye,
the Yankee emblem on your tuchus,
and he'll believe

MANKIND IS ON THE PATH TO GLORY!

MY EXPERIENCES WITH MY BROTHER JOE ARE LIKE AN OFF-BROADWAY PLAY

by Antonio Tirado

Many of you have found it difficult to forgive Tony Tirado for pulling strings to get into Richmond. Even the fact that he has changed his name, grown a new hairdo, and uses a sun-lamp five hours a day makes no difference to your hard hearts. But you were nice enough to him when he was just plain Tony Volpe, and always ready to treat you to a pizza slice or a cup of espresso. Well, read this piece carefully and see if it doesn't make you feel goddam sorry for being so mean to him.

My experiences with my brother Joe are like an off-Broadway play in two acts. And of the most illogical nature.

Stage Setting: An apartment located in the "better" part of Staten Island -- Park Hill. The interior is set with the bare necessities: a couch, chairs, and dining set. Joe's bed and his "rubber dolly" -- alias his girl friend -- are located in the kitchen/dining area. The bedroom is owned by yours truly -- me. It features a wrought-iron bed with gilt headboard and footboard, a photographic enlarger, a desk and chair, and a mirror with plastic "Love" and "Peace" signs.

Act One Scene One: Tony awakens at the sound of a toilet flushing in the bathroom next to his bedroom. His throat feels slightly raspy as he begins to try to figure out why his oral cavity area is entertaining sensations similar to cotton mouth. Solution: too much grass, gotta cut down and start all over again! With his head in his hands and his mind on yesterday's episodes with Cannabis Sativa, he gets out of bed to shit, shower, shave, et al. He staggers, muttering "That grass was good shit, gotta get more." A typical disfranchised head at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Tony walks toward the bedroom door, toward the john, and finds the door locked. He takes two steps back toward the bedroom and hears the Royal Flush. He makes an about-face, facing -- face-to-face -- Demo, Joe's girlfriend. She stares blankly at Tony. Tony, still in a spaced-out head, sees that her eyes are too small for her elongated cranium. Quickly bypassing her, Tony enters the john and reflects on what he just saw. A face with two dots for eyes, a distinctive airy nose (which seems to have a life force all its own) that is always pertly turned up. You know the Nixon/Bob Hope proboscis type. The skin of her face was not there, for it had another skin of epoxy-type cosmetics which take hours to put on and days to take off. She once told him it was for her pimples, alias zits. At the thought of the juicy zits, Tony looks at the mirror and sees himself laughing like an idiot. He flushes the toilet [Why? -- *Editor*], enters the shower, and the hot water, or what he thinks is hot water, wakes the sleepiness of the marijuana excursion of the night before. Leaving the shower, Tony returns to the Great Refuge, alias bedroom. Reaching in the desk drawer he finds his wallet and two super joints. Pocketing these, he continues on his safari. "WHERE ARE MY SOCKS?" Oh yeah, in the closet or under the bed. Sound of a light knock. It's Joe, Tony's landlord/brother.

Joe: Huh, Tony, huh, hey Bro', can I talk to you?

Tony: I don't see why not. What's up?

Joe: Well, huh, I huh wanted to ask you something.

Tony: What's up, I gotta split.

Joe: Well, I was thinking.

Tony: That's GOOD. About what?

Joe: About letting Eddie Rios stay with us.

Tony: And you came to ask me if it would be okay, right?

Joe: Right!

Tony: Wrong! Absolutely not! For one thing he's a minor, only fifteen. He steals to buy smack and plus you asked me the same thing about Demo -- and she's still living here, so I really see no use in asking me about Rios if you're going to go against my judgment. Rios will also be another mouth for you to feed and you don't even have a job. You haven't worked in the past four months!

Joe: I just wanted to be sure for myself of your answer. Besides, whatever I do in my area of the apartment is my business and vice-versa.

With his diplomatic mission accomplished, the ambassador from the kitchen area returns to report on his mission to the kitchen head-of-state (Demo). Within an hour Rios enters our humble home for a vacation which lasts three weeks.

On a sunny Tuesday afternoon, the theatrics begin once again. Tony is awaiting a phone call in his bedroom. Meanwhile, he begins to pack for his long journey upstate to his job as a counsellor in a children's camp. Knock on the bedroom door. He turns to see which of the kitchen trio have been sent over for the latest U.N. talks. Act Two Scene One.

Enter Joe with a look of despair.

Joe: Can I huh talk to you a minute?

Tony (with a hint of cynical laughter): Yeah yeah, sure sure, but I gotta pack, so don't mind me. I'm listening.

Joe: Huh, Bro', huh, it huh --

Tony: Rios, right?

Joe: Right!

Tony: What happened, what did he do now?

Joe: Well, huh, he's been here for huh three weeks --

Tony: I can't understand what you're saying between your huhs -- get to the point!

Joe: Well, Tony, it's like this. I can't get him to leave! He's eating all our food and he's costing me a lot of bread. What do I do?

Tony: Tell him to leave, tell him to go home to his parents across the street!

Joe: But if I do that he might start shooting heroin or something like that.

Tony: Look, Joe, we don't have a home here for rehabilitation purposes! This was originally supposed to be a place just for the two of us, but against my better judgment you do as you please. First by having Demo here who just sits on the bed, like some guru. She doesn't get off the bed unless you okay it. Next Rios, who takes speed, downs, and whatever else a medicine chest has. Now you've got the nerve to ask me to get him out for you?

Joe: Well, I was hoping you could just help me --

Tony: Three weeks ago today, don't you remember what you said? "Whatever I do in my bedroom is my business, and whatever you do in your kitchen area is yours!" And Rios is your business. So take care of your business in the best way you know how.

Joe (heading toward the door with a frown): Thanks, Bro'. Bye.

Tony: Bye.

CURTAIN.

DEPARTMENT OF HUMANISTIC CULTURAL ARTIFACTS FOR YOUR LEISURE-TIME ENTERTAINMENT

"Up to this time the aristocracy had enjoyed both their urban homes and their rural villas. Now the patricians retreated permanently to the country. When Arcadius, in 396, sought to forbid 'the impious exodus to the country' he was talking to the empty air. The exodus had taken place. Eventually the cities began to suffer from depopulation; and one of the first signs of this, on the testimony of Libanius, was the cutting down of the salaries of professors at the municipal universities."

