

## New Calendar For Richmond?

by Ramon H. Hulsey

Richmond was one of 2,475 American institutions of higher learning recently tabulated in a poll regarding academic calendars planned and in use. The results of the survey, published by the American Association of Collegiate Registrars and Admissions Officers (AACRAO), indicate that a veritable calendar revolution is underway in American higher education. Richmond now finds itself in a minority of 637 schools which cling more or less tenaciously to the traditional calendar and many of those plan to change in the next couple of years.

Most popular now (860 schools) is the early semester calendar which begins just before Labor Day and ends by Christmas. With this calendar most of January is combined with the Christmas break to make a real winter vacation. But the most exciting calendar (to the extent that any calendar can be exciting) is the one in use by 236 colleges: the 4-1-4. This calendar coincides more or less with the dates of the early semester calendar but departs from it by using the January vacation period as a mini-term of three and one-half weeks. It is the 4-1-4 calendar which Richmond might seriously consider at this time.

At the 58th annual conference of AACRAO in Cleveland last month we spent considerable time discussing academic calendars. Some of us were especially interested in the experiences of colleges which had adopted the 4-1-4 calendar because of the unusual congruence of administrative and educational advantages derived therefrom. Not only would there be an opportunity for students to earn extra credit for earlier graduation without subjecting themselves to the strains of an overload, but there would also be better utilization of our facilities.

Most importantly, a mini-term offers a unique opportunity to engage in an educational experience not readily available to students during the regular semesters or summer terms. Some of the educational experiences offered at other schools are as follows:

Courses in subject matter that readily lends itself to intensive study such as language.

Discussion courses on broad topics designed to aid the student in synthesizing knowledge gained in the regular semesters.

Courses with laboratories where the nature or length of the experiments will not be subject to the dictatorial demands of a bell schedule, e.g., morning lecture and all afternoon, if necessary, to perform lab experiments.

Field trips for skiing in New England or scuba diving and/or camping in the Caribbean Islands.

Field trips for cultural enrichment that take students to museums, theatres and art galleries in England, France, New York City, and other centers of civilization.

Other field experiences such as visits to historical sites, work in social service agencies, etc.

Contracts between students and instructors regarding some project the student plans (much like our independent study).

Despite the variation in types of educational experiences offered in the January term, there is wide agreement that the student participates in only one project, for the philosophy is that of total immersion.

In the past the serious stumbling block to Richmond's adoption of the 4-1-4 calendar

has been the common University calendar, which was forced upon us. Recently the University has been not only backing away from a common calendar but actively encouraging its colleges to experiment with new calendar modes. Perhaps now our faculty and students will come up with

imaginative or innovative schemes for academically creditable educational advancement during the 3½ weeks in January 1973 when a mini-term would be feasible. On the administrative end, we will try to make the bookkeeping (registration, etc.) as quick and simple as possible.

## "Come Together" Weekend A Success



Weekenders await departure.

by Howard B Leibowitz

The Richmond College Association and the Counseling Center combined to sponsor and organize a weekend for the Richmond College community. The purpose of the weekend, which was held April 28, 29 and 30, was three-fold. It was an experiment to see how people at Richmond could get into sensitivity sessions and explore themselves as well as others. It was an opportunity for the students, faculty and administration to get to know each other on closer terms. It was a chance for many to escape the New York City blues and exchange it, though briefly, for the calm beauty of the countryside. It was evident that these goals had been achieved from the reaction of many of the participants.

All those city slickers got close with nature, but not that close. There were a couple of hardy souls who decided to sleep in tents, and did so the second night (it was too

cold the first night). After the first night settling problems were concluded, the weekend activities proceeded pretty much as planned. Most everyone fell out into a deep sleep.

Those of us who, according to myth, were fortunate enough to sleep in the "castle," were hard pressed when actual slumber was attempted, due to the rumors of ghosts and comments that were not exactly desired.

"Did you know seven people were murdered in the bed you're sleeping on?"

"That picture of Forstmann downstairs moved before."

The morning brought glorious sights that city folk don't get too often; trees, blue skies and clear running water, as people headed for the workshops of their choice. There were workshops in Gestalt therapy, Yoga, dance, human sexuality, and couples, as well as workshops for women, homosexuals, political buffs and lonely people. Most of the complaints about the workshops were that they didn't last long enough (most were only two hours), so there was not enough time to really get into the subject matter. This was, however, the first attempt, so these things can be worked out for future sessions. The Gestalt therapy got really heavy, according to some of the participants, probably due to the fact that this was the longest session, and there was time to get into things.

Saturday night brought a huge party at one of the dormitory buildings, which was lively and lasted quite a while.

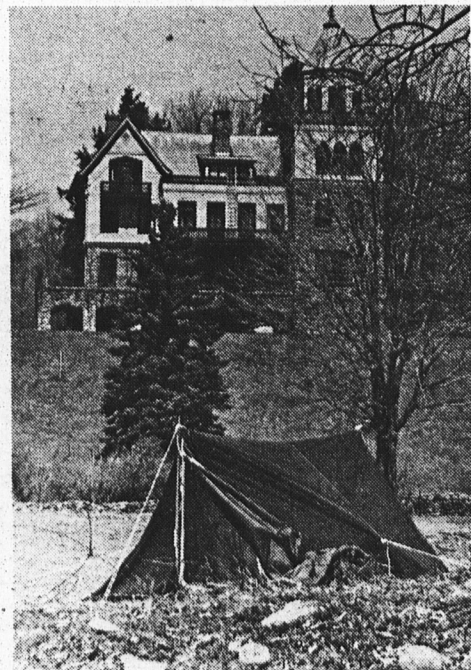
I suppose there will be many people who will say that this is a waste of money, but it was a great experience. People got to know each other and I really believe that the communication gap at Richmond was substantially narrowed. This was the first "come together" weekend, and from all indications it was a success. Witness some of the conversation on the return trip:

"I don't care if I miss the bus. I'd love to get stuck up here."

