

The Richmond Times

VOL. IX, NO. 2

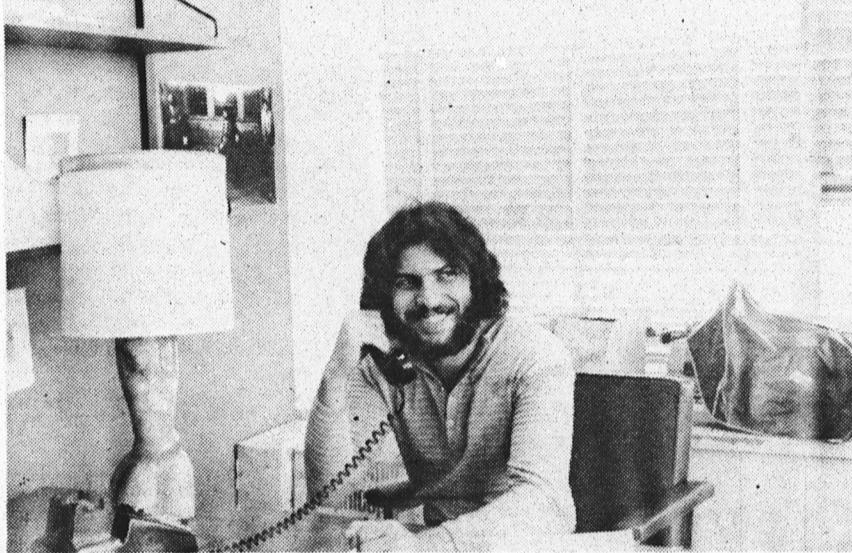
RICHMOND COLLEGE—CITY UNIVERSITY

February 24, 1972

John Aragona Resigns; Gives Reasons For Move

by Howard B. Leibowitz

John Aragona, Student Council Chairman, resigned Tuesday, February 22, 1972. Mr. Aragona held the office since the beginning of the Fall, 1971 semester.



John Aragona

R.T. Photo by H.B. Leibowitz

Mr. Aragona gave a number of reasons for leaving the position, the foremost being that he questioned "the need and purpose for having a student government. There is a lack of student interest as evidenced by the poor turnout at elections as well as their apathetic attitude on vital issues. Though there is no real power in the Student Council, only a few people are actually involved in the decision making. These same people are the ones who disburse the student funds, and the students don't seem to care, as shown by the low attendance at the RCA General Meetings. I don't mean to insinuate that the active students are misusing their positions, but I wish there were more people involved."

In addition to the lack of student involvement, Mr. Aragona expressed "disgust with my duties, which involved nothing more than being a rubber stamp for the administration, and countless hours of fruitless meetings. I was doing more work than the high-salaried administrators. Most of my work was work that they should have been doing."

There were personal reasons according to

Double Summer Session at Brooklyn

Graduate courses will end by Aug. 4.

Undergraduate day session classes will end July 12, except for integrated science, biology and intensive language courses; those and all evening session classes end July 20. All classes for the second summer session will begin July 26 and end by Sept. 1.

Students from other CUNY colleges must fill out a special application to Brooklyn College available in the registrar's office of their home college and they must file that application, signed by their registrar, in the Brooklyn College registrar's office by late spring. Permission to register will also be granted to students from other colleges and universities.

It should be noted that acceptance to attend the double summer session does not guarantee admittance to students' course choices. Alternate courses should be approved as a means of guaranteeing that no loss in transfer of credit will occur.

For further information, students should contact the Office of the Dean of the Summer Sessions, 780-5252.

Brooklyn College's extremely popular double summer session for undergraduates, first begun last year, will get under way June 5 and allow students the opportunity of earning up to 16 academic credits.

Last summer, nearly 17,000 students enrolled for the extended session, the largest summer enrollment in the college's history.

This year, the double session will comprise one six-week program for the day session, an evening session of seven weeks and an additional six-week program for both. Students will be able to take a maximum of eight credits each session.

The college's graduate Division will continue on its single session schedule of six weeks for day students and eight weeks for evening students.

Registration for both undergraduate sessions will take place May 30 and 31 and June 1, with classes for day and evening schedules beginning June 5. Graduate registration is June 26, with evening classes beginning June 27 and day classes July 5.

SAVE CUNY!

WASHINGTON

U.S. Representative
Congressional District:
16 John M. Murphy
(D-CSJ)
(Also in Queens)
*Committees: Interstate
and Foreign Commerce,
Merchant Marine
and Fisheries*

ALBANY

State Senator
State Senatorial District:
23 John J. Marchi (R-C)
(Also in Brooklyn)
Assemblymen
State Assembly Districts:
58 Lucio F. Russo (R-C)
59 Edward J. Amann, Jr. (R-C)

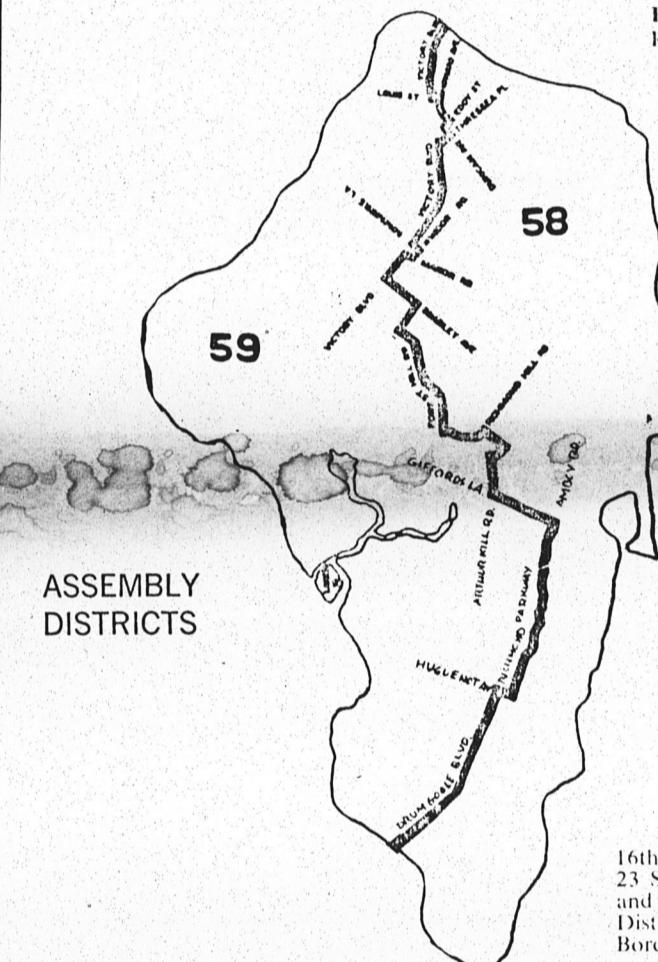
NEW YORK CITY

Councilmen-at-large:
Frank J. Biondolillo (R)
Robert G. Lindsay (D)

Councilman
Councilmanic District:
27 Edward V. Curry (D-C)

Borough President
Robert T. Connor (R-C)

ASSEMBLY DISTRICTS



16th Congressional District,
23 State Senatorial District,
and 27th Councilmanic
District include the entire
Borough of Richmond.

The Coalition to Save C.U.N.Y. is urging all City University students, faculty and administrators to write legislators, in an attempt to restore the budget.

ENVIRONMENT

The Tragedy of Willowbrook

by Nancy F. Russo

By now, most Richmond College students have heard that there is a place called Willowbrook State School on Staten Island, and that it's not a very nice place. Some people have even been motivated to do something about it - that is, demonstrate - and a few have spent a Saturday at the Willowbrook grounds expressing their feelings about the people who work and live there.

I wonder, though, if many have really given much more than superficial thought

about "the problems of Willowbrook." I hear a lot about more money, more services, more attendants, but I question whether or not grasping for solutions to "the problems" is sufficient. It is necessary, and important, yes. But not sufficient.

The tragedy of Willowbrook, to my way of thinking, is not that there are too few attendants - or too few toys, or too few facilities. To me the real tragedy is that there are so many people there in the first

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Drug Problem At Richmond?

by Stephen Jason

Once again, the time has come for a group of elitists to come down from heaven for the purpose of saving us from ourselves. They have decided that there is a drug problem here at Richmond College and that a crack-down is in order. At a meeting which took place February 14th, these missionaries were presented with expert testimony from two students (it might have been one speaking twice) and members of the Addiction Services Agency. The two students told some horrifying stories about pot being smoked in the student lounge and of drug-crazed professors encouraging its use! The members of the Addiction Services Agency urged administrative action before we all die of marijuana overdoeses. Did you know that there is no distinction between pot and heroin?

There was an interesting discussion concerning how to deal with this crisis without endangering the freedom of the college community. One ASA official stated, "We cannot govern other people's lives." Almost in the same breath he added, "We should set up a policy prohibiting drug users from attending classes." (This reporter laughed as the pig showed his true face.) This was just an example of what went on at that meeting and of the potential threat these benevolent despots are to the basic freedom of the academic community. Imagine the paranoia that would exist with people such as that ASA official snooping around our classrooms, protecting us from the hundreds of drug-crazed hippies wildly roaming through the halls. I think those misinformed people should stay the hell away from here and let us take care of our own business.

If there is a drug problem here at Richmond College, it has nothing to do with what we choose to do in our lounge, and it has nothing to do with February 14th.

Our problem is with people who insist on governing other people's morality, who



insist on enforcing their will upon others and who blindly ignore things others consider obvious such as the difference between pot and heroin. It is a problem of attitude abuse which blindly destroys a person's will and leads to drug abuse. It is this type of attitude, the superior being descending from the clouds, that has given us the Vietnam war and everything else that is wrong with this disgusting society. I think people here at Richmond should be aware of the obscene things to be done in your name. Soon people may be getting busted by the secret police who will be infiltrating our lounge.

It is another one of those situations involving people who mean well imposing this well meaning upon people who aren't ready for it. Mr. Nixon means well too, but I don't think we're ready for him either.

What is A.S.A. Really all About?

by Doug Friedman

The Addiction Services Agency is the arm of the City Government imbued with the responsibility of drug prevention and "rehabilitation." Now on the surface this seems all good and public spirited, but when we dig a little deeper we find that such centers are just one more type of repressive bourgeois institution of control with the extra added attraction of having a captive and willing clientele.

What we find are Black, Puerto Rican as well as growing numbers of white working class youths rebelling against and de-legitimizing the classic repressive bourgeois institutions of the family, religion, school, and exploitative work and thus becoming conscious of the miserable lot capitalist society has offered them. As alternatives do not seem evident some are quickly led to the escapism of junk, which the government makes all too well available (I wonder why??). The effects are obvious, as junkies they are ineffective opposition.

As the formal institutions of social control continue to fail in their assigned duty new ones are set up specially geared to do the work of their brethren that have failed. A.S.A. is such an institution! Those who go into the program are willing to submit to anything that will get them off drugs. They are willing to accept the full blame for the situation they find themselves. While A.S.A. does to a fair degree get these people off drugs it also prepares them for the yoke of capitalist oppression. Participants are taught the values of competitiveness, unquestioning work, respect for authority and authoritarian figures, respect for hierarchy and subjugation to it, that bourgeois sex roles are right and proper, that "good conduct" brings rewards and "bad conduct" brings punishment, and that respect for oneself means doing what one is

told without question. What is produced is acquiescence and legitimacy for the dominant social structure.

What is not being questioned here is that drug addiction is a serious problem or that some mode of rehabilitation is not needed. What is being questioned here is - **FOR WHO** and **FOR WHAT PURPOSE** are people being rehabilitated????

Father Lucas To Speak

Father Lawrence Lucas is the author of "Black Priest White Church," a national best-seller concerned with racism and the Church; the Catholic Church particularly.

He will speak at Richmond College in the Third Floor Lounge on Tuesday, February 29th at 3:30 P.M. Fr. Lucas is presented by the Newman Club of Richmond College. Everyone is welcome.

Father Lawrence Lucas is a priest and a Harlem Pastor of the Church of the Resurrection New York. He is black articulate intellectual and controversial. He has studied sociology and broadcasting at Indiana University and Butler University. Father Lucas writes a weekly syndicated column entitled "The Black Voice," which concerns itself with social and racial matters. At present he serves as President of the National Conference of Black Catholic Clergy Caucus and on the Board of Directors of the National Conference of Black Churchmen and on the Steering Committee of the Black Economic Development Council.

He knows well of what he speaks and writes; having lived it as a black man and black priest in a white Church and a white world.