-- LEWIS MUMFORD, *Interpretations and Forecasts*, p. 137.

*The editors of MINDWARP deeply regret the fact that the Richmond College school song, **BENVENUTO A RICHMOND!**, is so little known and so seldom sung. In the hope that this unfair neglect can be remedied, we print the full text below:*

PER ME SI VA NELLA CITTÀ DOLENTE GIUSTIZIA MOSSE IL MIO ALTO FATTORE:
PER ME SI VA NELL' ETERNO DOLORE, FECEMI LA DIVINA POTESTATE
PER ME SI VA TRA LA PERDUTA GENTE. LA SOMMA SAPIENZA E IL PRIMO AMORE.

DINANZI A ME NON FUR COSE CREATE,
SE NON ETERNE, ED IO ETERNA DURO:
LASCIA TE OGNI SPERANZA, VOI CH'ENTRATE!

A complete score for piano, violin, oboe and bassoon can be purchased from Dean Headchop or Dean Cutthroat on the Ninth Flower.

for a
B.M.
in the
A.M.

RICHMOND
COLLEGE

in the P.M.

TO KEEP YOUR MIND IN MOVEMENT, MAKE THE RICHMOND COLLEGE
EVENING DIVISION

A REGULAR HABIT!

SO ALL RIGHT ALREADY, WHATCHA MOVE TO NEW YORK FOR IF YOU DON'T LIKE PAIN?

by Susan Gearhart

"HALLO, NWHAT'S THE AAD-RESS NND NUMBER OF YOUR APARTMANT? OH, YAEH, THIS IS SPARK'S MANAGEMENT."

"I would like to speak to your rental agent, Mr. Wulf."

"MMM NNNO.K."

"Hello, Mr. Wulf, this is Mrs. Gearhart, and I have a problem. It -- "

"I HAVE A COUPLE OF PROBLEMS TOO, WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR MINE?"

"Mr. Wulf, I'm serious. Your management corporation just sent me a court order stating that I'm to be evicted and that I also owe them \$800."

"AND YOU CONTEND THAT YOU OWE US NOTHING, IS THAT RIGHT?"

"That is right. How did you know? Mr. Wulf? . . . Mr. Wulf? . . . Mr. Wulf, when I spoke to you in early September you assured me that since the lease expired on September 31st, I could apply my security for the month of September."

"YEAH YEAH YEAH, BUT YOUR LEASE SAYS HERE THAT IT DOES NOT END UNTIL 1976."

"The lease was in Mr. Gearhart's name only. I never had a lease with you. Is that why the suit reads 'Jane Gearhart'? I really don't understand what's going on here."

"WELL, I THINK YOU BETTER MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH US, AND BRING YOUR LEASE, AND YOUR RECEIPTS FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS, MMMMMMM, AND THEN WHEN CAN WE GET TOGETHER?"

"Mr. Wulf, I'll be choreographing tomorrow, but I could see you first thing in the morning."

"CHOREOGRAPHING? WELL ISN'T THAT INTERESTING! I KNOW JACQUES D'AMBOISE. MAYBE WE COULD TALK ABOUT THAT INSTEAD."

"I think the lawsuit is more pressing."

"YES, WELL, MMMMMM, IS TEN ALRIGHT THEN?"

The next morning, after an hour's search, I finally located their building. The entrance was almost completely covered by a sign advertising an ethnic specialty, with a painting of the dish that made it clear it had been created in plaster of paris. Having circumvented the billboard and navigated the doorway I found a lobby the width of a staircase. The elevator, which was the size of an orange crate, had already squeezed its last orange of the day. I faced the four-floor climb up, at 9 A.M. It put me in an excellent frame of mind for what was to come.

The closet-like entrance afforded a full view of the office. It resembled the credit department of something out of Dickens. Through the cashier's bars (the only window) came: "WHADYA WANT?"

"I have an appointment with Mr. Wulf."

"HEY, WULF! SUMBUDDY WANTS TO SEE YA!"

A middle-aged sort with a Madison Avenue look and a Prince Valiant haircut appeared. He offered me a moist, weak hand.

"Why don't we just step into the conference room, where we can discuss this matter without interruption?"

His heavy toilet water preceded him, filling the minute room before we did. The conference room boasted two degutted chairs and a crummy desk with a warning under some filthy glass: CLEAN UP YOUR MESS IF YOU EAT IN HERE.

Then I tried to recall what had instigated my coming to this dump. Ah yes, it had been fear of The Giant, the Landlord. Now anyone knows that when the Landlord sues you, you show, 'cause even if you're right every inch of the way you still have to hire a lawyer, pay a lot of bread, not to mention your time . . . and I already know that this one is a really wealthy cat. Having been to court a few times, there is also the awareness of the "Money Buys You Justice" syndrome. And this Landlord used to buy off every inspector that the rent strikers could produce. Because he had paid off the fire inspectors, and there was a bad crack in the incinerator flu, we were used to living with dense smoke almost constantly. My next-door neighbor's pad burned to ashes and none of us even called the Fire Department, we were so used to these conditions.

My building had, among other things, crashing elevators. Once the shaky little car plunged from Penthouse to Basement, bearing four luckily-drunk individuals. The also stupefied and well-plastered doorman opened the elevator doors on the first floor to call to the victims, lost his equilibrium, and promptly joined the other four at basement level. The papers had a heyday, but still no inspection of the elevators ensued. Banners blazed from the front of the otherwise sedate facade, and rent strikes continue after five years

And back in the conference room things got sillier and sillier. The huge ledger lay open, covering the desk. Figures to dismay a computer leaped off the pages at me.

For about twenty minutes he actually insisted that I would have to pay them money on the grounds that they were due an increase as of September first. He could not seem to hear me reminding him that I never had a lease. It was like a trance number, it was pure theater, it was as if they had run short on tenants to rip off and were really sweating hard to scrape up someone to bleed. It was one of those numbers right out of Berghof's: he ranted, you reacted. I knew, but still couldn't afford the \$100 lawyer's fee not to have to go there myself. Having sufficiently passed the acting lesson, he tried one last parry:

"Can you produce all of your receipts for every month's rent for the past five years?" (Smug grin.) "Yes." "You CAN???" I could almost read the "Oh SHIT!" he silently proffered.