"Look at that fucking pollution in the city."

"It's back to the same routine, the same routine."

### VARIOUS ACCOMMODATIONS



## Richmond Alumnus To Run As McGovern Delegate

by David K. Moseder

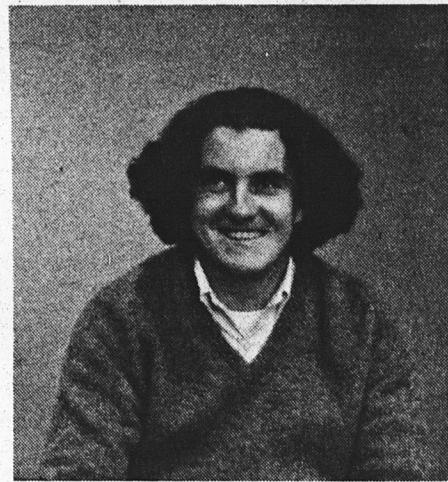
Edward Murphy, former Chairman of Richmond's Student Council, will be running in the June 20th Primary as a McGovern delegate from the 17th Congressional District. Murphy who served as S.C. Chairman from November 1970 through October 1971, is a member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War and is on the Executive Committees of both the War Resister's League and the Staten Island Democratic Party.

Murphy chose to run as a McGovern delegate because he feels that George McGovern has more to offer, is more consistent and more honest than any other candidate. He is the only one who is truly behind the working classes.

"The working class of America is being fed (and is swallowing) an 'American Dream' which is unrealistic and which they can never hope to achieve," said Murphy. "Fifteen per cent of the population of this country owns all the wealth while the vast majority of Americans live on a marginal income." Murphy is convinced that McGovern, as President, will initiate and will support measures to correct such inequities as he has been doing since he was elected junior senator from South Dakota in 1962.

"George McGovern has opposed the war in Vietnam since 1963, and has consistently advocated an immediate withdrawal of all troops from Southeast Asia. He also believes that the U.S. should pull back its troops all over the world." Ed also pointed out that McGovern supports the idea of self-determination of for Third World peoples.

Like many voters, Murphy looks at McGovern as a sort of "Populist" can-



EDWARD MURPHY

didate, having achieved considerable prominence without the aid of the Democratic "machine." Two months ago, Jack Anderson (looking at the primaries realistically and objectively) put the odds of McGovern's chances to win the Democratic Party's Presidential nomination at 50 to 1. Today, McGovern is decidedly a front-runner.

Murphy's support of McGovern is enhanced by the latter's standing with American women. It is expected that as President, George McGovern would appoint women to his cabinet, and according to "Ms." magazine, he rates extremely high in the area of "taking women seriously." Indeed, in a poll conducted by "Ms." only Shirley Chisholm ranked higher in this respect.

With a little bit of luck, and if McGovern receives the kind of support that Murphy feels he deserves, Ed will be flying to Miami for the Democratic Convention in July, as an official delegate for George McGovern and an unofficial representative of Richmond College. Between now and June 20th, however, Edward Murphy will have a lot of work to do.



## Religion Makes A Comeback

by Robert E. Chiles

It scarcely makes headlines to announce that contemporary youth culture displays extensive interest in things religious, ranging from Jesus freaks to Zen Buddhists, and from astrology to witchcraft. It is no secret either that over the last decade, while religious interest has grown, participation in institutional religion has noticeably declined.

Less familiar, however, is a marked increase in the academic study of religion in higher education. This increase has startling dimensions even to those working in the area. It is the purpose here to fill in some of the details of this picture in higher education, first as evident in American colleges generally, then in schools in the public sector, and finally in the City University itself.

Detailed and up-to-date information about religious study in American higher education is available thanks to two recent studies directed and edited by Claude Welch. The first is a survey of *Graduate Education in Religion* (1971) sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies. The second, *Religion in the Undergraduate Curriculum* (1972), was sponsored by the Association of American Colleges. Together they flesh out a detailed and comprehensive picture of the current status of the study of religion in higher education. A few of their more arresting findings follow.

These studies identified 1,311 four-year (senior) colleges in the United States and Canada. A total of 873 had a religion program or department. Some 580 or about two-thirds of these offered an undergraduate major. An additional 15 per cent offered religion courses though they lacked a program or major. In short, 1,005 of these institutions provided some instruction in religion, 306 provided none.

A special program or major was given in 30 per cent of the 423 public and in 48 per cent of the 212 private non-sectarian colleges identified. Forseeably, in 93 per cent of the 246 Roman Catholic and in 94 per cent of the Protestant colleges examined a program or major was offered.

In 1971 the American Philosophical Association estimated that between 850 and 900 senior colleges had a philosophy department or at least one faculty member teaching philosophy full-time. Evidently, the study of philosophy and the study of religion are now about equally represented in baccalaureate education.

Finally, for the elitist minded a striking relationship between the selectivity (quality) of an institution and the availability of a program in religion was discovered. On one scale based on educational resources, 85 per cent of those in the top 13 per cent of colleges had programs in religion. Only 40 per cent of those in the lowest 21 per cent had such programs. In the past decade or two, religiously supported educational institutions have tended to be less dogmatic in orientation and often have reduced or eliminated course requirements in religion. Consequently, the study of religion has not grown appreciably in most of these schools. It has gained significantly, however, among private, non-sectarian schools. But far and away the most dramatic increases in the academic study of religion have occurred in the public sector of higher education as the following items suggest.

A major factor in the growth of the academic study of religion in public education was the U.S. Supreme Court decision in the Schempp case (1963) widely regarded as giving constitutional approval to such study. In fact, two-thirds of the programs in religion in public institutions in 1970 were started in the 1960s; half of them since 1965!

