

The Richmond Times

VOL. VIII NO. 4

RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

OCTOBER 28, 1971

**YOU'RE PROBABLY
WONDERING WHY
I CALLED YOU
HERE TODAY ...**

by Andrea Jay

By now you've probably heard about the terrible things going on in the Cafeteria (aside from the food)—those wild dog orgies, desire under the urns, those shady men with pencil thin moustaches selling dope to angelic faced high school students (The First One's Free, kid), and those so-called OUTSIDERS who make the daily pilgrimage from offices all over St. George thinking that the cafeteria floor, like America at the turn of the century, is paved with gold (they certainly couldn't be coming here for the food!!!). At any rate, there might very well be a great problem happening on the third floor RIGHT NOW AT THIS VERY MINUTE while you're reading this. Now before you say that they're making an ISSUE of all this, remember the unfortunate circumstance which occurred last year when X, a student (not his real name), and his dog, Fido, had a confrontation in the cafeteria with an irate telephone employee, whereupon X was visited at home that night by friends of the employee and thereupon incurred serious physical disabilities -- ie. they beat the shit out of him.

Therefore, before the onset of cold weather (more people hang out on the third floor when it's cold) a meeting was held on Tuesday, October 19th, in the Dean's office to mull over the issues. The Issues As Stated At the Meeting 1. The Overcrowding and Congestion at Peak Lunch Hours Issue. 2. The Possibility of More Confrontations Issue. 3. The Drugs in the Cafeteria Issue. 4. The Dogs in the Cafeteria Issue 5. The discussion of Whether Restriction of the Cafeteria will encourage Greater Use of the Lounge and Cafeteria by Richmond College Students.

One definite decision was reached at this meeting and it was to hire a guard or guards. Now, when you think of a guard, you probably think of some dude in a mail suit holding a shield. However, this is not the case (although I, personally, think it would add a lot of class to this place). The powers-that-be are thinking more in terms of a youngish (under 65) student-type person (man or woman) --(not your tubercular elderly-type gentlemen tottering on the brink of death), who would wear a spiffy guard-type uniform and possess at the same time a commanding face, a loud voice, coupled with an astute inborn knowledge of psychology and human nature and who had a great fear of dogs.

But since guards of this nature are few and far between, there have already been two interviews -- both students at John Jay College. This job is open to ANYONE, and especially to Richmond College Students. A Richmond Student in this position would be advantageous because it would make Richmond more of a student-run institution and also would make it easier to prevent confrontations by virtue of the fact that the person would know the emotional climate of the school (and virtue is it's own reward).

In conclusion I can only say that it's unfortunate that the Richmond Cafeteria needs a guard to keep certain people from eating the overpriced, unappetizing slop those cafeteria entrepreneurs call food, and that the money would be better spent by improving the quality of the food, service and attitude of the Cafeteria personnel. Better they should hire a taster!!

Belated Election Results

by David K. Moseder

When the final votes were tallied in Richmond College's aborted elections (the voting machines were not opened October 13 and 14 as originally planned) a grand (sic) total of 522 ballots had been cast. Of these, 498 were undergraduate votes, representing 24 percent of Richmond's Undergraduate population. This figure was 6 percent shy of the 30 percent needed to validate the elections. However, Richmond College President Herbert Scheuler exercised his executive powers and declared the elections valid.

In the race for Student Council Chairman, John Aragona with 204 votes won out over late comer James Callahan, who received 120 votes. Tony Lepere beat out Angelo Monterrosa for the position of Vice-Chairman by a 196-103 margin. Debby Bloostein and Suzanne Friedman, running unopposed, are the new Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

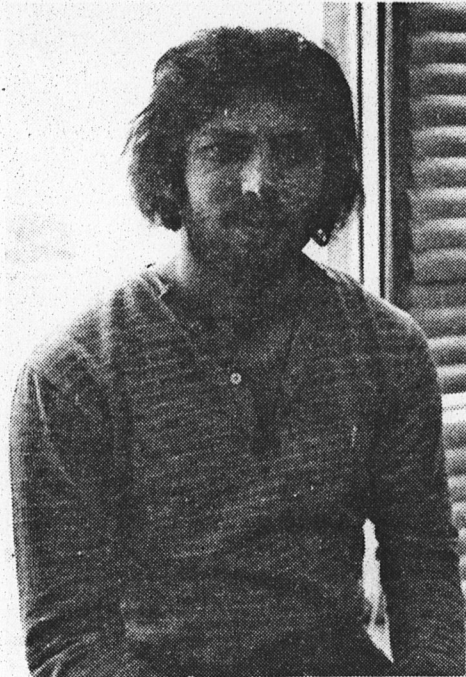
The new ICAC (Inter-Club Activities Council) officers are: Arrie Wallace, Chairman; Josephine Mullin, Vice-Chairman; Elizabeth Odenthal, Secretary; and Jean Ahern, treasurer.

The new members of RCA are Lula Boyland, Doug Friedman, Carol Koslofsky, Carolyn Melde, Louie Melendez, Robert Micalizio, John Ray, John Turnbull, Barbara Villiani, Kathy Wall and George Zarillo. Dawn Fonseca, Phil Green and Mike Fane are our new University Student Senators.

The other victorious candidates are:

STUDENT COUNCIL:

Louie Melendez, Bill Miller, Barry Rubin, Sara Rodriguez, Linda Geary, David Moseder, Gloria Wiggins, Terry Morgan, Blythe Garr, Stephen Jason, George Plante,



R. T. Photo by A. Lepere
New SC Chairman John Aragona

and a graduate student to be named later. SEARCH AND EVALUATION: Kathy Wall, Carol Koslofsky, Robert Micalizio, and Kathy Rubin. ADMISSIONS AND STANDING: Doug Friedman and Carolyn Melde. ARTICULATION: George Zarillo and Dawn Fonseca STUDENT LIFE: David Moseder, Hector Ruiz, Gary Damiano, Netta Kocurek, and Sal Criscione CULTURAL AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS: Barry Rubin, Dan Sheehan and Arnold Berkowitz CURRICULUM AND IN-



R. T. Photo by J. Besignano
New SC Vice-Chairman Tony Lepere

STRUCTION: Bill Miller, Linda Geary and Diane Sweeny RESEARCH AND GRANTS: John Ray and Sandra Vincent MASTER PLAN: Monica Freeman, Dorothy Nash and David Bartholomew STUDENT FACULTY GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE: Louie Melendez, Joe Modico, Jim Engle, Vivian Miller, George Zarillo and Londa Geary. (Mr. Zarillo and Miss Geary have now declined their position on this committee. Vivian Miller has been named SFG Chairman.)

ACLU Asks Supreme Court To Review Students Rights

Washington, D.C. (CPS)—Asserting that "college students are entitled to the identical First Amendment protections on the campus as they or any other citizen would have in the community-at-large," the American Civil Liberties Union asked the Supreme Court to review two cases: one involving demonstrations inside campus buildings, the other involving official recognition of student political organizations.

If the court agrees to hear the cases, it will mark the first time in 37 years that the Justices have addressed themselves to freedom of speech and assembly for college students.

The ACLU noted that "by virtue of the 26th amendment, almost every college student is now fully enfranchised and entitled to participate in the political process."

Two years ago the Court ruled that a high school student could wear a black arm band during moratorium activities in Tinker vs. Des Moines Independent Community School District. However, it has not ruled on the First Amendment rights of college students since the 1934 case of Hamilton vs. Board of Regents of the University of California.

The demonstration case arose at Madison College, a state school in Harrisonburg, Va. Ironically, during the student reactions to the invasion of Cambodia in April, 1970, about 25 students and faculty assembled in an open campus building, and expressed their intention to hold an overnight vigil in protest of the firing of several teachers.

That vigil was held successfully, but when the group held a similar demonstration two nights later, 30 of them were arrested by campus police.

The case was carried to the U.S. District Court, which ruled the college regulations requiring 48 hours advance notice of demonstrations unconstitutional. The regulation that was struck down also required that any unauthorized assembly of students had to disband upon demand of any administration or student government official.

The Court said the definition of "demonstration" was unconstitutionally vague; the ban on indoor demonstrations was unconstitutionally broad; the registration rule unconstitutionally barred spontaneous dissent.

The Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals, however, overturned the District Judge's ruling.

The second case concerns students at Central Connecticut State College, who in

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Rojack Threat?

by David K. Moseder

When I walked into my office (The Richmond Times, room 539) last Wednesday, October 20, I found two of our writers (Stephen Jason and Ronald Rojack) engaged in a spirited debate. Upon seeing me walk in, Mr. Rojack informed me that he was withdrawing his column ("The Right Answers") from The Richmond Times because of the "obscure" photograph which appeared on the front page of our last issue (Volume 8 No. 3).

I pointed out to Mr. Rojack that, while he may feel that such a photo was in bad taste, it was not obscene according to the obscenity laws. He replied that he was "trying to change" that law. He also recalled an incident at Staten Island Community College two years ago, when their publication, The Dolphin, printed an advertisement which read simply "Fuck You All". He asked if I thought that was obscene or not, but before I could give him a definite answer he replied "Well, if that's obscene, certainly that picture is."

I tried to explain that while the word "fuck" is often found to be objectionable, I have never yet heard any objection to man and woman making love. Mr. Rojack, shortly before leaving the Richmond Times office, told me that he was going to show this "obscene" front page to his "friends", including District Attorney Braisted and Borough President Connor. His implication was that he intended to have some sort of action (possibly a lawsuit) taken against The Richmond Times. To date, we have heard of no new developments in this incident

Historia de Borinquen A Pathetic

CIRCLES

by Wally Orlowsky

by La Asociacion Estudiantil Puertorriqueno-Latinoamericana

This is one of a series of articles concerning the historical development of Borinquen, beginning with the Spanish Conquest to our present situation: "Puerto Rico—a showcase of democracy and imperialism."*

PART I. THE SPANISH CONQUEST

Borinquen is the name which the native Indians gave to our island of Puerto Rico. It is a small island, 3,423 square miles (8,890 Kilometers), located in the Caribbean Sea. Puerto Rico is situated east of the island of La Espanola which contains the Republics of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Puerto Rico is 100 miles long east to west and 35 miles wide north to south. It is the smallest island in the chain known as the Greater Antilles which also includes Cuba, Jamaica and La Espanola. Originally the name Puerto Rico was given to what is known today as San Juan, the capital city. Puerto Rico has a population of close to three million people who actually live on the island and there are well over a million Puerto Ricans living in the United States, mostly in New York City.

Christopher Columbus was the first European to set foot on Borinquen, coming ashore on November 19, 1493. Juan Ponce de Leon, a conquistador was appointed the first Spanish governor of the island. His first task was to conquer the native inhabitants who had no idea that their island had been "discovered" and now belonged to the Spanish King and Queen. Ponce de Leon, after committing brutal crimes against the native population, used the island as a jumping off point for later explorations and conquests in the "New World". He was later granted exclusive rights to all of the lands "discovered" by him for the glory of Spain.

The natives of Puerto Rico were mainly the Taine and Arawak tribes who were part of the Aruaca nation. The Aruaca nation was originally from what is now Venezuela in South America and its different tribes were to be found on different islands throughout the Caribbean. The natives were basically an agricultural people, yuca and corn being their main crops. They were continually having to defend their island against attacks launched against them by the inhabitants of some of the other islands, especially the fierce Carib's of the Lesser Antilles. Obviously the Indians were not a "docile" people as Christopher Columbus had described them since they were constantly busy defending their island, making weapons and engaging in warfare.

After making friends with the Indians, the Spaniards betrayed the natives and attempted to enslave them. Those who were turned into slaves died very quickly, the rest were either massacred or driven off their land. Many of the Indians escaped into the mountains or the smaller surrounding islands, making alliances with the Carib's and Cubacanes and continuing to fight the



The "peaceful" natives fought back.

Spanish invaders straight into the last half of the 18th century. One of their last recorded attacks was against the fortress of San German at the end of the 1700's, three hundred years after the Spaniards began their genocidal conquest.

Puerto Rico was of great value to the Spaniards and was prized by them because of its strategic location in the Caribbean. They used the island primarily as a fortress guarding the eastern approaches to their wealthy colonies on the mainlands of North, Central and South America. The Spaniards did very little to develop the economy of the island, they were content to use it mostly as a fortress of their empire and as a prison for political prisoners. But as Spaniards continued to emigrate to the New World in search of gold and silver, the population began to grow. There was only a limited supply of easy riches to be found in the New World and most of that was already being exploited by the earlier Conquistadors. The Spaniards began to develop plantations which grew products that found an eager market in Europe. The cultivation of tobacco and sugar provided valuable returns from Europe and so Puerto Rico began to develop an agricultural economy.