No Snap For South Africans

(LNS) December 30, 1971, the Polaroid Corporation announced its intention to keep distributing its products in South Africa. It declared that in the time since January 13th of last year, its "anti-apartheid experiment" had "exceeded the expectations of many."

The Polaroid "experiment" was the company's justification for continuing business as usual in South Africa. It was launched only after black workers within the Polaroid Corporation's Cambridge headquarters instituted a boycott. The protest focused attention on the fact that Polaroid, while maintaining a "liberal image" in the United States, had for 30 years been enjoying profitable business relationships in South Africa. These relationships included providing the racist white minority government of South Africa with the Polaroid instant ID2 system, used by the government to take pictures for the passbooks which all blacks are forced to carry.

The Polaroid Worker's Revolutionary Movement demanded:

1. that Polaroid announce a policy of complete disengagement from South Africa.
2. that Polaroid announce its position on apartheid publicly in the U.S. and in South Africa.
3. that Polaroid contribute profits earned in South Africa to recognized African Liberation movements.

In response to these demands, Polaroid launched a slick and costly public relations campaign. It sent four employees, two black and two white, on a ten day "fact-finding mission" to South Africa. Upon their return, Polaroid took out full page advertisements in every major paper in the country, declaring its "abhorrence" of apartheid, but its intention to try to "push the door on South Africa further open, (rather than) close it." The advertisements stated that Polaroid would not terminate its business activities in South Africa, but would undertake an "experiment" of one year's duration to: 1) "improve the wages of non-white workers," and to train them for "important jobs" and (2) financially support educational betterment for blacks, to the tune of \$75,000.

The ads announcing the "experiment" cost Polaroid at least \$100,000, which amounts to \$25,000 more than their total commitment to the experiment itself. Now, one year later, it has reported back to the American public on the "success" of its venture.

The claim of "success" hardly stands up under careful scrutiny.

The Polaroid experiment called for a "dramatic improvement" in non-white wages by its local distributor in South Africa and the initiation of a "well-defined program to train non-white employees for important jobs within the company."

Polaroid's first claim is that its local distributor, Frank and Hirsch, has "been engaged during the past year in a program of wage and benefit improvement for black employees", and that wages for "black employees have increased an average of 22 per cent during the year."

While average African salaries have gone up, Polaroid has failed to mention that more than 1/4 of Frank and Hirsch's black employees still receive an average wage of R58 (\$75) per month, well below the Johannesburg poverty line of R70 (\$91). In addition, Frank and Hirsch continues to hire African clerks at the lowest possible salary allowed by the South African government (which is also below the Johannesburg poverty line). Financial Mail, a South African business journal, questions how Polaroid "can justify itself to its U.S. detractors when its distributors still pay some employees the minimum rate allowed by law."

Far more important is the fact that the difference between white and black salaries still remains enormous. Even top black wage earners in South Africa cannot hope to receive anything close to the average salary given to white wage earners.

But above and beyond the specifics, is the fact that, in South Africa, it is illegal to promote any significant wage or position improvement for African people. When Polaroid tried, in its first attempt to counter protest, to assert that its distributor in South Africa was an equal opportunity employer, a spokesman for Frank and Hirsch quickly replied: "I do not know where they could have obtained such a statement. We are governed by the laws of the country. Would they allow the existence of such a policy? It is impossible." (Johannesburg Star, November 21, 1970.)

In South Africa, it is against the law for any black man to occupy a position senior to any white man in the country. The Minister of Labour, Marais Viljoen, asserted vehemently during the height of the Polaroid crisis last year, that he would "act within hours" if a white worker anywhere in South Africa was placed under the authority of a non-white. The appointment by Frank and Hirsch of eight additional African "supervisors" is ludicrous tokenism at best, and the limits to this tokenism remain openly and sharply drawn by the racist white minority government of South Africa.

The other half of the Polaroid "experiment" has to do with contributing to the education of blacks - which Polaroid declared last January to be the "key to change in South Africa." Toward this end, Polaroid boasts of having contributed \$10,000 to the U.S.-South Africa Leadership Exchange Program, which brought two blacks, a librarian and a clinical psychologist, to the U.S. this year.

In addition, \$15,000 was contributed to a "black organized and operated institution", the Association for Educational and Cultural Advancement (ASSECA), and \$50,000 to the American-South African Educational Trust (ASSET).

What Polaroid does not tell us, is that the Leadership Exchange Program might have added two token blacks, but that its board remains controlled by whites, and that the overwhelming majority of the people they choose to send to the U.S. are whites, many of whom are advocates of the racist policies of the South African government. Fur-



thermore, Polaroid does not explain that ASSECA and ASSET are not institutions that may act autonomously since in South Africa, all black education is under the direct control of the government.

It is the law in South Africa that all African education must be education for servitude. The government's Bantu Education Act states explicitly that "Bantu (the black) must be guided to serve his own community. There is no place for him in the European community above the level for certain forms of labor."

Henrik Verwoerd, former Prime Minister of South Africa, stated his intention in plainly understandable language: "I will continued on page 4

ELECTIONS '72

Can We Trust Politicians?

by Dan Golenpaul

(This is the first in a series of four articles)

Our question will undoubtedly evoke a loud, round chorus of "no!" and understandingly so. However, let's add some other questions.

Can we trust businessmen, doctors, lawyers, and the various media? The list could be endless - and what about ourselves? Are we as good as Caesar's wife was supposed to be?

We are not begging the questions - we are merely suggesting that the values of our society today induce more larcy and less integrity.

Politicians and government officials are in the line of fire because they have been entrusted with the problems of our nation and, according to the record, they have failed us.

They may not be less trustworthy than other groups but whether we can trust them should be of great concern to us because they are employed by us to look after our good and welfare and we have a right to know whether they are doing their jobs properly.

When we talk about politicians and public officials, we are not referring to just mayors or a cop on the beat. Our scrutiny starts with the President and goes down the line.

When business, labor, and all professions ignore ethical standards, our society's defense is to regulate their conduct. How can we regulate our government officials?

The only opportunity for redress is to vote them out of office. With terms of office from two to six years in the Federal Government, a lot of harm can be done to the country before we can turn the rascals out. And what is even worse is that when elections come around we have forgotten their misdeeds.

Politicians and government officials, to a large extent, live on the short memories of the voters. We may be distrustful and displeased with our representatives, but, fortunately or unfortunately, ours is the best system that we know about and we have to live with it until something better comes along.

POLITICAL DIARY

There is nothing that politicians fear more than the searchlight. How do we keep them in constant view?

The first thing we have to do is to lengthen our memories. The way to do that is to keep a record of what our representatives are doing or have not done. We would like to suggest that we all keep a Political Diary, which would include a check and an evaluation of all their activities.

The diary itself is just the beginning. Acting as a watchdog alone will not terrify the politicians, but if you share this activity with the members of your family, your friends, and neighbors, and have them extend their participation to other people, you should build the nucleus of a group that would have a meaningful impact.

If you think politicians are immune to a challenge from voters, just remember that Lyndon Johnson in 1964 received the highest popular vote for President of any candidate in our history and in 1968 persuaded himself to retire from political life, with little objection from the voters.

The nominations to the Supreme Court of G. Harold Carswell and Clement F. Haysworth, Jr. were rejected by the Senate because the people mobilized against these appointments.

The only ones who can do more harm to our democratic systems than our politicians are voters who believe that it doesn't matter whether they vote or for whom they vote.

To make your vote count you should know what you are voting for. That is what these articles are all about.

The democratic process of our nation is in jeopardy because our elected officials have arrogated power to themselves without the people's consent. They are acting in a manner to indicate that they think the government belongs to them and they are arbitrarily making life and death decisions at the expense of the people.

The Vietnam War is a tragic example of

the government's isolation and insulation from the people's influence in the affairs of our nation.

Just think - only two senators voted against the Tonkin resolution, which became our government's excuse to engage us in a large-scale war.

Many of our elected officials are trying to redress this mistake but they have almost become helpless spectators in this drama.

A nation's involvement in a war always becomes a flagrant license for a dictatorial government.

The Vietnam War is not the only disservice of our government to the people. There are many other disturbing problems embroiling the nation. Some of these will be discussed throughout these articles.

For the present, we would like to submit that all the problems messing up the nation today have been with us a long time and have begged for attention in vain. These problems were apparent and all the country got was a series of delayed palliatives. One word describes the miserable performance of our government and that is "neglect" - almost wilful neglect.

How did we reach this ignoble and sorry state of affairs?

Instead of government of the people, by the people and for the people, we have a government taken over by the two major political parties.

Our two major parties are in complete control of governing the legislative process by a game of wheeling and dealing with little regard to national interest:

1. The rule of the majority is challenged by filibuster

2. Parties operate within parties, power groups supersede and scuttle party programs.

3. Seniority rule frustrates the committees' democratic process

4. The Senate Club tradition invokes loyalties from Senators that at times challenge their loyalty to legislative commitments.

Opposition to

Citizenship

When American citizenship was imposed on our people, the U.S. congress did not care about our people's opinion or the opposition expressed by the Chamber of Deputies which had been created by the North Americans themselves. The popular opposition was so intense that the North Americans could not even pretend to follow "democratic methods". Instead of giving the people any choice, the Americans used a system of intimidation by which only those Puerto Ricans who would publicly fill out a form in front of a judge could refuse U.S. citizenship. If a person publicly rejected American citizenship, he or she became the victim of repression and persecution which could mean at least the loss of a job or other forms of intimidation by the colonial authorities and police. There were very few judges on the island at that time and the U.S. deliberately avoided explaining the new law to our people. Puerto Ricans were for the most part kept in ignorance concerning what American citizenship actually meant. Also, many of our popular "leaders" worked hand in hand with their new colonial masters and failed to organize or educate the people to fight for their national rights as Puerto Ricans. Despite this repression and intimidation, hundreds of Puerto Ricans went before the few judges in the country and swore out the affidavit refusing U.S. citizenship. Many of these people had to travel great distances and endured great hardships in order to defy the North American government and its collaborators. They have provided all of us with an example to remember.

Ain't Gonna Pay For War No More

By Mike Battaglia

taglia either at Richmond or at 448-1246.
Give Peace A Chance.

JAGGED ORBIT

Volume I

by Tony Lepere
John Besignano

We are Science Fiction nuts! That's right, nuts. We would rather crawl up with a good S.F. novel than a so-called classic. In fact we would go so far as to say that these books are the classics of the future. Contrary to popular belief we fans do not have antennae sprouting from the back of our heads nor do we dream of being taken for a ride on a flying saucer. Though if the opportunity for the latter presented itself I doubt we would hesitate.

The purpose of this column will be to acquaint the Richmond College community with S.F. and hopefully to change the opinions of many regarding the field. This will be accomplished by a continuing discussion in the column. The use of periodical, book, and movie reviews will also be used.

Sci-Fi is considered a stepchild in the world of literature. A classification of literature that includes cheap trashy comic books and works of classic literature by Verne, Huxley and Wells. The chaff must be separated from the grain, but it appears that those in literary circles will only stick to established forms of literature. Sci-fi is only a new-born child. But the child of the future. Through Science Fiction a reader gets the image of worlds that might conceivably exist. But more important than that...a look at human society as seen through eyes somewhat alien to our own. Good Sci-Fi literature or films invariably gives the reader or viewer food for thought. But the main thought, the future is what we make it, comes through. The future can hold wonders or horrors, hope or despair, or whatever we want it to be.

Sci-Fi nuts or enthusiasts can be classified as dreamers or mystics. We want to see what the future can hold. After all, the future starts now.

Dollars To Donuts

by C. Spaniel Curd

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is C. Spaniel Curd. I'm of Irish descent, but that probably never O'Curd to you. The other day, a woman accused me of being a sexist. I tried my best to dissuade her (until I noticed that her boots were only imitation leather.) Even after three choruses of "Roamin' Through The Gloamin'" she didn't believe I was an Irishman.

"You are a sexist," she insisted.

This accusation threw into a near-katatonic state (New Jersey). When I recovered, I sought out my wise Italian friend Fellini, the purple sage.

"Fellini," I said, "this woman thinks I'm a sexist."

"That's funny, you no look it," he replied.

"Tell me, Fellini, do you know what a sexist is? If I'm going to be one I'd like to know what it is."

"Sure, I know. My friend plays in an orchestra. He's a sexist. He plays tenor sex."

"Somehow I don't think that's quite it."

"Ah, I know! In the back of the theatre where my friend plays the sex' there's all these doors with signs on top. You know "Sexist 8," "Sexist 9," Sexist 10..."