Of the 423 public institutions reported, 51 (12 per cent) had majors in religion, 72 (17 per cent) had programs (but not majors); and another 118 (28 per cent) offered in-

Continued on page 4

# A Tribute To Dr. Nkrumah Africa's Greatest Prize

By Dr. F. A. Botchway

"Unity, fellow freedom fighters, must be the watchword of those who are leading the masses into the battle for independence in many parts of Africa which, alas, are still under the dragging yoke of colonialism. You must close your ranks and stand firmly together. You must forget your ranks and stand firmly together. You must forget your rhetorical differences and minor political polemics. The forces that are massed against you, as I have explained, are mighty indeed, and though they have their differences in many things, they are united in their determination to keep Africa as their rich economic province. Division among us is a luxury we cannot afford. Our open squabbles are the advantages which the enemy loses no time to exploit and thereby decimate our forces, and undermine our purpose. This is an aspect that we must examine most seriously so as to find means of clearing away such differences as we have, and coming together in a solid phalanx, to meet the enemy on a common front." (Nkrumah, August 1962)

With the death of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Africa has lost one of her finest sons. The enemies of Africa may rejoice in the death of Nkrumah. But the oxygen of revolution which Nkrumah unleashed in Africa will continue unabated. Since March 6, 1957 when Ghana became the first African country to throw off the yoke of colonialism, Africa and the Black World has not been the same. Before 1957 the voice of Africa was frail and hardly audible. For centuries the personality of Africa was truncated by dint of colonialist exploitation and oppression. For centuries Africa suffered the indignity of slavery and spoliation unparalleled in the history of mankind. African humanity suffered the worst form of degradation and abuse, and yet Africans are not bitter. Then, as if this form of humiliation was not enough, colonialist apologists entered into an intellectual conspiracy to obliterate Africa's glorious past. When vision was short and knowledge scant, they called Africa the "Dark Continent." Colonial historians and anthropologists made futile attempts to denigrate Africa's contribution to world civilization. They forgot they have taught us Greek and Latin in their schools! To these apologists the exploits and grandeur of the great empires of ancient Ghana, Mali and Songhai, the powerful kingdoms of Ashanti, Buganda, Dahomey, Ife, Benin, Zimbabwe and Kush, belonged to the realms of mythology. To them, before the advent of Europeans all was darkness and void.

Dr. Kwame Nkrumah changed all this. He gave us a new vision, a new consciousness and renewed faith in ourselves and our traditions. He made us aware of our African personality and of our ancient roots. He made us draw strength and inspiration from our glorious past, from the efflorescence of the powerful and enlightened civilization along the banks of the life-giving Nile, from the famous institutions of advanced studies in Timbuctoo and from the glorious existence of Ethiopia.

The enemies of African freedom and unity are desperate; and there is nothing that a desperate person will not do. But when that desperate person is the very quintessence of imperialism and neo-colonialism, then we know that there are no depths too low, no means too foul and no crimes too heinous that the imperialists and their agents will not employ to achieve their ends.

The brutal murders of Patrice Lumumba of Zaire and Dr. Felix Moumie of the Camerouns, the barbaric civil war in Nigeria and the overthrow of Nkrumah's government in 1966 bear eloquent testimony to this. It was postulated by many an imperialist intellectual that "No Nkrumah, No African Revolution", and "No Ghana". Dr. Nkrumah was the embodiment of all that Ghana's youth stand for, and Ghana under Nkrumah was a thorn in the flesh of the imperialists and neo-colonialists. Nkrumah was an articulate, effective voice of the oppressed, of the African and peoples of African descent who suffer the dominance of

'white "supremacy", of the Africans in Southern Africa, Angola, Mozambique, Zimbabwe, Namibia, Guine', locked in mortal contest with the settlers, the oppressors and their allies.

From Cairo to Cape Town, from the Horn of Africa to Dakar, to the West Indies and the United States, the Oxygen of Revolution and Black consciousness which Nkrumah unleashed in 1957 still continue unabated. Toure', Nkrumah's closest friend until his death once said "to take part in the African revolution it is not enough to write a revolutionary song; you must fashion the revolution with the people. And if you fashion it with the people, the songs will come by themselves, and of themselves". Nkrumah fashioned the African revolution with the people, and was himself a living part of the struggle; he was an element of that popular energy.

In 1964, Nkrumah wrote to me on the question of "African Independence and Unity" in reply to a letter I had sent him in my capacity as Secretary of The Ghana Current Affairs Group. I quote him in extenso:

Those of you, sons and daughters of Africa, who are fortunate to be abroad, have a special duty in fully girding yourselves for the struggle which awaits you at home. At the cross-roads, where we find ourselves, we have no room for ideological differences. You must close your ranks and strengthen the foundations of monolithic pan-continental fraternity dedicated to the immediate liberation of the African Motherland and the ushering in of a bright and glorious New Order - A United States of

Africa.

Then in his usually fatherly manner he offered us his advice:

Above all read; read. Read everything, something of everything it will enable you to break the one-sided indoctrination to which the Motherland has been subjected by the stubborn imperialists. It will enable you to develop a critical acumen, to increase your vigilance, to sharpen your sword for the rapidly approaching final showdown with foreign oppression. Furthermore, it will enable you to see Africa in her true setting and the role the imperialists and their agencies have been playing therein since the last century. Africa must be liberated. Remember always that you have four stages to make:

1. The attainment of freedom and independence.
2. The consolidation of that freedom and independence.
3. The creation of unity and community between the free African States.
4. The economic and social reconstruction of Africa.

Forward then to independence. To independence No. Tomorrow the United States of Africa.

