

RICHMOND TIME

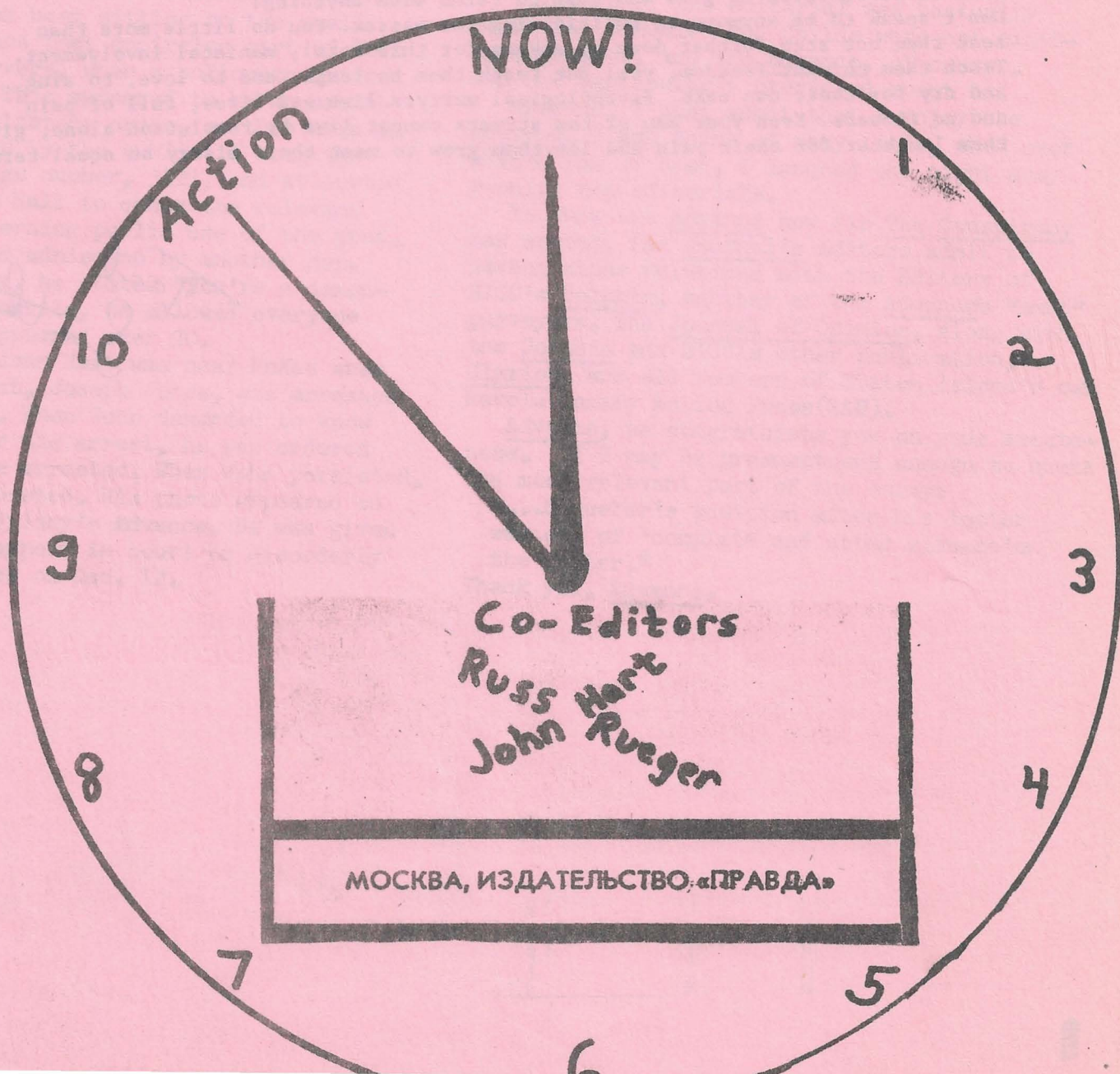
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An
Uncensored
JOURNAL
OF
OPINION

PAR AVION

"MOSKVA"
T.P.

23464 "PRAVDA" 1



ON MISERY

To those who propose the brotherhood of the streets, the communal response of the miserable, it is to you I wish to speak. You come as the logical extension of the age of nonviolent protest, pointing the same accusing fingers at the same ills we have marched at, sat-in on, and sung to. And you ask that we recognize the common bond of suffering that ties us together, that so united, we might masochistically make our way either toward our own deaths, or the end of these evils we know so well.

Brother, I recognize that misery you speak of; it is an old friend. We met first in my not-so-early childhood, and I have come to be whatever I am with it close at hand. But I also know that I could not have grown at all if I had not been able to choose to ignore it when and if it was necessary to me. The thought of swimming in that horror all of my waking hours makes me ill, for one cannot feel pain, or pleasure, or love in the presence of that misery of the streets.

To be sure, we live with it. But the eventual end of misery must be realized in the mind of each man who confronts it. How can you ask a mind paralyzed with the pain of recognition to grow and come to terms with anything?

Don't speak to me anymore of politicising the masses. You do little more than beat them one step further down by asking for this total, maniacal involvement. Teach them to want freedom, yes! But teach them to laugh, and to love, to sing and cry for their own sake. Psychological martyrs live sad lives, full of pain and no flowers. Even your man of the streets cannot live by revolution alone; give them laughter for their pain and let them grow to meet their misery on equal terms.

Jack
Smith

JOURNAL EDITOR BUSTED LEADING
HIGH SCHOOL DEMONSTRATION

Russ Rueger

WE'VE BEEN DISCOVERED!!

Russ Rueger

Student Power has finally seeped beyond the insulated walls of Staten Island's colleges. On Nov. 27 and 29, Staten Island High School students took to the streets and struck their classes over several issues centered around student rights. The students refuse to stay in school overtime and forfeit their holidays to pay for the racist teacher's strike in which they had no interest.

On Wednesday, the Journal of Opinion's editors ran off mimeographed leaflets announcing Friday's strike, at the suggestion of the high school student leaders. On Friday, the strike commenced outside of McKee High School with a large group of students marching around the school building. The strikers proceeded to walk to Boro Hall, where they marched around the court building. John Hart and myself had been sitting on the small stone structure that encircles part of Boro Hall as observers, when a policeman ordered us to leave. This appeared to be an arbitrary, discriminatory order, as this area is generally used by the public. I took the officer's badge number, 3321, and attempted to enter Boro Hall to check the relevant statutes concerning public use of the area, but was denied admission by another cop. When asked why, he stated "You're a demonstrator." Meanwhile, he allowed everyone else in who appeared over 30.

Later on, John Hart was near McKee when a McKee student, Joseph Jones, was arrested by the police. When John demanded to know the reason for the arrest, he was ordered to leave or be arrested. When John persisted, he, too, was busted. His photo appeared on the cover of Friday's Advance. He was given a summons to appear in court on disorderly conduct charges on Dec. 12.

At last! The Journal Editors have been waiting with baited breath for the Staten Island Advance to discover our underground paper. The Advance, defender of traditional values and the Island's ever ready watchdog, has printed a series of articles about college publications this year, and finally has tracked us down.