Then the drama switched to melodrama. "You know, I think that I can help you. Just between you and me, these landlords are unbelievable, and

I'd rather see you have the money than them."

I wasn't sure what was next. This seemed to be the re-grouping, the new approach. I remained silent . . . and it happened . . . Now that he was my hero he could say:

"Don't you worry about that paper one little bit. I think that I can get that whole thing cancelled for you. I'm personally going to see this thing through to the end. By the way, what's your phone number? It's unlisted . . ."

UP AGAINST THE WALL, AND OTHER STREETS

by Alice Gadeloff

with the connivance of Susie Swisscheese

Like all banks in the Wall Street area, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce is obscenely tall and erect. Perhaps the buildings just look bigger because all the streets are so narrow and winding, or maybe because one function of banks these days is to be the most intimidating institutions in our society. They also happen to be the most paranoid, having the capacity to make anyone cashing even a \$25 check feel like a potential Bonnie or Clyde.

I mention the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce particularly because I went there the other day with my friend Bill to cash a \$2,000 bank check (Canadian money) he had received from his father. But let me start at the beginning.

About three weeks ago, my friend Bill, not being able to make ends meet on his unemployment check alone, wrote to his father -- who is involved in a business in Canada -- asking him for some money. Bill's father responded with a bank check made out to himself which he had then endorsed and made over to Bill. Bill was instructed to either cash or deposit the check at the New York Branch of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce at 20 Exchange Place.

Walking into the bank was like entering a shrine. There was utter silence inside. You felt that if you dared to whisper you'd be shushed by a high priest. All the bankers and tellers were dressed for a funeral. And in a few minutes we would, as you will see, be meeting the deceased.

Bill and I walked over to a teller and handed her the check, explaining the situation. Her eyes opened so wide they looked like two cantaloupe halves. She called for her supervisor, who looked at the check and shook his head for a full minute before he could bring himself to say anything.

"Bring this to the 21st floor. Mr. Duffy. One of the secretaries will take you there."

So we were brought under guard to the 21st floor, guard being a secretary about five feet one inch tall, 21 but looks 45, long black-from-a-bottle hair, Maybelline commercial eyes, and a dress that barely covered her ass.

Mr. Duffy was a thin man with a pinched, red face. He looked about 60, but must have been 45. He was probably the deceased whom the staff were in mourning for.

He examined the check for a while.

"HMMMMMM. HMMMMMM. Mr. Evans, we are a commercial bank. Why do you want to open an account with us?"

"It was my understanding that that was the only way I could get the check cashed. I'd rather just get the cash if I could," Bill replied in his best English-professor tone.

"HMMMMMM. May I see some identification?"

Bill gave him his driver's license and Mastercharge card.

Mr. Duffy looked up from the driver's license.

"Er, who is William Evans?"

"Me," Bill said.

"Oh. Then who is Charles Evans?"

"That's my father. He signed the check over to me."

"HMMMMMM." Mr. Duffy was looking at the endorsement. "Where does your father live?"

"In Wainscott."

"Wain . . . WHAT?"

"Wainscott. It's in East Hampton."

"And do you live in this Wain . . . Wainscott too?"

"No. I live here, in Manhattan. The address is on the license."

"And your father -- does he live in Manhattan, too?"

"No, he lives in Wainscott. It's on the eastern end of Long Island. Near East Hampton."

"Now, Mr. Evans, it would be much easier to cash this check than to open an account. But I'll have to call the main office in Montreal and also your father, since it's his signature. We don't have a specimen, you know, and we must get verification." He called the main office. Everything okay there. Then he asked Bill for his father's phone number. Bill didn't have it.

"YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR FATHER'S PHONE NUMBER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO CALL HIM FOR CHRISTMAS?"

Mr. Duffy got the number from Information, dialled, and slammed down the receiver.

"That number is an answering service! Can you come back tomorrow morning?"

"I'd rather not," Bill said.

"Okay, come with me."

We were ushered to a seemingly private elevator. It was carpeted and had mahogany walls. We ended up on the main banking floor again, but coming in the back way this time.

Mr. Duffy had a short conference with the man who had shaken his head for a full minute. Then the head-shaker told us: "I'll have to go into the vault for this."

Then Mr. Duffy came over and said the bank would have to deduct \$5 for long-distance phone calls. The head-shaker came back and counted out twenty 100-dollar bills.

Bill took the money and recounted. Then he folded the bills in half and handed them to me. I put the twenty 100-dollar bills in my dungaree pocket, where I could feel the bundle against my thighs as I walked. The feeling was orgasmic. We decided to get back to the Upper West Side quickly, for we would be safe on home territory. We took the subway.

"YOU CANNOT WORSHIP BOTH GOD AND MAMMON."

--old Mongolian proverb

AND SPEAKING OF GOD, DID YOU EVER MEET HIS CHILDREN?

by Nancy Nicolaisen

ETAION SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETAION
SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETAION SHRDLU ETRAION SHRD LUP ETAIONE LEVINUP SHRD LUP

MINDWARP regrets to announce that its chief typist has joined the Children of God. He refuses to set Ms. Nicolaisen's excellent and revealing piece in type. It is only through physical force that we have prevented him from learning her address and I doubt that I will even be abl

"YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR FATHER'S PHONE NUMBER? AREN'T YOU GOING TO CALL HIM FOR CHRISTMAS?"

Mr. Duffy got the number from information, dialed, and started down the receiver.

Mussolini was an incorrigible womanizer.

The inevitable insatiability of us all

Wanda who asked his wife
prelude to sexual intercourse. As
to whip and flog him as

The first point we were able to
show in our work together is that
about two thirds of the sperm that
are ejaculated in a normal ejaculate
come from the part of the vas that
is proximal to the site of vasectomy
and from the epididymis.