The only source of cheap slave labor, the natives, had been wiped out through inhuman treatment and slaughter. Inter-marriage between Spaniards and Indian women and the dispersal of those natives still resisting the invaders created a shortage of labor on the new tobacco, sugar cane and cocoa plantations which were springing up. The new source of slave labor was found in West Africa in what is now known as

Nigeria. The colonizers began importing black slaves by the thousands. The majority of these enslaved people were of the Yoruba tribe. They suffered as the Indians before them had suffered. They had no political, social, cultural or economic rights and they fought back against their oppression and exploitation at the hands of the slave owners and colonizers. There were continuous slave revolts throughout the 1700's and 1800's, and always small numbers of slaves who would escape to the interior of the island and join with the remnants of the Indian population safe in the mountains. Many poor Spaniards also drifted into the interior, seeking to make a living away from the harsh conditions on the plantations. The Indians, Blacks and Spaniards, intermarried, giving birth to the "Jibaro". That name was first used to describe this new mixture of mountain people but as Puerto Rico's population increased and spread throughout the island, the term Jibaro came to mean poor country people in general. The Jibaro was and still is oppressed and exploited. Just like the Jibaro's Indian, Black and Poor white ancestors, the exploiter has made the Jibaros targets for contempt and jokes which picture them as being basically lazy and stupid. But we must realize that our native culture in its beauty and variety is best represented in the Jibaros, who have stubbornly resisted the colonialist's and imperialist's attempts to rob them of their heritage and identity as Puerto Ricans, and as we eat our food, dance, make music, or even talk, we can easily trace the different influences of our combined races in the making of a Puerto Rican nation.



Columbus being greeted by "peaceful" natives.

Perhaps I am guilty of selective attention, but it seems to me that there is a good deal of talk at present about student apathy (cf. headlines of the last issue of this paper). I have often wondered whether the talk might be nothing more than an annual Fall ritual.

It seems to be related explicitly to participation in student elections and attendance at football contests (though, there are those who claim nothing dissipates apathy better than intercollegiate athletics). But, I wonder how much of the debate, disappointment, and disgust at student apathy is anything but the expected traditional rhetorical pump-priming until things get rolling in the academic year. I particularly wondered about apathy at Richmond—was it real, and, if so, why?

First of all, there is little clarity as to what student apathy means. If we take it literally as lack of student feeling (suffering&); how do we resolve the fact that so many characterize our college as so full of feeling-8i have heard numerous reports that Richmond College is truly pathetic! I found particularly appealing a definition recently proposed by a colleague. "Student apathy means that students don't feel the way you do"—they aren't into your thing. Perhaps, students are into many things; but not especially the usual "rah rah" collegy things. It might be out of character to even suggest an apathy situation at Richmond where we all know everyone to even suggest an apathy situation at Richmond where we all know everyone is one big happy community. But, the suspicion lurks.

Since we do not have a football team to provide objective attendance figures, I will present some data recently gathered on this burning issue. In the interests of providing some hard evidence on the apathy question I have compiled some questionnaire data. Being committed to an ecumenical approach to research, I also gathered some soft evidence through interviews. I present the results for your perusal. Obviously I could not contact all members of the Richmond College community; so I chose a representative sample of students, staff, and administration. In all, one thousand (1,000) questionnaires were mailed to a stratified random sample of the above categories. Many of you are probably familiar with the detailed questionnaire. However, I will present the most salient results to those interested.

First of all, no one can expect a 100 percent reply to a mailed questionnaire. I was gratified to receive an above average response at Richmond to my questions on student apathy—apparently many people felt strongly about it. Of the thousand questionnaires sent, twenty-seven (27) were returned, albeit only fourteen (14) were filled in. The crucial breakdown on those fourteen was as follows:

QUESTION	YES		NO		NO OPINION	
	N	%	N	%	N	%

is student apathy a real problem at Richmond College?	2	14.3	1	7.1	11	78.3
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Flushed with the success of this initial venture, I sought further clarification through individual interviews. Below is the transcript of a typical interview with someone in the cafeteria.

me: Excuse me, sir. I'm making a survey on campus attitudes toward student apathy.
he: Whaddaya pickin on me for? I was just mindin my own business.

me: Well surely as a member of the academic community here you must have some opinions on the subject. Do you think students here are committed?

he: I think some of them ought to be committed—Sorry, just a little humor. (me, Yes, very little.) I suppose so. Actually, I ain't seen much apathy around this particular place.

me: Really? How do you account for that?

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**PEOPLE INTERESTED IN
WORKING FOR MCGOVERN
CONTACT
STEVE JASON
IN STUDENT GOVERNMENT
OFFICE
Room 542**

Collectives-Part Two

by The Red Sunshine Gang

The collective does not communicate with the mass. It makes contact with other collectives. What if other collectives do not exist? Well, then it should talk to itself until they do. Yes. By all means, the collective also communicates with other people, but it never views them as a mass—as a constituency or audience. The collective communicates with individuals in order to encourage self-organization. It assumes that people are capable of self-organization. It assumes that people are capable of self-organization and given that alternative they will choose it over mass participation. The collective knows that it takes time to create new forms of organization. It simply seeks to hasten the crumbling of the mass.

Much of the problem of "communication" these days is that people think they have got to communicate all the time. You find people setting up administrative functions to deal with information flows before they have any idea what they want to say. The collective is not obsessed with "communicating" or "relating" to the movement. What concerns it is the amount of noise-incessant phone calls, form letters, announcements of meetings, etc.—that passes for communication. It is time we gave more thought to what we say and how we say it.

What exactly do we mean by contact? We want to begin by taking the bureaucracy out of communication. The idea is to begin modestly. Contact is a touching on all sides. The essential thing about it is its directness and reliability. Eyeball to eyeball.

Other forms of communication—telephone, letters, documents, etc.—should never be used as substitutes for direct contact. In fact, they should serve primarily to prepare contacts.

Why is it so important to have direct contact? Because it is the simplest form of communication. Moreover, it is physical and involves all the senses—most of all the sense of smell. For this reason it is reliable. It also takes account of the real need for security. Those who talk about repression continue to pass around sheets of paper asking for names, addresses and telephone numbers.

There are already a number of gatherings which appear to involve contact but in reality are grotesque facsimiles. The worst of these and the one most people flock to is the conference. This is a hotel of the mind which turns us all into tourists and spectators. A lower form of existence is the endless meeting—the one that is held every night. Not to mention the committees formed expressly to arrange the meetings.

The basic principle of contact between collectives is: you only meet when you have something to say to each other. This means two things. First, that you have a concrete idea of what it is you want to say. Secondly, that you must prepare it in advance. These principles help to insure that communication does not become an administrative problem.

The new forms of contact have yet to be created. We can think of two simple examples. A member of one collective can attend the meeting of another collective or there may be a joint meeting of the groups as a whole. The first of these appears to be the most practical, however, the drawback is that not everyone is involved. There are undoubtedly other forms of contact which are likely to develop. The main thing is to invent them.

Priority of Local Action

The collective gives priority to local action. It rejects the mass politics of the white nationalists with their national committees, organizers and the superstars. Definitely, the collective is out of the mainstream and what's more it feels no regrets. The aim of a collective is to feel new thoughts and act new ideas—in a word to create its own space. And that, more than any program, is what is intolerable to all the xerox radicals trying to reproduce their own images.

The collective is the hindquarters of the revolution. It makes no pretence what-

soever in regard to the role of vanguard. Expect nothing from them. They are not your leaders. Leave them alone. The collective knows it will be the last to enter the new world.

The doubts people have about local action reveal how dependent they are on the glamour of mass politics. Everyone wants to project themselves on the screen of revolution—as Yippies or White Panthers. Having internalized the mass, they ask themselves questions whose answers seem logical in its context. How can we accomplish anything without mass action? If we don't go to meetings and demonstrations, will we be forgotten? Who will take us seriously if we don't join the rank and file?

Slowly you realize that you have become a spectator, an object. Your politics take place on a stage and your social relations consist of sitting in an audience or marching in a crowd. The fragmentation of your everyday experience contrasts with the spectacular unity of the mass.

By contrast, the priority of local action is an attempt to unify everyday life and fragment the mass. This level of consciousness is a result of rejecting the laws of mass behavior based on Leninism and TV ideology. It makes possible an enema of the brain which everyone so desperately needs. You will be relieved to discover that you can create a situation by localizing your struggle.

How can we prevent local action from becoming provincial? Whether or not it does so depends on our overall strategy. Provincialism is simply the consequence of not knowing what is happening. A commune, for example, is provincial because its strategy is based on petty farming and the glorification of the extended family. What they have is astrology, not a strategy.

Local action should be based on the global structure of modern society. There can be no collective action without collectives. But the creation of a collective should not be mistaken for victory nor should it become an end in itself. The great danger the collective faces historically is that of being cut off (of cutting itself off) from the outside world. The issue ultimately will be what action to take and when. Whether collectives become social force depends on their analysis of history and their course of action.

In fact, the "provinces" today are moving ahead of the centers in political consciousness and motivation. From Minnesota to the Mekong Delta the revolt is gaining coherence. The centers are trying to decipher what is happening, to catch up and contain it. For this purpose they must create centralized forms of organization—or "coordination" as the modernists call it.

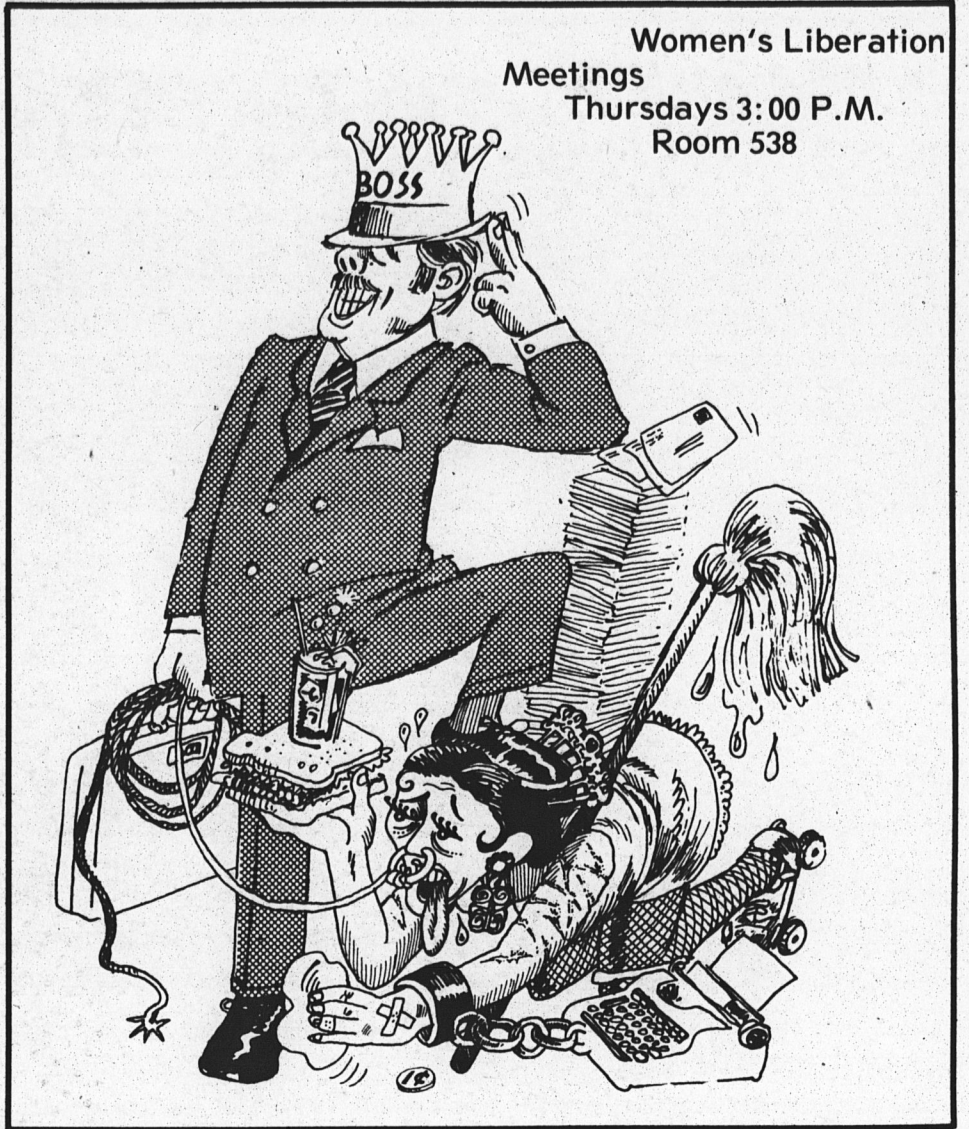
The first principle of local action is to denationalize your thinking. Take the country out of Salem. Get out of Marlborough country. Become conscious of how your life is managed from the national centers. Lifestyles are roles designed to give you the illusion of movement while keeping you in your place. "Style is mass chasing class, and class escaping mass."