Death is always close by, and what seems important in life is to know that one has done the most possible to realize one's ideas. Nkrumah died with the full knowledge that his ideas and visions have been firmly planted in the Youth of Africa. Our sadness is even more intense because Nkrumah has left us at precisely the moment when the cause for which he has sacrificed so much is

The Puerto Rican Workshop Theater of Brooklyn College will present MACRUNE'S GUEVARA, directed by Jose Olivero, on May 17, 18, 19, 20, and 21 in the New Workshop Theater, room 023W, Whitman Hall, at the Flatbush Campus, Bedford Avenue and Avenue H, Brooklyn. All performances will begin at 8:00 p.m. Tickets will be available at the Gershwin box office or at the door. There is a suggested donation of \$1.00. Phone: 998-6580 for information.



## 50,000 JOBS

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The National Agency Of Student Employment Has Recently Completed A Nationwide Research Program Of Jobs Available To College Students And Graduates During 1972. Catalogs Which Fully Describe These Employment Positions May Be Obtained As Follows:

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# Why Does The Richmond Day Care Center Exist?

by Darlene Livingston

Is it for the parents or the children? I attended a meeting of the Richmond College Parents Association called as a result of complaints made against the Center's Director to R.C.A.

What I observed was a group of approximately forty people, who after two years of work, had not yet agreed upon a charter, guidelines, goals, practices of child care or operational procedures to conduct their own meeting (a fiasco).

Complaints were made and circumstantiated by a picture of the director striking a child. The director said she felt justified so the parent was reprimanded for having made the complaint and told that a child such as hers had to be disciplined with corporal punishment.

A complaint was directed to the absence of any definitive criteria for the eligibility or expulsion of children, however, since there were none, a grievance committee was appointed!

The final irony was the R.C.A. finding matters satisfactory and dispensing with the investigation that was asked for.

I have spent time since then on a Day Care Project in which after extensive reading, observation and interviews with the Directors of other Staten Island Day Care Centers on standards of child care and group experience around which centers are organized. I found the Richmond College Day Care Center to be the worst observed.

The Day Care Center must first be concerned with the child's transition from home to school, building inner strengths and enhancement of the child's individuality through contributions to the group. For this the child needs an environment free to explore his expanding world through play and interaction both with his peers and adults he can trust. This takes a lot of planning being concerned with both the group and individual, by well trained teachers.

It is most important for the child's emotional growth and adjustment of being away from mother, to develop a relationship with another adult or their teacher who will provide the security of the mother, thereby developing a sense of trust in others who will care for them as well as the family. At the Richmond Center the children's fears are constantly being renewed by the teachers and directors inconsistent leave taking and along with parents coming and going, the foundation for separation anxieties, passive and withdrawn behavior is being laid.

In other centers I observed highly curious, energetic children in noisy, busy, warm, friendly, relaxed environments. I was told they worked to modify behavior which might be alienating or destructive. At Richmond Day Care I found a depressed, confusing, neglected atmosphere. Adults were not contributing or setting examples for group living. Work study students seemed unsure of themselves, impersonal and standoffish. I would question their experience with preschool children.

I found physical neglect. Sick and infectious children were not isolated or parents notified that the child must be taken

home. Medical, weighing, immunizations, injury reports and individual social records in most cases non-existent. Such health hazards as a door opening directly to the street and children playing against the

children. If your paying for some one to care for your children you can control the care your child gets. why are mothers turning their children over to bureaucrats and alienating them in institutions like Rich-



windows, where, one hard push against them would be fatal.

In conclusion it's my opinion that Richmond Day Care provides economical custodial child care for parents and does not meet the standards necessary for Child Day Care. Children learn from everything and all the time intellectual and physical growth is greatest in these formative years. In custodial care the insidious effects can be disastrous such as passivity, conformity, repression, rebellion, dependency and learning ways of escape. This also brings up some serious questioning of principles before support is given to government sponsorship of day care. Are parents economizing by sacrificing their children, so government can get cheaper labor? Why not demand upgrading of jobs for women so they can afford high quality care for their

mond Day Care (just an extension of the public school system) when, it only takes four years or the same commitment as college to provide them with mothering). Our mortality has been extended by as much in our life time. We have seen the effects on our society by this kind of alienation in our other institution for the old, sick, mental ill and other unproductive members of society. Day Care is a total institution for a preschool child because they spend their time at home sleeping or with a preoccupied tired parent.

At Richmond an alternative might be a good experimental school in early childhood supervised by teachers with certification in early childhood. You as the reader of this may help by when passing the Day Care Center Observing and I need say no more. Do something here before marching off to Willowbrook. Children need your protection and care.

## Looking For A Job (Part II)

by John Besignano

The job scene for college grads is almost impossible, and I think that one cannot keep being positive and persistent after fruitlessly looking for a job for five months. I know, because I feel miserable. I and many others have been looking for non-existent jobs for many months and our feelings have gone straight downhill.

Try, Mr. Nelson, to look for job as a recent college graduate with no experience in a highly competitive small job market. Let's see how you do, just the same as the rest of us. Sure, jobs are available if you don't mind taking a job with no future, out of your field, with low pay, and no hope to find anything else. After a few months you take whatever you can get. Sound far-fetched? It's not, because that is just the position that I am in.

I have in the last five months been turned down by the C.I.A., Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith; Bell Telephone Laboratories; Prudential Insurance; and Allstate Insurance; just to name a few. The reasons for being turned down ranged from overqualified, underqualified and "no business background" to "too young looking." This is typical of the excuses employers give. One girl was told "Why don't you go to secretarial school instead of college." This is the ultimate injury to a female job hunter. (Women's Lib take note: most agencies have this attitude.) I feel like a fool saying I have four years of college and a degree behind me because I know that this is more often a liability than an asset.

Getting a job never was easy, but today it can be almost impossible. This mess has had an effect on college grads looking for employment. After about the eleventh turn down, one starts to get heurotic. Is it the way I dress? My breath? Do I look sincere? Are my fingernails clean? This progresses to acute self-doubt. One starts to lack confidence in one's self. The ego inflated from the degree is quickly deflated and trampled.