FREQUENCY OF INTERCOURSE AT MALES RICHMOND COLLEGE

REUBEN DAVID, PH.D., ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT SEX AT

R * C H M * N D C * L L * G *

The sexual revolution is on at Richmond College, and some questions must inevitably follow. Many of you are bewildered by the aftereffects of one of "those" courses, particularly if it has a lab section and if you are the product of a normal middle-class upbringing, with its conservative system of restraints, prohibitions, tabus, fears, and superstitions. It is for this reason that MINDWARP has invited Dr. Reuben David, a recently-terminated member of the Social Sciences Division, to answer our readers' letters about their sexual fears, hang-ups, and catastrophes. This section of MINDWARP is rated PG.

QUESTION: I live on Staten Island and am a female undergraduette and I have this male English professor who really turns me on. Often in class I -- well, you know. He has a wife and seven children, plus a beagle. So, you know, I wonder about whatchamacallit.

Answer. *This is a not uncommon question, and it cannot be easily answered. Your conscience must be your guide. But old standards are crumbling in today's world, so it may be -- you know -- okay.*

QUESTION: My boyfriend and I often make it in the President's Conference Room on the Ninth Floor, to which he found the key one day when he was stealing office equipment. Yesterday the President saw us. Can we be expelled?

Answer. *Make what?*

QUESTION: I have this class and often I fall asleep. Then when I wake up I find that my clothes are disarranged and I'm not really sure what happened. It is a lecture class with 80 students. I am a Ms.

Answer. *I have received 79 other letters describing a similar circum-*

stance, which leads me to wonder. Why not arrange for your mother to burst into the class halfway through the period? If what is going on is -- well, you know -- please report the professor to the College P&B Committee for a promotion.

QUESTION: I have this crazy teacher who is always implying that we students are all balled-up sexually, and I am getting pretty damn tired of it. I mean, okay, I like to make it with a horse or a dog now and then, and I'm not exactly sure which sex I belong to, but that doesn't mean I'm not NORMAL, does it?

Answer. No.

QUESTION: I am in terrible distress about what goes on between me and my girlfriend. Superficially, we look like the perfect couple, and I always assumed we had a really terrific sex life. Recently, however, I was reading this book and it said, if I understood it correctly (I am a Basic Skills major and my mother is typing this letter for me), that most people have sex with all their clothes off, and that it involves something called the vegina. What's it all about?

Answer. What you don't know can't hurt you.

QUESTION: I am an instructor at Richmond College. I have a B.A., an M.A., and a Ph.D. I have published two books, seventeen articles, and forty-four book reviews. I am a highly respected member of my profession. How do I go about getting laid?

Answer. Under the Royal Charter granted to Staten Island by King George the Second, getting laid is a capital offense, so I cannot really answer your question. But you might always try transferring to Hunter.

QUESTION: I am an "older female married student" at Richmond College, and my church social group is getting sick and tired of Bingo. Would the Pope object if we showed "Deep Throat" instead?

Answer. After my termination at Richmond College, I was employed as a stand-in during the filming of "Deep Throat," so I must disqualify myself on grounds of a conflict of interest. But why not write a letter to the Pope and ask?

QUESTION: I have been reading your column for some time and must say I am getting sick and tired of your wishy-washy replies. What the hell kind of a racket is this anyway?

Answer. First of all, I get \$15 for each column and I need the money. Second of all, I recognize your handwriting. And third of all, if I weren't working overtime on this garbage truck I'd come over to Staten Island and punch you in the mouth for giving me the clap.

THE POEMS OF V. P. MARROW

An exchange student from the University of Minnesota, Virgil Marrow has been a particularly elusive contributor. A check with the Registrar indicates that his program consists entirely of Independent Study, a typical subject being "Zen and the Samurai Ethic," though none of his instructors has yet met him personally. It is rumored -- though without clear foundation -- that "V. P. Marrow" is not his real name, and that he is in fact the natural son of a high City University official.

1.

The infinite subtlety of God,
Curving and recurving in the certainty of her march.
So subtle in its might
So mighty in its subtlety
Who can doubt that the river shall reach her sea?

The bank says:

"I have imprisoned the river.
She shall never escape."

We respond,

"But she is already free.
Already she flows
into her welcoming ocean."

Being, you see, our mighty analogue.

Already they have lost.
She wells to meet her mother.
And they feel the rising calm
of her victorious tide.
The great calm of God.

She teaches us
to sit still.

And our calmness is our gratitude.
Only the grateful are calm.
Only the calm can be grateful.

2.

Our lives are sculptures in time.
Which is why
even in our perversions
we strive for perfection.

Even the most debased of our strivings
for shape and form
thus give testimony against she who says

that nothing means anything
and everything means nothing.

And THAT, dear lady,
is what it all means.

3.

It seems
to me
so simple.

As sheep to the herder
are we to her strength.
Being most our selfs
we are at least a part
with her.

And reaching our goal we see
unexpectedly beside us
our secret sharer.

Our Art of Lightness.
Our Ark of Whitebliss.
The son of our warm Joy.

4.

The air is rich up here.
Not thin and dry.
No ice intrudes
upon our valleys.
Say your goodbye.
Come and play.

*At last
I am plyable.
They want me
to enjoyn them.*

O have no compunction.
No mangel awaits you
at this junction.

*I need not fear
arriving there.*

Our gas is happy.
Our god is life.
O say farewell
to fear and strife.

*I need not fear
arriving THEIR.*

5.

Let the party of death be forgotten.
Let the party of hope arise.
The feeling of party forsaken,
Let the party of feeling arise.

I say we must thank our good mother,
Thoughtful, kindly wise,
Who lets us see -- for we matter
To her -- the warmth within her eyes.

Her hand is the warm hand of feeling.
Her joy is the joy of our play.
Her pond is the pond of smooth sailing
Where hope is the end of our day.

6.

If the wedding
is a funeral
why should the funeral
not be a wedding?

We close our eyes
and find we are just in time.

WAR

by Gerard John Conforti

I have never been in war,
But know the suffering it can cause,
Like Boeing 707's above me roar,
Till they shake the bottom floor.