Seeing that I was getting nowhere faster than ever before, I decided to visit my other wise friend, Abdullah Rubin Heffner, the Radical Sheik. He still maintains a harem, and he's a firm believer in protocol. It's a protocol harem.

"Abdullah," I cried, "tell me: What is a sexist?"

"My dear friend," he grinned, "you are looking at one."

Suddenly, it all rang as clear as a bell.

"I understand it all now, Abdullah. But if you're a Radical Sheik, how can you have a harem?"

"Simple. Before they can join my harem, they must sign an affidavit swearing that I am not a sexist."

I could see at once that he was only concerned with legal sexism. Morality did not concern him. In fact the only moral he knew was Earl Morral, who showed him how to make a pass. Still, I decided to take his advice.

I collected twenty-five women who each signed a sworn affidavit (and affidavit is better than none) that I was not, indeed, a sexist. When I showed this to my woman adversary she told me that these women had to be disqualified because they didn't have their consciousnesses raised. They didn't even have them at half mast.

So I said to myself, "Self." I said, "How do you raise a consciousness? Is it something you feed or something you plant? But if it is something you plant, then it must also be something you feed, and a rose by any other name would still have thorns."

I then turned to my female combatant and spake: "I'll bet you dollars to doughnuts that there's at least one thing I can do better than you can."

"You've got yourself a bet," she said. "What can you possibly do better than I can?"

"Be a sexist!" I countered.

I won the bet. A dozen stale doughnuts bounced across my skull. I reached up to fee a small lump now forming on my head.

"At last!" I cried, "I've finally had my consciousness raised!!"

Historia De Boriquen Part VII

Operation Bootstrap

by La Asociacion

Operation Bootstrap was Munoz Marin's plan to supposedly improve the standard of living on the island by completely opening up Puerto Rico to U.S. investors. It is used by supporters of North American colonialism as an example of the benefits of association with the United States and the value of capitalist "free enterprise". What is never mentioned by these people is the fact that the "economic miracle" which transformed our "poor and backward island" into a "Showcase of democracy" was nothing more than the complete sellout of our nation's human and natural resources for the profit of U.S. businessmen and a few Puerto Ricans ready to sell out their country for American dollars. Operation Bootstrap did increase the standard of living for a minority of people but the price we paid was the surrender of our national right to control our resources and develop an economy which would benefit ALL of our people.

The great "economic miracle" meant that the beaches of Puerto Rico, among the most beautiful in the world, were given to American businessmen who built luxury tourist hotels which then employed our people as maids, busboys, dishwashers and janitors. These hotels return huge profits to these investors while our own people are not allowed to even swim on their own beaches, the best of which are owned by these hotels and which are used almost exclusively by rich North American tourists. Operation Bootstrap meant that U.S. corporations were invited to build factories on land which was given to them free of charge. These companies did not even have to pay taxes on their profits for a period of seventeen years, after which they could continue to evade paying by simply changing the company's name. Operation Bootstrap meant that Puerto Rico's workers would be paid slave wages in comparison to what American workers would earn in the U.S. for the same work. It meant that our people were encouraged to become migratory farm workers, imported into the U.S. by the thousands to harvest the agricultural products which would be eaten by North Americans at the cost of our people being herded around from farm to farm like animals, performing backbreaking labor in the fields, and working for wages and under inhuman conditions which the American workers would never stand for. Many of these farm workers had once farmed their own land which they had been cheated and robbed of by businessmen and corporations

which began to acquire any way they could what was left of our best and most fertile earth. Our people were driven off their land by the same invaders who had murdered and stolen the land of the North American Indians. Our island was transformed into an American plantation and while some of our people had more food in their stomachs, the price we paid was the loss of our land and the enslavement of our population in U.S. owned factories and industries. Puerto Rico became a "paradise" for the rich North American looking for pleasure and profit. Many of our young women were turned into prostitutes, our young men into pimps and drug addicts, all of which served the interests of the United States colonialism which must weaken and destroy our people in every way imaginable in order to maintain its control.

Still there were too many hungry and discontented people in Puerto Rico who might rise up and cause "trouble". They were encouraged to migrate to the U.S. in search of the beautiful future offered by the "American Dream". We were told that everyone was rich in the U.S., that no one went hungry and there were plenty of good jobs, money to be made and the good life. Our people left the colonial "paradise" by the hundreds of thousands, not because of any great love for North Americans or their "way of life" but because they were offered some hope for a decent life in the "land of opportunity". What did we find? We found ourselves living in foul, overcrowded slums where many of us slept seven or eight in one room in a society which threw us into garment center sweatshops and humiliated those who could not even get that kind of "work" by providing us with so-called "welfare" to keep us quiet. A society which tried to erase from our children's minds our language and culture in the public schools, a society which attempted to commit genocide against us while telling us how proud we should be that we were "Americans". One of our people who grew up during this period of our history recalls the pain and misery which we suffered: "By 1949 the U.S. knew that it was going to war in Korea. Where else could the U.S. get cheap labor in the hundreds of thousands but in Puerto Rico to fill the low paying unskilled jobs in the sweatshops while the U.S. put its war machinery into high gear to support the Korean War? They took our young men to Korea and our women and beautiful children to New York City, Chicago, Connecticut, Jersey City and Hoboken to oil that war machinery with our flesh and blood and

to cater to the needs of the Establishment for dishwashers, bootshiners, prostitutes, - yes prostitutes, because this society completely broke up our family structure, this society tried to crush our inherent Puerto Rican pride, this society transformed a pleasant healthy human being into a street fighter, a hustler, it transformed the Puerto Ricans into packs of roaming wandering tribes that were forced to ally on the streets of New York as "gangs" as a means of keeping their identity and protecting their little communities against the viciousness of their North American "hosts" who thought of Puerto Ricans as cultureless, wild, uncivilized, dirty and immoral animals. The abuse only ended when the Puerto Ricans in New York started to fight back against the North Americans who were continually degrading and humiliating us. When we began to fight back was when the oppressors began to understand that the Puerto Rican was not going to be pushed around any longer."

"The children of the 50s are out in the streets now. We are going to free Puerto Rico and all Puerto Ricans whether in the U.S. or on the island. We are committed to this struggle for freedom. The North American white in New York, Chicago, Bridgeport, Newark, knows that not one Puerto Rican will take an insult without hitting back. The U.S. government has taken our most prized possession, our Nationhood, we want it back. We will get it back. The time for crying about past atrocities committed against us is over. This decade of the seventies will see Puerto Rico Free. The alternative is that the children of the 50s and the 60s will be dead. That's like it is. **FREEDOM AT ANY PRICE**. North American colonialist capitalism will pay eye for eye both for ourselves and for all oppressed people".

Munoz Marin and other Puerto Rican bootlickers have oeiwb rgwnawkcwa ri vw reURIEA RI OEWAWBR AND FUTURE GENERATIONS OF Puerto Ricans who have seen our nation sold out, our people betrayed and made to feel like strangers in their own country. The phony "Commonwealth" relationship has provided a legal mask for the continuation of U.S. political, military and economic control of our Nation. Operation Bootstrap provided a legal mask for the wholesale takeover of all of our natural and human resources. The fact that we are still here, Puerto Rican and Proud, teaches us a great deal about the strength and will survive of the Puerto Rican Nation.

Malcolm X

Born: May 19, 1925
Assassinated: February 21, 1965

On February 21, 1965, Malcolm X was murdered at the Audobon Ballroom in New York. His assassins were captured, but soon after the shooting, news of Malcolm's execution was dropped by the mass media and no information as to the fate of the murderers was made public. It is a common belief in the Third World community that Malcolm's murder was ordered by the American government and that his killers were on the payroll of one of the branches of America's secret police, like the C.I.A.

Malcolm has been a strong influence not only on the Black community, but also on many Latin brothers and sisters. At that time, the Puerto Rican liberation struggle in



The Assassin

America was at a very early stage. Puerto Ricans were beginning to speak out about our oppression and were looking for ways to deal with this oppression that we share with other Third World people. In Malcolm we saw a brother whose words and deeds echoed those of Don Pedro Albizu Campos. Both Malcolm and Don Pedro taught us that when poor people move to improve our lives, through a factory picket, a rent strike, or any form of protest, the rich people who control America respond in one way. They call on their armed protectors, the police to physically smashing our struggle. Both Malcolm and Don Pedro through their words and actions taught us that armed self-defense and armed struggle are the only means of liberation for poor people. Both made it clear that when we are attacked we have the right to defend ourselves. After civil rights marchers in the South were attacked by racist police with dogs, Malcolm said that if we're attacked by wild dogs we have the right to kill those dogs — whether they have four legs or two.

The American government moved against Malcolm X, like they moved against Don Pedro Albizu Campos, just like they are moving against all those who are fighting for changes in America. They are uptight because we have identified them as the enemy and will no longer be fooled. Like Malcolm said;

"You show me a capitalist, I'll show you a bloodsucker. He cannot be anything but a bloodsucker if he's going to be a capitalist." **LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT OF MALCOLM X!**
ALL POWER TO ALL OPPRESSED PEOPLE.

La Asociacion

L.N.S. photo by Ernest Cole

**NO POOR PEOPLE IN U.S. JAILS
QUE VIVA PUERTO RICO LIBRE**

... La Asociacion



Carlos Feliciano

Benjy Cruz, Black Panther militants, and the Berrigans, as one of the central cases of Political Repression today.

A victory for Carlos will stop the government conspiracy in its tracks. It will mean a victory for all political prisoners. Not only will it show that Puerto Ricans cannot be kept in jail for advocating independence, but it will show that all movements of social protest can defend their activists.

Carlos Feliciano Speaks

Thursday Feb. 10, Political Prisoner Carlos Feliciano spoke to a group of Brothers and Sisters in Richmond College on the repression and conspiracy against Third World People. Carlos spoke about the fact that after 16 months in jail without a trial and under \$175,000 bail the government has now been forced by the power of the people to set him free on \$55,000 bail.

Carlos Feliciano, a forty-one year old Puerto Rican was arrested on May 16, 1970, while he was returning to his car from a sporting goods store in the South Bronx area. He was accused of bombing thirty-five public buildings, and having explosive devices in his car. On the basis of these allegations, which are not true, he was forced to spend 16 months in jail. The intent of the government in this frame-up like that of the Black Panther Party is obvious. The government is once more using its police state tactics to suppress the cries of the people by charging our Brothers and Sisters, who are struggling, with crimes which are fabricated by the police in order to make our leaders immobile.

The case of Carlos Feliciano, Puerto Rican Nationalist militant, ranks with that of Angela Davis, Pablo Yoruba Guzman,

... Polaroid
continued from page 2
reform it (the educational system for Africans) so that Natives will be taught from childhood not to realize that equality with Europeans is not for them."

Any amount of money which Polaroid gives, be it \$75,000 or \$75 million only serves to aid the South African government in more efficiently educating South African blacks for inferiority. Polaroid has systematically refused to acknowledge these facts.

The real "success", the real significance of the Polaroid "experiment" is its development of a new public relations facade. Behind the facade they continue their highly profitable operations in South Africa - along with some 300 other American corporations.

WAIT TILL NEXT TIME**A Lesbian Is... .****A LESBIAN IS....**

This column has been written collectively, and any reactions to it will be dealt with collectively. This column is written to women ONLY. If men read it, it is their problem and not ours.

A LESBIAN IS a woman who is erotically attracted to, and prefers women.

A LESBIAN IS a woman who realizes that women don't need men.

LESBIANS ARE uppity women.

A LESBIAN IS the rage of all women condensed to the point of explosion. (Radicalesbians).

A LESBIAN IS a woman whose sense of self and whose energies, including sexual energies, are centered on women.

A LESBIAN IS an angry woman.

A LESBIAN IS a prou woman.

A LESBIAN IS a beautiful woman.

A LESBIAN IS strong.

A LESBIAN IS a woman whose emotional, psychological, intellectual, social, sexual, physical and political needs are fulfilled by Lesbians and other women.

A LESBIAN IS an outlaw.

A LESBIAN IS a woman-identified woman.

A LESBIAN IS everywoman.

A LESBIAN IS your worst fear...

A LESBIAN IS your best fantasy.

A LESBIAN IS ME....A LESBIAN IS YOU....COME OUT COME OUT COME OUT....JOIN US.