It's a cold cruel world out there, but you never really expect it to be so bad. College life does shelter us from the real world. It can be a great shock to go out into this world. One grad from New Paltz felt that she could cope with the New York job scene. Her first shock came when she realized that her education was of little value in obtaining a job. Her second shock came when she realized that she was in no way prepared by her education to cope with a racist, sexist, prejudiced society. We learn about these things in school and even experience them a bit, but we always have the academic world to retreat to. It is much, much, different when you are suddenly thrust into this society and you have no place to retreat to.

By now many January grads have either been totally alienated and disgusted by the job market. They have and will take any job that is offered to them. I know because I and many I know are in this position. We take anything just so we can work, and I do mean anything. Of the January grads from this school that I know and have spoken to, four are working in department stores, two are waiting on tables, one is working for the Telephone Co., two are truck drivers, three are secretaries and eleven are still out of work. Those that do not have jobs occupy menial low paying positions or high paying jobs such as telephone repair workers or truck drivers. Anything but what they wanted.

Everyone supposedly knows about this problem. Yet they still do not know what it is really like. At times words cannot describe the feelings of utter uselessness and hopelessness one feels. You went to college for four years for nothing, four years wasted. I value my education but if when I started I knew then what I know now I don't know if I would have continued. At present I am working in a job far removed from what I want. It may lead to what I want eventually but it is a heck of a way to do it. All I can say is keep trying no matter how bad things get.

## Free European Trip Guide

Students International, a non-profit student travel organization with programs at 77 major colleges and universities across the United States, today announced publication of its 1972 European Trip Guide. The Trip Guide, printed in cooperation with American Express and Cultural Communications Corporation (CCC), will be distributed free to "College and High School students, or any other young people travelling to Europe this summer," said S.I.'s Director of Programs and Services, Chih Hung Kao. Kao said that, due to the tremendous increase in U.S. student travel in Europe, particularly in "first time" travellers, that a publication like the trip guide is "absolutely essential in helping you organize and fully enjoy your vacation, with a minimum of hassle, and we're only too glad to assist wherever we can."

S.I., a division of CTI, Inc. has been publishing the Trip Guide for two years, and its 1972 circulation will be in excess of 50,000 copies. Requests for copies have already come from over 6,000 students in 37 states.

The Trip Guide contains a complete schedule of European charter flights for students, a guide to insurance programs to effectively counter the frequently lost or stolen belongings, as well as numerous alternate means of getting to one's destination, what to do once there, preparatory suggestions, and a host of other travel hints.

The Trip Guide can be obtained by writing to:  
European Trip Guide '72  
621 Church Street  
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

or  
European Trip Guide '72  
1406 M Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20005

Kao also said that S.I., expecting over 1,000,000 U.S. students in Europe and other foreign lands during the period from June-August will operate several "EMERGENCY SERVICES CENTRES" at major European cities for all U.S. students. Details will be available by May 1.

### FOR INFORMATION CONTACT

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Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104  
(313) 769-5790



# Marxist, Shmarkist, Get Off My Back

by Martha Shelley

From the Red Faerie Collective:

A MAN I was once friendly with who calls himself a COMMUNIST and lives with his 'chick' in a modest Manhattan apartment asked me in a rather self-important voice, "What are you doing politically?"

I said that I was living COMMUNally with other gay men. That we were conscious of and dealing with the ways in which sex, colour, class and age give us power and influence our relations with each other. I said that we share our money to run the house, get high together and dance together. I said that we were into loving and caring for our planet and were concerned about the ways people related to it. I told him that we have lots of fun.

Then, there was a pause after which this man who never washes dishes or floors (his 'chick' does that), whose box of earth destroying detergent was sticking out of the top of the grocery bag he was carrying, whose physical contact with men begins and ends with a very manly handshake and who can cope with women only when his power is unquestioned, spat out: "Political I said, aren't you doing anything political?"

No, I thought, I can't give you a rundown on the endless meetings I go to because I cut them out several years ago. I grew tired of the bullshit rhetoric of people (men, always men) talking at each other in abstractions so alienated from anything real that they were frightening. Sick of men who could not touch each other and whose sex with women dealt as much with conquest as our foreign policy does. Bored with hearing about social changes that were to be made with no understanding that these changes have to begin now in the way that we are with ourselves and others. Outraged at being told by straight male leaders what was correct and had to be done. The insanity of talking across crowded rooms at people you did not know or trust, of trying to organise people you shared nothing with or knew less about and most of all whom you did not love. Of being with strangers who emerged once a week from their separate lives to hash and rehash, to split hairs and pull hairs and deal with everything but their own lives.

So I said, with a sense of the dramatic, "Well, yesterday I walked arm in arm with another man through the city and took some cans to be recycled. I spoke to some straight men about getting in touch with their homosexuality and watched the sunset and danced and made love."

The space between us grew larger as the worlds between us took shape. The man, once my friend now a stranger, smiled the condescending smile of one who mocks and pities the ignorance of a fool. We turned to leave and his eyes said - Cultural Revolutionary - Bourgeois Pig - Dope Fiend Hedonist.

I went home and wrote a letter:

"I am glad to be away from your Marxist revolution. It won't free me and it will do nothing for women either. So I'll be a queer in a Communist society. Your uptightness will never let you see me as anything but that. A revolution that does not see patriarchalism and sex roles as the enemy

leaves me just where I've always been. Nationalise industry and I am still a faggot. The time I spent in your movement were years in which I had to deny things that were basic to my existence. When finally I could no longer do that and told you I was gay you said nothing and we never spoke of it again. How could you have ignored what I said? You made me feel as if I did not exist.