I can sense the bombs that fell,
Exploding into a fire of hell,
Like flames that engulfed the wooden door,
And the donging of the steeple bell.

*Donna [von] Dietrich, who wrote the following piece after only a decade with the The Richmond T***s, wants to make one thing perfectly clear. She is not in any way related to Sepp Dietrich, Hermann Goering, or Joachim von Ribbentrupp, and she relates well to others. In the words of one of her teachers in the Humanities Division, Prof. ****, Donna "ist a gut example von der steadily und mit unremitting konzentratiion applied effort vot finally results achieving must." And since he teaches grammar and linguistics, he ought to know vot about he talking ist.*

MY UNTITLED ADVENTURE ON THE FERRY, OR, "IT'S NOT MY FAULT"

One spectacular September morning I boarded my usual ferry, took my usual seat on the rear promenade deck, and opened my usual newspaper. But it was one of that variety of bright fall days that is famous for interrupting one's routine with far-away thoughts, as well as a new sense of everyday surroundings. So my restless glance skimmed a headline or two on the paper before me, but was much more content to survey the sights of the harbor in their unusual clarity.

Soon my eyes became stationed on a couple of tourists who had just come out on deck to snap a few photos. They looked Japanese -- very appropriate, since my wandering thoughts had just traveled to the Orient.

Tourists. That perked up the old native pride. Native pride is really a very misleading term, though. It's probably more of a combination of know-it-all snobbery, and being convinced by too many travel ads that every tourist you happen by will build an entire image of his visit by your smile or lack of it. Whatever the case, I tried to look open to inquiries, like the usual: "Where's the Verrazano Bridge?", or "What's the name of that island?"

Tourists travel on the ferry constantly and those lone voyagers invariably look for a guide. Those small groups of two or three often pose sightseers' questions. However, my chances to aid these tourists were soon greatly diminished. What started out as a couple of tourists slowly grew to a few, then upwards through the tens, till it finally reached a group of over thirty people. They were all Japanese and, being true to their national stereotypes, they each carried at least one camera. In fact, the array of still cameras, telephoto lenses, movie cameras, and tripods on that deck could have rivaled a trade show at the Coliseum.

Realizing that I would be ignored by the group, and having had my view of the harbor blocked by them, I disappointedly returned to my newspaper. I looked up occasionally -- just in case -- but no one realized that I was the self-appointed Tourist Information Bureau for New York Harbor.

On one of my upward glances I caught sight of a rather amusing conversation between a woman, dressed in traditional Japanese kimono, and her two male companions. After each spoken phrase, the speaker would bow to the two listeners, who would then return the bow in unison. This occurred after every 3 or 4 words, and went on for over five minutes.

Our harbor crossing was now nearly complete, and shutters were clicking frantically in an effort to capture everything in sight on film. The tourists began venturing back downstairs to their waiting tour bus. I folded away my paper and watched the remaining few. I had long given up hope of playing harbor guide when two of the group approached me.

Two men, cameras in hand, simultaneously uttered something to me in Japanese. I looked at them blankly, and they repeated their words with the addition of hand motions. They wanted me to move over, which I promptly did. Then one of the men handed his camera to the other, and sat down next to me. He turned to me and said something else in Japanese after which he quickly put his arm around me and

To be concluded in an appropriate place and at an appropriate time.

Garry Tanner, who wrote the piece that follows, needs no introduction to the Richmond College proletariat. But some of you are probably unaware that Donna von Dietrich wrote a song about him that is now on the hit parade in her native Black Forest, where it has been "the most frequently requested disc on Station WELF". To understand this song, you must (1) take a course in Intermediate German, (2) understand that the German word *blaetter* can be applied equally well to tree-leaves and the pages of a book, and (3) be aware that when Garry's great-grandfather Ignatz first brought his family to America from the little Russian town of Anatevka, the family's name was Tannerbaum. Here are the lyrics:

O Tannerbaum, O Tannerbaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blaetter!
Du schreiest nicht nur zur Hitlerzeit
Nein auch mit Rocky, wenn es schneit
O Tannerbaum, O Tannerbaum,
Wie treu sind deine Blaetter!

And now it remains only to be stated that Mr. Tanner's contribution to MINDWARP has received the Imprimatur of the Italian-American Civil Rights League, and a a a a a w w w w w a a a y w w w e e e e GO!

"THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER!"

It is a distinct pleasure to introduce the Foreign Service Training Program at Richmond College, which is, without doubt, a far-sighted educational innovation. The United States Foreign Service, from which American embassies throughout the world are staffed, has historically been Ivy League. And it has always been thought to be a security risk to reach down into the lower regions (Richmond College is in the lower regions) of American society for the required talent. No more, though, because thanks to the Foreign Service Training Program, our graduates are going to be sent in there and integrate it. This plan makes Edmond Volpe the Rosa Parks of the spy world. Rosa Parks, as you may recall, was the woman who began integrating the Jim-Crow Montgomery, Alabama bus line by remaining seated in the front section -- the white section -- of a city bus when she was ordered to kindly move to the rear.

Times have changed and so has the setting of historic reforms. Seven-

teen years ago it was a bus in the deep south, and now it's Richmond College. And now President Edmond Volpe takes up the mantle of integration. Messiahs are where you find them, I guess.

With the United States expanding its operations into so many countries, this Foreign Service Training Program could be a real shot in the arm for the campaign against unemployment. Jobs could be popping up soon in Portugal, Italy, Angola, or Mozambique.

As a Foreign Service Officer you will have the opportunity to see the sights, pick up a native bargain or two, and hit the local bordellos. And just imagine all the adoring smiles the natives will shower on you when they find out that your assignment is to avail their police force of the clever gadgets that have been devised for coaxing information out of unrepentant agitators.

Of course, there may be a few risks involved in your Foreign Service job. Take the case of Dan Mitrione, who became momentarily renowned by way of the film, *State of Siege*. Poor Dan was just trying to do his job, which was training the Uruguay police, when he was abducted by the Tupamaro guerillas. Well anyway, Dan's survivors got all the benefits they had coming.