L.N.S. photo by M. Abramson

LESBIANS UNITED



Our City

A Better N.Y. Is Possible

I'm sure you've all been involved in many a dialogue with friends and classmates discussing environmental issues of the day. They usually consist of all the documenting of all the horrible conditions that are in full bloom around us from our "archaic dehumanizing transit system" to the "air" we breathe, almost always classified as unsatisfactory or unhealthy by T.V.'s; humorous weathermen. After the usual rigamarole most people will have appeased their conscious guilt feelings. They will have recognized, complained and added possible theoretical solutions to our most pressing environmental problems. Yet when one asks who has made that majestic trip from the talkers club to the doers 1 club, one finds the percentage minute. Is technology just an implacable foe, has one's senses and creativity been dulled to a point comparable to tunnel vision or does one just not know what he or she can do about our problem and where to begin.

My guess is the latter and "Our City" in the future will address itself to this. It will concern itself with projects and ideas currently being worked out by environmental and city agencies as well as

creative individuals and the names and locations of these groups. Meetings and happenings will be listed and essays on environmental topics and news will also appear.

Since I began working for the Mayor's council on Environment, I've discovered that much can be done working for a better city. I've come in contact with many actively involved people including corporate executives, city officials and many concerned citizens volunteering their time and energy. Contrary to popular opinion one can promote meaningful action and hope is not lost on our city but one has to work and become involved in saving it.

I would like to hear the kinds of ideas you may have and the types of city ills you are most concerned about. We might possibly organize an environmental club here at Richmond and work together instead of complaining together.

Did you ever wonder why Staten Island seems to get all the old transit busses that spew out tremendous amounts of black smoke or what to do if you see one such bus or car letting out a trail of black pollution.

Let's make New York City livable and more beautiful.

Tutors For Dropouts

Richmond College has joined with the Neighborhood Youth Corps in an experimental tutorial program that is expected to take two dozen 16- and 17-year old disadvantaged high school drop-outs through three phases of rehabilitation in work experience, skills training and education.

Under the title "Richmond College - City Mission Staten Island Tutorial Program" a number of Richmond's graduate and undergraduate students, soon to become teachers, tutor the program's enrollees on a one-to-one basis in language skills, mathematics, social studies and English until they are proficient enough to pass high school equivalent tests. The enrollees are then introduced to an apprentice training program and hopefully made ready for regular jobs.

The Richmond College program is part of the Training Teachers of Teachers (TTT) - program under the supervision of two Richmond College instructors Judy McKoy and Rita Brause.

The Neighborhood Youth Corps program is administered by the U.S. Department of Labor and by the New York City Youth Services Agency. On Staten Island the program is sponsored by the New York Mission Society, a city-wide agency which has served the poor of New York for more than one hundred and fifty years.

The basic program in which Richmond

College takes part was begun in 1964 after it was recognized that many of the City's young people were out of school, unemployed and untrained. Originally the program offered an opportunity of work experience, but studies and evaluations revealed the need for a more comprehensive training program through which the youngsters could be prepared for a chosen career.

The enrollees are selected after careful screening which according to Peter Mazzella, the program counselor, "determines if the youth and the program are meant for each other." Such factors as motivation and student needs determine the course of study and training that will be needed during the two years of the enrollee's commitment. A program related to the career-goal is developed individually for each youth.

The "Richmond College - City Mission Staten Island Tutorial Program" is limited to the 24 enrollees now receiving assistance because of the lack of space at the Staten Island Interfaith Committee Headquarters at 682 Bay Street, Stapleton, Staten Island. Seven of these students are being tutored by nine volunteers from Richmond College. The tutorial sessions average two per week for each enrollee.

The Richmond College student-teachers are assigned as needed to each of the more than two dozen enrollees in the Staten Island experiment.

The Gaslight Au Go Go presents

CHRISTOPHER RUSH and STEVIE WONDER

March 6 thru 10

(in the Village)

152 Bleeker Street

674-2580

on maintaining that 1 in 10 ratio - you ain't seen nothing yet.

So I think we'd better start worrying about prevention as well as solutions. Now I'm going to try to get you to do something, so you can stop reading now if you don't want to hear about it. Consider yourself forewarned.

One of the ways to work towards prevention is to organize citizen's groups to support research, clinics, etc. One such group in existence is called the March of Dimes. They are people committed to the prevention, early diagnosis and treatment of birth defects. Now I happen to think that this is a good idea, and this year I am one of the coordinators of an event for the March of Dimes on Staten Island - that is the Student Walkathon. This event, I hope, will involve all groups in the community, but the real key to it is the participation of young people. It is both exciting and worthwhile.

Birth defects can strike anyone, and everyone has a stake in preventing them. If you would like to help you can contact me at extension 54. People are needed to help organize the schools, provide back-up services, aid in publicity and a dozen other things. There's something for everyone - how 'bout it?

**DUNGAREES
BELLS — STRAIGHTS**



1190 CASTLETON AVE. S.I.N.Y. * OPP FIREHOUSE

EDITORIALS

SO LONG, JOHN

Student Council Chairman John Aragona has resigned. Among his complaints (see front page) is the fact that he had to do the work of an administrator, and the lack of student interest.

THE RICHMOND TIMES praises Mr. Aragona's work while he was in office, and we regret he chose to desert the sinking ship. The students will, we hope, never permit this to happen again. They can do that by taking an active role in the college community.

THE RICHMOND TIMES believes student government can work, and we urge the adaptation of Mr. Aragona's suggestions for the future.

Guest Editorial

No Smoking, Please

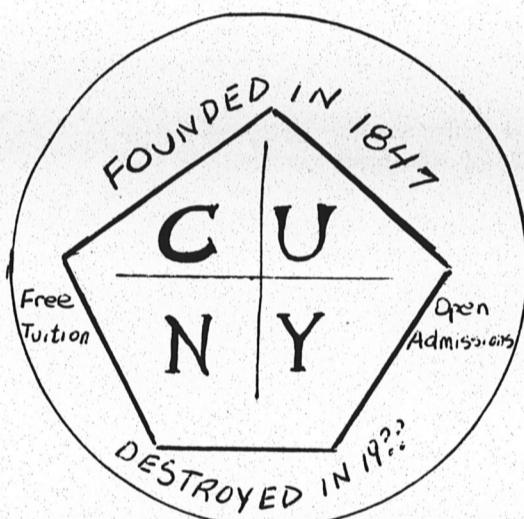
by Phil Lomonico

There is one thing at Richmond that we all share; the air we breathe. Consider a typical Richmond class of thirty students and a teacher. There are usually a few students, and occasionally a teacher smoking. What happens to the smoke that is given off by these smokers and their cigarettes?

The smoke diffuses throughout the room in the same manner that industrial pollutants are distributed throughout our environment. As a result, everyone in the classroom is forced to inhale some concentration of cigarette smoke whether or not he is smoking.

Is it not unfair that those people who choose not to smoke must inhale potentially harmful fumes for the sake of those who do smoke?

Everyone has been concerned about the quality of the air in our environment. I hope that everyone will be equally concerned about the quality of the air in the classrooms. If those people who choose to smoke would limit their smoking to the designated areas (see page 43 of the Student Handbook) the atmosphere in our classrooms would certainly be healthier.



The Richmond Times

Cathy Raleigh Richard Kornberg
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David K. Moseder Contributing Editor
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THE RICHMOND TIMES is a bi-monthly newspaper, and is published by and for the students of Richmond College, located at 130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, New York 10301. The opinions expressed in this newspaper are those of the individual writers and do not necessarily reflect those of the editorial board or the college. Telephone: 212 448-6141

LETTERS

Equal Time

To the Editor
Richmond Times

Dear Sir:

This is a request for equal time to reply to John Aragona's distorted version of the genesis of the proposed draft on college governance (guest editorial in the issue, February 10, 1972). Mildly stated, his rendition of the history of the proposal is a far cry from the activity that I took part in for weeks and months along with other faculty and students. He begins with a gratuitous remark about vacations which could be overlooked except for the fact that it sets the tone for the rest. Then he poses the crucial question about college governance as "who controls whom and who controls what?"

Maybe so but I think not. This statement alone is enough to explain why college governance at Richmond is nearly at a standstill. Mr. Aragona apparently assumes that the ultimate purpose of college governance is some power hierarchy where presumably, administration would manipulate faculty who would then oppress students — or some such fantasy.

The purposes motivating the faculty-student Committee which designed the draft may not all have been noble, measured by some aethereal standard of eternal good and justice, but they were certainly not so assuredly crude, insensitive nor impolitic as implied in the Aragona definition of why have college governance. The Committee aimed at finding a means by which the various interest groups in the College (this does not imply groups out to get each other all the time) who were concerned with the essential functions of a college — teaching and learning — could meet, discuss and devise policy and implement decisions. Perhaps the final proposal does not adequately meet its ambition. But it was not drawn up, consciously or unconsciously, with a view to systematizing eternal oppression. To begin on that foot is hardly a promising way to analyze proposal's strengths and defects.

The gist of Mr. Aragona's piece, however, makes it clear he does not intend to discuss the proposal's strengths or defects, nor even to discuss the broader questions surrounding college governance. I can only surmise his purpose in writing this was "political" in some vague way, for I know Mr. Aragona has heard, as have many other students and faculty, the Committee's rendition of its work. Still, he chooses to ignore what can be documented factually.

The Committee on Organization and Elections was not born in October, 1970, as he states. It exists now about five years. In October, 1970, however, it was charged by a vote of the faculty-student meeting to take on the task of designing a governance project. To this end, the Committee asked Student Government (Fall, 1971) to recommend some students who would be interested in this work. Five faculty (plus faculty secretary, ex-officio) and three students began and for most of the project's history, two students and 3-4 faculty remained active. As a matter of fact, the majority of dialogues were conducted by two faculty and two students. The students involved in 1970-71 worked diligently and effectively on that committee. I wonder how they would appreciate Mr. Aragona's description of their position "inferior" and their status as "tokens." This allocation of "tokenism" is particularly unreal and galling. Not one faculty member of that committee — P. Razelos (Pure and Applied Sciences), George Jochnowitz (Humanities), George Cox (Afro-American Institute), Al Schwartz (Professional Studies), Barry Bressler (Social Sciences), nor myself — for one minute believed we were dealing with "tokens." If we were, they were the liveliest and most effective collection of tokens I have ever known.

Thus, his characterization of the interaction between faculty and students on that Committee can only be the product of some fantasy or stereotyping, and it is a vision highly insulting to students. Can Mr. Aragona really believe they are so easily intimidated? Or was Mr. Aragona playing the contemporary game of salting his presentation with a dash of demagogic?

To return to reality, it should be known that the Committee not only met weekly but it conferred with other persons. It circulated a questionnaire requesting feedback on certain crucial issues. It held several meetings with the Student Life Committee and members of the Student Government. The result of these consultations severely modified the original draft proposal which the Committee had drawn up. Most dramatically was this modification evidenced in the difference between the original and the final recommendation about student representation in the proposed college senate and on the P & B Committee of the College. Our final recommendation would have created a senate of 76, with 29 students, 36 faculty and 11 administration and non-teaching faculty. Our initial proposal included 40 faculty and 20 students — this was given up. The current system includes 25-30 students in a meeting of 154 faculty. Obviously, the draft proposal which was presented went furthest in increasing student participation. It added six students to the College P & B Committee which currently has none on it.

We arrived at these and other decisions after long discussions with numbers of people. Those involved in the compromises and negotiations, Student Life Committee members, for instance, promised to support the final version if it contained these figures. It contained these figures, our Committee adhered to its promise but most of the others changed their minds. Some now say they never accepted the figures and others now claim the questionnaire was never circulated. Mr. Aragona who was not on the scene last year advocates an interpretation in his editorial held by people who never had anything to do with the process of creating the draft proposal.

Probably this is all muddy water under the bridge. I do not enjoy this task of dragging forth all this dumb detail but less do I enjoy distortions of the kind embroidered into that semi-poisonous guest editorial. If Aragona and others refuse to recognize facts; worse, refuse to respect the work of predecessor students and faculty; and wish to glorify themselves as the saviors of students' rights, then the community at large has to hear the other side. I am afraid that we are sadly very far from achieving a viable system of college governance.

Rhetoric such as adorns his third and fourth paragraphs hardly seems consonant with the appeal of his final paragraph — a request for people to come to his office to work up a better draft. His excursion into the lingo of modern socio-political rhetoric neither helps nor is relevant. With many others around this institution, he serves up the usual false analogy — the notion that "superior experience and superior intellect" (supposed elitism) produces policies oppressive to blacks, Puerto Ricans and women. Leaving aside the thorny debate about whether these three latter groups ought even be lumped together, I suggest that this analogy is irrelevant to the way the draft proposal was created and it is only a product of misplaced anger. This College contains a number of faculty and students who entered, knowing very little about their new colleagues, about the spirit of the place and about the programs, and assumed the institution was going to "oppress" them just as all institutions have oppressed people from the Arctic to Tierra del Fuego for weeks, decades, centuries.