Local action gives you the initiative by enabling you to define the situation. That is the practice of knowing you are the subject. Marat says: "The important thing is to pull yourself up by your own hair, to turn yourself inside out and see the whole world with fresh eyes." The collective turns itself inside out and sees reality.

(to be continued)

Advanced Spanish Placement Test
Graduate Record Exam—GRE
Wednesday One Hour instruction given by Prof. Carlos Varo. Contact Spanish Dept.

Women's Liberation Meetings
 Thursdays 3:00 P.M.
 Room 538



An Incomplete Revolution

by Bob Feldman

A Revolution which fails to end immediately, the day-to-day oppression of gay people is an incomplete Revolution.

The Socialist Patriarchal Movement of the late 1960's failed to adequately raise the issue of gay oppression. Our failure resulted in part from the macho characteristics of male Movement leaders.

The Revolutionary Movement in the 1970's is being led by revolutionary women.

I will never again rap in front of a group of people in pre-revolutionary Amerikkka. I have retired from politics. No more leaders. We must do it all equally—or not at all.

The sick Straight Men who control Amerikkka feel that it is "reasonable" and "normal" for men to shoot guns at each other, dominate other men and women, and exploit other human beings. On the other hand, they have the gall to assert that men who make love to other men, and women who make love to other women, are "sick." How absurd! Straight Men, like Straight Male Millionaire David Susskind, are the sick one. When the Revolutionary Left obtains political power, we will hospitalize Straight Male Millionaires like David Susskind.

It is criminal for Amerikkkan socializing institutions to condition white people to regard gay people as "disturbed."

It is criminal for Amerikkkan conditioning instruments to program young people in a fashion which causes them to feel guilty about openly expressing their love feelings.

It is criminal for Straight Male Amerikkka to create a public opinion climate which drives gay people into closets.

Revolutionary Gay Men are my brothers.

Revolutionary Lesbians are my sisters. We are all one.

Gay is good.

Richmond College and other Amerikkkan social institutions should be converted into

instruments of the Gay Liberation Movement. Immediately. Today.

The Revolutionary Left is on the verge of victory. We've won the head struggle on Amerikkkan campuses. All we have to collectively do to win, is to end the on-campus—off-campus consciousness gap. All we have to do is break out of our academic cubicles and classroom cages and collectively speak to the rest of White Amerikkka.

The Richmond College Tribe has the head potential to play a vanguard revolutionary role in the 1970's if it focuses on off-campus consciousness-raising.

If any of my words have hurt any people, I meant no harm. Since I've learned to live with only a little bread, in isolation, and without any audience, nothing is able to crush my revolutionary spirits.

Revolution is just around the corner. If you really want one.

Socialist matriarchy is indeed the end of history.

Revolution is universal love actualized. All power to my sisters!

STUDENTS RIGHTS

Continued from page 1

Sept., 1969, asked for official college recognition of their chapter of Students for a Democratic Society.

F. Don James, president of the school, rejected the advice of a student-faculty committee and denied recognition.

The ACLU is arguing in this case that college officials may interfere with the exercise of First Amendment rights only upon showing "a clear and present danger of some substantive evil occurring," and that the burden of proof is on the administrator.

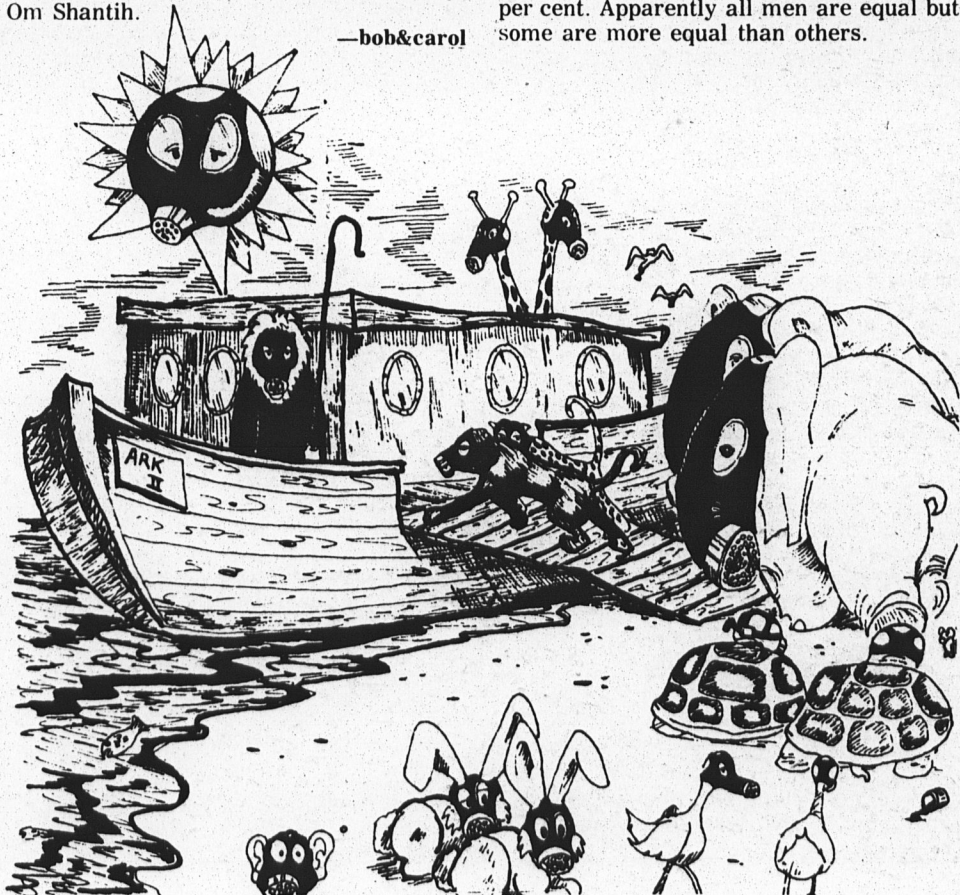
NAMASTE "We Can Change The World" III

Namaste is a Sanskrit word of greeting, roughly translated as I honor the god within you. This column will be devoted to the spirit; the higher consciousness, the True Self, God. We consider ourselves spiritual seekers, travelers on the path of enlightenment, the classic journey to higher forms of consciousness. We are part of an evergrowing spiritual community that exists here in New York, and time and energy not expended here at Richmond is spent with that community. But since a large part of our consciousness is taken up by the various energy processes going down here, we figured that we might as well find out if there are any other brothers and sisters who also see themselves on the path, or who are aware of the possibilities of higher consciousness but are looking for the right channel for their energies. We'll also try to relay some information on spiritual specifics, i.e., meditations, high energy people visiting the city, books, films, and records on and in the spirit.

We consider ourselves disciples of Baba Ram Dass. Ram Dass' story is one that parallels our lives in many ways. In fact his story is our story; the initial acid flash, the shattering of the old shell, the wandering in the garden and or the desert, the search for the Right Way, the Way to incorporate what acid taught us into our daily lives. It just flashed that many of you reading this have no idea who Ram Dass is. Briefly, he was a psychology professor (Richard Alpert was his name) at Harvard in the early '60s, who along with Timothy Leary did a great amount of experimentation, both personal and clinical, with psychedelic drugs. He is in India presently, evolving into what may be our first true guru. He has put together a book called *Be Here Now*, in which he tells the whole story of his transformation from Richard Alpert, Ph.D to Baba Ram Dass. The book also contains a cookbook for a *sacred life, which tells us exactly how we, as westerners, can synthesize the wisdom of the East and get on with it, a very spacey section that has to be seen and read to be believed, and finally a fantastic bibliography listing all the important books necessary for the journey.*

We attend meditations regularly (at least once, sometimes twice a week) and they are conducted by a true master and very close friend of Ram Dass. Anybody interested in Ram Dass and or the meditation can get in touch with us at 789-0120. We hope to be hearing from you since your response will decide whether this is the first and last column of this nature or the first of many. Om Shantih.

—bob&carol



It's about time for us to realize the many shortcomings we ourselves have before we set our goals so high as changing the form of government, etc. ... Most of us feel that the present Amerikan priorities are other than the most humanistic. This is true but so are our own.

We still spend more money on concerts, drugs, clothes, and motorcycles than we spend on helping other people. Most of us still make the value judgment of putting ourselves first. Practically speaking, there is nothing wrong with that in the Amerikan way of life but it gets a little tricky in our way of life. Our culture has some problems that must be solved by us since Amerika has more important things to do. One of these problems is heroin addiction. Our brothers and sisters using heroin are in desperate need of help while we ride down the street motorcycles or go camping in the mountains. People are giving up their futures, while we do nothing but watch them suffer. While we watch the Grateful Dead "get it on", how many people are "getting off"? If our values are as humanistic as we seem to think, we must help these people now. Everyday, they grow more and more helpless killing themselves little by little.

Amerika has made this against the law. Surely we can offer them more help than that! We must spend our time, our energy, and our money for them. They are our own. In your new found zeal, to help, don't get carried away making phone calls to the police. Remember, we want to help our brothers, not Amerika! We can deal with this first, by dealing with people who sell heroin. In our communities and in our schools, find the heroin dealers and make it clear to them that they aren't welcome. Take their dope and get rid of it. Take the dealers and get rid of them. If we really care, it won't be that hard. It's the least we can do. We must deal with the heroin users by establishing brotherly trust. We must iterally offer ourselves to them in any way they might need us. A heroin user is in need of psychological help and we must be sure that he gets it. If we try hard enough, we can find solutions. We must try.

Economics seems very boring to most of us but perhaps we should take notice. In the Amerikan system, economics is the name of the game. In the United States, the distribution of income can be described as, to say the least, extremely unequal. About four-fifths of the American people receive roughly 55 per cent of whatever there is to receive while the remaining one-fifth gets 45 per cent. Apparently all men are equal but some are more equal than others.

President Nixon talks about returning to a "free-market" economy as soon as possible. Does this mean he is going to break-up the monster corporations that are the overruling power in the Amerikan economy? Does this mean he is going to take steps to stop the obvious price fixing that is going down among these giants at the expense of both real competition and the consumer? Have you ever noticed, and does Mr. Nixon ever notice, the amazing coincidences of all three automobile manufacturers in Detroit raising their prices at the same rate? Did you know, just to give you an idea of how

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I'm glad that economics is finally getting the media attention it deserves. However, if instead of capitalist propaganda about free enterprise, it gave us the truth, I would be overjoyed and the American people would be overwhelmed!

Reality Reader

J. Besignano

See the boy.
See the girl.
The boy has longer hair.
The boy loves the girl.
The girl loves the boy.
They love each other.
They might even get married.

They go to school.
They go to a college school.
They are going to graduate,
And get a good job,
And live happily ever after.
Bullshit.

There are no jobs, unless
They cut their hair,
And take any job they can.
Forget college.
Forget doing their own thing.

Forget idealism.
Forget revolution.
Forget everything.
They're fucked but good.

See you.
See me.
See us.

That's you.
That's me.

That's us.

Notes On A Hip Monastery

by Bob Feldman

At a hip monastery like Richmond College, there are many aware freak students and freak professors. The classroom cages exist primarily to provide a verbal release outlet for freaks. Without academic cages to rap in and passive students to spout at, many freak professors would feel totally lost. They got a lot of ideas in their heads and the classroom cubicle gives them a place to daily ejaculate these ideas.

The classroom cage also provides student freaks with a verbal release outlet and a passive audience. When I was in the student bag, for instance, the classroom cages provided me with daily opportunities to agitate and ejaculate intellectually. After a few years, however, I realized that spending my life on earth talking year after year in an academic cage was nothing more than an easy way to waste my life, stunt my growth, bore other people, and sell out my brothers and sisters on the street.

It seems to me that white liberated women and white male freaks ought to collectively force liberal cats like Uncle Herbie to provide them with more than individual academic cages to express their new consciousness in.

White freaks are an ethnic community. Liberated women ... like blacks, Spanish-speaking people, red people and yellow people ... are members of an oppressed caste. All are entitled to a campus radio station.

The purpose of the Richmond College Campus Radio Station (WRC-FM) will be to provide all the people in the tribe with a means of disseminating their ideas to a wider audience than the occupants of a classroom cage.

Women have a right to speak ... and not just be seen.

Freaks have a right to be verbal too.

The funds to finance the annual operations of the Richmond College radio station (WRC-FM) can come from HONKY MILLIONAIRE JOHN LENNON. Since working-class hero Lennon doesn't give a fuck about possessions (check out his "Imagine" album), he shouldn't object to giving the Richmond College tribe some of his five million dollar fortune.

If Honky Millionaire Lennon doesn't want to donate some of his loot to his working classmates, then he can be invited to do a benefit on Staten Island. John is such a great musician that it would really be a groove to have him play at the Ritz in order to benefit the Richmond College Tribe.