And then you might remember what took place, not too long ago, in the Cradle of Democracy -- Greece. There, EOKAB guerillas put quite a few holes in Ambassador Davis for services rendered. Pictures of his rather gruesome remains were plastered on the front pages of many American newspapers. Try as he might, he couldn't please everybody.

But you shouldn't let these instances dissuade you. You could very likely be placed in much less volatile surroundings than those mentioned. And if anyone should threaten you, your orders will be to stand your ground and inform them of the fact that you are an American civil servant, that you are not to be disturbed in the course of your duties. If they still insist on doing bodily harm to you -- RUN.

But to get back to the program itself. Let's talk about the courses that may be offered. Like these, for example: *Buying up Trade Union Bosses to Wreck a Local Economy* or *Rigging Elections* or *Keeping the Heroin Trade Open* or *Assassinating the Opposition*. This is a curriculum that matches up to any. Georgetown University or Holy Cross, where Foreign Service training has gone on for many years, would be damn proud. Richmond can become a haven for retired agents who now want only to teach and who want to share their long experience with young people. This is the kind of faculty that could give our President the unwavering cooperation he desires.

Somebody might try to tell you that in the Foreign Service you won't get a crack at one of those undercover jobs. Not so. According to John D. Marks of the Center for National Security Studies (co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*), you will get a good opportunity at a CIA-type job. Says Marks, "over twenty-five percent of the people who are listed as working for the State Department overseas are actually with the CIA." So you see, the Foreign Service is where the action is, if that happens to be your bent.

Look at what you have missed already! You missed the 1973 massacre in Chile, where the State Department is pleased to report that they reinstated a free government under the leadership of General Pinochet

--surely a statesman beyond reproach. You missed the action in the Golden Triangle of Laos, where you could have been flying heroin across enemy lines to keep the supply from dwindling in the streets of America. And you missed the housecleaning that took place in Indonesia, where hundreds of thousands of Reds were ferreted out and sent to their just reward. Of course, there was also the Bay of Pigs invasion, the invasion of Santo Domingo, Guatemala, and Cambodia, to name a few more.

But malicious rumors have been spreading, to the following effect: "Richmond graduates from our Foreign Service Training Program would only be given gopher jobs, because we would be new and different around the State Department -- go for this police chief, and go for that Senator -- snipping articles from foreign rags, risking life and limb as designated hostages during embassy occupations -- shlock jobs like that." This just isn't so. The State Department is an equal opportunity employer.

Since writing this piece, Garry Tannerbaum has been chopped down by an unidentified burst of gunfire while eating a bowl of tomato soup with rice in the Richmond College Cafeteria. More than one assassin may have been involved, despite the denials of the Staten Island Police Department. The body has been classified as "Missing on Arrival". Stray bullets, bloodstained polo-shirts, microfilms, fingerprints and (in the event that it is detected) the body should be promptly turned over to Dean Charlotte Holmes in the Security Office.

Attention, please. While you were purchasing this magazine in the Richmond College Booksmith, your photograph was taken. It has been correlated with your social security number, and, through the latter, with all your life records to date. This complete packet -- photo of you purchasing the magazine, plus fingerprints, military record, other "personal" information -- can be obtained free of charge by reporting to Dean von dem Bach-Zelewski on the Ninth Floor. There is a Search Fee of \$500.00.

We last left our heroine on the Staten Island Ferry. Abruptly accosted by two mysterious-looking Oriental males, she realized too late that one of them had put his heavily-muscled arm around her and

grinned up into the lens of his waiting camera. The shutter clicked, he sprang to his feet and blurted out "Thank you! Thank you!" The two grinned widely at me and started inside. Leaving me, and my knowledge of the city sights, dumbfounded.

WE THE UNDERSIGNED STUDENTS OF THE RICHMOND COLLEGE JAPANESE-AMERICAN CIVIL RIGHTS LEAGUE PROTEST THE RACIST ETHNIC SLURS IN THE RICHMOND COLLEGE LIDERERRY MUGGERZINE. PERSONS OF NIPPONESE EXTRACTION DO NOT ♡GRIN, ♡ DO NOT SHOUT ♡BANZAI, ♡ AND HAVE NO DESIRE TO ASSAULT WHITE ANGLO-SAXON FEMALES ON THE FERRY. WE DEMAND A RETRACTION. 396 signatures follow.

But what does MINDWARP actually MEAN? Otherwisers besides yourselfer have asked themselves that question, so do not feel like a dumb ignorant lout for not knowing, once again, the answer. To get an answer for you, since you seem disabled by congenital or hereditary deformities in the intellectual area, we interviewed Klaus Donnerwetter, picturesque and puckish professor in the Humanities Division. Spoiled in some departement near Antwerp, blastered and blistered in London, deposited finally on the shores of this verdant isle set in a slobber sea, Professor Donnerwetter was a splendid interviewee in his comfy office with its fine collection of sharks heads and wolf pelts. He was just back from a national literary convention where, in his own words, he "took some splendid scalps".

Interviewer: What, Professor Glockenspiel, in your opinion, does MINDWARP actually MEAN? Or to put the matter in terms perhaps more recognizable to you, what does it actually SIGNIFY?

Professor: I'm so pleased that you asked me that question. It is one, quite frankly, that I have often asked myself. "What," I was saying to myself only yesterday, near Central Park, while I was walking my dog Jane, "what am I supposed to SPECIFICALLY think about something like THAT?"

Interviewer: Can you recapture the actual train of associations that set up this syndrome of affects?

Professor: Well, I can certainly give it a whirl. Roughly, my cognitions took the following pattern. Step Number One: MINDWARP is in poor taste. Step Number Two: However, one of the most distressing habits of the Zeitgeist is to appear in guises that contemporaries unanimously denounce as being in the most appalling taste, dreadful, shameful, quite beneath contempt. Perhaps, therefore, MINDWARP represents an essentially dialectical moment in the development of the human consciousness. If I denounce it as being in poor taste, perhaps posterity will point to me as an example of bad taste. Conversely . . . but I shall not disorder your mind by giving you an extended account of the chaos within my own. Suffice it to say that my heart was torn in two directions within my shaggy hopechest, my mind in a whirl -- suddenly I felt something tugging at my pony-tail as I started out of the Mens Room -- I discovered afterwards that I had caught it in the door -- and a voice rather like my mother's seemed to say in my ear: "Just shut up for a change." Sound advice, I thought. And shut up I did. For as long as three days. Until you asked me for this interview.