In the Dec. 1 Sunday Advance, under the heading of "Focus on Education", a piece was presented entitled "An 'underground paper' draws college apology".

The essay depicted our poor President under attack by nasty, obscene radicals on campus. Portions of our first two issues and Herbie's famous letter were quoted. Apparently, Dean Childs was interviewed for the administration position, although we were never approached.

The tone of the editorial was basically negative: Schueler and Childs were not exactly applauded, and the Advance, of course, was not particularly overjoyed about us.

However, I must admit that I enjoy the Advance. I can think of many times, when over a good can of beer, I laughed the night away reading the editorials.

To show the Advance how far The Conspiracy has spread, the Journal's Editors admit to having close relations with the Editors of SICC's Dolphin, another of the Advances' "smut" purveyors. The Journal of Opinion, along with the Dolphin and SICC's other publication, Clarion, are all members of Staten Island's own Revolutionary Action Press (RAP).

Advance, we congratulate you on your astuteness. If I may be presumptuous enough to quote the most relevant part of the essay:

"...Schueler's position after his letter was one of 'complete and utter silence' on the matter."

Thank you, Advance.

Editorial

HOW IS THE EXPERIMENT PROGRESSING?

by Russ Rueger

When you leave Richmond College after your classes, as you push through the plate glass doors, do you ever experience a pervasive feeling of emptiness? Have you ever ventured to our underground lounge in search of companionship or dialogue only to find it deserted? How often can you recall notices on the bulletin board of a weekend dance, lecture, or any type of happening designed to bring Richmond students together?

I could continue to utilize the question mark for many more similar sentences, all really asking: Where is the Richmond Community spirit?

The student handbook, catalogue, and orientation speeches all emphasized the experimental nature of our college. A large part of this experiment was to have been the creation of a concerned, involved, and most of all, unapathetic student body. As the President put it, "an academic community, in which you, the student, take an active part..."

However, regardless of the intentions of its founders, Richmond in reality has become little more than an educational factory. Everything seems to have been designed to discourage the formation of a close community. Richmond's educational process produces professionals, while stifling those last few years of inquisitive and adventurous youth. Look at the hour and forty-five minutes class system-- it makes it relatively easy to spread a normal program over a 2 to 3 day schedule.

The result of this is to keep students home most of the week and thus limit their participation in student activities. It also tends to give students an overabundance of classes on the days they do come in, thus limiting their time further. In addition, lengthy classes are oppressive intellectually, regardless of the attentiveness of the student.

The student lounge, traditionally an area of intense interaction, has been located in the worst possible area of accessibility. Only one elevator makes the voyage to the basement, and the stairs that lead to it are hardly noticeable. The lounge itself is small and hardly inviting. Considering the short break between classes (which has recently been reduced even further), how can one hope to find the time to journey to the lounge? Instead of shortening the time between classes, it should be lengthened to at least a half hour. The way it now

stands, a choice has to be made between virtually no break and a two hour break. Naturally, students will forgo the free time to get out earlier, thus once more limiting extra-curricular activities time.

Perhaps the cafeteria could afford a partial solution. It would be a centrally located and large enough to hold a great number of students, who could talk and socialize while enjoying their lunch. However, a visit to the third floor cafeteria site reveals how important this project is to the administration. There seems to be an abundance of staff kitchens, though, so at least the administration will not go hungry.

What about the college's communications systems? How many of you know that Richmond has arrangements for use of athletic facilities with Staten Island Community College and some outdoor parks? Do you know when the Student Council meets? Do you know how to submit a complaint to the newly-formed Grievance Committee?

Most of the modes of communication available have simply not been sufficient: The student newspaper is understaffed, and the bulletin boards fall far short in several ways-- They are full of out-of-date, irrelevant notices; they are esthetically displeasing and repel, rather than attract the reader; they are not located in areas that command attention. The administration's attempt at lessening the communication gap, the Dean of Student's newsletter, has not been helpful in promoting extra-curricular affairs (although they draw turkeys well)....

The composite picture shows Richmond to be a place to attend classes and leave as soon as they are through. As the minutes of the Oct. 25 Anxiety Alleviation session stated, Richmond has "No central meeting place, no esprit de corps, and no place open on the weekend for students to come sit and socialize... no social environment... no social concept..."

How about it? Where are the dances, club activities and community spirit?? College should be a total experience, and preparation for a 9 to 5 job is not my concept of college. Although few students acknowledge it, there are precious few youth years of youth left at college age, and they should be lived, not left to wither away by inactivity. Involve yourself... All work and no play make Johnny a dull boy.

Liberate Us.

THE SENSITIVE BRIDGE

OR

IT TAKES MORE THAN BALLS TO CROSS THIS WALL

by JOHN HART

There were thousands of little islands, just like Bedford, sprinkled throughout the great ocean. Because of poor communications, we were not sure of the conditions on the other islands. However, this much we knew-- Bedford was not large enough to accommodate us any longer. Our soil was worn out and could not produce any more. The population was overrunning the island, and each year thousands of children died of starvation and diseases. As pitiful and frustrating as it might seem, our only hope was to cross the great stone bridge that connected to the mainland. Yes, the realization that the bridge of death was our only hope of life was very depressing. Everyone knew the history of the bridge and of the ferocious people who inhabited the mainland. Many years ago they built the bridge to our island, and for a very long time, they would cross over and plunder and raid our towns. Whenever they came, they would kidnap our healthiest men and women and kill all of our leaders.

But, then all of a sudden, they stopped attacking us. The raids ceased, and we were left all alone.--left alone to starve and die. For even though we were no longer openly plundered, our fate now was to be isolated. It was the hope of the straight-haired people of the mainland that our people, being contained in such a small area with little food or shelter, would turn on each other and soon wipe out the entire population.

The people of Bedford realized the seriousness of the situation; they knew that in order to survive they would have to move off the island. Every three years, for over one hundred years, all able-bodied males would join the army and march over the stone bridge in an effort to make a path for our people to follow. But every three years there was a terrible massacre. A few survivors would return and tell of the horrors inflicted upon our army. In 1965, I was old enough and joined the army.

We marched along the road to the bridge, armed with spears and bows, and we could see them watching us very closely. I could not understand why they waited to attack us until we actually started to cross the bridge.

As soon as our last man set foot on the bridge, the enemy went wild. Bombs dropped all around and amongst us. Airplanes dived down at us spitting bullets and fire. Waves of men set upon us with bayonets fixed and slivered strips of flesh from my comrades bodies. Suddenly, be-

hind me there was an explosion, and then darkness.

When the enemy picked up the wounded after the battle, they mistook me for one of them and brought me over the bridge to their country. I quickly adapted myself to their society and to this day, I have not been discovered.

* * * * *

About two feet wide, about five feet high, about one hundred feet long-- these are the dimensions of a concrete wall that winds and curves itself between two welfare projects around the corner from my house.

As a kid I used to play there with all my friends. Every day we played the same game and tried to cross the white stone bridge. Some days we pretended to be on a safari; some days we were cowboys chasing Indians; and some days we were spacemen on an unknown planet. But of all the children who played the game, I was the only one to make it across the bridge.