Speaking of benefits, it's about time we got Blow-In/The Wind Dylan to do one for the black community. Dylan has accumulated over twelve million dollars since his "Freewheelin'" album was released in 1963. Since Dylan wrote the "It Ain't Me Babe" song, which expresses his rejection of the super macho male role Amerikkan men are programmed to fill, we might also be able to get him to raise funds for a new Staten Island Day Care Center.

In providing emotional release outlets for residents of the hip monastery, a number of hip careerist shrinks are taking advantage of Richmond College's counseling service. Their gig is a clever one. They sit in offices every day and wait for lonely, psychologically dependent, alienated, sensitive, fucked-over young people to come to their offices. Once their student clients are locked alone in the counseling cage they begin their work. They ask questions designed to get their clients talking about their inner emotions and sex lives.

Once they can get an intimacy situation together, they possess the power to counsel away any freak revolutionary tendencies. By taking advantage of the hip monastery's counseling service, the careerist shrinks can finance their bourgeois life styles, by simply sitting on their asses like priests and listening.

PROPOSITION I

ICHMOND REVISITED

I feel that some explanations are necessary. My last article was in the form of a play entitled "Ichmond College". As many of you know no such place as this exists. The characters within were merely fictional people. There could be no comparison of dull witted David Mushy and dynamic David Moseder; or Zowie Leibowitz token Jewish short-haired radical, and Howie Leibowitz, token short-haired Jewish liberal. As for the other characters; Francine Wornfingers bears no relation to our beloved Francine Whats-her-last-name our typist, or even that of John middle of the road male chauvenist pig and his girlfriend No. 524 oppressed female, with real people. On that brilliant character Dean Smiles, dean of placing oil upon troubled waters; no such character could exist in reality. I must admit that my description of the two normal Ichmond College students does not come from real life. I used the descriptions of two rather abnormal students of this college. After all no one in this school dresses in long frizzed out hair, beards, sweatshirts, dirty torn jeans. Many faithful readers are probably disappointed in finding no continuation of my play. Have no fear... The play will continue if and when this paper has the courage to print it. In the meantime to keep interest going I will cleverly introduce new

characters for the play in this column. The first new character is Ralph, cannie master of disguises; one day as a Mexican hairless, next day a German Shepard. He appears in Act II, Scene II in the cafeteria.

A rather unusual event happened to me the other day. One of my legion of fans stopped me in the street and congratulated me for my brilliant play. What is unusual is that I didn't recognize him though I should have. But that's the price of fame, with so many fans I tend to forget a few. I don't receive much fan mail, must be due to the crayons breaking. One letter did get through signed by Ron Rightwing, who recently passed on. That's a real conservative, even death doesn't stop them.

The dog situation in the cafeteria is too much. Dean Smiles tried to put a stop to this mess with an ineffectual order. Dogs can't read and neither can their owners. The only solution is no dogs at all in the school. If their masters cannot on their own accord develop any respect for the feelings of their fellow students they should be forced to keep their damn dogs out. What is this place a kennel or a school? From the evidence of the many dogs and their uncaring masters I would say this place is a kennel. This place should be renamed the combination Richmond College and Kennel.

LIKE IT IS

Ask The Cop On The Beat



R.T. Photo by A. Lepere

by Howard B. Leibowitz

The Knapp Commission has begun public hearings on corruption in the Police Department. We now find that the public is coming to realize something that it has known all along. Paradox, you say? Ridiculous, you say? It's no more ridiculous to think that the Police Department as it now stands is beneficial to the People. Because it isn't.

Corruption in the department is incredible and frightens the imagination, when you realize its scope. According to the Knapp Commission, the corruption is from top to bottom. Disgusting. Protecting the people? Ha.

I remember when I was working for one of the larger supermarket chains, the store manager had to go to the bank each afternoon to deposit the day's receipts. I wondered how the store manager was entitled to a ride to the bank in a squad car of the 61st Precinct (Brooklyn). I found out one day when I had to make the deposit and was instructed to hand the Police officer a five dollar bill for the ride. I questioned this and was told that it was "common practice."

Another time I was working for a gas station-car wash. At the time I was working there, the blue laws did not permit car washes to be open on Sundays. The local squad car (again from the 61st Precinct) came around every Sunday for their ten dollar payoff. One Sunday, the owner refused to make the payoff and was subsequently handed a summons every half hour for keeping the car wash open.

How many of us have witnessed cops going into restaurants and not paying for their meals? What are they, privileged characters? They don't have to pay just because they got that uniform on?

I made friends with one of the local patrolmen in my neighborhood (Kings Highway area-Brooklyn). This guy was supposed to be on the beat from four o'clock in the afternoon until one in the morning. He used to park his car on one of the side streets and drive from about eleven thirty till one. He would then go to the station house and sign

out. While driving around he would go through red lights and drive up one way streets the wrong way. He told me he could do this because a "fellow officer would never give me a ticket." Hell, this guy doesn't even live in the city. He lives out in Long Island. How can he be expected to care about the problems of the community, if he doesn't live in it?

This is just some of the shit that goes on in the police department. "New York's finest" aren't so fine, are they?

Now, we come to the more frightening side of police corruption. This is the aspect of police brutality. Cops somehow think they are above the law. The law doesn't apply to them. Last week, I was listening to WBAI and a cop called up to speak to Bob Fass. If all the cops were like this one, we would have a beautiful city. He told about police beatings that are beyond belief. He tried to put a stop to a lot of them and succeeded but was cautioned by his fellow officers. This cop lives in the city, in a ghetto area. He understands the problems of the community because he lives there. He hates the way most cops are and wants to change it. We all want to change it. I hope.

All the Knapp Commissions in the world will not change the Police Department as it now stands. What is needed is to change the whole structure of the department. The Police Department should be disbanded, and community police departments set up. All members of the Police should be required to live in the city. This business of them being above the law has got to stop. Police should be for the people not against them!

Every week, the Establishment trembles a little.

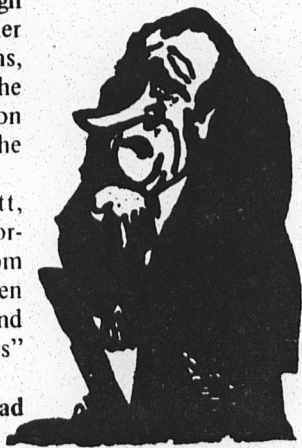
Because every week, a new issue of the Guardian appears.

It carries news of revolutionary developments in Asia, Africa and Latin America; the movements for black and women's liberation; the antiwar movement; the struggles of workers, prisoners and students; and critiques of contemporary culture—all analysed for their implications and full meaning.

The Guardian is a radical newspaper with an independent political outlook. It cuts through the smokescreen of most other journals with their distortions, omissions and lies. It gets to the root of why the forces of liberation are challenging the power of the ruling class.

For example, Wilfred Burchett, the Guardian's Indochina correspondent, filed reports from Southeast Asia which were seven years ahead of the sensational (and profitable) "Pentagon Papers" disclosures.

If you want the real story, read the Guardian.



mail to: Guardian, 32 W. 22nd St. New York, New York 10010

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LAY ADVOCATES GROUP

The rights of elementary and secondary school students are sometimes transgressed and more times unknown. If you would care to join a group of Richmond College students who will use student rights to help students who are hurtin'—a group of Lay Advocates—see Professor A. V. Schwartz, Office 731. (May be done for Independent Study.)

EDITORIALS

Unrest on the \$RCA\$ Board

It has come to the attention of THE RICHMOND TIMES that George Zarillo, Chairman of the Richmond College Association has resigned from his position. Mr. Zarillo resigned in the midst of total confusion on the part of the RCA Board, which was evident at its first meeting, October 15th, 1971. At that meeting, it was clear to the RICHMOND TIMES that many of the board members, were acting as a result of the special interest groups with which they are associated. It would only serve to make for further strain to name the people involved at this time.

THE RICHMOND TIMES condemns those people who were responsible for the unfair and unjust accusations made against Mr. Zarillo. One meeting cannot decide the competence of the Chairman.

THE RICHMOND TIMES hopes that Mr. Zarillo will reconsider his resignation and not give in so easily to the pressures of his fellow students.

THE RICHMOND TIMES would like to see these internal problems resolved so that all the clubs and student activities may function. As usual, the people are suffering because of petty, bourgeois politics.

Hothead (sic) Of Apathy

For the first time in many months this paper was actually noticed by the students. It takes a nude picture on the front page to gain their attention. Attention, which vanishes after they discover no more nudes. This we feel has something to say about the type of students here. Their non-caring, self centered egos are only motivated by appeals to their baser instincts. Apathy has always been a problem in this college. The only time the students act is when they appear to have nothing better to do. The time is not too far away when there will be no student publications left. The RCA could easily withhold funds on the grounds that the publications fulfill no useful function. It is up to our fellow students to show interest in the paper. Write articles, comment on articles, write letters to the editors, but do something. This paper is here to serve you...

Guest Editorial

JAYUYA—Commemoration Of Freedom

On October 30, 1950, an armed insurrection broke out in the mountain town of Jayuya. The colonial forces in the town were driven out and once again, a Republic of Puerto Rico was proclaimed. The revolutionary forces fought back courageously against the colonial police and the United States Army, but they were overwhelmed by superior numbers after the colonial government declared martial law and proclaimed a state of siege.

La Asociacion Estudiantil Puertorriqueno-Latinoamericana is commemorating the twenty-first (21st) anniversary of this historic event of another outcry for independence and sovereignty in a Latin American Country.

The Richmond Times

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Editor-in-chief

Howard B. Leibowitz
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Anthony Lepere Photography Editor
Donna Brogna Copy Editor
Cathy Raleigh Layout Editor
Richard Kornberg Entertainment 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. Telephone: 212-448-5141.

From The Dean's Desk

Confidentially, What's The Story On Confidentiality?

by R. E. Chiles

Richmond began as a small, informal community emphasizing the individuality and equality of the persons who made it up. It had no privileged group that treasured accumulated institutional secrets. It possessed an openness that was refreshing to many of us who had previously inhabited restrictive academic environments. It labeled very little as "confidential." And over the years, one by one, the few areas of special privilege have steadily been eroded.

One such area was the Committee on Admission and Standing. While students initially held membership in all committees of the faculty, they were excluded from this one because it was felt that student problems might arise which shouldn't be known by other students. Experimentally, however, two student members were added and, as it turned out, they functioned beautifully and proved the earlier fears to be unfounded.

Similarly, for the first year and a half faculty meetings were held without benefit of students. In due time students secured membership at these meetings and have begun to make their lively contributions.

Another area which has changed is the Board of Directors of the Richmond College Association. Originally, it was composed of seven staff members and only two students; gradually the membership was modified to where it is now composed of twelve students and three members of the staff. There are no secrets at all about how and for what this Board allocates \$120,000 of student activity fees.

Further, policies guiding the distribution of financial aid and honoring student requests for R.C.A. loans and grants, originally were made by the student per-

sonnel staff. For the past year or so elected students have been helpfully involved in these matters also.

In other important areas, the veil of secrecy has been pushed aside, if not completely lifted:

—the President's Advisory Council now shares its deliberations with the chairman of Student Government;

—the Master Plan Committee, projecting plans for the development of the college over the next four years, counts several students among its membership;

—the Administrative Search and Evaluation Committee which recommends and reviews top-college administrators, is divided equally between students and faculty;

—many divisions now give serious consideration to student input in recruiting and when reappointments and the granting of tenure come up.

As you may gather, I regard the conquest of these traditional areas of confidentiality as a distinct gain. I value genuine community very highly and am certain it cannot prevail unless it is based on open, trusting relationships. The development of community is inhibited by too many locked doors and sabotaged by secrets. Clearly, the reverse side of confidentiality is a distrust of what others might do with "our secrets."

Moreover, confidentiality irresistibly tempts some people into smugness and illusory superiority. A community simply cannot be built on distrust and superiority.

It is true, of course, that openness may create problems, prolong discussion, and inhibit productive efficiency. But this seems to be a small price to pay for what is gained—what do you think?

Financial Aid Report

Financial aid news at Richmond is usually a mixture of good and bad—good for those who receive it, bad for those who don't. The ultimate goal for the Financial Aid Office, of course, is to aid every student who needs it and eliminate the bad news altogether. Unfortunately, at this point, tight money is as American as J. Edgar Hoover and equally as hard to eliminate.

THE LAST THREE YEARS

This is not to say that the Financial Aid Office at Richmond is still working within a 1967 budget. On the contrary, the past three years has seen a constant growth. In terms of dollars awarded, financial aid increased from a meager \$59,000 in 1968-69 to almost \$135,000 in 1969-70, then to a rather wholesome \$287,000 last academic year.

Total dollar figures, however, tell an incomplete story. Though these figures tripled, the number of students aided quadrupled. Therefore, the average award per student ranged from \$400 in 1968 to \$900 per year in 1970. The off-campus College Work-Study Program provides a blazing example of this student increase. In all of 1969-70, only 18 students were employed outside the college, whereas during the summer of 1970 alone, 180 different students held off-campus employment.