Interviewer: Fascinating, Professor Sauerkraut, fascinating. And these voices. Have you been hearing them all your life?

Professor: Oh, ja, ja. I mean, oh yes, yes. The voices have ALWAYS helped me. In graduate school, they told me in which library I would find my primary sources. When I was reading the MINDWARP, the voices were saying in my ear: "Do not read this. It is bad. It will make bad for Baby." But I read it anyway. Then I fell down the stairs, so I knew the voices were angry, and would not help me any more. When the voices are angry, they are VERY angry. They must be appeased. Only blood will appease the voices. That is why I asked you to come to my office late at night. You don't mind if I get up and pace around the office, do you? I do get rather nervous sometimes. Here, let me get my coat off this chair you're sitting on, you'll be so much

Poetry makes the heart grow fonder, and MINDWARP has no intention of neglecting the gentle art that has produced such all-time favorites as Homer and William Shakespeare. Elsewhere in these priceless pages you will find the work of V.P. Marrow and Gerard Conforti. THIS Page is devoted, however, to Joanne O'Leary and Gary Mauro, and what they have left us.

SILENT POEM

by Joanne O'Leary

FRAGMENT

by Gary Mauro

Lying under a rustic sun
splitting a joint or two,
memories are many, but
then again too few.
If I had X-Ray vision
perhaps then I could see
so I guess this is the way
it's supposed to be

Driving through the country
on roads that forever wind
playing all those word games
to occupy our minds
acting very

Since they have not left us frightfully much, we conclude with this little ditty:

If we have offended thee
Fervent our repentance be
All was done in merry jest
Take it light is take it best
None but knaves and varlets foul
Thus provoked, would risk to scowl
Now clap hands and all be merry!
Not a one of us look scary!
I'll be human! You will, too!
And by and by we'll say adieu.

AN UNTITLED PIECE OF VERY SHORT JOURNALISM ABOUT SUSIE

by Alice Gadeloff

The life of the average student today is hectic and anxiety-ridden at best. Consider the average day of an average student, Susie Swisscheese. Susie's day begins at 7:45 to the sound of an FM rock station. This morning it happens to be that new disk by Stevie Wonder. Susie wakes up with a start, looks around her room, and tries to re-orient herself. She concludes that it is "only Thursday," a day which comes close to Saturday but doesn't quite make it. She is in her room in her house. (The clean sheets confuse her at first.)

She gets out of bed, shuts off that vile noise, and switches on the soundtrack to "The Harder They Come," which is still on the turntable from last night.

Now, to the happy beat of Jamaican fugitives, Susie begins the first of a string of obsessions. This one is called, "What Shall I Wear?" Now, that all depends on what classes Susie has today. Let's see, there's English with that handsome prof who looks like Robert Redford; calculus, for which she didn't do the homework; and a strategy meeting of her women's lib chapter. So Susie decides to dress up. She chooses her blue jeans (the ones without the patches in her crotch), a two-sizes-too-big brown sweater, and a red scarf around her neck. She feels overdressed, but what the hell.

In the kitchen she finds that one of her roommates, Maggie Magee the insomniac, has been up for an hour making granola pancakes for the whole house. "Far fucking out," says Susie, digging in.

The cats -- Bogie, Gable, Ringo and Jesus, all neuters -- are meowing and walking on the table, counter-tops, and on top of the refrigerator. Sounds like they're hungry. It's Susie's turn to feed them, so she selects several cans of Puss-N-Boots Country Chicken and Dumplings for them. She thinks that she may have a chicken salad sandwich for lunch today.

After breakfast, Susie heads for the bathroom, but it is already occupied by her four other roommates: one on the toilet, one toothbrushing, and two in the shower. Susie decides to get her books together while waiting.

Let's see now, there's the copy of Aeschylus for English class. A paperback. No sweat. Her notebook. That usually comes in handy: she may want to write something down. Her calculus book. Susie decides against it. It's too heavy and she doesn't understand anything in it anyway. What else? The Marge Piercy novel to read in transit, some tampax (just in case), address book, wallet (count the money: 80¢ carfare, 20¢ for coffee, 95¢ for a sandwich, and \$2.00 miscellaneous).

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE GRAD-U-8s, 1975!!!!!!

(r a n d o m s e l e c t i o n o n l y)

GIANBATTISTA SAVONAROLA DIPEPPERONE

Of italic derivation . . . hates ethnic slurs . . .
nice guy . . . sharp temper . . . handlebar mustaches
. . . topics to stay away from: salami, spaghetti,
Godfather, M*fia . . . very active in Richmond branch
of Italian-American Civil Rights League . . . regular
guy . . . voice really carries . . . plans to attend
Murgatroyd Agricultural Training Center . . . then
will be raising olives in Calabria . . .

PATRICK DOMINIC O'REILLY

Dad's with the S.I. Police Department . . . Pat's
a pusher . . . raised grass on the College roof till
Security found out . . . grows it now in the Graphic
Arts Department, down in the basement . . . good
prices, fair quality . . . likes to sample his own
wares . . . careful when you meet him on the stairs,
he might take you with him . . . proves it IS possible
to be stoned 24 hours a day, 7 days a week . . .

ELEANOR "KAMIKAZE" SCHWARTZKOPF

Women's Studies major . . . Black Belt karate . . .
pretty good with a knife, too . . . "Fuck off,
buster, or I'll cut it off!" . . . shoulda seen
the Dean's face when she said that to him . . .
said he'd made a pass at her in a crowded elevator
. . . six feet four inches tall . . . well-groomed
. . . impressive whiskers . . . looking for a
boy-friend now . . . wish her luck . . .

HORST WIESEL

Exchange student from Heidelberg, Germany . . . really
hard worker . . . 40-page term papers in Integrated
Studies . . . "Ze Library ist not adeqvat for my
research!" . . . Wish he'd go away . . .

JOSEPH T. AVERAGE

Average Joe . . . typical Richmond student . . .
Works part-time . . . thinks part-time . . . Typical
exclamation: "Huh?" . . . what's to say? . . .



BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Richmond College
SCHOOL

Staten Island
BOROUGH ZONE

130 Stoyvesant Place
ADDRESS

TELEPHONE

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

June 4, 1975

Dear Richmond Boy or Girl:

It gives me great pleasure to extend Greetings to the Graduates of the Richmond Class of 1975.

This is, I know, one of the most exciting moments in your life. Even we grown-ups, so much older than you, can remember the pride with which we received our diplomas and set out on the Great Road of Life.

This is a wonderful year indeed in which to be starting out, regardless of which career-path you plan on pursuing. Never has Life and the World been so full of restless ferment and opportunity, only waiting for the hands of a new generation to tame it, to fertilize it, and to make it grow the green leaves of opportunity for generations yet to come.

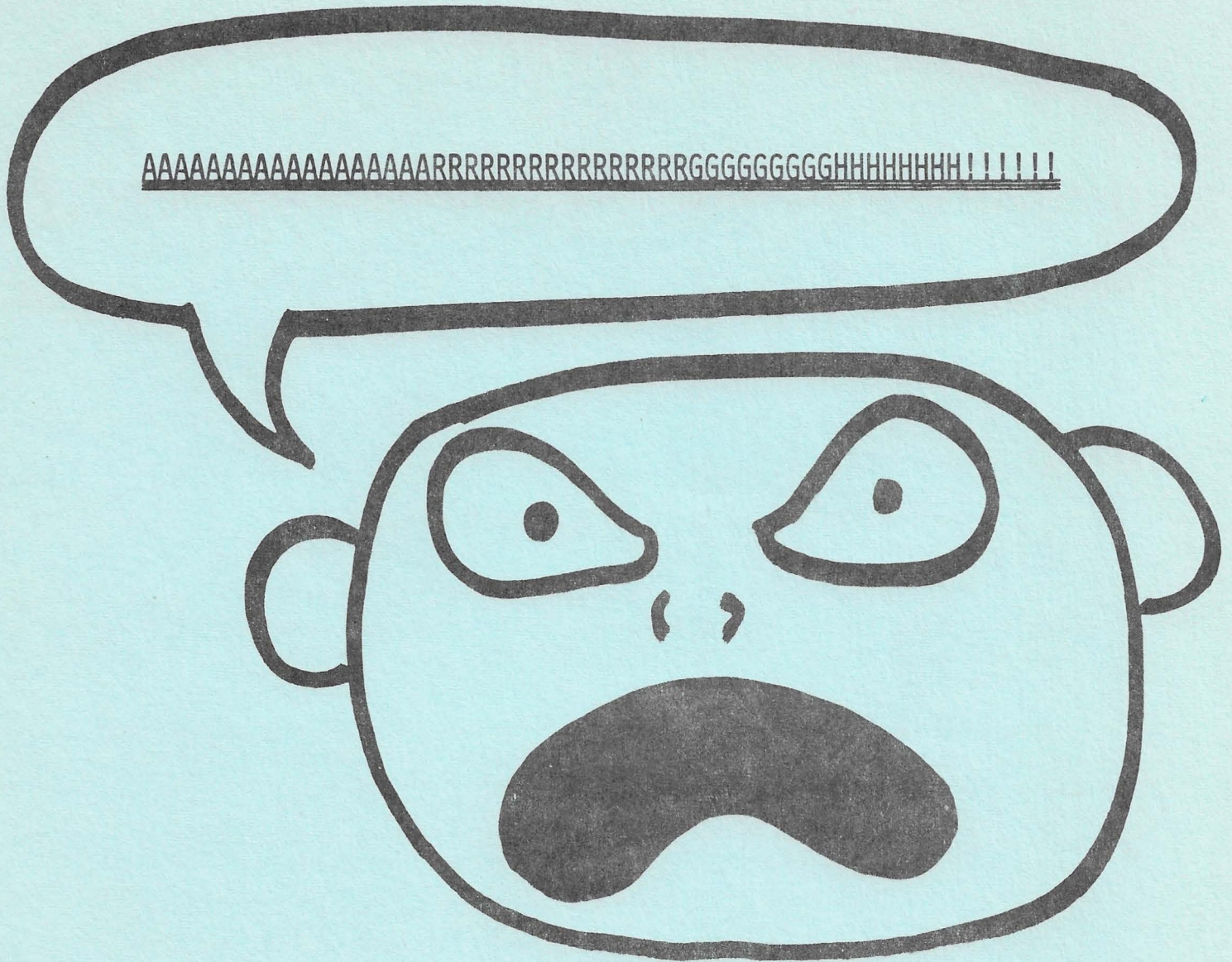
It is my hope, dear Richmond boy or girl, that you will not, in the excitement of your new life after graduation, altogether forget us here, back at the "old manse". In the mellow years to come, when you feel a small tear welling in your eyeball at the thought of "those Golden School Days," I and my cohorts in the administration hope you will always feel free to come back and say "Hello!"

I regret not being able to write separately to each and every one of you, and to let you know in this way what an extra special person you are, and how much we have appreciated YOU as a student at the College. But I have only been here a week myself, and could not possibly learn all your names now.

GOOD LUCK and GODSPEED on the great superhighway of Life!

Yours educationally,

M. V. Millstorm
Assistant Dean of Campus Security



The 1975 Yearbook of Richmond College of the City University
of New York, N.Y.

"Richmond College" is a trademark of the Pepsi-Cola Company

ATTENTION, PLEASE: THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, N.Y.,
IS A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION REGISTERED WITH THE ATTORNEY-
GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES AS THE BONA FIDE REPRESENTATIVE
OF AN ALIEN POWER. THIS ALIEN POWER IS THE PLANET MARS.

The Richmond College Aaaaaaarrrrrrggggggghhhhh!!! of 1975
has been prepared through the courtesy of the Student
Activity Fees Committee of Richmond College. Copies may
or may not be distributed to all graduates, depending on
circumstances. The editors have already left town.
Kindly address all complaints, remonstrances, grievances,
and threats to Dean Etaion Shrdlu, 111 North Tower.