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...EQUAL TIME

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Richmond, it is assumed, is an extension of the ugliness of life at other colleges or schools, in private unhappy households, in ghettos—or even in Vietnam. Thus, it is the job of the reformer or revolutionary to create a real “community” governed by wonderful ideals like justice, communal or cooperative ethics, love, maybe even new versions of motherhood and apple pie.

On the basis of five years here and seven at other colleges (in this country and western Europe), I suggest that our internal critics who cry “OPPRESSION” EVERY TIME A CARBON COPY HAS TO BE FILLED IN ARE SUFFERING FROM A SAD CASE OF MISPLACED ANGER.

It seems to me there is one defensible definition of the word “power”—that is “capability to perform, ability to deliver.” Such a definition embodies notions of service and responsibility and is both human and humane. In any political system which is “liberal” (forgive the word) in the broadest sense, the group receiving “power” (in the traditional sense, authority) keeps it as long as it serves the first definition. If we cannot agree on such simple fundamentals in a small institution as this, I don’t see how much else can be achieved. When the group given “power” fails to please its constituents, there is a simple solution—kick the bums out. But first, obviously, they have to be kicked in.

This statement ought not be construed as a defense of the initial governance proposal—that is another issue. It ought to be construed as a reaction to and attack on the chorus of meaningless and misleading rhetoric which Mr. Aragona has evidently decided to join.

Sincerely,
Sandi E. Cooper, Assoc. Prof., History
Faculty Secretary

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RACIST PAPER?

To the Richmond Times:

The quickest reply to “...And the Reply” (Feb. 10) article to Sexistentialism is to call the Richmond Times a racist and sexist paper.

It prints an article (Proposition I, Dec. 22, 1971) which condemns the Gay-In as “a piece of bigotry” involving people who are “hypocrites” without asking or finding out what went on and not understanding the right to self-determination nor politics of oppression.

It prints an editorial (The End Never Justifies the Means, Dec. 22, 1971) implying that the oppressed are NOW the oppressor and compares the “oppressed” anger with the repressive McCarthey hearings. It has the audacity to justify the editorial by saying that was written after “extensive help” from one side, clearly showing the lack of respect for Third World students and the biased opinion of the Richmond Times.

It prints an article denouncing a woman for her so-called “ridiculous uptightness,” being some kind of paranoia without understanding the oppression of women in this chauvinistic-sexist capitalist society where everything is based on the motive of getting more than what you can get for yourself. Is there a lack of sensitivity in the Richmond Times?

Why didn’t you ask La Asociacion? Why didn’t you ask the Gay brothers and sisters? There’s been enough theory about how to deal with racism and sexism; how about putting those ideas into practice.

If the Richmond Times is willing to deal and struggle with racism and sexism in their paper the “philosophy of not making enemies” may be true. But as long as it continues to print insensitive provocative racist-sexist material it will open itself widely to criticism and puts itself in the same category of our enemy.

Hermanas y Hermanos,
Venceremos
Louis Melendez, member of La Asociacion

Mr. Melendez:

We feel that we must reply to your criticism of the Richmond Times, and your charges of the Richmond Times being “a racist and sexist paper.”

The editorial you give as an example of the Richmond Times’ “lack of respect for Third World Students and the biased opinions” was written by one individual editor. It would seem to me that you are hiding behind emotional feelings, which, though justified, do not answer the main point that the editorial sought to bring out. That point is that some members of the RCA did express feelings of being intimidated by representatives of La Asociacion. The editorial would have been written about any group that engaged in such tactics, if indeed, those tactics were used.

As to the printing of the article “Ridiculous Uptightness,” we simply state that we do not believe in censorship. Mr. Lasky’s article was titled “Opinion” which should indicate that it was his opinion, and not that of the Richmond Times. Every student in this college has a right to express their opinion in the paper; that is one of the functions of a college paper. The lack of sensitivity was not with the Richmond Times, but with Mr. Lasky.

The Richmond Times is supposed to be a newspaper of the students, for the students, and by the students. It is not supposed to be a place for continually reprinting articles originally published elsewhere.

Concerning the question of Proposition I, we want to say that this, like Mr. Lasky’s column is an opinion by one individual. While we might not agree with everything, or possibly anything it says, it at least poses questions and topics that should be discussed. That is one function of every newspaper.

Finally, Mr. Melendez, the Richmond Times is not afraid of making enemies (we obviously got your dander up). We cannot, however, “make up” stories and slant the

news that we receive, just to satisfy our own political goals. Were we to do that, we would be in reality the “Daily News” which is what we have been compared to lately. Please try to remember that we are people, not news machines, and we make mistakes. If you think about it logically for a moment, you will come to the realization that we both have a common enemy, that enemy being repression in any form, for racism and sexism is repression, as is censorship.

-The Editors

TO THE FACULTY

January 21, 1972
An Open Letter to the CUNY Instructional Staff:

Dear Colleague:

In the past week the Governor has delivered three successive assaults upon the City University:

First, by limiting State Aid-to the same dollar amounts granted last year in the face of massive increases in enrollment.

Second, by cutting out all capital construction projects for badly needed CUNY buildings, thus forcing the university to secure expensive rental space out of sorely needed operating funds.

Third, by calling for the takeover of CUNY by the State University with the abolition of free tuition.

What does all this mean?

1. It condemns CUNY to an inferior status, with inadequate space, staff, and facilities, unable to do the educational job that was the pride of CUNY’S staff and the hope of its students.

2. It crushes CUNY in the coils of a monstrous educational bureaucracy in Albany which is even more remote from the teaching and learning needs of staff and students than the BHE on East 80th Street.

3. It threatens such hard-won gains as the salary schedule with specified incremental steps and the job security provisions of our collective bargaining contracts.

4. It kills open admissions, which is already suffering from financial malnutrition.

WE DARE NO LONGER BE DIVIDED. We cannot afford two bargaining units at CUNY—the LC proposal. We cannot accept three bargaining units—the CUNY administration proposal. We need maximum strength at the bargaining table—one unit for the entire instructional staff.

WE NEED STRENGTH IN ALBANY. As part of the United Teachers of New York State and the New York State AFL-CIO, we become a force of 2 million families united for an adequately financed, free-tuition system of public higher education.

WE NEED STRENGTH AT CITY HALL.

The New York City Central Labor Council is our only protection against the phony demands for “productivity” coupled with destructively small budgets that come from the Mayor’s office.

WE NEED STRENGTH IN WASHINGTON, D.C. It was the labor movement that broke the wage freeze and secured retroactive pay. This vital force of 18 million families can get massive federal funding for the colleges and universities.

Only through united action can we save the University.

1. Write or wire your local State Assemblyman and State Senator. Get your family and friends to do the same.

2. Write or wire Governor Rockefeller. Get your friends and relatives to do the same.

Thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours,
Israel Kugler
President

CHILES SMILES?

To the Editors
Richmond Times:

Dear People:

Congratulations on your coverage of my resignation. The picture to which you attached my name was a masterpiece for which the member of your staff who retouched the negative should get a citation. Now we all know exactly what I’ll look like thirty years from now when I’m 79.

Since that picture appeared no one has asked me why I resigned—and for good reason. That tired, tremulous old man with receding hair, white side burns, and glazed expression is at least three generation gaps away from students, totally unable to understand let alone work with them. So you’ve made it unnecessary for me to explain my resignation any more and I thank you.

I’ve a second debt. You have infinitely simplified my application for a sabbatical leave. Now I need merely enclose a copy of the picture of that old timer. Not only will I get a sabbatical on the spot, likely I’ll be retired immediately thereafter.

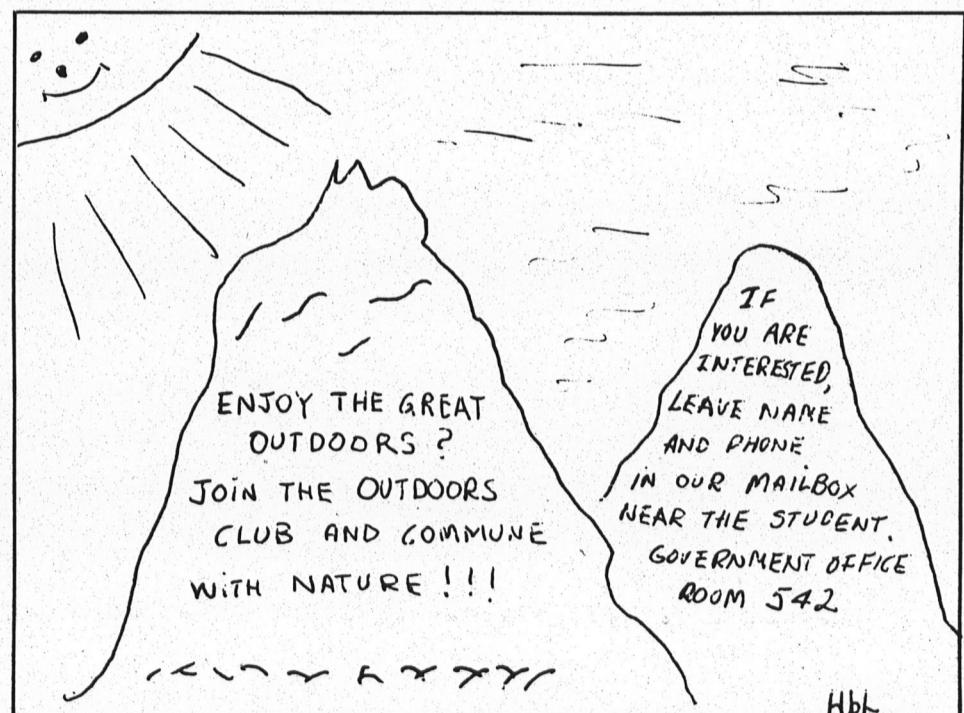
My undying gratitude for your most recent assistance and best wishes for continued success with your paper. You have been too good to me, really!

Gratefully yours,
Robert E. Chiles

Mr. Chiles:

No, not really. Our undying gratitude for this letter!

The Editors



Dear Editor:

I’ve been reading the letters in the recent editions of the Richmond Times and it seems to me that there are many controversies raging and hard feelings being vented at Richmond College. Happily, I’ve had an experience recently, that was quite unlike this.

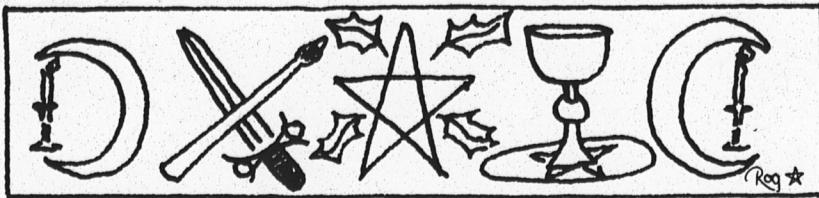
The Committee of Majors needed a piano for their storefront opening in December. Many contacts were made but they couldn’t get one. One student suggested that Newman club might be able to help, and as Newman representative, I was approached. I was able to get a piano through a local school. The piano was for sale and I decided to buy it for my children, so I requested that it be returned to my house after the opening.

The next week, through one mishap or another the committee was not able to deliver the piano to me—and it seemed hardly possible that a truck could be obtained for Christmas delivery. However, promises were made that every effort would be made.

On Christmas Eve about noon, five members of the Committee of Majors appeared at my house. It was raining and they had the piano on a dolly.... they couldn’t get a truck.... they had pushed it about twelve blocks up and down hill. I was completely floored, I said “Wow” and “Why did you”, and the answer was simply, “We made a commitment to have it here by Christmas.”

This has been a very real and warming experience that I’ll remember long after I leave Richmond.

Elizabeth Odenthal



Witches Brew

Many people have asked me, "What is Witchcraft?" and so, to save me the repetition of my "famous" Introduction to Witchcraft Lecture, which I spout at the slightest provocation about seven times daily, I have written this article.

In case you haven't noticed, there is a current "boom" in the sales of Witchcraft books, Ouija boards, amulets, voodoo powders, Tarot cards and various other Occult paraphernalia. Go into almost any bookstore, and you are assailed by a host of Occult literature flying you astride broomsticks. And most of the Witchcraft literature that you will find is based on the so-called "confessions" of "witches" obtained under the vilest tortures imaginable. In case you hadn't had any good bits of gossip to confess, the willing magistrates very thoughtfully supplied you with some dandies. Such as "eating babies," kissing the Devil's tush (Fey!) or killing off all of your "Goody" neighbors. If you happened to disagree with the magistrates, which some pious souls attempted, you were tortured until you not only agreed but also added some beauties of your own.