Today, I am in college, and every day I read in the papers about my little friends who have now grown up. Some are in jail; some are in the army killing; some are stealing; all are poor and uneducated.

Most of them have traded in their broken mop sticks for rifles, their sharpened ice cream sticks for knives and their childhood innocence for hate. They want to cross the stone bridge from the ghetto to humanity. But their skin is not white like mine, so their only hope is to continue trying to cross the bridge violently.

The police are the chief guardians of the social order. The blacks are the chief domestic victims of the American social order. A conflict of interest exists, therefore, between the blacks and the police. It is not solely a matter of trigger-happy cops, of brutal cops who love to crack black heads. Mostly it's a job to them. It pays good. And there are numerous fringe benefits. The real problem is a trigger-happy social order.

--Eldridge Cleaver

Peace

UNCLE HERBIE'S EXPERIMENT STINKS: A CRITIQUE OF RICHMOND COLLEGE

B. FELDMAN

"Well, he hands you a nickle,
He hands you a dime,
He asks you with a grin
If you're having a good time;
--And he fines you everytime you slam the door.
Oh, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more."
Bob Dylan

White blackboards, interdisciplinary bullshit and liberal rhetoric attempt to mask the essential reality of this school. Richmond College is basically just like any other knowledge factory. It exists to produce the following commodities:

- 1) trained teachers to indoctrinate young people with the values and intellectual justifications of America's rulers;
- 2) skilled technicians to work for exploitative corporations;
- 3) loyal social scientists to serve in paternalistic or destructive governmental bureaucracies; and
- 4) apolitical humanists who learn to "liberate" themselves from an oppressive society by painting, acting, reading literature, writing poetry, or playing the fiddle--while millions are starving and thousands are being murdered.

Most Richmond College students are apathetic, uninspired by their studies or professors, and unhappy. Their contact with each other is minimal. They travel to the knowledge factory from Queens, Brooklyn, Manhattan, the Bronx, and Staten Island four times a week. They passively sit in classrooms 16 hours a week--or else cut class, turn on, play meaningless games, or sleep late.

They listen to politically impotent professors engage in intellectual masturbation for two hours by spouting their specialized knowledge and emphasizing points which no one but the professor gives a damn about. They silently watch the ego-tripping of one or two of their classmates who get their kicks out of dominating an irrelevant discussion. They see films on adolescent sexuality for their teacher training courses, but their opportunities to meet different girls or guys to fuck are limited by the fragmentation of the student body.

They go home and cram for their mid-terms and finals in hopes of securing an 'honors' or insuring a 'pass.' Or else they thumb through boring books assigned by their paternalistic instructors or type-out bull-shit ridden papers on meaningless topics. If they want to be a Richmond College "leader" they run for student government and serve on student-faculty committees which possess the power to make little more than Mickey Mouse decisions affecting the lives of no one. If they wish to be fathered or mothered they can visit one of their professors. As if life in the knowledge factory proves so intellectually unstimulating, emotionally empty, and politically irrelevant that their minds are hung-up and depression is their constant companion, they are told to go see the local shrink to learn how to adjust to the factory's production process. In the words of

the student handbook:

"Your primary purpose at Richmond is, of course, to get an education. As you pursue this goal, you may encounter situations that tax your resourcefulness. Your success in College, for example, may be temporarily hampered by unsatisfactory personal relations, a seeming lack of social adjustment, or poor academic performance. It is in cases like these that the Counseling Center may be able to assist you. Exploratory sessions with a counselor, individually or as a member of a group, may help you to overcome your difficulties and to function effectively again as a student and responsible citizen."
(pg. 20)

The reason why functioning "effectively again as a student and responsible citizen" enrolled in Richmond College is so difficult and psychologically frustrating, is that this institution exists not to fulfill the intellectual, emotional, or political needs of either its students or of humanity, but rather the manpower needs of a society which oppresses us all. The reason why many students at Richmond College feel powerless, uninspired, and unhappy while here is not because something is wrong with them. It is because the institution which they are told to adjust to is structured to serve a sick society, but not to fulfill or liberate human beings and human potential.

In his 1967 study of American society, G. William Domhoff concluded: "Interlocking directorates show beyond question that there is a national corporate economy that is run by the same group of several thousand men." (Who Rules America? by Domhoff, pg.57). These several thousand men actively direct or own the 500 largest U.S. corporations which, in 1965, received 72 per cent of all U.S. industrial profits. (Dissent Magazine, Nov-Dec 1967, article by Irv Biller, "American Behemoth: the concentration of U.S. Corporate Power," pg. 746).

The men who control America's corporate economy need trained and loyal laborers to work in their exploitative businesses, administrate in their governmental bureaucracies, teach in their overcrowded schools, and fight and die in their aggressive armies. Trained laborers can increase corporate profits by managing their technological innovations more rapidly, managing their factories and offices more efficiently, and increasing their net business sales through the skillful manipulation of the minds and senses of potential consumers.

Trained laborers can also protect their upper class privileges by pacifying the discontented through the execution of token socio-economic welfare programs and the supervision of a variety of foreign and domestic military programs. Trained and loyal laborers can, in addition, make certain that the younger generation doesn't learn to question the legitimacy of their government, their military, or the right to make a profit or control U.S. economic, political, and cultural life. And finally, loyal and trained laborers can protect the foreign markets and overseas investments of America's corporation directors by killing foreign revolutionaries without

contd on p. 13

YOU ARE WHAT YOU LET YOURSELF BE

It is not an easy task to approach people around your own age and tell them "Listen I'm Ilene and my friend Shelly and I have really found a beautiful thing to share with people." We were really bugged by totally 9-5 values and decided to stop complaining and do something about it. So, we formed a community workshop for drama and dance. In the workshop we are appealing to different age levels and we are hoping that after a lot of time and mostly a lot of honesty we can develop a program where people can feel comfortable being themselves.

The program in dance and movement is led by Shelly who being very much herself said to me:

"One of the most important things for me is to be in constant contact with myself so I can express my feelings--one way is my dancing, speaking to people and feeling close to them. I remember feeling so alienated from my body at one time that I was afraid to move, and I forgot parts of my body existed. It resulted physically, but it all stemmed from a tightness in my head."

I am Ilene and I dig drama because of how people are put on by acting lessons. I'm certain of one thing, acting is not the hard part but being your ownself and losing that self-consciousness is what is important. Once you give yourself the mental freedom, and I feel it's a long slow process, you can be anything you want from a grape to a fantasy monster."

Because of our facilities we can only have a limited number of people. If it would make you happy to join us, call: 727-5725

7-10 a.m.

9-12 p.m.

Sponsored by:

ILENE FEUERSTEIN
SHELLY SPEISER

Rise to
the
occasion!

MUSIC OFF THE WALL DEP'T.*

by Jim Buechler

Back in 1964, fiddler-banjo-player Peter Stampfel and guitarist Steve Weber constituted the duo known as the Holy Modal Rounders. They explored the diverse pockets of folk music, and used as sources such artists as the Stanley Brothers, Blind Willie McTell, Flatt & Scruggs, and Prince Albert Hunt's Texas Ramblers. In those days they characterized their music as "rockabilly" and "progressive old-timey". Four years and three new members later (no mention of their identities, though, on the album cover), the music of their latest album, The Moray Eels Eat the Holy Modal Rounders, is of singular description.