A third area of growth in the Financial Aid Program has been in the size of staff. For the past three years, a single financial aid director, with meager help from the Placement Office shouldered the burden. As the program grew, the job of the financial aid office became analogous to that of the flight controller at Kennedy International in a constant snow storm. Some student invariably was grounded by a higher priority flight.

SO MUCH FOR PAST YEARS

It is 1971, and the financial aid awarded to Richmond students represents a highpoint in the school's brief but brilliant history. Nearly \$1 million was awarded to 600 students with a sizeable increase in the

Educational Opportunity Grant Program. The average award in 1971 was nearly \$1600 per student, certainly a sizeable aid to rent, food, etc.

Several innovative features were added to help implement administration of the increased awards. Nine Financial Aid Workshops were held during the week of registration. The purpose of the Workshops was threefold: 1) to allow students to sign their acceptance of the award, 2) to allow one or two counselors to explain completion of the necessary paperwork, and 3) to answer any individual questions concerning procedure for granting awards. Group placement sessions were held to assist students completing applications for Work Study and Urban Corps positions. A third use of the group method was initiated last year and will be used again next spring. The National Defense Student Loan group exit interview proved successful by meeting collectively rather than individually with graduating seniors. In addition to procedural innovations, the Financial aid staff was increased this year by the addition of a counselor. The Office is currently looking for a third professional who will coordinate the College Work-Study Program.

The continued growth of the financial aid program appears promising. Certainly, as Open Admissions affects Richmond, the size and coordination of the Financial Aid Program will increase both in dollars required and numbers of students aided. However, information from sources in the federal government indicate that there will be slight variations on the present procedural theme. In the past, granting of financial aid has been fairly free and easy to many students not living at home. To some students, this laxity has been better described as "rip-off." In the future, the government will require strict documentation, particularly of a student's independent status.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Defends Yearbook Staff

Dear Fellow Kiddie Politicos, early fall Lynch Mob Organizers and assorted other High Thinkers:

Please forestall the upcoming pogrom intended for last year's yearbook staff. By now they are only two in number and are quite undeserving of the fun you have begun to brew for them. In fact, their plight arises from their adherence to one of your favorite qualities, idealism, and is the direct result of an act of past idealism of their own, although one of that type with which you are unfamiliar; the everyday non-amplified type spelled with a lower case "i".

HISTORY: At last year's opening ICAC meeting the schism of the season was clear from the start—the community conscious groups were growling on the left, the traditionally clubbie groups were carping on the right, and lying there in the middle was the inspirational lump of dough mumbling, "Boy, you kids could sure have a lot of fun with me!"

Well, the leaders of the first group, with God on their side, refused to compromise. The leaders of the second compromised and decided to take across the board cuts. But this would only be successful (for the longing for contemporary Katharthis must be tempered with a representative showing of the financially pragmatic) if anyone of the usually high-finded activities would choose to make the unusually civic-minded decision to slip its neck through the fiscal noose.

Guess what activity was chosen—volunteered-convicted?

So the yearbook staff was left with (zero) money and the promise that an attempt would be made to convince RCA to allocate special funds for publication. The promise was kept.

SPEEDED HISTORY: Debates, referendums, screaming, letter-writing, foot-stomping, and the final allocation given in the friendly spirit of "If we find anything more worthwhile between now and the printing you can forget about the money."

SLOW HISTORY: Bill Glass and Susan Schwartz, working alone throughout the spring and summer to develop and print hundreds of their own photos and many of those of retired staff members who left because they couldn't stomach the idea that in some places, all artistic endeavor must bear the scrutiny of the lab-adolescent harbingers of Real Politik—and you know "There must be something worthwhile this money can be used for."

So under the lion's paw, two people worked on; waiting to find out from week to week if the Legions of the Socially Aware had yet succeeded in shutting off their funds. And sin of sins, the '71 yearbook may arrive in January of '72. If their crucifixions can be delayed that long, Bill and Susan may yet get to see the fruits of their long and personally costly efforts. They will share them with a thousand members of the Richmond community.

AN ENDING ICAC QUIZ: "What has (fill in your favorite activity) done for us lately?" Bill and Susan, two gentle and beautiful people, deserve our thanks, not our self-righteous interrogations.

—John Henry Kavanagh

Church League Of America

CHURCH LEAGUE OF AMERICA
422 North Prospect Street 1835 K Street N.W.
Wheaton Illinois 60187 Washington, D.C.
20006

Dear Fellow American:

As I write, I have before me reports from several of our undercover agents who infiltrated radical groups to find out how these hate-mongers get their ill-used funds.

Did you know that much of the financial support for these revolutionaries—who are bent on destroying our way of life—is channeled through "respected" institutions like the Ford Foundation and the National Council of Churches that are sheltered under government-authorized tax exemptions?

It's true: the "charitable" and "educational" funds of tax-exempt foundations have found their way to those who would aid anarchists and strengthen street-fighters!

Worse, some of these "non-political" groups don't stop at simply bankrolling the New Left; they and their members are actively involved in the wave of protest that threatens to overwhelm our traditional American values.

Take the Institute for Policy Studies (IPS), for example. This tax-exempt group sponsors "educational" seminars attended by radical activists like convicted Yippie conspirator Jerry Rubin, SDS founder Tom Hayden, and CORE director Floyd McKissick. And one of the "fellows" employed by the Institute helped plan the New Left Offensive aimed at closing down the Federal Government last May when more than 12,000 of the demonstrators were arrested.

As you'd expect, many private donors use the IPS as a tax shelter to fund leftist projects. But we've found out that most of its support comes from other similar tax-exempt groups: the Ford Foundation, for one, and even religious organizations such as the Presbyterian National Board of Missions.

These aren't reckless charges I'm making; I can document each and every one of them from solid evidence in Church League files.

But to end the abuses sponsored by tax-dodging do-gooders, you and many other citizens like you must make your voices heard... must make it plain beyond any misunderstanding that the tax-payers of this country are dead-set against letting tax-exempt leftists' foundations tear down the country we work so hard to build.

That's why I urge you to sign and return to me now the petition form I've enclosed. We'll use it to support our demands for a congressional investigation of all the misguided or malicious factions who give financial backing to the radical revolutionaries in our midst.

To make a case against them, of course, we must be able to name names. And we can! The Church League is a thoroughly professional, respected research organization. Since it was founded in 1937, it has assembled a file on subversion second only to the FBI's. In fact, I'm proud to say that Federal investigators, and many other police and security agencies, regularly visit us—they know they can rely on the

meticulously detailed reports we prepare.

But if we are to wage an effective campaign against the multi-million-dollar institutions financing today's radical activists, we must have your help. Help to hire the trained investigators and researchers so vital to this critical project—help to provide them with the office space, secretarial assistance, research materials they need to ferret out the incriminating facts.

And we must have this help today! Already, as we've discovered, many of these foundations are beginning to take an active part in these sordid radical plots themselves—furnishing the masterminds, as well as the funds.

At least \$150,000 is needed now, above and beyond our regular budget; it must come from you and other concerned and generous Americans. Please send your maximum tax-deductible contribution of \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50, or \$25 with your signed petition today! Even \$10 or less helps. Remember, the Church League is one tax-exempt organization that's on your side—the side of American patriotism!

Sincerely,

Edgar C. Bundy
Executive Secretary

P.S.: If you can contribute at least \$15 now, I am authorized to send you a personal copy of an alarming 37-page report, "The Power of Tax-Free Foundations to Subvert America." The impact of this revealing document is such that it has already been made part of the "Congressional Record." This is must reading for every concerned American taxpayer

HAPPY HALLOWEEN



If you don't like what is happening in your city, state or nation, and would like to do more than just complain

GET INVOLVED

If you're interested in helping me organize a Young Republican Club at Richmond College contact Jack Chesler any evening 851-5489

REMEMBER

Apathy gives your Opponents the edge

First Degree Burn

October 12, 1971

Dear Richmond Times,

Once upon a time, on May 23, 1971, I graduated from Richmond College. I have only one problem, when will we all get our degrees? I have asked the Registrar's office, but I only received a roar of laughter.

So Richmond Times, I love my alma mater very much, but could you please find out what's going on?

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

A student forever

Career Information

Workshops Begin - Nov. 15

by Roger E. Nelson

CAREER INFORMATION WORKSHOPS BEGIN—NOV. 15

Is a good resume the key to finding a job? What should you expect during the job interview? Must you cut your curly locks before receiving any job offer?

The answers to these and other important career questions of the day will be discussed at the Career and Placement Service Senior Workshops beginning Monday, November 15. During the next several weeks many seniors will be receiving invitations to attend one of several planned Workshops during November and December. The Workshops will provide general occupational information about what's happening in today's job market and where to begin your search for employment. Free gifts and distinguished alumni promise to help provide a convivial atmosphere within which enlightened discussion will prevail.

Law School Club—Study group prepare for December LSAT Contact Student Government Office. Madonna Andrea. Tutors needed for instruction in English Grammar, Reading Comprehension and Graph Interpretation.

Scandle Rocks Richmond Times

NEW YORK, STATEN ISLAND OCT. 20 F.B.I. TODAY'S disclosure by the staff of the Richmond Times that Gary and Sam are really secret lovers has unleashed a wave of indignation from the beleaguered population of the righteous wing. "This is a terrible scandle and other awful things that I can't spell" stated one unbiased bystander. Immediate censure of the newspaper and all other forms of communication including talking has been ordered by the Society of the Bored of Education. The staff of the newspaper has been out of the city for three days in secret seclusion and other forms of hiding. The cafeteria staff was interviewed and secret plans for the overthrow of the sanitation union have also been uncovered. One of the schools leading politicians has gone on the record.

"This is a sad day for Richmond. Our glorious as well as well known form of unbiased opinion is dead. For years, we have prided ourselves with the fact that the newspaper was not a hotbed of sex, drugs and other communistic activities. I fear for my children and their children." Another person said, "Why couldn't they stick to those nice little cartoons and leave the real news for the T.V. shows?"

"PRAYER AND CHRISTIAN YOGA"

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THEATRE

A SAFE PLACE

Director, Henry Jaclom is attempting to capture the loneliness in a girl's mind. Whenever her present existence becomes too much for her, she imagines she is at a safe place—in the past. She re-experiences her prior joys, escapes into them—indeed while the happenings are all part of her earlier life, they take place now in her feelings.

Obviously, this is not the description of the typical American film. A SAFE PLACE is neither typical nor good, but its aspirations are so great that the sequences that succeed, succeed mightily.

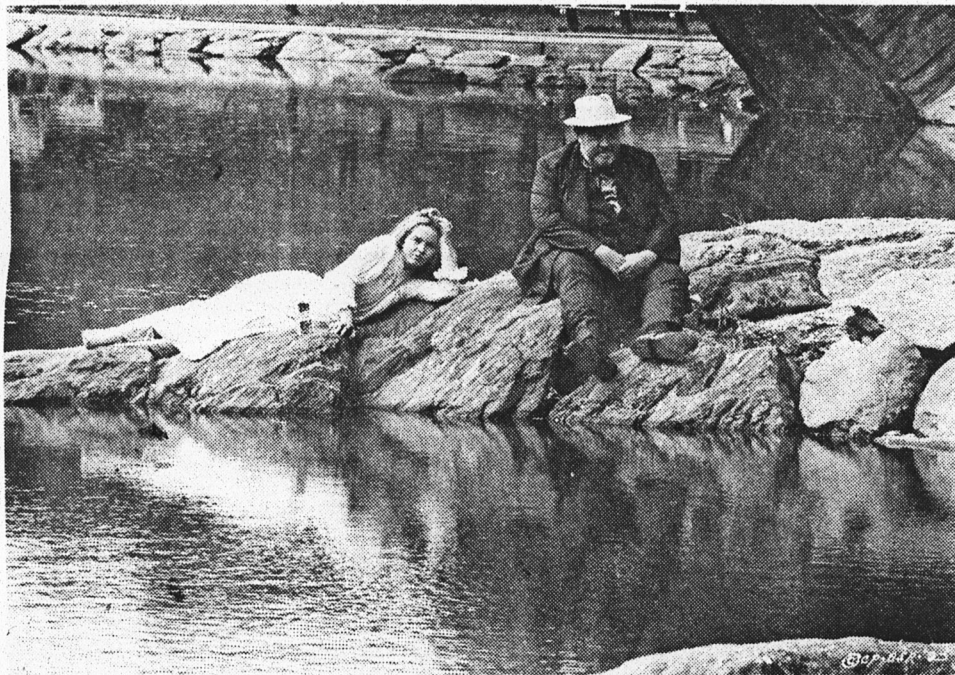
The major flaw of the film is also the thing that makes it unique. There is no structure whatsoever—the only thing that unifies the film is the girl (Tuesday Weld) and the idea that the places pictures are all considered safe by the protagonist. Most of the movie is composed of quick flashes—there is no exclusive scenes; instead experiences edited amongst each other hopefully resulting in an entity—the whole of a per-

son's mind.