But that isn't all! There is also a wealth of "How-to-Hex" books which contain some very potent stuff! Unfortunately, Witchcraft is a philosophy and practice which must be very carefully mastered under the supervision of a competent teacher, otherwise one can have a serious accident. One of the best "How-to" books around, combines Witchcraft with Ceremonial Magick, which is a different practice altogether. In this book, is explained how to make a Witches Circle, which is designed to keep power in a given space until it accumulates sufficient to be released to carry out the intention of the Witch. In fact, the method described in the book won't even do this very well. Anyway, the author tells you to cast this Circle and then to call up a demon, namely Flauros whom the "Lemegton," a Book of Ceremonial Magick describes as "a Great Duke, and appeareth at first like a Leopard, Mighty and Terrible and Strong, but after which, at the Command of the Exorcist, he putteth on Human Shape with Eyes Flaming and Fiery and a Most Terrible Countenance...He destroyeth and burneth up the Enemies of the Exorcist, should He desire it." This is one of the "handsomer" demons and in order for the Exorcist to get him to obey, the demon must be forced by the Exorcist's own power into a triangle situated outside the Circle. And here you are, standing in a Witch's Circle which is keeping your own power in, and very few things out. Not the best of circumstances to meet the most well-behaved of guests. I'm afraid that the Human Countenance next assumed by Flauros may very well be your own! If you are lucky! Your next-of-kin may have to come the next day to try to find the pieces of you which are left.

Not all books are bad. In fact there are quite a few which do give accurate views of Witchcraft. Unfortunately, some of these are written by Witches who believe that their way of doing things is the only way, or that they are the only Witches around, and these kind of books can really turn the reader off!

Witchcraft is primarily a religion. In fact, it is the OLDEST RELIGION AND GOES BACK AT LEAST 40,000 YEARS. All Witches believe in a Horned God who is the Comforter and the Provider and the Ruler of Death and What Lies Beyond. And they believe in a Moon Goddess who is the Giver of Life and the Great Mother, who rules While We are Living. They also believe in reincarnation, believing the soul alternates between God's Land of the Dead and the goddess's Land of the Living. Most Witches ascribe more power and influence to the Goddess.

Contemporary Witchcraft in the western world (and it exists in every culture) falls into three main categories: Gardnerian and its outgrowth Alexandrian - both primarily

British based and following the teachings and modifications of the late Gerald Gardner; Traditional - which has been flourishing in the United States since the Mayflower (no, the "Salem witches" weren't Traditionalists, nor were they witches at all) and Hereditary - which has been going on in certain families unbroken since before the "burning time";.

These three types Witches label "Mainstream" or "Hard-Core" Witches, and - recognize as "official". There is also a Pagan Movement which is watered-down Witchcraft and is designed to get people back into nature, but these people label themselves "Pagans" and understand what Witchcraft really is.

Another misunderstood concept is that Witches are only women. This was Church propapanda to further slur and suppress women. There are just as many male Witches as these are female, in fact more Witches at the present time are men. This is due to the fact that the Protestant Church has excluded women in its Divine Hierarchy, and the Catholic Church isn't much better for although it has Mary as Queen of Heaven, it hasn't any women in the priesthood. So men are the biggest dropouts from the Church and there are more men turning to Witchcraft because they have been "spiritually unfulfilled" by the lack of a Divine Woman.

Which brings me to the next point - in Witchcraft there are two leaders of each grol or "Coven". They are the High Priestess and the High Priest with the woman taking the higher of the two in power and governing ability. The high Priest really is there to assist the High Priestess, although he can run some ceremonies at certain parts of the year. Also, there is no such term as "Warlock". It is just a contemporary invention and doesn't exist within the Craft. A male Witch is a Witch, just as a male Christian is a Christian.

That's about it. If anyone has any questions about the Craft you can write to me in care of the paper. I'm awfully lazy, so answers may take some time in getting out, but I'll try my best.

So the next time that you are in your favorite Occult bookstore, and a Woman in long flowing robes accosts you from behind the bookcase, and just happens to let it drop that she is a Witch, ask yourself, "Is she, or isn't she? Only the Gods know for sure."

Roger

still

still you are part of the path
still
you are light holes
poked through the evening eye
a cover of nothing
absolute
nothing
in the movement of relative
signs

still

you are not capable
of full disappearance
i have experienced you
as dance
and still
i am haunted
with other forms
which are you

-unknown

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Slice of Life

by Andrea Jay

The 4:30 sun was setting as I walked onto the ferry and looked for a seat. I spied an empty row and settled myself down at the very end. Just then, an elderly man shuffled over to the seat exactly across from mine. This could only mean trouble. Now don't get me wrong — I had a grandfather once myself, you know, but I cringed, recalling past experiences.

He watched me intently while taking off his overcoat and scarf. I noticed the American Flag pin on his worn blue suit jacket lapel.

"Whatcha doin', goily?" he entoned, leaning across the aisle.

"Oh, just writing out some valentines day cards." I replied, sinking a little lower in my seat.

"Well I think that's just fine," he sighed. "Got 8 or ten there; you must be real popular."

"They're not just for my men friends," I said. "I send them to women, too. Wanna see one?" I handed him one and he read it, very very slowly, out loud.

"The heiress found the envelope on the floor under her mail shoot. It must be from JOE," she thought, smiling fondly. Her breath came in hot pants as she opened the envelope. She took out the contents and gasped. And then she gasped again..."

"Did you write this?" he asked. "Cause if you did, you could make a lot of money, you know. You could even write for the Daily News!!!"

"I wrote it," I told him, "but I wouldn't work for the Daily News. Anyway, you gotta read the inside of the card 'cause that's where the punchline is."

He didn't open it, but kept looking at it.

"There's two things I really like about this card," he said.

"But mister," I said, getting frustrated, "you gotta read the inside."

"It's the word 'gasp' and the expression 'her breath came shorts'."

I opened the card up for him and told him to read the rest.

He read: "But it was too late. It was the pawn ticket from her respirator. Happy Valentine's Day."

A smile appeared on his old, worn out face. Then he asked:

"What's a respirator?"

I put the valentines away.

"I got a son about your age," he confided. "Just graduated from N.Y.U. Has a good job as an engineer."

"Yeah, that's nice."

"But there's one thing wrong with him."

My expression changed. What could be wrong with him? An arsonist? A child molester? No toes, maybe?

"See that young feller over there?" he pointed down a few aisles to a vaguely familiar furry face. "That's what's wrong

with him. He got a beard and a moustache — that's what's wrong with him," his weak voice rising to about 120 decibels, causing people to turn around. "When I was your age you didn't do that! It looks awful!" A grimace crossed his face.

"I kind of like it," I told him.

"Ah, what do you know, what do you know? You wimmin parade around in pants and smoke cigarettes. You think that's feminine???"

"But mister," I started, prepared to give him my best "Times have changed" argument. But he continued.

"No wonder they grow beards," he shouted, gesturing wildly, "that's the only thing a man can do that a woman can't."

"Well, that's not the only thing..." I began. But he cut me off again.

"Your father...does he have long hair and a beard?"

"Nah," I said, "he's almost bald."

"Well, grass doesn't grow on a busy street," he chuckled.

I wondered how my father would interpret that analogy.

"How old is your father?"

"He's 56. How old are you?"

"66. But I don't look it, do I? Do I?"

"Yeah, you look to be about 66..."

"Well my cousin Yetta's 86 and do you know why?"

"Why?"

"Because she's had 10 children. TEN CHILDREN!"

"But that doesn't make any sense," I told him, "if she hadn't had ten children she'd be a lot better off physically."

"BETTER OFF? BETTER OFF? Heads turned. "She's 86 because of the wonders of modern science and because her children support her. Seven sons she had and they're all rich!" A glimmer of satisfaction passed through his eyes.

I knew I was getting into dangerous waters. "But it's not like that anymore, mister."

"Don't tell me what it's like. Are you gonna have children?"

"I don't know. Probably not for a long time..."

"COWARD! COWARD!" He rose off his seat. "TEN CHILDREN SHE HAD AND SHE'S 86!"

"But I..."

"There's no love like a mother's love."

"That's why people are so neurotic," I replied. "Freud said that..."

"Freud!! Freud was a coward!!!!"

I got my stuff together and began to leave.

"I wouldn't tell you all this," he shouted as I walked away. "I wouldn't tell you all this but I'll probably never see you again."

"Especially if I see you first," I thought, and went down the ramp to the street.

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THEATRE

ARTS

MUSIC

The Rumble of Second Ave.

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg
Nostalgia is big these days. Let the old folks have their NO, NO NANETTE for we have GREASE, the fifties rock 'n roll musical. It isn't an oldie but it sure is a goodie.

Creators, Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey have perfectly caught a period we all have lived through. The fifties were the days of Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Dion and the Belmonts, self-pierced ears and pop-it beads. It was also the time of the greaser, decked out in his black leather jacket and waiting for a rumble.

While it is easy for any show to catch the look of a period, GREASE also the sounds and feel of that era. The music all has that 50's beat, whether it is sung by a harmonizing group or a gyrating individual.

The story it tells is of Sandy Dumbrowski (Carol Demas). She is a good girl who wants to be accepted by the Pink Ladies, a female gang. She falls for Danny Zuko (Barry Bostwick), a greaser and we follow their activities and their music through the high school cafeteria, the pajama party, the drive-in and the school hop. We recognize the cars and we marvel over the dances. Whether we liked them or not, this is the fifties on stage at the Eden Theatre.

The entire cast is perfect. Whether they are clutching at a microphone while singing such songs as "Freddy, My Love," "Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee," and "It's Raining On Prom Night," or throwing themselves into



The "Grease" Gang at the Burger Palace

the wonderfully evocative Patricia Birch dances, they always make you believe them and their stories.

How did Frenchy get her name? Will Sandy and Danny "make it?" Who is Cha Cha Di Gregorio? These are the questions of

the fifties posed nightly on Second Avenue at the Eden. For the answers you must see this show. GREASE is a gas and a must for everyone. And Betty Rizzo (Adriene Barbeau), I love you. You can't be that tough but your show certainly is.

Rock Bottom**WPLJ: Rest In Peace**

by Terence Morgan

The death of WPLJ has once again ended free-form rock programming in New York. The station's management apparently felt that free-form radio could not be profitable, so it imposed a playlist on the deejays. WPLJ airmen are now required to play records from a list composed of specific album cuts, hit singles and progressive rock oldies. The disk jockeys are told how to announce the records and are allowed to make just one comment on each song. If money was really the reason for the format change, why doesn't ABC go all the way and fire its air talent? Management would save more money if it assigned ABC staff announcers to the FM station. WPLJ has degenerated to a top-forty station.

One alternative to WPLJ is Metromedia's WNEW-FM. Although it is not a free-form station, WNEW-FM does give its airmen leeway in the choice of records they play. Unfortunately, WNEW-FM hasn't progressed much since it switched from its all-female "beautiful music" format to its present rock programming. The second alternative, WCBS-FM, doesn't receive much attention from hard-core progressive rock freaks. CBS mixes top-forty with progressive rock, and many hipper-than-thou equate all top-forty music with bubble gum. The station's one hundred and one minutes of rock is a good gimmick-and it works: WCBS-FM has the fastest growing audience of any contemporary music station in the nation. But it leaves much to be desired.

Unless listeners take some action, the condition of rock radio in New York will continue to deteriorate. Programmers must be convinced that there is an audience for a free-form station. On Steve Post's WBAI program, several members of WPLJ's free-form staff urged people to write to the management of WNBC-FM. NBC's FM station, with its mood music and network shows which the AM station won't clear for broadcast, is just atrophying on the air. WNBC-FM undoubtedly operates in the red

only network programs have commercials. If people can convince the management that free-form radio can be profitable, NBC just might give it a try. Another possibility is The New York Times' WQXR. The station is reported on the selling block and it certainly could not hurt WQXR to experiment with a progressive rock format.

Progressive programmers will be watching ABC's seven FM stations. If the new format works, other rock stations will take note. Imagine ABC-FM and Metromedia

Brother, Asylum, Pentagram, Viva, Capricorn, Alston, Amsterdam, Flying Dutchman, Dakar, Stanyan, Blues, time, Carla, Karen, Embryo, Clean, Bearsville, Dade, Dial, Chimneyville, Little David, Vortex, SGC, Shama, Moira, Lamp, Nonesuch, Dandelion and Et Cetera. "At Kinney, we're just one big happy family!"... Zappa's on Kinney, where he belongs. Bizarre, isn't it! (He seems pretty straight to me.)



both playing the hits!