The style is completely free-for-all. At the end of "Interlude 2", for instance, one hears a conversation that asks, "Just who was that masked man anyway?" Electronic effects abound. Pops, boinks, and squeals (Mobile Line), speeded-up voices that bring to mind Alvin and the Chipmunks ("The Duji Song"), and the gradual voice build-up ("Werewolf") are done impeccably. "Werewolf" would just be a song about one (albeit a strange topic) were it not for the eeriness of the production work.

Unexpected in so audacious an album as this is the originality of the instrumentation. "Bird Song", and "One Will Do For Now" both have really inspiring keyboard work. "Dame Fortune" (guitar lead instrument) has an almost divine sensuality, and wonderfully becomes the album's only love song ("...pour your horn of plenty on me...tell me secrets rare and strange...").

Hardly untouched as song subjects are those dealing with chemical change. It is worth noting that while titles contain obvious references, the lines are not hackneyed or typical: "My Mind Capsized" includes the sad resignation, "...we must come down to mother earth... everything is of temporal worth."; and the "STP Song" mentions "...a revelation the first one's free, then you'll be addicted to eternity

Of further consuming interest are "The Take Off Artist Song" and "One Will Do for Now", which refer to the personal world of the Rounders.

The record is an Enoch Smeavy, Horney and Munch Production.

* Off The Wall- phrase denoting a leaning towards madness.

NIXON NO LESS

by Stuy Green

Our new president is no stranger to the world. Matter of fact, he's a quasi-symbol of banal Americanism in a few places like: Rome, Paris, Moscow, Prauge, Caracas, Rio, Lima just to name a few. While Humphrey represented the idiocy of American politics, Nixon represents the darker side of America to millions in Europe and the third world.

When the United States Information Agency announced Nixon's election in Rome, the students preparing the Vietnam VICTORY Day events suddenly found themselves swept into an anti-Nixon rally of quite large proportions. (This in itself is really nothing considering the rumor that a write in McCarthy last minute campaign would sweep Gene into office.) The big thing with this event is it's lack of police. In Italy today that's saying something. A funny thing happened in Paris the same night. A rally-dance for the NLF spread into the streets of the Latin Quarter and lo and behold the Securite Nationale didn't make it. When Le Grand Charles and Uncle Aldo sit back and let the students demonstrate, without proper riot supervision, you bet your ass someone in power ain't 'xactly satisfied.

Down in Rio the American military attache was murdered. Nothing new, you say, well that's true enough, if you don't hear the why of his death. Seems the currently ruling military juanta is living on borrowed time and gringo greenbacks, and it ain't popular either. Since Nixon is the darling of the South American peop his return to power really turned most of them on, from Punta del Este, Argentina to Havana. This is true especially in good old Caracas, where, upon the stoning of Nixon's car in '58 the government began to play Nazi, Nixon's, and America's, popularity are at an all time peak. The scandal that is currently rocking Bolivia (remember last year's great assassination there) involves the Minister of the Interior, Antonio Arguedas, and the CIA brings back South American memories of Teddy Roosevelt's games. If anything can unite South American opposition Nixon's it.

A little closer to home, economically anyways, is Europe. Now France and England share the same regard for the policies of Ike and his henchmen. Especially France. Once upon a time in 1954 she was getting her imperialistic ass kicked in some unheard of place, Vietnam, by some little yellow bastard called Ho. So she turns to the General Ike, and says, "hey man how's 'bout some of that jivey shit you ain't using to scare Russia wid." So Ike

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says remember the Maine and take an electric enema, Rene. So France says, hey Moe since you don't dig this war how's about sitting down and rapping peace with us in Geneva. Enter J.F. Dulles saying that's a no-no, can't do it man, don't give a shit 'bout South East Asia anyways. Got to tell the rest of world that Red China don't exist; like don't hassel me with this Vietnam shit, man. Then came Suez and Algeria. (With Suez we set a precedent of realative impotence; you don't aid those whom you've signed treaties with, nah ya aid the cat with the oil rights.) And we won more friends that way.

With the rest of Europe there's this hassel 'bout American economic domination. Not that very many people care if their on the gold, pound, banana or used prophylactic standard. It's just this thing with crazy gringo tariff regulations. It's like you can send us your raw materials, we'll give food stuffs and finished goods, but we've got to protect the American worker, so no finished goods please. And if you don't like it go get fucked. We ain't doing business with ya so there! Besides any Bircher knows that buying forein is supporting the great Communist threat that Nixon was always rapping 'bout in the early fifties.

If I read right, some of the stuff he said sounds like Joe McCarthy toned down. Character assassination is another of Nixon's better remembered skills, like Alger Hiss and Helen Cahagan Douglas. Seems like Nixon's banality isn't all come on. I could see it now, no more relations with France because Le Grand Charles is a pinko submissive rat. Got to pull out of Turkey 'cause Turks ain't buying enough Iowa corn to support the bases there.

President Richard Milhouse Nixon, the thought of it makes me sick. This lying, right wing mother is going to represent me to the world???? Goin' to go into the Argentine passport business Jan. 21. This cat's too damned much for me to swallow. However big the crediability gap, between the rest of the world and us was before the election, Nixon just made it the Grand Canyon. If anyone man examplifies the worst in America to the rest of the world, (ceptin' Spain, Nationalist China, and Saigon), the absolute worst, Nixon's the One.....

NEW YORK CITY PUT THOSE
NIGGERS BACK IN LINE

by DONALD EISMANN

The settlement of the New York City teachers strike following ten weeks of the most incredible display of racism on the part of teachers union and a large portion of the cities population leaves many issues to be resolved. The strike has also left a rather rancid taste in the mouth.

It was the first time in recent memory (at least since the civil rights movement began) that overt racism against the black community had the support of organized labor as well as large segments of the population traditionally pro black. It was a time for speaking in metaphors and symbols. When you heard "due process" you understood that "those niggers will not get the right to run their own schools." When you heard the union exclaim that they were most certainly in favor of decentralisation you understood that they were assuring the white community that they would have decentralisation but so vitiated as to be a resounding defeat of any nascent black militancy. In short, the U.F.T. emerged as the last bastion between the quaking whites hell bent on starving off the millenium and those angry blacks fomenting the New Era.

The union had answers for everything. They were prepared to trot out an host of documented atrocities committed in the Ocean-Hill Brownsville district over the past year. (Curiously absent were documented atrocities committed over a span of years by white teachers upon their black pupils.) The frightened people listened all over the city--listened with a growing awareness that you just can't let those niggers go too far. Over in Ocean-Hill they knew what was happening all over again. You get a little bit of freedom and control over your destiny, you exercise a bit of power and here comes whitey to tell you, "Boy, you are going too fast--Boy, we don't like the way you are running things." Yes in Ocean-Hill they knew what was coming.

And then Albert Shanker emerged as the archetypal hero for our time...he had everything. Jewish so he could simultaneously put down that last vestige of WASP power, John Lindsay, while at the same time declare his never ending impartiality towards the Black community. Union Leader...in a town that anachronistically regards only two things as sacred in this world, Mothers and Unions. Perhaps it is the residue of the West Side "Jackelbin" influence of the 1930's, but in this town you do not question

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the basic rightness of any union cause.