Unfortunately, the director's schizophrenic movie approach is not always the best way to show schizophrenia. The problems of dealing with life are somewhat naturalistic—Jaclom's film is frenetic. His innovative technique does not allow the viewer to involve himself in specific facets—eventually the totality overwhelms the beauty of some of its parts.

Truth is beauty and beauty is truth and A SAFE PLACE does have both. Tuesday Weld is striving to be able to relate to people. Her plea for manual dialing (having an exchange like Bryant 9 instead of 279) because "how can anyone relate to numbers" rings a familiar chord to many of us. When her boy friend asks her why she has cheated on him, her response—"You could never hurt me"—is unfortunately oh so true.

This is a bad movie that captures more eternal truths than fifty good films all put together. It should be seen and understood—for all of its badness it is still a moving experience. R.K.



Tuesday Weld finding safety with Orson Welles

Jesus Christ, Superstar

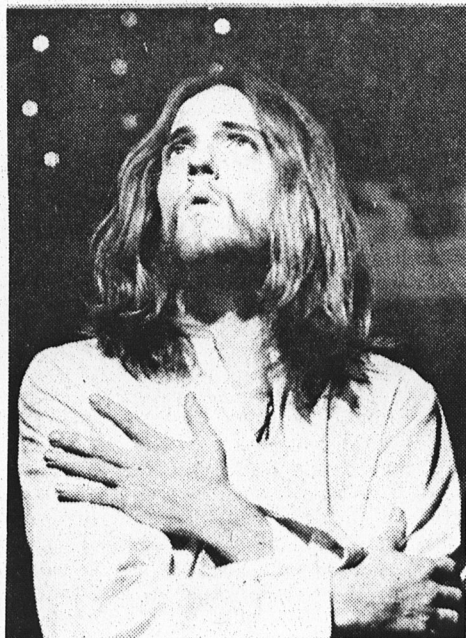
by Richard Kornberg

There is always one dominant force behind every show. Sometimes, it's the director, sometimes a producer, and at times it's a star—in JESUS CHRIST, SUPERSTAR it's the album. While the success of the show is undoubtedly due to the mass appeal of the album, it is also this same recording that aesthetically hurts the evening.

Director, Tom O'Horgan seems to have been content (especially in the first act) to merely find clever ways to stage each successive song. Not until the end of the first act, when Yvonne Elliman sings "I Don't Know How To Love Him" does the evening come alive.

This lifelessness in SUPERSTAR brings to mind the old Colgate Dental Cream commercial which touted the presence of the Gardol shield. This type imaginary shield seems to have made its way to the Mark Hellinger Theatre for there is a definite barrier that exists between the

Continued on page 11



AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg

Melvin Van Peebles has created an almost opera like evening—nary a word of dialogue is spoken, yet through music and movement the black experience is conveyed on stage. While AIN'T SUPPOSED TO DIE A NATURAL DEATH is an invocation of hope, it is the element of pain that pervades its whole existence. It indeed proves that black is beautiful but this is shown through the everyday ugliness that many people have come to endure.

We meet an entire race through the songs of a few. There is the prostitute and the pimp, the blind man, the faggot, the militant and the boy just up from the South, and the police—there when you don't want them and not there when you do.

Even though it is set in the ghetto, some of its scenes do not actually take place there. Even when the young garment worker is in that district or the lesbian is calling to her girlfriend in the Women's House of Detention, it is the ghetto existence that permeates the actions and imposes its will on the people.

While a few parts of the evening do not equal the fervor of the vast majority, it is

the latter's power that is remembered. One scene especially, revolving around the hopes and desires of the blind man is unforgettable. Every time the faggot passes him he always rubs his leg and gives him a kind word. The blind man assumes that the faggot is a girl and imagines an everlasting relationship between them. At one point he asks a friend to describe "the girl of his dreams" and the emotional impact of this encounter is not to be believed.

This is an evening of theatre that has to be seen. It has a message that cries to be heard and any person, whether black or white, owes it to himself to be at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre to hear it.

GENESIS!

A visiting troupe from Villanova University is appearing at LaMama. They are presenting GENESIS!, which I guess is their invocation of life. It is unfortunate that what is seen on stage is closer to the magazine than the real variety. Come to think about it, National Geographic would be more like it.

Dressed all in black (which could be an advance warning on the fate of the evening), the ten cast members endeavor to loosely cover a time span that begins with the creation and ends with our own present day destruction. With this much terrain to cover, it is obvious that some of their scenes are bound to succeed. A few do, but the team batting average is way below the major league level.

While the group has obviously been influenced by the recently popular Grotowski techniques, their skill is not sufficient to present a varied evening of entertainment. They seem to be striving for a direction in which to go and the loose framework of Phillip Bosakowski's script

only compounds the emptiness. With meatier material (like last season's THE TEMPEST THE CELL), it might have been a different story.

It is apparent that these actors and actresses are striving for a communal feeling. It is therefore strange that at numerous times during the evening, one or two cast members noisily leave the playing area only to reappear a few minutes later. I can only venture to guess that these afflicted actors desired to relieve their bodily callings since they certainly weren't making costume changes.

This was an evening that might have been instructive and illuminating for the participants but not for the audience. It was like the acting exercises you'd expect to see prior to a performance or during a workshop at their home base, Villanova. I question whether it was worth the carfare to have brought it to New York.

GENESIS! will again be presented this coming weekend. Anyone interested in seeing it should call LaMama at 475-7710 for the performance schedule. R.K.

Do You Need Someone To Tell You What To Think?

by Ed Beauchamp

Let's do away with film critics! The critic has done more than anyone else to ruin the filmmaking society. Lest I be accused of being on their level, let me explain myself.

The critics do not represent the masses; they represent only themselves, and cannot agree, even among themselves. The critical machinery of Andrew Sarris is completely different from that of Pauline Kael, and Miss Kael's standards are far from those of Rex Reed, yet each is convinced that his word is truth, that films must conform to their values or be doomed to failure. Since it is impossible for even two film critics to agree, the worth of a film must be completely subjective; each person must decide for himself what is good or bad. What gives a critic the right to pass judgment on a film and then ram his judgment down my throat?

When you read a film review can you discover why the reviewer thought the film was good or bad, beyond "I didn't like it"? Does the critic give his standards? Can you even tell whether or not he liked the film? More often than not, no. French filmmaker Jean Cocteau must have had critics in mind when he stated "... they complain about some passages being too long or too slow ... this is often due to the weakness of their own perception and to their missing the deep underlying design of the work." How can a critic reduce a film to "It's a bad film; it's too long and too slow?"

It must be remembered that the critic works with words, not film. Many critics do not even have a working knowledge of film technique; those few that do have never made a film. How can someone who has never made a film pass judgment on someone who has spent his time and money

to express himself in cinematic terms? Only someone who has worked with film and understands the basic problems is in a position to comment on another's work, and more often than not it will be appreciation, not criticism.

How much better it would be if film critics would turn their talents in more useful directions; if they would, like Jonas Mekas', attempt to publicize little known films, or, like French directors Truffaut and Godard, turn from criticism and actually work in film, come to better understand the film art, and help to impart this understanding to a largely ignorant public.

T.R. BASKIN

T.R. BASKIN is both the name of the lead character and the title of the new movie at the State and Tower East. It is also bad.

The film, which seems not to know whether it is striving to be funny or sad, concerns the exploits of a rural girl (Candice Bergen) in the big city (this time, Chicago). She gets a job as a typist for a mammoth corporation and is continually striving not to be enclosed in the glass and steel environment of the company and the city itself.

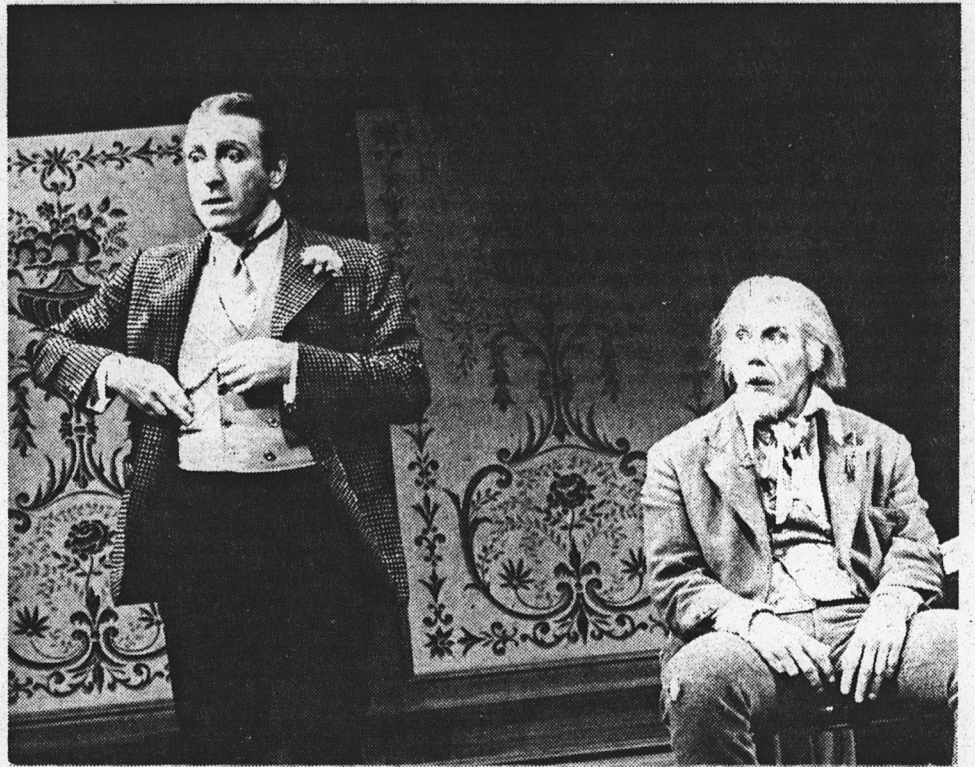
With the exception of Miss Bergen, who shows some acting talent, and Marcia Rodd as an office friend and Erin O'Reilly as a potential roommate who are funny in their small and minuscule roles respectively, the remainder of the cast cannot rise above the mire of the screenplay. Boredom sets in early and the last half of the film becomes an exercise in tedium.

We never find out what the initial T.R. stand for. If they are any reflection on the quality of this movie, my guess would be—Truly Rotten.

R.K.

THE INCOMPARABLE MAX

by Richard Kornberg



In the late 1890's, Max Beerbohm was an essayist, short story writer and critic for the Saturday Review. Now in 1971, playwrights Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee (best remembered for AUNTIE MAME) have concocted an evening which mixes Beerbohm, the man, with some of his literary creations. The result is an evening of gentle pleasures, literate and witty but at times flat.

The first act tells of Beerbohm meeting Enoch Soames, a destitute, third-rate poet. Soames is concerned with his own

popularity, or lack of it, and with the help of the devil, gets transported into the British Museum's reading room, one hundred years hence. He goes there to learn how history has remembered him, and the results are a commentary on Beerbohm's own imagination.

The second act, while more difficult to describe, is also vastly more successful. In the previous stanza, the play sagged—it seemed to be crying out to remain in book form and not on the stage of the Royale Theater. Now we meet A. V. Laidler, palmist renowned. He tells us of the evils of looking into the future, and we embark on another one of Beerbohm's trips beyond reality. This second story, unlike the first, comes alive with the help of Gerald Freedman's masterful direction and David Mitchell's imaginative sets. The characters have transcended the printed word and this tale cleverly holds our interest.

Richard Kiley is superb as both Soames and Laidler. He has created two distinct individuals and adds a warmth that is sometimes lacking in the script. As Beerbohm, Olive Revill while good, tends to play the role too much like a caricature.

Even though this evening is far from incomparable, it still offers pleasures that any critic would like.

LEHMAN REVISES FILM SCHEDULE

by Stanley Kubrick & Arthur C. Clarke
The Cinema Society of Herbert H. Lehman College of The City University of New York has revised its film schedule for the remainder of the fall semester.

The films, shown in the auditorium of Gillet Hall on campus, are open to the public.