I never really understood Communism while I moved around with you although I did pick up a lot of the rhetoric. Theory and abstract talk mean little to me now. Pronouncements from male leaders based on what other male leaders have written - this endless chain of rhetoric - straight men telling me where I should be rather than all of us struggling together to be there. What you do with your life means everything. A communist lives communally. She or he shares with her/ his sisters and brothers. They work to abandon private property; to put, through struggle, ownership of property into the group's hands and to do away with class distinctions and all other artificial barriers between people. These are things that we do. I don't organise factory workers because it would be pretentious of me to expect the trust and good faith of someone whose experiences are so different from mine; someone who knows that I am there by choice and that I can leave the factory at any time. I will try to understand how our class differences separate us and what I must do to divest myself of the privilege my class has given me.

"When I walk down a street holding another man's arm we are making a political statement. Perhaps you do not agree because you have not defined the struggle against heterosexism as part of your revolution. You fail to see the relationship between sex roles and power and inequality. Until you deal with these things we cannot work together. We should come to your meetings and confront you on your attitudes towards homosexuality. If we have not it is only because the pain that these confrontations cause is too intense and difficult to deal with. First we must convince you that our struggle is valid - that our existence is valid - that we are. No one should ever have to do that. Then we must make you throw your straight male abstractions aside and get into yourself in ways you may not be accustomed to, to places that may be painful and threatening. But if we can ever work with you, it will be because you have gone there and converted some of your worst fears into your greatest pleasures.

"We have also not been around because most of our energies have gone into coming together with each other, defining who we are by ourselves, learning to be in new ways, casting off our oppression which has kept us apart.

"I have been through your trip - the meetings, the rhetoric, the coldness, the demonstrations, the treating of people like objects, the insistence that you have the correct line - all of it. They were years in which I learned much but it was a trip done primarily by my head. Now for us to unite, to bring together the splintered movement, you must first come on our trip. In brotherly love."

# Safeguard For Consumers?

Have you ever bought something and taken it home, only to find out it doesn't work? When was the last time you bought a container of food, only to open it up and find it filled with additives, coloring, etc. not represented on the label? The Department of Consumer Affairs is an agency of the City of New York which is supposed to help consumers deal with problems such as these. Its function includes testing and inspecting commodities and weighing devices, investigating false and misleading advertising and resolving consumer complaints.

Last term, two students from Richmond College, Monty Johnson and Joe Iandola, volunteered to work for the Department of Consumer Affairs, in order to research a paper they were doing for a course in Consumer Economics. They, like other volunteers for the Department, were put to work answering complaints which customers telephoned in. The briefing session for these volunteers, according to Mr. Johnson, does not include any sort of useful information which they might need in

answering complaints. Most of the people answering the phones have no legal background and no knowledge of the laws applicable to consumer's rights. Furthermore, the only references they can make are to other person in the Department of Consumer Affairs. In many cases, the person referred to can be of no more assistance than the volunteer. In the paper which Monty and Joe turned in at the end of their service, they referred to a warning given them by a supervisor that, "the consumer is always wrong until you can prove him right." A typical incident in which lack of proper legal knowledge was to the detriment of the consumer involved Joe. He had received a call from Totie Field's butler. Ms. Fields had given a tea party with an expensive set which she had purchased from an exclusive store in Manhattan. The butler said that while serving the tea, all the cups started to crack. He wanted to know if they could sue the store. Since Joe did not really know if they could sue, he simply convinced the butler that an expensive tea

Continued on page 7

## For science-oriented college students: a career in a health profession.

Pharmacists. In which most pharmacists (men and women) earn over \$13,000 in their early twenties.

Pharmacists don't start at the bottom. They're essential to the community and hospital pharmacy fields. They choose from executive positions in the research, manufacturing, management and marketing phases of the pharmaceutical, drug and cosmetic industries... and are needed in federal, state and city health agencies. Pharmacists help people live longer, healthier lives.

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C

# RELIGION MAKES A COMEBACK

Continued from page 2

dividual courses. Public education's traditional resistance to presumed breaches of the barrier between church and state, makes these figures all the more impressive.

Further, enrollment in religion courses in public institutions has increased three-fold in five years. From 1964 to 1969 enrollments in religion increased by 150 per cent while student population in these schools grew by only 55 per cent. The study of religion in other sectors of higher education did not fare nearly as well.

Finally, a close-up is needed to complete the picture. Investigation discloses that

interest in Religious Studies in the City University also has grown more rapidly and is more widespread than generally assumed. Here is some of that evidence.

Within the past year, Hunter, Baruch, and Queens have secured approval for Religious Studies programs that include an undergraduate major. This fall the new introductory course in religion at one of these colleges will be offered in no less than eight sections!

Recently also three CUNY schools have approved programs and majors in Jewish Studies: Queens, Hunter, and Brooklyn. Six additional schools offer a variety of courses in the area, and several of them are plan-

ning to develop programs and majors.

Nearly all of the units in CUNY, including community colleges, offer courses in religion even if they lack a formal program. Thus 43 existing courses could be counted toward the major by one new Religious Studies program, 24 such courses by another.

Finally, with no program in religion, in five years Richmond has approved 17 courses focussing significantly on religion.

All of the above of course does not dictate what kind of effort Richmond should make in the undergraduate study of religion. It does seem to suggest, however, that our first Master Plan in 1968, which adumbrated the

development of a Religious Studies program was in the forefront of the times and that we should now consider implementing it.

A number of us in the Richmond community propose to make an exploration of possibilities and we welcome additional participants. A considerable quantity of literature is available including details about programs at a variety of colleges. Contact Robert Chiles (448-6099) for more information. The prospect of working out a distinctive, interesting and relevant Religious Studies program for Richmond holds considerable excitement and challenge. But of that perhaps more can be said later.



## Notes On Staten Island

by James Callaghan, Jr.