So there you had this really curious thing happening--a union representing the educators of our children as the spokesman for the emerging racism that is a result of the Black Power movement. You had to keep reminding yourself that this was actually happening. Here was the sick society spewing forth its venom in a most novel way.

It is sad in a way that all this happened..for a number of reasons. Sad because the majority of the teachers have revealed that they are not equipped to prepare the young of our city to move into a society that is changing radically. Pedagogy no longer consists of the impartation of knowledge. It is a component structure wherein moral precept is of overweening importance. The time is crucial now....The revolution has begun and our children must be made to understand that their world will be one where black and white will compete on an equal basis. It is criminal for the teachers to show by example that their world of white supremacy can still rear its ugly head. There is a sadness also because we had a real chance to give the Blacks an opportunity to assume control of their lives ON THEIR TERMS. Now it would seem as if community control and decentralisation, at least in this city, will be bounded by the dictates of the teachers and their union. Finally, this entire debacle was sad because it revealed the consummate impotence of the mayor. People now fondly remember Mayor Wagner--can you believe that? Lindsay has demonstrated that there are asses to be kissed and trysts to be kept. You don't stand up in this town--YET--and champion the Black and Puerto Rican community.

The white community has not exactly come out exuding ambrosia either. The awesome anxiety and mass psychosis of which they are possessor has to be experienced on the local level to be believed. Talk with a group of parents at a local P.T.A. meeting, hear them speak and you wonder how they sleep at night. You finally understand the appeal Wallace has to segments of our population.

The traditional alliance between the liberal Jewish community and Negro leaders seems to be at an end. The white supporters of the blacks are retreating in confusion. They are appalled by the lack of manners exhibited by the Negro. We thought that the Negroes could be bought off--that we could mold them in our image. We now know that they

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are not buying this. We waited patiently for them to say thank you but they reply only "screw you." The teachers strike was the white communities' answer to the blacks lack of respect and decency.

Their reply, hopefully, will not be long in coming.

Judge for Yourself

by John Hart

It has frequently been stated that the mentality of a group of people may be determined by examining the graffiti on their bathroom walls. The following is a complete list of the graffiti in the men's room on the second floor of Richmond College as of 11/25/68.

While sitting on the bowl, I contemplate on the movement.

Nixon is a facist. Reply: I wouldn't have him any other way.

SHHHIT

Let's all communicate on these walls even if we can't face each other.

Are you a Queer?

I am a member of a visible minority group. Guess which one.

These is a nice-looking girl on the eighth floor-she fucks.

Right now, aren't you glad we ain't living under communism? Reply: So what?

The object in life is not to see through people, but to see people through.

Give SI to NJ

Do you realize you could live a lifetime in this place and never see a girl

Listen you shit heads. If you are going to write Graffiti on these walls do it in a manner befitting a college level of intellect.

Wallace slept here. Reply: Nixon now lives here.

Hold on, I'm coming. Ha Ha (sic)

Man is God unto himself. Reply: Very profound insight. God is man made, which is fine. The problem is that so many do not accept this.

They cannot believe that they have the potential within themselves which they mistakenly project outside, beyond themselves. We are all part of the cosmic universe. This is god; god is all; each of us has part of this in himself. Let's use it. Everyone will gain. Maybe we will not be in such a state of confusion if we see that we

are part of the throbbing life matter which pulsates in the cosmos. If you disagree, please explain why. Help me to understand the human condition which I find myself engrossed in. (juveniles need not reply).

Reply: you want me to explain the human condition to you on a shit house wall.

It is interesting to note that in the women's room on the same floor, there was absolutely no graffiti.--J.H.

* * * * *

Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an atmosphere of freedom. Persons of genius are, ex vi termini (by definition), more individual than other people-- less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression into any of the small number of molds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these molds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break ~~irks~~ their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point at with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagra River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch Canal.

--from On Liberty, by John Stuart Mill

B u r n !

"I Found My Boy in the Closet--
Smoking L.S.D."

Condensed from Reader's Disgust

by Andrea Jay

How a Nameless Fishwife turned her son into the Narcotics Squad.

I used to hear other mothers talk in hushed tones in corners of the auditorium where we held our weekly P.T.A. meetings. I didn't take much notice though, because I knew they were talking about Drug Addiction (the very words make me wretch). Little did I know that in just a few short months, I, too, would be joining those other 250 women in the corner of the auditorium to revel in those fiendish details.

My Tom had always been such a good boy. He was a member of all those good groups--the Church Choir, the Cub Scouts, the Junior Rifle Association--yes all those activities which make a mother proud. But as Tom reached puberty, I found that he lacked all the strong qualities which his ten brothers who had died for Our Country had. Tom used to wear a suit every day; now he wears rags! One night I came home to find that Tom had grown a beard overnight! I decided then and there that the time of reckoning had to come. I walked up to Tom's room. Only when I got to the top of the stairs, I smelled this strange smell. Then I knew. "Tom," I screamed, "Tom--are you smoking L.S.D.???" Tom didn't answer. A fear gripped me--it might be worse than L.S.D.--he might be injecting himself with MARIJUANA!! I grabbed onto his doorknob. "Let me in, Tom," I yelled. "Let me in or I'll beat down that door." Tom opened the door. Then I KNEW!!! Because--because there on Tom's head--one of his eyeballs was in his hair and the other on his knee. And he had no mouth!! "Tom," I whispered, it's L.S.D., isn't it??"

"Yeah, Ma, it is," he said, the words coming out of his socks.

I couldn't bear it..listen to what that Communist drug did to my son!!!!!!

For the next five minutes I fought with myself. Then I did what any other red-blooded american mother would do--I wrote a letter to Ann Landers. Then I called the narcotics squad. (oh yeah--"Where have I failed," I shouted.)

I didn't have to wait long for them, for they soon were walking up my sidewalk with a reinforcement of 200 policemen. "You

(con't. next col.)

the woman whose son's smokin' L.S.D.?" asked the sargent. "Yup," I replied, not letting Tom out of my rifle sight. "That figures," he drawled, "He's the kid we was ffter for standing on Main Street and preachin' Love and Peace. We're takin' him away to an institution for the criminally insane. That's the only place for people like him."

It's been two months since they've sent my Tom away. I went to visit him last week. They've cut off all his hair and he's back to wearing a suit. I took a walk with him out to an old elm tree on the beautiful institution grounds.

"Mother," said Tom, "I've seen the error of my ways and I've decided to give up smoking L.S.D. and become a marine, just like my ten brothers."

I breathed a sigh of relief. They cured my boy!

The End

* * * * *

To be alone

is to be a sole, glistening snowflake perched amidst a barren sea of stones in a desert.

Soon he must yield his existence based upon transient temperature.

As his sides slowly dissolve, he is reduced to an ever-diminishing core of cold.

Soon there is nothing.

So too with loneliness

First fall the outer layers of self-respect, courage and optimism

As the rejection-tabulation begins to mount, idealism, hope and peace join the casualty list.