The revised schedule, with showing times and admission charges, is as follows:

Oct. 22—*Can Heironymus Merken Forget Mercy Humpe and Find True Happiness?* (8 p.m., \$1.00)

Oct. 29—*Rio Bravo* (8 p.m., 75 cents)
Nov. 5—*That Cold Day in the Park* (8 p.m., 75 cents)

Nov. 12—*I Love You*, Alice B. Toklas (8 p.m., 75 cents)

Nov. 24—*Midnight Cowboy* (3 p.m. and 8 p.m., \$1.00)

Dec. 3—*Help and Hard Day's Night* (7:30 p.m., \$1.00)

Dec. 10—*Blow-Up* (8 p.m., \$1.00)

Dec. 17—*Bonnie and Clyde* (3 p.m. and 8 p.m., \$1.00)

LET THERE BE ROCK

And Now, "House of Wax" (Oh, Boy!)

by DAVID K. MOSEDER

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (Columbia C30888): *I Don't Know You; Watcha Gonna Do; Portland Woman; Henry; Dirty Business; Glendale Train; Garden of Eden; All I Ever Wanted; Last Lonely Eagle; Louisiana Lady.*

Any similarity between the New Riders of the Purple Sage and the Grateful Dead is not surprising. For the last three years, NRPS has toured with the Dead; a situation necessitated by the fact that Jerry Garcia and Mickey Hart were members of both groups.

Hart, while no longer a regular with either group, makes a guest appearance playing drums on two tracks, "Dirty Business" and "Last Lonely Eagle." Garcia remains an active member of both groups, though he is more in the background with NRPS, while being acknowledged as the leader of the Grateful Dead.

The leader of the New Riders of the Purple Sage is John "Marmaduke" Dawson, (not to be confused with Jim "Songman" Dawson), lead guitarist (acoustic), singer and writer of all the group's material. The other members of the group include David Nelson, (electric and acoustic guitar, mandolin and vocals) who has played with the Grateful Dead in studio sessions and as part of their touring group; Dave Torbert, bass, acoustic guitar and vocals; Spencer Dryden, ex-drummer for the Jefferson Airplane; and of course, Jerry Garcia. On their first album (cleverly entitled "New Riders of the Purple Sage") they are also joined by on-again-off-again Dead pianist Commander Cody, and the aforementioned Mickey Hart.

While there are many pleasant similarities between NRPS and the Dead, the two groups are separate and distinct; even more so than Hot Tuna is from Jefferson Airplane. John Dawson's subdued vocals are reminiscent of such Dead

classics as "Doin' That Rag" and "That's It For The Other One," but the overall sound of the album is closer to "Workingman's Dead" and "American Beauty."

Dawson, Nelson and Torbert have worked out some fine harmonies on this album. Dryden's drumming is softer here than on any Airplane album, but as perfect as ever. Needless to say, Jerry Garcia's pedal steel work is magnificent. The material, I feel, is even more consistent than the Grateful Dead's. Also, Dawson's music is more deeply entrenched in the country idiom than that of Garcia, Bob Hunter and Phil Lesh. (Lesh incidentally was the executive coproducer of this album, along with engineer Steve Barnard.)

Since the release of this album a few weeks ago, the cut which has received the most airplay (and not undeservedly so) is "All I Ever Wanted," a simple, beautiful piece of music with lyrics to match, i.e.;

You keep laying names on me
And you keep playing games on me
And you keep playing all your tricks on me
When all I ever wanted was your lovin'
Is that too much to ask?

(copyright 1971 by Ice Nine Publishing Co. Inc., ASCAP)

This, and two other cuts "Whatcha Gonna Do" and "Louisiana (pronounced LOOZY-ANNA) Lady" loom as potential hit singles. "Last Lonely Eagle" comes off as the most interesting track on the album, both musically and thematically. Perhaps the one weak song on the album is "Glendale Train." Basically, it's just another, tired "Great Train Robbery" song, but they do it so well that you don't mind the commonplace lyric.

After playing together for three years, the New Riders of the Purple Sage would be disappointing if their first album was anything less than perfect. Hundreds of groups who have been together only three

months are signed to recording contracts every year, and their inexperience is painfully obvious. I can't understand why it took so long to get NRPS on wax, but I'm glad that somebody (Columbia) finally did.

"New Riders of the Purple Sage" is another fine album which illustrates the positive effect that rock has had on country music. (Indeed, it is one of the best examples of great country rock.) Country music has long been maligned by hard rock freaks, owing mainly to its bastardization at the hands of "country-politan" radio stations such as the late WJRZ.

Certainly the words of Kris Kristofferson, Happy and Artie Traum, John Denver and such Byrds' efforts as "Sweetheart Of The Rodeo" are closer to real country music (and far more interesting musically) than the violin-soaked tunes of Glen Campbell and others which flood "country" music stations from coast to coast. "The Byrds alongside Buck Owens? Bite your unAmerican tongue, hippie!"

"New Riders of the Purple Sage" is a must for all Grateful Dead fans, a must for all country and country rock fans, and a should-be for anyone who appreciates great music, regardless of what label has been slapped on it.

PARDON MY GOOF

I would like to apologize to my readers and to Jim Roberts of Seatrain, for a mistake in my last article ("LAZARUS"—The Return of the Blues Project.) In that article I referred to Jim Roberts as David Roberts, and said that he had "disappeared." Roberts did not disappear, but rather remained with Seatrain and is still with them today. (Speaking of Seatrain, check out their new album, "Marblehead Messenger." It contains some of their finest work to date.)

Friends And Relations



Madeline Sherwood & Grayson Hall — Two Pros in Short-lived Off-Broadway Flop

"FRIENDS AND RELATIONS", two short one-acts by author Eugene Yanni, closed recently after a very short run at the Provincetown Playhouse. Now that in itself is not highly unusual, as short plays by new authors opening at the Provincetown Playhouse have a very high death rate. But "FRIENDS AND RELATIONS" was different in that it featured two actresses of enormous talent and diversity: Grayson Hall and Madeline Sherwood.

The careers of the Misses Hall and Sherwood have been illustrious in their own ways, yet they are not the type of careers that send the public clamoring to the box office, as the quick demise of "FRIENDS AND RELATIONS" proved. Yet here are two women of the theatre, in the truest sense, that are a joy to watch as they take author Yanni's sparse, sometimes feeble script and breathe life into it. Two-dimensional life, agreed, but still some sort of theatrical life. And both of them succeed admirably.

Each actress takes on two totally different, wonderfully fascinating roles. They are never dull. Just listening to the husky voice of Grayson Hall, as a glamorous movie star re-visiting her aging mother in the Bronx (played with gusto by Madeline Sherwood), scream to her mother "But Mom, I, Stephanie de Milo, won the Academy Award", is worth the price of admission. She delivers the line with such glowing fervor that one would think she was bringing her mother a new life instead of a piece of metal. And Miss Sherwood, so often seen as a carping Southern slut a la Tennessee Williams, shows her surprising versatility in her dual roles of middle-aged Pelham Bay housewife and aging Bronx mother. Not too far apart geographically, but wonderfully, distinctively different in Miss Sherwood's characterizations.

The playlets were staged by Tom Millot, who also served as producer. Two rather evocative sets were somehow miraculously squeezed onto the stage of the Provincetown Playhouse by production designer Steven Askinazy, who also dressed the two actresses in appropriately sleazy or glamorous outfits.

"FRIENDS AND RELATIONS" was

indeed what could be called a skimpy evening of theatre. Skimpy, but terribly enjoyable. Although the plays are quite short, the Misses Hall and Sherwood do so much in them that just watching their wonderful technique seems to fill out the evening. They are both stage hams in the true Swift's Premium sense, and they should not have been carved up for sandwiches quite so soon.

—Bill O'Connell

CIRCLES

Continued from page 2

he: I suppose it might be because I don't hang around this particular place very much. I only come in on days I have a class.
me: I see. But that means you don't participate in any of the student extracurricular activities.

he: Are you kidding? I think its enough that I attend some of the curricular activities. All of those other things are for the elite bunch of kids that have nothing to do with their time.

me: But aren't you even interested in who gets elected to the student government?

he: Is there a student government?

me: I'm beginning to get the picture. Frankly, I don't really see why you come to Richmond at all.

he: Simple—it's for the bread.

me: Really& I din't think the cafeteria was all that good.

he: No, Dummy! Bread—money. That's what I get emotional about.

me: I see. You're a student aide. That at least shows some involvement in the college's life.

he: What student aide? I'm not a student here—I'm on the faculty, Idiot. Enough of this idle chatter. I've got a Ferry to catch. I'm teaching part-time at N Y U. So there, you can't say I'm not a committed teacher.

Birthday greetings to our dear friend Miss Renee Williams (October 28) and to Mrs. Angelina Moseder (October 29) mother of our beloved Editor-in-Chief. We also wish to extend belated birthday wishes to Mrs. Ann Raleigh, maternal parent of our even more beloved Layout Editor. Happy birthday and many more to come.

"THE MASTER BUILDER" ERECTS HOME ON 26th St.

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg

THE MASTER BUILDER was one of Henrik Ibsen's last plays. It is not as cohesive a play as, for example A DOLL'S HOUSE, but some of its beauty does result from the untidiness of its nature. This is a drama that can be expanded upon, its nuances can all be caught—or else it can be cut. Gene Feist, the director of the Roundabout has chosen the latter course and the result is a dramatically sound, interesting evening of theatre.

With much of its mysticism lost, what remains is basically a human drama. Halvard Solness, the master builder, is a frightened, conservative man. While he has problems with his wife, his main concern is his fear that he is getting old and that he will lose his business to younger and more adventurous men. Into his life comes Hilde Wangel, a girl from the past, who epitomizes all that he is lacking. She has the youth and drive that he fears, and her presence gives

him the opportunity to reassess his own values.

Paul Sparer is a dynamic, believable master builder. Unfortunately, the women in his life are not up to his own professionalism. Elizabeth Owens as his wife, while catching the inner turmoil of the role, is too stylized and arch in her physical presence. Jill O'Hara's Hilde goes to the other extreme. Hers is a surface characterization—pert, kooky and alive but lacking the inner strength that is necessary to change a person's life.

One element that perfectly succeeds is Philip Campanella's original score. Even though it is used quite sparingly, it catches the mood perfectly. Holmes Easley has defied the Roundabout's spacial problems by creating a cleverly workmanlike set.

The Roundabout Repertory Company has again presented a play that its more commercial neighbors never touch. It should be commended for its good production of this partly autobiographical Ibsen work.



Paul Sparer as the Master Builder with Jill O'Hara (Formerly from Hair & Promises, Promises) as his Hilda

Me: Duhhhhhhhh.
Whereas I realize this sampling is not absolutely conclusive, it ought to point out the real truth about student apathy. I felt that concrete data ought to be available to dispel the gloom over student involvement that seems to permeate present campus discussion. Finally, I must commend the editors of this paper on their interest in the matter. When I told them that I wanted to publish data from a serious scientific survey on student apathy rather than my usual sarcasm and satire, they said, "Sure, what do we care—we'll print anything."

BLACK

SOLIDARITY DAY

NOVEMBER 1st, 1971

Contact Amistad

For Information

"An Eccentric, Earthy Dude"

by Earl Scott

In the absolute bowels of Staten Island exists the Ritz Theatre, formerly a near condemned movie house. Now housing, as most are aware, the deposed Unganos, formerly of New York City fame. When Ungano moved from the men's room he occupied in Manhattan he really had little idea of the primitiveness of this nauseating borough. Ungano realized he would now have to book more package rock acts and really could not afford jazz groups until he assessed his clientele. As everyone knows or should, the Ritz crowd are a boisterous, too-in-all audience with the attention span roughly equivalent to that of a Mongoloid aborigine on scag.

It came as something of a surprise to me to see an ex-Mafiosia like Ungano actually not fucking-up. He was actually quite select in the package acts he chose. Some of the better ones were Procol Harem, B.B. King, and Edgar Winter. In any event I sure as hell never expected him to book jazz after such a short stay on this handsome oil slick.

Don Van Vliet "Captain Beefheart" from Eureka, California, the most progressive avant jazz sound in the popular music scene was Ungano's special request from Reprise records. I slithered backstage to introduce myself to Van Vliet during the break between sets. The good Captain was a bit undone by the shitting gemini light show which blaired in the background. He was telling some Ungano hire that he wanted normal stage lighting. The request was granted. Thus in the midst of pre-show tensions I found myself bullshitting about the redwoods of Eureka with the 5-10 slightly overweight leader of the magic band. Dressed in a black leather jacket, the fedored California looked oddly out-of-place amidst the Ungano's mob. The magic band consisting of Captain Beefheart (clarinet, Alto sax, tenor sax, harmonica, vocals) zoot horn rollo (glass finger guitar), Rockette Morton (bass), Antena Jimmy Semens (steel appendage guitar), Ed Marimba (Art Tripp, formerly drummer with the Mothers of Invention) and Jan, Beefheart's wife, who is a positive emotional support for the whole group.

After these brief cordialities the group sauntered out of the dressing room. Much to my surprise, Van Vliet wanted to speak to me after the set. When I returned to my seat one musician was on stage, Rockette Morton, the bass player. Suddenly he released a barrage of chorded sixteenthths using a completely unheard of finger-picking technique he invented. The im-



Don Van Vliet, Better Known as "Captain Beefheart"

possibility of playing tonal chords while finger-picking an electric bass at high speed gave me an indication of what could be expected from the magic band. Art Tripp (drums) then appeared on stage followed by the two guitars and Beeheart playing harmonica.