Post Script: Apple will probably end its relationship with Capitol Records at the end of 1972. It will go completely independent with Allen Klein's ABKCO Industries remaining as Apple's management firm. The Beatles as a unit, however, are bound to a long-term contract with EMI, Capitol's corporate parent... The Beach Boys will be in town for three shows at Carnegie Hall on March 20, 21 and 22. The concerts should coincide with the release of their Smile album on Brother Reprise... The Kinney Record Group comprises Warner Brothers, Reprise, Atlantic, Atco, Cotillion, Elektra, Rolling Stones, Bizarre, Straight, Stone Flower, Track, Raccoon, San Francisco,

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Jazz Notes**Miracle in Philharmonic Hall**

by Earl Scott

Now residing in the unholy hollow bowels of the lower East Side. Overcast, cloudy, clear eyes demand a reason to a rhyme no man ever heard. Soundless constantly ripped off amidst ukranian Puerto junkie blackness without home enough to call hovel. Lonely anguish remembered from the ashes of Park Avenue and amber triads. Without color, that was love immortal. Most often drunk. In labor. Believed long burned out, spent without further expression to give. To whom?

Awaiting of you all to give a listen. Reassembled by Columbia for Columbia called "Let The Children Sing." Tonight the Joffrey Ballet will echo you rhythm in some sort of imaginative dance. Or so the critics maybe think. Philharmonic Hall, gather true believers. Gideon plays tonight.

Jerry Mulligan bearded, strawberry blonde hair, alto. Gene Ammons catblack, eighteen year old John Fathers, first trumpet, James Moody flutist ethereal. Clyde McPherson alto, Lee Connitz clarinet, Bobby Jones, soprano. Absurdly underlined by a twenty-two piece conducted orchestra with piano and drums. Emceed pornographically enough by the antics of Bill Cosby. However, this night was for the revival d'esprit. Rightfully so, the spirit brought his friends. Fat, red-tied, insane wide-eyed man named Charles Mingus.

Rhythm rebound bass man don't die in tin pan alley. Not so fast anyway. Cross rhythms, counter point, rising, falling closing together through "eclipses and eccliesiates." My god! I'm blind or in deceased Newport. Dizzy Gillespie I see and Ammons, Mulligan and Moody together and or soloing. And all this while the fat man smiling in smoke shades curses out signature changes. I was in church. Falsely feeling I understood.

**Fables, Foibles,
And Love**

by Bobby Watson and Bobby Watson

The Adelphian Players are back for another season. Their free tour of the Brooklyn Public Libraries gets underway Monday, February 28 with "Preble Gets Rid Of His Wife" and "The Last Flower" by James Thurber, "Love" by Carl Sandburg and a scene from Howard Lindsay's "Life With Father," at the Boro Park branch.

This is one of three different shows the Adelphians will be presenting this season. The other two shows are a special adaptation of "Moby Dick" by Melville, and a melange of frivilous delights, including James Thurber's "Fables For Our Times" and Eugene Ionesco's "The Bald Soprano." Poetry readings will also be featured with each show.

Director Russell E. Bonanno has again assembled a versatile and talented cast, consisting of Lawrence Berrick, Margaret Bonanno, Angelynn Bruno, Ted Gargiulo, Paul Gianfagna, Jerome F. X. Hoffman, Johnathan Hubbard, Kathryn McGowan, David Moseder, Diane Saunders, Elizabeth Siversten, Larry Fishman, Nancy Slater and Phillip David Stone.

The other performing dates are March 8 (Kings Highway), March 22 (Kensington), March 29 (New Utrecht), April 12 (Sheepshead Bay), April 19 (Kings Highway), April 24 (Boro Park), April 26 (Sheepshead Bay), May 1 (Bay Ridge), May 8 (Bay Ridge), May 17 (Midwood) and May 22 (Bay Ridge). The curtain time is scheduled to be 7:30 P.M. for all performances. For further information, visit your favorite branch of the Brooklyn Public Library. All performances are free of charge, though I'm sure you'll all get a charge out of them. (OOOh, that was a bad one!).

"The Shit-Kickers Musical"

by Richard Kornberg

Nightly at the Eden Theatre on Second Avenue, hundreds and hundreds of people, a good number of them in their twenties, groove on the musical "Grease". Much of this audience is made up of non-theatregoers who have trekked down to the East Village, once the home of the Fillmore East, to re-live an experience that was thought to be all but lost. For "Grease" is a show of the fifties, the era of rock 'n' roll.

Creators Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey met in Chicago, where the show eventually originated. The pair are quite dissimilar and this was beautifully evidenced when, in a response to a question about their 50's heroes Jacobs answered, "I have about nine billion: Warren probably has none." In the fifties Warren Casey was still in Yonkers listening to Ella Fitzgerald records. Meanwhile, in Chicago, Jim Jacobs was buying all the Drifters and Coasters albums and living the life of a "greaser."

Their show is not about the "collegiate kids", the nice kids, the pony-tailed blonde WASP kids, but about "the Pollack, Dago beat-up greasers, the I-don't-give-a-shit kicking kids." Jacobs continued by describing "Grease" as "the cab drivers biggest hit. When I take cabs around and they see the ("Grease") button or something, they know about it and they say 'Yeah, those are my years, bud, those are my years.'"

Jacobs said that "Grease" is like a "blue collar show". When questioned about the similarity between "Grease" and "All In the Family" Warren Casey admits that the comparison is not too far-fetched. "Their (the greasers) parents are Archie Bunker. A lot of them grew up to be young Archie Bunkers."

The Archie Bunkers of the world are not the only audience that "Grease" attracts. The musical began in a small amateur community theatre in Chicago. It ran eight months and only closed because the theatre

was contracted to another show. During that time the types of audiences that it attracted varied. "First the young kids came. Then it became an "in" thing and the people from the Chicago money suburbs came. After "Grease" was reviewed in a Washington paper government officials would fly to Chicago to just see the show. The final week

it played you couldn't get a ticket for \$100.00."

After the Chicago engagement, Jacobs and Casey engaged Louis St. Louis to do the musical direction and vocal and dance arrangements for its New York run. Mr. St. Louis explained that "the reason I did the

show was because it wasn't a rock show about today. This is so much more where it's at than writing a heavy ROCK show 1972, which doesn't mean anything any more." He adds that in rock musicals today there is no story. They are just presenting rock music because somebody felt they can write rock music, which most people who write for the theatre can't anyway. In my estimation, I don't think anybody has written the true rock musical for the theatre yet, except in an instance like this. This is true. This music is one hundred per cent rock 'n' roll. True music. It really is a rock 'n' roll theatre piece. I don't think anything else is. Even the music in "Hair" and "Two Gentlemen of Verona". I'm not one of those people who is waving to that. I don't believe it's all that wonderful."

Mr. St. Louis is also outspoken about critics. When shown Richard Watt's thoughtless review of "Grease" that appeared in the New York Post, he exclaimed "It's just such an innocuous review. It's just nothing." Mr. Jacobs added that "Richard Watt looked like Percy Kilbride on his deathbed" and Mr. St. Louis then remarked that "they'll be shovelling the dirt over him soon." He also added that Clive Barnes did not understand the show and that he writes same yes-no, no-yes reviews about things he doesn't understand. This show-just wasn't his nostalgia.

Those of you who agree with Mr. St. Louis's opinion of the 1970's rock theatre should not despair since messrs. Casey and Jacobs are now on the scene. With the same humor and insight they talk about the 70's show they'll write. "We can do that show in 1980. We can't do it right now because no one will understand it. It starts out where a Volkswagen camper drives on stage with the tie-dyed curtains and a cat gets out who runs a leather shop. We'll call it "Smile Button." Mr. St. Louis only laughed.

Like It Is

Dion: On The Comeback Road

by Howard B. Leibowitz

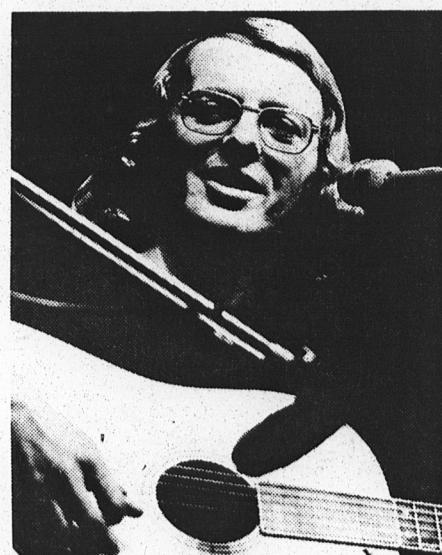
"...there was a time I was so low.
I had to look up at the street,
I was just the shell of a man walkin' round,
I couldn't get on my own two feet..."
—from SUNSHINE LADY
copyright 1971 by Dion Dimucci

Since I was eight years old, and heard "Teenager In Love," I liked Dion. I used to stand in line when I was ten at Alan Freed's Rock n' Roll shows at the Fox Theatre in Brooklyn to see him and the Belmonts. I always had a tremendous yearning to meet this guy from the Bronx, 'cause he talked just like I did, and sang those pretty ballads.

When Dion broke away from the Belmonts, I was afraid it was the end. How would the masses accept him by himself? It had never been done before. (Little did Dion realize the precedent he was setting.) Dion did it though, and a big string of hits came forth: *Lonely Teenager*, *Runaround Sue*, *The Wanderer*, *Donna The Prima Donna*, (that was the first album on Columbia; you knew he had it made) and the classic *Ruby Baby*. Then, when it seemed he would reach the heights of stardom and go the way of Frankie (Avalon) and Paul (Anka), he just disappeared. It seemed, according to Dion, that "I lost myself, if you know what I mean. I turned to drugs pretty heavy. It was the worst time in my life." No more albums, no more appearances, just a vanishing act. I grew dispondent. Another of my favorite performers had faded away. Of course, I knew nothing of the drugs then, for at that time people didn't talk of such things, never mind admitting that they used them. I figured it was the end. Bye, bye, Dion. Drip Drop.

Wait a minute folks. The story ain't over. Not yet. About two years ago, I turned on the radio again and heard *Sanctuary* for the first time. I really flipped out. I picked up a copy of the Voice, and noticed Dion was

Photo courtesy of Warner Bros. Records



new song by my hero. *Abraham, Martin and John* climbed to the top of the charts. I was delighted. "I had kicked, and spent a couple of months getting myself together. I started practicing guitar, and then I met Dick Holler, and recorded *Abraham, Martin and John*. I just sorta got back into things," Dion said. Just when I thought Dion was back in the spotlight, he went underground again. He got married, and unknown to me, began work on *Sanctuary*, the newest album.

A couple of months ago, I turned on the radio again and heard *Sanctuary* for the first time. I really flipped out. I picked up a copy of the Voice, and noticed Dion was

going to be at Fairleigh-Dickinson in February. I rushed out there with great hopes of obtaining an interview, or just to meet him, finally. The show was magnificent. Dion got into a nostalgic head and played *Ruby Baby*, *The Wanderer* and *Runaround Sue*. I was in heaven. To add to my surprise, I discovered Dion was an accomplished guitarist, with a Delta-blues accent. After the set, I asked him about the Mississippi flavor of his playing. "Lightnin' Hopkins," he said to me. That was enough explanation.

Now, on to the album. *Sanctuary* is one of the most beautiful albums I've ever heard. Dion's soft, melodic voice came over on both the studio cuts and the live recordings. The original songs on the disc reflect Dion's own personal experiences. *Sunshine Lady* is a rich, deep ballad in which he talks of his days as a junkie, and his resurgence to the living world. *Harmony Sound* was written with thoughts of the old days with the Belmonts. *Brand New Morning* is a song of optimism, with the idea that Dion will never return to the dark world of his past. The title cut, *Sanctuary* was written by Dick Holler, who also wrote *Abraham, Martin and John*, and is one of the most gorgeous songs that has ever been written. Also included is a song by Ian (Southern Comfort) Matthews, called *Please Be My Friend*.

On the lighter side (side two) there are some cuts which were recorded live, and Dion's personality comes out strong. He is funny and likes to talk to the audience. Not only is he great on records, but he's great on stage. My hero has not disappointed me.

I also must mention that David Bromberg plays some very nice lead guitar and dobro on the album. Very tasteful.

It's been a hard road for Dion, but it seems he's made it back. I hope he's here to stay.