Finally, there remains the small cold core of individualism, the naked ego

Soon there is nothing.

FF

Student
Power

A Day in the Life

russ rueger

The boy sat quietly on his chair with his feet propped up on the table smoking a joint in his East Village apartment. In a pensive mood, he thought about the events that had brought him where he was now. He recalled the adventuresome urge that had made him and his two friends rent an East Village apartment. He remembered the charisma of apartment 13, the way he had labored so hard to build up a groovey pad. Then he remembered the dismay he had suffered when he came home one day to find his door knocked down and all his things stolen. He had enjoyed the stereo, the fancy water pipes and the lights, but what the hell, he knew why they were gone. He had let the junkies into his pad to shoot up many times, because he wanted to be a "nice guy". They had repayed him.

Well, so what, he mused, that's water over the dam. As he puffed on his joint, he further recalled how he had moved upstairs to his present apartment and had hustled the furniture he now sat on from other abandoned pads. He figured he could start anew and perhaps be luckier this time. His new apartment was not nearly as dynamite as No. 13. It was dirty, had no window shades, and the wooden bottom of a mattress served as his bed. But he didn't bitch, because paupers at least don't get robbed.

This reminded him of the present. Ever optimistic, he looked at his surroundings. He had his little FM radio, a red light overhead, some hashish, Blue Heaven amphetamines and a $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of grass. Just tonight some of his friends had brought over a kilo of pot and he had joyfully broken apart the earthy block of grass with his bare hands. He had gotten a good price on the half pound, and the joint he puffed on was the first from it. This was his first big score of grass and he was pretty happy. After all the hassles, things were looking up.

Suddenly, a flashlight shined through his uncovered window from the firescape and a voice yelled "Open up the door, it's the police!" The boy's heart stopped and he figured the game was up. Soon he heard footsteps on the roof (the apartment was located on the top floor) and banging on the door. He weakly asked the intruders for a search warrant. Then the footsteps again and the flashlight through the window again. The youth quickly pulled the cord of the red light, and in darkness crawled to the window. Suddenly, he saw the blinding

flashlight slip from the hands of the figure on the fire escape and fall. The youth then spied a small Puerto Rican and a Negro with a crowbar. He realized that they were not police, but junkies out to rob him. He picked up a block of wood that was lying on the floor and rushed towards the window.

The figures retreated and soon were heard kicking at the door. The boy soon remembered that his was the only inhabited apartment on the top floor, and was located in the rear of the building. His roommates were not coming that nite, and he was virtually alone. As he saw his door sag under the blows, he shoved his empty refrigerator against it and pushed the door back into place.

There was quiet for awhile. Then he heard noises in the last room, and when he got to the room's window, he saw that the junkies were attempting to climb upon the ledge from the hall bathroom to the window, which was broken. When the youth poked his stick at them, they ran upon the roof to continue their fire escape escapades. They began banging the window with the crowbar, and in response to this, the boy lifted the wooden mattress frame to block the window.

The footsteps were heard again and soon the boy was again pushing the fridge against the besieged door. Suddenly, he saw the lock break and knew that only his strength was holding the door in place. As the junkies pushed harder, he also did, and the struggle went on inch by inch. The boy thought of those Hercules movies where the walls slowly closed in, and realized the absurdity of his present dilemma.

Finally, the junkies told him that if he threw his pot and money on the fire escape, they would leave, otherwise, when they did break in, it would mean possible death in a pitched battle.

The boy decided on the former course, as he knew that continued life would bring him a lot more pot and money than the other alternative.

He dumped the goods on the escape and waited. Meanwhile, the 9 amphetamines he had consumed for energy during the door defense, coupled with the natural fear-producing chemicals his blood was probably engorged with, were beginning to take effect. He could not rest and he believed the junkies would wait for him to leave. So he erected elaborate barricades on the door and windows and sat up all night with his stick in hand. The next morning he had to take an examination for a summer postal job, and he took another pep pill to remain awake. He collected his things in his brief case, and took down the barricades. With his stick in one hand and brief-

(con't next page...)

case in the other as a shield, he leaped out in the hall and spied the hall bathroom open, with someone possibly lurking behind it. He kicked the door, stick upraised, and ran down the stairs.

He walked to the test site in the West Village and took the exam in the condition he was in, with no sleep whatsoever. Needless to say, he did not work in the post office that summer. After the test, he took the train back to Brooklyn. The next evening he returned with a four foot iron pole and a gallon of oil. He poured the oil over the fire escape and went on the roof. He smashed a window with the pole, and yelled for the junkies to come and fight him. But to the victors belong the spoils, and as they were probably enjoying the fruits of their labors, the junkies were nowhere to be seen.

The boy once again took the train to Brooklyn, this time for good. But the East Village continues to thrive, within him and without him.

* * * * *

by Lou Polcovar

As the days of the campaign drew to a quiet close, a secret meeting between Richard Nixon and Strom Thurmond took place at the Paradise Motel. Unable to get the room they wanted, because it had been turned into a museum by the Memphis Motel owners, Thurmond and Nixon checked into the adjacent room and Nixon whipped out from his suitcase a six by six touched-up photograph of Coretta King. Nixon hurriedly hung the photograph upon the wall above the bed and then passionately took Thurmond's hand and said: Oh, Strom, we must stop meeting like this."

Without warning, Thurmond began sobbing uncontrollably.

"What's the matter, Strom baby?"

"All these years, Dick, all these years we have never realized what we mean to each other until you finally became president and we will have to break up."

"Oh, come on, Strom honey, it doesn't have to be like that. Every time you come to the White House we can go into private conference and make love."

"Oh, Dickie, I don't want it to be like that. Why must you become president? Why can't we just live like normal people?"

"Sometimes, Strom, you have to do one thing you love and give up another thing you love. Life is like that, Strom."

Passionately they embraced each other and both began to sob.

"Oh, Dick, how I loved you when you made those indictments against Alger Hiss. Why, why couldn't

known what we wanted before it was too late. Richard, I love you."

"And I love you, Strom."

Then they made love.....Politics really doesn't make such strange bed fellows.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Grabbing his robe, Thurmond hastened to answer. It was George Wallace.

"Oh, hello, George."

Their eyes met and Nixon was able to tell.

"Oh, Strom, why didn't you tell me. I wouldn't have been jealous, what is past is past. I could have guessed it from the beginning but I didn't want to say anything. Everytime you saw George on TV there was something in your eyes that told the whole story."

Nixon threw his face in the pillow and began weeping.

"What are you doing here, George?"

"I had to see you one last time before the election. Tell me, is it... is it really over or can we start again? Dick will never be your lover. He is going to be the president. Lurleen is dead, we can go off together. Let's go to Spain and start a new life."

Thurmond glanced over to the bed where Nixon was lying and his heart melted.

"No, George, it is over. I belong to Richard. Yes, I know it will be hard. We will only be able to glance at each other in the halls. But George, you know how I feel about you, only I I love Richard."

Wallace looked over to the bed and saw Coretta King's picture.

"Oh, Strom, kiss me once more."

Thurmond put his arms around Wallace's neck and kissed him, knowing that he will never kiss him again. "George", Thurmond said, "We will always cherish the moments we spent together. I will never forget you. I will think of you everytime social legislation arises. Richard will listen to me."