Beefheart's voice is a combination of Mississippi Fred McDowell and a hoarse druid played through amplified wet cotton. Anyway he took the troupe through "I Love You Big Dummy", "Lick My Decals Off Baby", then "Japan in a Dishpan" where he doubled on clarinet. About midset, he did a couple of ditties from his new album "The Spotlight Kid"; he then returned to his first album "Safe as Milk" for a cut called "Abba Zabba", an incredible off-time conglomeration.

A beautiful set, however the Ritz audience was whizzing, pasting and pooting around

helling "Willie the Pimp" and other banalities done by other people. In the true style of a rock group, they applauded at the wrong times, gave him a standing ovation and three encores. The predictable cries for more brought Beeheart to the mike. He then proceeded to whistle the ancient theme "More" from Mondo Cane, said goodnight, and disappeared into the black mass backstage.

It was a half hour before the mass of rock press left the group alone to leave Ungano's dive. All the while the Captain was giving what has come to be known as Beefheart's freak responses. Actually he's not in Zappa's circus at all, he once recorded on Zappa's label and they both grew up together but they are world's apart. Zappa is a dictating orchestra-like leader true to jazz music, Beefheart's sound is more unstructured and improvised. Beefheart only tours to pay the rent; Zappa's reason are much more financially directed.

He spotted me by the door as he was leaving and asked me if their was anything worth looking at in this fine island. I thereby invoked the Staten Island Ferry. Beefheart and the group piled into a car and I led them down scenic Richmond Terrace to the ferry. The tension of the gig was gone and exhaustion was setting in on everyone. While waiting for the ferry for twenty minutes I bullshitted with the Captain concerning his friend Ornett Coleman and his cohorts. I had some unpublished tapes of Coleman's former sideman and I agreed to mail him a copy. The freak picture of Beefheart is complete Rolling Stone bullshit. He's is an eccentric earthy dude. We talked of jazz audiences, rock audiences, ferries, Mingus, one brown pelican, and a poem he wrote about the statue of Liberty. The boat then came in and Arty Tripp came down to join us. Arty Tripp is the only one in the group who reads and writes music. He gathers all the motifs and themes for everyone, basing it off the piano which he doubled on at the Manhattan School of Music.

While looking down at the shitty water below, the three of us continued rapping amidst the fog and harbor lights about the group's old drummer and Zappa's psychosis. I told him I'd forward this article and the tapes to Eureka. They weary ferry pulled in, Don Van Vliet and his group got in their cars and were swallowed up by the monster city.

The Demise of FM Rock

by Marv Meyerson

I don't know how to write this article without making it sound like a plug for WBAI. Not that they don't deserve one, but this is an article about the demise of FM rock stations. After recent events on commercial FM, combined with past events, it seems that there really is no commercial radio alternative, or maybe I'm just used to seeing WBAI as a station whose only goal is real programming.

Up until a few years ago, the only rock music heard on either AM or FM was SATISFACTION between CHEWY CHEWY and ONE TWO THREE RED LIGHT and Cousin Brucie's God-awful voice telling you about a pimple cream specially prepared by a pharmacist for his own daughter. The only place good rock was heard was on WBAI, and only during certain parts of the day—one never knew which. One thing that was known was that 'BAI had a hell of a good "rating".

With this fact in mind, and wit the emergence of Bill Gram's Fillmore East, and with an untapped rock oriented "youth market", to be sure, some big organizations decided to get ballsy and sell pimple cream to Dylan freaks. So along came WOR-FM, and for awhile it was somethin' else. Good music, good announcers (for this article, we will classify "Murray the K" as one) and some commercials. But something happened to WOR. After a relatively short time of good stuff, almost the entire staff was let go and now the Fruitgum Company were on both bands. Man!

Shortly thereafter, other commercial "underground" rock stations began popping up, the most notable being WNEW-FN. It was a fine station. Good music, good announcers, and few commercials. But WOR had turned off a large percentage of the buying market and the pimple cream had not place to go; and the car ads, and the movie ads, and pretty soon WNEW. HAD AS MANY OR MORE COMMERCIALS THAN ON THE AM band. That's two down.

During the same time that WNEW. WAS COMING UP, WABC-FM had also opened up its airwaves to rock. WNEW. WAS GOING DOWNHILL, WABC was getting bolder and bolder. They instituted programming with a purpose and, after awhile, WPLJ emerged with such fine people as Dave Herman, Vin Scelsa, Mike Turner, Mike Cuscuna, and others. Eventually that "Scourge of WMCA", Alex Bennett joined the staff. Zacherly made the switch from WNEW to WPLJ, because the atmosphere was freer, the station had more of a purpose than just playing music, and he liked the people over at WPLJ. All the announcers had a lot of freedom, Cuscuna and Turner played some heavy blues-rock throughout the night. We all know what happened at PLJ. Scelsa and Turner were fired, Cuscuna quit, and the new station policy consists of playing any of 85 top singles—haven't you been hearing Maggie May a lot lately?—allowing the announcers one or two spots an hour for "their own creativity". Where that happens, pimple cream is not far behind.

Steve Post of WBAI put down commercial radio mainly because of the fact that in the long run, sales and ratings are what counts. Alex Bennett refuted Posts statement saying that Post had never worked commercial radio and that people like himself (Bennett) were trying to change things from within the system. This was before the new policy was instituted. If I had ever felt that Bennett might have had something in his statement, I must now formly apologize to Steve Post.

There are other rock stations around. Stations with good music, few commercials, and only one purpose: when they attain good ratings, sell, sell, sell. What else can one think? WNEW is cutting down on its commercial time now, but what the hell. And what of Zach, and Vin Scelsa, and all the others who want to use radio to its fullest? Most of it now is wasteland. There's only one radio station that really tries, that doesn't sell anything but itself, that communicates with people, not sponsors. That station is WBAI, and they probably all have pimples.

Superstar

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playgoer and the participants—even though I sat a scant eight rows from the stage I had the feeling that I was sitting in the last row balcony.

Also adding to the lack of warmth is the fact that the actors (with the exception of Pontius Pilate) all carry around microphones (disguised as ropes). While this does give the show the sound of the album, it also curtails the physical movements which tends to diminish any characterizations the actors are trying to achieve.

The second act is considerably better than the first. It is as if O'Horgan finally decided to expand from the album and the results are moving. It is regrettable that the cast members aren't. This is a show that calls out for the services of a choreographer. There are a number of places where the inclusion of dance would have enormously helped (Herod's Song, for one) and the rock acrobatics of the cast just will not do. I also did not like O'Horgan's staging of the title song. Juda's coming down from the heavens wearing a G-string, surrounded by three harmonizing black angels is not only too reminiscent of the Supreme's bit in HAIR, but what's worse is that the number itself seems to be ill conceived. These should be electric moments—they aren't.

Most of the evenings electricity is used up

by the breathtaking settings. Everything that can move, does. Set pieces seem to magically fly up down and around and we are constantly awed by Robin Wagner's creations.

Even though the cast seems to be overwhelmed by the production, there are some members that fare better than others. Yvonne Elliman is a touching Mary Magdalene and Ben Vereen's Judas is both energetic and convincing. The best actor (his singing is only passable) is Barry Dennen. His is a blood and guts Pontius Pilate, and he has created a character that the audience can respond to. Vocally, Jeff Fenholt's Jesus is impressive; physically he at times suggests that he should be leading his followers in Fire Island instead of Bethlehem.

While this review tends to accentuate the negative elements of the musical, I should hasten to add that I did rather enjoy myself. This review was written out of regret, regret for what Tom O'Horgan did not do with the show. Most of the evening's enjoyment is due to the excellence of the Tom Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber score. Considering the demand for tickets, it might be easier and just as rewarding to turn on with and to the album. You'll get the same results. And oh yes, there is always the movie version which will be filmed next year.

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HALLOW EVE

by a Nelson

I can tell simply by looking at the sky that it's Halloween. The Chagmore bats are weaving in and out and about the magnified moon. And backlit by the lunar lights is Chagmore Castle. Ooooh, that Chagmore castle. It gives me the creeps just to think of the moldy old stones that comprise the outer wall. And that lonely, spooky courtyard where, Uncle Fester told me, they hung seven maidens on Hallow Eve in 1768. You'd think that after an event like that, people would be saying how haunted the castle is, but not the townsfolk of Staten Island. All you can get out of them is, "haunted? Chagmore Castle? Ain't no such thing as ghosts and witches and goblins," or, "Boy, you better hush your mouth about that castle or I'll lock you up in there and you can find out for yourself." Well they can...

"Hey Bobby, watch out for that rock. Ya wan'na trip and fall down there?"

"Ahhhh, I see it Gib. Just don't yell so loud. We're suppose to be quiet, remember?"

Boy Gib sure scared the hell out of me. If I'd a stepped on that rock I might'of fallen all the way back down to the bottom of the hill. Gee it's dark down there. God! it's dark up here.

"HEY! (softer) hey Bobby."

"Yeah Gib?"

"There better be some ghosts up here man or you ain't gon'na make it back home."

"Damn't Gib. I told you to get off my back about them ghost."

Ain't two spooks enough for ya."

"You mean one spook. I ain't no spook. You're a spook. I'm black and I'm proud. Say it loud; I'm black and I'm proud. Say it loud; I'm..."

"If you don't quit singing so loud you're gon'na be black and blue."

"Oh yeah? Well there just better be some ghost up here. That's all I've got to say."

Gib and his damn ghosts. He always has to run his mouth. Always has something to say. The only reason I asked him to come with me to the castle is because everybody else went into the city to the big Halloween dance. Look at him 172 pounds of blackness and not an ounce of natural rhythm. It's a crime. A natural crime.

"Hey Bobby, ya wan'na get that flashlight out of my eyes. What's the matter with you. Crazy or something?"

"Ahhh shut up. We're here and I don't want them to see the light."

"Them? Them who?"

"Did I say 'them'?"

"You sure as hell did."

"Now ya see that. You've got me almost believing that there's ghost up here too. What I meant to say is that we can't let the caretaker see the light or he'll open up with that double-barrel shot gun of his."

"Go'on. He ain't that mean."

"Oh yeah? Well I heard my aunt say that he was going to vote for Wallace."

"Hell, let me out of here...no...let me at the bastard, I'll kill'im with his own gun."

"Will you shut up Gib. Come on, let's find the hole I discovered yesterday."

There it is, big as day and black as night.

"O.K. Gib I'm through. Come on."

"Wait a minute man."

Oh God why did I ask some slow-assed, no rhythm nig...No, don't tell me its raining.



I hear rain drops but I don't feel any.

"I feel better now, Bobby. Bobby? BOBBY!"

"You stupid ass. Didn't I tell you to..."

"Who's over there?"

"Oh Shit Bobby. Is that...?"

"Shhhh, you...you..."

"I hear you over there. You better come out before I put the dogs on ya."

"Dogs? Hey Bobby man' You didn't tell me 'bout no dogs."

"Don't worry Gib. They can't find us in all this darkness."

"I'm going to count to three and if you don't show yourselves, I'm going to let out the bloodhounds."

"Hey Bobby. Did he say 'bloodhounds'?"

"Yeah."

"One."

"Ain't they the ones that smell people?"

"Yeah."

"Two."

"Hey Bobby man, I didn't put on any

deodorant this morning."

"I know."

"You know! Well hell, if you know then you know damnwell those hounds are going to know. Man I've got just one thing I want to say to you."

"What?"

"Three!"

"Bye."

Boy look at him go. Coward. Just like one of them Steppen Fetchit movies. Where's the body Missa Chan? Dat way? Well I gass I'll go dis way. Them dogs sure sound like they mean business. Where's the hounds Missa Chan. Dat way? Well I gass I'll go dis way.

Whew, I thought I'd never reach town. My heart...my breath...my...

"Hey Bobby. Boy am I glad to see your ugly old self alive. Those dogs sounded like lions. Man I sure felt bad about leaving you up there to go for yourself but..."

"But nothing man. I didn't mind being left

up there with maybe a hundred hounds coming at me and a Wallace cat holding a double-barrel shot gun just waiting for me to show my face but when you snatched the flashlight out of my hands and left me in the dark...just look at my clothes, all torn because I ran through some bushes and wet - you didn't tell me you peed in the bushes near the wall...man I'm a kill you."

"Hey wait Bobby. Here come some of the boys back from the city."

"What's happening Bobby? What's happening Gib?"

"Oh man, you guys missed it. Right Bobby? We were up at the castle and the caretaker sicked his hounds on us, right Bobby? And we fought all six..."

"Seven Gib, there were seven. You should'of been there guys it was really something. Gib and me went into the courtyard and there was the gallows just as real as you and me, and we....."