So now we are being told that our absentee Mayor wants to "furlough" some 250,000 city workers, without pay. The reason for this, say the Mayor's press releases, is because of a "fiscal crisis" the city now faces. Sometimes it is difficult to believe from one day to the next that the Mayor actually knows what he is doing. While Cromwell Center has been rotting away over the past 5 years, the Mayor's "fiscal experts" authorize 24 million dollars to buy Yankee Stadium (despite the fact that a \$22,000 "feasibility study" will not be ready until June, and that New York already owns a modern stadium, which could easily be shared). Also despite the fact that the Yankees "poverty blues" are a sham; since they are owned by CBS.

Suggestion that the Mayor starts his payroll trimming at the top; by permanently releasing his incompetent administrators, and those who owe their jobs to political parasites. He might start with his "part-time" tax commissioner, Norman Levy (34 thousand dollars a year) to be followed by the chief Lindsay fund-raiser on Staten Island, Vincent Givney (remember him?) He can then start to eliminate those lucrative "secret" consultant contracts, which cost us 100 million dollars in 1970 alone. (How many went to Lindsay campaign contributors?)

To tell us that a fiscal crisis makes it mandatory to lay off city workers while Lindsay's palace guard and muscle men are left to loot the city's treasury is the kind of hypocrisy that allows this same man to nominate Spiro Agnew and support the Nixon ticket in 1968, and campaign one year later as a "populist." It is the same hypocrisy that allows the Mayor to go to Miami and speak of "new politics" and reform, while he goes to dinners at the Waldorf and calls Patrick Cunningham the "patronage King of the Bronx," my kind of politician. This, in the midst of a struggle by reformers to elect McGovern delegates to the convention, while Cunningham's slate are running true to form "uncommitted." (What does the hell does that mean?)

It is the same hypocrisy that has Lindsay political operators on Staten Island (most of them on the city payroll) muscling their way into the Democratic clubs, with 100 new members at a clip (paid for with Lindsay money). Lindsay's gestapo and monkey men talk of their knight in shining armor saving the city from ruin, while they fill the city's payroll with pals and vote-getters (or vote-buyers, whichever you prefer).

We read in our history books of "Tammany Hall" and the "Tweed Ring" and think it's all behind us! We are living in the midst of one of the most corrupt city administrations in our history, while Time Magazine and the national news networks tell us the Mayor has "charisma" and he appeals to "the young, the blacks, etc."

What the Mayor and his henchmen do in New York and Brooklyn and Staten Island puts the lie to what he says in Milwaukee and on the college campuses in Madison. His press releases are written by people from Yale and Harvard, while the Rand Corporation from California is paid \$200,000 to tell us New York needs more housing. Even as you are reading this, another scandal will be breaking. And this is what the Mayor calls "progressive administration" or "populism."

Speaking of Vince Gibney, whatever happened to that "pretty good-sized" ad journal that was to have been distributed at the dinner given by the Rikhmond County Civic Improvement Association (also known as the local JVL clubhouse)? You remember the journal, the one that gives the businessmen and contractors the chance to kick back to the Lindsay regime, without being accused of anything illegal. (Gibney claims that all the funds raised go to "charity.") More laughs. Where is it? Who kicked in? Why the big secrets???

As a kid who was always taught that the Democratic Party was the party of the "common man" it was with great reluctance that we accepted an invite to the \$75-a-plate dinner at the Shalimar. We heard the

rhetoric of the party that was out attacking those who are in. We heard John M. Murphy talk disparagingly of "big business." (Conveniently forgetting to mention the Frank Murphy Contracting Co.)

We saw many people, some of them there for favors, some there for contracts, and a lot of folks who went free (including us). We saw men whose title refers to them as "the honorable so and so." We still can't understand why they use that prefix when it so seldom applies. We were also very impressed with Matthew Troy (surprise) not so impressed with the many shady characters who made their way from table to table...at the recent young Dems dinner we incredulously listened to our Congressman John Murphy talk of "decency" morality and "majority rules." One wonders who writes his speeches...count one more for Bill Ryan against Bella Abzug. Her cold, arrogant decision to run against "an old friend" who has consistently supported what she stands for smacks of old-time politics at its lowest.

Her using the women's issue as an excuse is also insulting and shallow. She now would have us believe that to oppose Bella is to be against Women's Rights, decent housing, the end of the war, etc. This is pure bullshit. One wonders if we'll ever see Bella on the Island again, now that she has abandoned the fight against Murphy. Her crack that "Staten Island is a nice place to visit, but..." is typical of the Manhattan elitism that thinks the rest of us are just a crowd of reactionary outsiders...."

## A Day In The Life Of The Richmond Times

Continued from back page

Chris Retch top billing over George Harrison and Bob Dylan?

HOWIE: Burp!! 'Cause he's funnier.'

JOHN: Wanna bet??!!

HOWIE: (Unable to come up with a quick put down:) B-U-U-U-U-R-R-R-P!!!!

(At this point, the head of a sledge hammer comes crashing through the wall. The wall breaks away and we see special guest star Ricardo Montalban standing triumphantly as he speaks:)

RICARDO: In the name of La Asassinacion, I hereby liberate this office!

STEVE: Right on!!

RICARDO: Check it out, Honky!

RICHARD: Give us break, will you? After all we did print three stills from "West Side Story" in our last issue. Why don't you take over President Schooler's office?

RICARDO: Because our brothers in the Engineering society already have it.

DAVID: Would you settle for the Office of Student Affairs?

RICARDO: Would YOU??

DAVID: I guess you're right. But if you want this office, then YOU have to clean it. (Ricardo looks around him at three years worth of yellowed back issues and this week's backlog of unopened mail.)

RICARDO: In the name of Desi Arnaz, I return this office to the capitalist honkies. It's the least I can do for the movement! (Through the miracle of reverse film, we see the wall rebuild itself, outdated posters and all.)

CATHY: Richard, how much copy do we have for the next issue.

RICHARD: At least eight pages worth. Maybe twelve.

CATHY: I mean, besides the ARTS pages!