Wallace slowly left Thurmond's embrace and turned to the door. "Good bye, Strom," he said weakly. "Good bye, George" was the reply.

When Wallace had left, Thurmond went over to Nixon again and they made love a second time. Next door, while they were making love, Hubert Humphrey shed a tear by the spot where Martin Luther King was shot.

Driven into defiance, it is natural if regrettable, that many homosexuals go to the direction of assuming that there is something intrinsically superior in homosexuality, and carried far enough it is a viewpoint which is stultifying, as ridiculous, and as anti-human as the heterosexuals' prejudice.

---Norman Mailer

question, guilt, or difficulty.

The prime function of Richmond College is to help fulfill the need of America's rulers for more trained and loyal teachers to serve as indoctrinating agents, technical instructors, or baby-sitters in the poorer areas of New York City. In the words of Herbert Schueler, the former director of Teacher Education at Hunter College:

"It is becoming increasingly difficult in New York, as well as in other cities of the country, to recruit and keep teachers in those areas of the city that are changing, that are becoming blighted, and that are becoming the haven of immigrant groups.

"If there is a continuing and accelerated teacher shortage in schools serving these areas, obviously something of the mission of City University has not been fulfilled...

"We are an urban institution (he was referring to Hunter at the time), and therefore, our mission should be to prepare teachers for urban service..." (Strength Through Reappraisal, 16th Year of American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education, pg. 141)

According to the Richmond College Catalogue, over 60 percent of the knowledge factory's student body is expected to serve as teachers.

A secondary function of Richmond College is to train technocrats for America's corporation directors. In the words of the Richmond College Master Plan for 1968 to 1972: "The objective of the Division of Natural Sciences is to provide innovative programs to prepare students for socially profitable and effective careers in science, mathematics, engineering, and technology." (pg. 24) According to the College Catalogue, approximately 20 percent of the student body is currently being trained for service as technocrats.

Is Richmond College fulfilling the intellectual, emotional, or political needs of either its students, the American people, or the masses of people in other countries of the world? A number of students at Richmond College, some of whom are members of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) chapter, feel the answer to this question is "no."

We look at American society and we see that many people are poor. We read a book which is not assigned by most of our professors and we discover the following facts:

"In 1966 there were 29.7 million persons in the United States--15.3 percent of the nation's population--with incomes below the 'poverty level,' as defined by the Social Security Administration. Of these, 20.3 million were white (68.3 percent), and 9.3 million non-white (31.7 percent). Thus, about 11.9 percent of the nation's whites and 40.6 percent of the non-whites were poor under the Social Security definition." (Report of the National Advisor Commission on Civil Disorders, Bantam, pg. 258)

We feel that an institution which, indeed, serves people must

teach its students why poverty exists in the supposedly affluent United States and must provide its students with the knowledge and political skills necessary for forcing America's corporate rulers to end poverty in America or else relinquish their power.

Similarly, we look at the war in Viet-Nam and read that between January, 1961 and November, 1968, nearly 30,000 Americans have been killed in action, 5,000 have died as a result of "non-combat" deaths, 185,000 Americans have been wounded, and several million Viet-Namese have been slaughtered, wounded, or bombed out of their homes. We, furthermore, discover that "today, through distribution of military assistance and the direction of military training of foreign armies, U.S. military groups are located in at least 64 countries." (Monthly Review, June 1968, pg. 26) We feel that such military involvements of the American government threaten the security and political freedom of the world's masses, and all of us who reside in the United States. We think that Richmond College must actively help us and other people throughout the world in our collective struggle to end the war in Viet-Nam and prevent further wars of a similar nature from occurring.

We perceive ghetto rebellions of black people occurring and when we find that "unemployment rates for Negroes are still double those for whites in every category, including married men, as they have been throughout the post-war period," despite all the civil rights movements' agitation during the 1960's, we conclude that only real, not illusionary, black power can end the oppression of black people. We then conclude that black people can best be served, not by training teachers or technocrats, but by providing classrooms for the training of black political organizers by black militant groups.

Finally, we ask ourselves why, if Uncle Herbie's Experiment is just as oppressive for most student here as other American universities, students continue to ride the elevators of the factory week after week to be trained to fill the manpower needs of society which they cannot control? And when we read the words of the Selective Service System itself, we at least understand why some of the guys around here "choose" to keep riding up and down, day after day, week after week: they have been "channeled" into their current occupational roles by the SSS:

"...the young man registers at age 18 and pressure begins to force his choice. He does not have the inhibitions that a philosophy of universal service in uniform would engender. The door is open for him as a student to qualify if capable in a skill badly needed by his nation. He has many choices and is prodded to make a decision.

"The psychological effect of this circumstantial climate depends upon the individual, his sense of good sportsmanship, his love of the country and its way of life. He can obtain a sense of well-being and satisfaction that he is doing as a civilian what will help his country most. This process encourages him to put forth his best effort and removes to some degree the stigma that has been attached to being out of uniform.

"In the less patriotic and more selfish individual it engenders a sense of fear, uncertainty, and dissatisfaction which motivates him, nevertheless, in the same direction. He complains of the uncertainty which he must endure; he would like to be able

to do as he pleases; he would appreciate a certain future with no prospect of military service or civilian contribution, but he complies with the needs of the national health, safety, or interest--or is denied deferment.

"Throughout his career as a student, the pressure--the threat of loss of deferment--continues. It continues with equal intensity after graduation. His local board requires periodic reports to find out what he is up to. He is impelled to pursue his skill rather than embark upon some less important enterprise and is encouraged to apply his skill in an essential activity in the national interest. The loss of deferred status is the consequence for the individual who acquired the skill and either does not use it or uses it in a non-essential activity.

"The psychology of granting wide choice under pressure to take action is the American or indirect way of achieving what is done by direction in foreign countries where choice is not permitted."
(Selective Service Orientation Kit, italics mine)

Other students who are not being controlled by "the threat of loss of deferment" stay in the factory for they recognize that one thing which is worse than studying at a knowledge factory is working at a dull, low-paying job, five days a week. They realize that, unless they get that diploma, this is the only way they'll be able to get enough bread to support themselves. By working to secure that diploma they gain access to a job which, although it is usually just as dull as the jobs available for non-college graduates, has a boss who pays you a greater number of nickles and dimes.

Conclusion:

Those of us who, like Dylan, don't wanna work on Maggie's Farm no more, and at the same time realize that this society oppresses most other people in the world while it forces us to attend Uncle Herbie's knowledge factory, should get together. We should get together and create an open, honest community of students who relate to each other as brothers and sisters and lovers and who demand that Richmond College serve our needs and not those of America's power structure.

We should demand that Richmond College live up to Uncle Herbie's rhetoric and not give us any exams, not grade us on any scale, and not assign us any required readings or homework. We should demand that decisions in this school be made on the basis of one man, one vote, and since students outnumber both administrators and faculty members, that they be allowed to control decision-making around here.