Three Upcoming Films

CULVER CITY...."Savage Messiah" has been selected by producer-director Ken Russell as his next film project, it was announced last week. The film stars Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony. Production began in England this week, just four days after the successful launching of Russell's "The Boy Friend," an MGM-EMI presentation starring Twiggy, in London.

Russell describes "Savage Messiah" as "a romantic tragedy with surprising humorous as well as haunting undertones." Set in the years preceding World War I, the story focuses on Henri Gaudier, a revolutionary young French sculptor and his love affair with Sophie Brzeska, a Polish woman twice his age with whom he conducted a liaison under the guise of brother and sister.

Miss Tutin, one of the major stars of the English theatre, is currently starring in the Royal Shakespeare Company's production of Harold Pinter's "Old Times," evincing her versatility by playing matinees at the same time in the title role of "Peter Pan" at the London Coliseum.

Antony, a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, has no film experience but was the winning candidate in a long search undertaken by Russell to find the one person able to embody all the young artist's diverse characteristics.

"Savage Messiah" is Russell's fifth screen venture since he directed "Women In Love" *continued on page 11*

Willkommen Cabaret

by Richard Kornberg

A divine decadence pervaded Berlin in the beginning of the 1930's. The city abounded in cabarets, little nightspots where second rate singers entertained a clientele that was less interested in the act onstage than in the acts after a performance.

This is the world that John Van Druten and Christopher Iserwood captured in their works and that Hal Prince later caught in his Broadway musical. Now the film "Cabaret," which though primarily based on the Broadway production also makes use of the earlier sources, can be seen at the Ziegfeld.

Upon entering the KitKat Club, to the demonic "Willkommen" of the Master of Ceremonies (Joel Grey) we become immersed in the period for the cabaret mirrors the experiences of the outside world. As the country gradually feels the increasing influence of the Nazi's, the KitKat Club entertainment becomes more and more brutal and bizarre.

Much of the entertainment in the club is provided by singer Sally Bowles (Liza Minnelli). She is an entertainer by profession but on one of her off hours she meets a British language student, Brian Roberts (Michael York) and their relationships also includes the wealthy and handsome Baron Von Heune (Helmut Griem).

With the emergence of the Nazi's comes the persecution of the Jews. Even the wealthy are not spared and the film touchingly presents the problem of the religious Jew falling in love with the non-believer.

Director, Bob Fosse has beautifully integrated the diverse elements of the film. The creators have rightfully chosen to have all of the musical numbers (with the ex-



Joel Grey and The Kit Kat Kuts in scene from "Cabaret," now at the Ziegfeld Theatre.

ception of the harrowing evocation of Nazism, "Tomorrow Belongs To Me") done in the cabaret. This adds an extra credibility to the tale since we are not burdened with a "Sound of Music" singing in the streets non-reality.

Liza Minnelli has never been better. Her singing is only surpassed by the wonderful naturalness of her acting. Joel Grey, recreating his Tony Award winning performance, is again a standout, which is

especially difficult when sharing the musical spotlight with Miss Minnelli and Michael York and Marisa Berenson are also perfect in their roles.

"Cabaret" is by far the best movie musical in years. Creators Jay Allan, John Kander, and Fred Ebb have admirably transformed a superior theatre-piece into an even better movie. "Life is a cabaret, old chum." You MUST come to the "Cabaret".

New Musical At Pace

A Theater Review by Richard Kornberg

The ads proclaimed "Take Percy Shelley and Mary Shelley and Lord Byron and Claire Clairmont and John Polidori and CONSIDER THE POSSIBILITIES. While the reader is supposed to be agog at this literary meange the viewers who had the incentive were treated to the John Broek musical ARIEL.

Even though it is possible nowadays to musicalize almost anything, Mr. Broek has not succeeded in removing the stiffness from these vintage personalities. Much of the dialogue that he has provided his performers is stilted. Just because one is writing about men of letters one doesn't have to squeeze the entire alphabet into every phrase uttered.

Mr. Broek has mistakenly chosen a flashback technique for his musical. We first encounter Percy Shelley, drunk and despondent, aboard his ship, the Ariel. He proceeds to think back to a previous summer, a summer when relationships flourished and where almost all of the action of the evening is set.

While the play emphasizes Shelley, it is the character of Lord Byron who is potentially more interesting. His flirtations with Claire Clairmont and dalliances with Lord Grey De Ruthyn and John Polidori might make an interesting dramatic entertainment.

ARIEL does have assets. Some of its individual scenes are well written and a compelling quality pervades much of the action. The evening's highlights are provided by Kevin Keenan's rich interpretation of Byron and John Broek's melodious score. While his lyrics are not up to his music, everything is well sung by the talented principles. Unfortunately, the dancing chorus seems to be leftover from MARAT SADE and on a few occasions they appear onstage in an apparent attempt at rejoining the asylum. They are a little late since the Peter Weiss drama exited the Pace College stage a while ago.

This show is earmarked for off-Broadway. If Mr. Broek would lop off its first twenty minutes and "lighten" the rest of the script, it is not unthinkable that this show might make it. Consider the possibilities!



The controversial gay drama, Nightride will close on Sunday at the Vandam Theatre. Chandler Hill Harben and Jeremy Stockwell are pictured above.

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...New Movies

continued from page 10

for which Glenda Jackson won an Academy Award as Best Actress. In the past year, three major films have arrived from the controversial filmmaker: "The Music Lovers," "The Devils" and "The Boy Friend." All three are in concurrent first run engagements in London.

"Savage Messiah", from a screenplay by Christopher Logue, based on a book by H. S. Ede, will be shot in England over a ten week period, principally on location in and around Bath, Bristol, Weymouth and Arundel, Sussex. Shirley Russell, the director's wife, is designing costumes for the film as she has for Russell's past films.

CULVER CITY.....MGM has placed the sequel to "Shaft," titled "The Big Bamboo," before cameras on location in New York City with Roger Lewis and Ernest Tidyman producing. Gordon Parks, who directed the phenomenally successful "Shaft," and Richard Roundtree, who starred in the title role, are combining talents once again as director and star in the Stirling Silliphant-Roger Lewis presentation. The screenplay of "The Big Bamboo" is by Ernest Tidyman who created the character of the Harlem private detective, John Shaft, in his popular novel.

With filming underway on "The Big Bamboo," the award-winning "Shaft" continues to rack up record-breaking boxoffice business which began with its initial June, 1971, release. As with its predecessor, the action-thriller features a predominately Black cast of performers, as well as a number of Black technicians and key crew members behind the cameras.

"Last Tango in Paris," starring Marlon Brando, will go before the cameras in Paris on Monday, February 14, with Bernardo Bertolucci directing. A contemporary drama, the film will be produced by Alberto Grimaldi for release by United Artists.

The picture, Bertolucci's first since winning Best Director Award for "The Conformist," will present Brando as an American widower plunged into an affair with a French girl, who is engaged to a young film-maker. The other principal roles are to be portrayed by Maria Schneider, a 20-year-old, Parisienne screen newcomer, and by Jean-Pierre Leaud, who had starred in Truffaut's "Stolen Kisses," and originally, in "The 400 Blows."

The original screenplay for "Last Tango in Paris" is by Bertolucci and Franco Arcalli. It will be filmed entirely on location in Paris by cinematographer Vittorio Storaro, winner of the New York Film Critics' Circle Award for Best Photography for "The Conformist."

"Last Tango In Paris" is an Italian-French Co-Production for P.E.A. (Italy) and Les Productions Artistes Associes (France).

Folk-Rock Concert

At Lehman

Folk-rock musician Jonathan Edwards will be one of the attractions at a concert Friday, Feb. 25, co-sponsored by the student governments of Herbert H. Lehman College and Fordham University.

The Crazy Horse rock band and Al Kooper, formerly with Blood, Sweat and Tears, will also perform in the concert, which will begin at 8 p.m. in the Gymnasium Building of Fordham University, Fordham Road, the Bronx.

Tickets are \$4.50, \$4.00 and \$3.50. They may be purchased in Room 341, Carman Hall, on the Lehman campus, Coulدن Avenue, the Bronx, or on the Fordham campus in Room 440, Belmont Hall.

The concert is sponsored jointly by Lehman's Campus Association for Student Activities and the Fordham Students Organization.

For further information, telephone (212) 960-8184.

The Richmond Times Magazine

VOL. IX, NO. 2

RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

February 24, 1972

Matisse At The Modern

For the first time, all of the 69 known bronzes by Henri Matisse have been assembled in a single exhibition which will be on view at The Museum of Modern Art from February 24 through May 1. The exhibition was selected and installed by Alicia Legg, Associate Curator, Department of Painting and Sculpture. The sculptures are supplemented by 19 drawings, 4 prints and a ceramic tile which are related to certain sculptures. The great majority of the pieces, which date from 1894 to 1950, have been borrowed from private collections.

After the New York showing, the exhibition travels to the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis (June 20—August 6) and to the University Art Museum, University of California, Berkeley (September 18—October 29).

Although Matisse exhibited his sculptures as early as 1904, and continued to include them along with his paintings in exhibitions throughout his career, he has been known principally through his paintings. His production in sculpture is now recognized as distinctly original and a crucial adjunct to his art.

Matisse's paintings of 1904—1907 "include figures in poses that were to become the classic repertory in his sculpture—the reclining nude, the upright figure with one

knee bent, the crouching figure, and the gesture of arms raised above the head as if arranging the hair," Miss Legg points out.

While Matisse had little formal training in sculpture, the influences of Rodin and Antoine-Louis Barye, the eminent animal sculptor, are evident in his first efforts at free-standing modeling. Among these is a free copy of Barye's *Jaguar Devouring a Hare*, in which the tense drama of the original is captured "almost as if in shorthand." Miss Legg observes in her introductory preface to the catalogue of the exhibition. For one of his most celebrated sculptures, *The Surf*, 1899-1901, Matisse used a model who had posed for Rodin's *Walking Man*, 1877-78. Rodin's youthful, striding figure has matured in Matisse's *Surf*.

Among Matisse's best known sculptures are the 1907 *Reclining Nude, I*, which was the inspiration for his famous painting *Blue Nude (Souvenir of Biskra)* of the same year; *Decorative Figure*, 1908, a seated nude with "an archaic dignity and sensuous elegance;" *La Serpentine*, 1909, "an elongated figure with grotesque proportions that is both dignified and provocative." During 1923-25 in Nice, Miss Legg says, Matisse's sculpture combined the indolence of the painted odalisques of the period with an

extraordinary vitality and tension, as seen in the *Large Seated Nude*.

Also represented are the various series on which Matisse worked throughout his career. In the five heads of *Jeannette* of 1910-13, the original naturalistic conception in the first state is transformed by gradual intensification of the features and simplification of the structure, "demonstrating an extraordinary mastery of organic form and its expressive possibilities."

One of the most obsessive recurring themes in Matisse's art is the reclining nude. Besides the *Reclining Nude, I* of 1907, with its contorted position of one knee thrust over the other outstretched leg, variations occur in four other bronzes, *Reclining Figure with Chemise*, 1906; *Reclining Nude with Bolster*, 1918; and *Reclining Nude I* and *Reclining Nude II* of 1927 and 1929.

The four large reliefs of *The Back* from the Museum's Collection have been brought indoors from their customary place on the wall of the Sculpture Garden. Here again, the naturalistic modeling of *The Back, I*, 1919, is modified in a progressively abstract manner until the fourth and final version of 1930, in which "Matisse was taking logical but ever bolder steps toward monumental sculpture," Miss Legg comments.

Little-known works include *Standing*

Nude, a small bas-relief of 1908, whose fluent modeling, Miss Legg points out, "is an exercise in highlighting form;" two torsos of 1929, three and four inches high, that are modeled with an organic simplicity; and the last two works in the show—a cast of the slender bronze crucifix designed in 1949 for the Vence Chapel, and *Standing Nude*, 1950, the last repetition of the woman with arms raised above her head. This time, Miss Legg observes, the upright figure is stretched almost in exaltation.

Drawings include a study for *Madeleine*, several studies for *Reclining Figure with Chemise* and for *The Back*, and two remarkable portraits of the artist's young daughter.

Images of Matisse's sculptures frequently appear in his paintings. Among the canvases in the Collection of The Museum of Modern Art that include sculptures and are on view in the second-floor galleries are *The Red Studio* (1911), in which appear *Seated Nude with Arms on Head* (1904), *Decorative Figure* (1908) and *Jeannette IV* (1910-13). *Decorative Figure* also appears in the *Piano Lesson* (1916), and *Reclining Nude, I* (1907) appears in *Goldfish* and *Sculpture* (1911).

Academy Award Nominees