We should demand that the schedule of classes be altered, and enough facilities for hanging out in various settings be provided, so as to encourage students to talk with each other, meet as many other students as possible, and prevent students from feeling like isolated wanderers in a strange office building. We should demand that discussion relative to revolution, and collective and personal liberation be held in the classrooms, as well as demanding that solid critiques of this society be provided by instructors who can relate to their students as equals, and not as impersonal technical instructors,

condescending father-figures, or intellectually arrogant masters.

We should demand that Richmond College be an "open university" and that any interested person, regardless of his age, class origin, or lack of educational background be permitted to study with us in our liberated classrooms. We should also demand that credit be given to those students engaged in political activity which seeks an end to racism, and an end to conscription, an end to the war, and a radical transformation of American society. In short, we should demand a free critical college which actively seeks to create a free society.

"We felt helpless in the history of our times. For years we had gone to frantic parties, read esoteric poetry, smoked pot, or clothed ourselves in ornaments. We tried to stay aloof from the contiguous disasters of the world--facism in Greece, starvation in India, ruin in Vietnam, and riots in America. Like the Indian rain dance which never brings more rain but makes the Indians feel better about the drought, our own sorceries did not really work. The war continued, the riots spread, and capitalism decayed before our eyes...

"Before the insurrection, before we established the Communes, our education was systematically oriented towards isolating the individual, inducing him to follow the lonely track of material interest--getting a better grade from a superior, getting a degree, impressing the Dean for a letter of recommendation, taking on a useless subject for a lifetime in order to avoid the Draft for two years.

"In the Communes, distances were broken down. Our collective life released creative capacities in individuals and we began to glimpse the outlines of a new society. One communitarian described the Math Commune: 'The delegated clean-ups and night watches were important in our society, but much more integral were the seemingly endless discussions which formed our collective thinking. News came to us through these meetings not in faceless broadcasts or as cool sheets of newsprint; we received news by voice and gesture... Everything seemed tangible in that small society, events were close and real; duties were meaningful and human. We constantly touch one another with comfortableness born not only out of constant proximity, but also because we shared our political thoughts and our common danger. If we were led, we could touch our leaders. If we were in constant strain, we were not alone. If we were physically constrained in rooms, we were freer in our relations with one another... Perhaps our small society was limited in scope; certainly it was temporary and probably unrealistic in relation to the great amorphous society around us... But in the end, the lingering experience we still feel and yearn for is the experience of a society in which alienation is abnormal rather than normal. Briefly we smelled, tasted and touched a society which needed each of us totally, a society in which we were not fragmented, to which each of us was vital, a society in which our minds and our bodies equally were required of us, a society in which we were whole.'

"In the Communes we took up what Che once called, 'the

most important revolutionary aspiration: to see man liberated from alienation. Man under socialism is more complete. His opportunities for expressing himself and making himself felt in the social organism infinitely greater.' We knew that the Commune would be short-lived. To hope that we could establish a local democracy while the rest of society remained oppressive was naive. Columbia could not of itself become a democratic institution, while capitalism remained intact; for the character of local institutions depends on the operation of the entire system. The finance of Columbia, the material basis of organization, lay in the hands of an entire class. We realized that we could not gain a part of our society except by winning the whole. That is why many of us became revolutionaries, and not reformists.

"It seemed perhaps that we had lost our common sense to conceive of a revolution in America. For most of our lives no idea had been more taboo, or seemed more absurd, than social revolution. To be sure, the insurrection was not a revolution. "Revolution" explicitly refers to a process in which one class joined by intermediate strata of society, take away the control of production by force from another class. The insurrection, however, was touched with a revolutionary consciousness. New developments in the world had changed our modes of thought. The war in Vietnam, which first disillusioned us about America, finally dramatized man's capacity for revolution. In Vietnam, the punji stick somehow triumphed over the cluster bomb and jet. History was more than odds. Blacks in America, peasants in Asia, had chosen to liberate themselves or die, and that very choice was the beginning of a victory for manking. Nothing is so terrifying, nor so heroic, as an entire people fighting against great odds for their survival and independence.

"We did not abandon our student interests, but we defined our interests in relation to the historic struggle that manifested itself throughout the world. Vast populations which had lived in poverty for centuries, had begun to demand an equal share in the resources of the world. Students in Spain, Mexico and Italy had begun to expropriate their Universities from the ruling elite, and simultaneous to the Columbia insurrection, fought heroically against the State police.

"There is an historic scope to the events of our times-- the massive black rebellions in the cities, the constant strikes, the gigantic demonstrations against the war, the heroic acts of individuals, the Draft resistance, the liberation of Cubans from foreign dominance, the cultural revolution of 700 million people and to be sure, the supreme fortitude of the National Liberation Front. Though these events are separate in time and place, they were part of a general movement directed against militarism and capitalist control of human material. In special times in history, and because of their special status in society, students become the precursors of social change and liberation.

"If the Vietnamese could withstand the forces of bombs, if the Blacks could withstand the onslaught of modern police, if cubans could triumph over Imperialism, could we not also, in some tiny way, join the struggle for liberation. We thought we could."

--from the Columbia Statement by Paul Rockwell of Columbia SDS

COMIX

love
police action in
and so the State Dept. told I see
and me not to worry because
they are relieving tensions by send-
ing wheat to Russia, money to Tito,
building factories in Poland and
letting our Allies trade with Red
China and North Vietnam.

Your kid brother joined a peace
group in college and he says we
have to recognize Red China so we
can exchange ideas. Your brother
thinks the real threat is not from
the Reds but from the radical
anti-communists at home.
Have you had a chance to visit
any of those quaint scenes
(over)



Richmond
SDS
meets every
Monday in
Room 601
11 AM.

i was once an ounce of pot and i got smoked
o to be an ounce of pot and get smoked
o to be an ounce of marijuana and get
smoked

by russ rueger

o o!!

if the fingerfuckin snitchsnatch was to
be directed at an innocent bystander
what wood you do
wood you scream or at least make an attempt
to escape such a horrid fate that is worse
than non-living entities who inhabit the
sea and go down to heaven at night.
the college population are all hung down
about the reason that they were not all
acceded to the point that the new york
football season the jets who go to
australia very fast and certainly do
their thing quite well meanwhile the
other factor that was intricately discussed
in the elaborate think tank brainstorming
center of creative endeavors, one last
point of discussion that must be an
extrinsic, albeit important aspect of the
following primal mysticism is when the
airplane that flew at the fillmore played
the kite of stretchy fluid interspersed
with the cunningilus fate.



"So this is the Student Participation we have been fighting
for. Man, what a drag."

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY

INCORPORATED

Belmont, Massachusetts 02178

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Dear New Member:

This will acknowledge and thank you for your membership application and dues.

Your card is enclosed for membership in Chapter No. [REDACTED] of which [REDACTED] is Chapter Leader.

Dues payments are necessary, and we want you to know that we are grateful for them. We also want you to know, however, that the contribution of your time and efforts to The John Birch Society -- in its fight for causes and purposes in which you and I believe -- will be even more important, and even more appreciated. We welcome you to a body of men and women dedicated to doing all they can, together and as individuals, to bring about less government, more responsibility, and a better world.

Sincerely,

Robert Welch

**You...your training,
your special talents...
find satisfying expression
in a vital career
with C.I.A.**