RICHARD: Well we do have some R.C. press releases for the front page: "Herbert Schooler's Birthday Party A Success," "Former Nazi Scientist Joins Faculty," and "Richmond Football Coach Resigns."

STEVE: Football coach? But we don't have a team!

RICHARD: That's why he's resigning! (Enter Terence Beachman. He is wearing a vertically striped polo shirt, cutdown levi's and sandals. He is carrying a surf board under his arm.)

TERRY: Here's my latest article on the Beach Voys.

HOWIE: You mean Bitch Boys, don't you. Har, har, har, BUTP! Boy your taste in music sucks!

TERRY: What makes you say that all the

Now that George McGovern has shown what a farce the "opinion Polls" are (they said he didn't stand a chance with only 5 per cent supporting him), where are all the Lindsay apologists who claimed he would set the electorate on fire? Perhaps the voter quickly saw through that flimsy media-image that Lindsay's crowd tried to sell them; they weren't buying that "man of the people" rhetoric...by the way, has anyone ever been asked their views by the Gallup or Harris polls?

Early Endorsements: Paul O'Dwyer for Mayor...Don't forget the benefit dance May 20th on Behalf of the Irish Northern Aid Committee. If you can't make it all contributions are gladly accepted. Call 442-0263. Friends have been asking about the take-over of "Stormont" by Westminster. This is not a solution. British occupation troops are still in a land that does not belong to them; against the will of the majority of the Irish people. Until that day when Britain leaves forever, and "gives Ireland back to the Irish" our work will not be done. It is that simple; talk of a "bloodbath" and "Catholic Domination" in a united Ireland are smokescreens. The day is soon coming when the people of Ireland will be left to determine their own destinies, leaving behind 800 years of subjugation at the hands of their British oppressors. Until that day, in the words of the Irish poet-patriot Padriac Pearse:

"Ireland un-free shall never be at peace."

time?

HOWIE: Because you're not ME!

JOHN: Hey Dave, is this the question mark?

DAVID: You're close. That's a p. By the way, you don't end a sentence with a dollar sign.

(Enter Francine Godmother, whose guise as the Times' secretary is really a front for a legitimate business. She is wearing a double breasted pin-striped suit, black shirt, white tie, imported Italian shoes and dark glasses.)

FRANCINE: (Rubbing her thumb and forefinger together) Hey guys, you need any, you know, "Typing" done? (No response.) How about you John? You want me to "translate" your "articles" for you? Anybody got an article that needs "Fixing?"

HOWIE: (Slightly terrified) by the way, "Jerry" called for you. He said he'll meet you at the usual place for dinner.

FRANCINE: Feh! Another night at Wetsons! I can't wait till we're married.

(David, who is secretly divorced from Francine, looks on suspiciously.)

DAVID: I don't trust all those quotation marks. They have EVIL connotations!

FRANCINE: (Passionately) Those are the best kind.

JOHN: How many k's in "connotations?"

CATHY: Stop! Stop! I can't stand it anymore! (She gets up and opens the window wide.)

STEVE: Wait Cathy, don't jump! It's not worth it!

CATHY: Who's jumping? With all this hot air in here I just had to open a window!!

TERRY: (Charges towards the window with his surf board) SURF'S UP!! (He dives out the window.)

DAVID: Oh, no! He must've seen the mirage again!

RICHARD: You mean... the perfect wave?

DAVID: No, Brian Wilson and Bruce Johnston singing "Wouldn't It Be Nice" together.

John: How man 2's are there in together?

DAVID: In the words of George Harrison, "It's All Too Much." I'm going to jump, too, and don't try to stop me.

HOWIE: Have a nice trip, see ya next fall! Har, har, burp!

CATHY: Whose going to stop you? Besides, how badly can you hurt yourself jumping off a chair?

HOWIE: We shall soon see. (He pushes David off the chair, but because he is stoned,

## 2 Concerts by Music Society

Two concerts of music for vocal and instrumental ensemble will be presented by the Richmond College Music Society: May 14, Music from the Middle Ages and Renaissance, and May 21, Ensemble Music from the 18th and 20th Centuries.

The concerts will feature Ann-Bernadette Sohm and Donna Jeffrey as vocal soloists with Edwin Annvedder, Barry Gold, Paul Haymond, Bruce Katzenberg, John Martucci, Audrey Nelson, Joseph Rigby and Ralph Rios as instrumentalists. They will be under the direction of Dr. Victor H. Mattfeld, Associate Professor of Music at Richmond College.

The May 14th concert will include music from the Middle Ages and Renaissance, as written by Machaut, Dufay, Attaignant, Gervaise, de la Torre, Morley, Weelkes, Holborne, and Praetorius, as well as anonymous composers from 13th to 16th century France, Spain and England. The music will be performed on instruments used at the time, including recorders, krumphorns, cornemuses, shawm, sackbut, rankets, bells, organetto and virginal. The May 21st concert will present music for voice and instruments from the 18th and 20th centuries, with compositions by Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Griffith, Britten, Pinkham and Sydemann.

The concerts are to be given at the Brighton Heights Reformed Church, 320 St. Mark's Place, at 3:00 p.m. Sundays, May 14th, and 21st. Admission is free.

he loses his balance and falls on top of David, causing instant death. He then bounces up and crashes through the ceiling, causing an orgy from the sixth floor to fall through, killing Richard, Howie and Francine.)

CATHY: No, no, I can't take any more! (She reaches for a three day old cup of grape drink and downs it in one swallow, causing instant death.)

STEVE: (Picking up a letter opener.) "Though it may not be right, I'll join you tonight..." (he stabs himself and dies instantly.)

(Enter Tony Leper, alleged photography editor and Chairman of Student Council, crashing through the door of the office on his motorcycle)

TONY: My scheme has succeeded! Now I am the commander-in-chief of the newspaper as well as student government! Another step toward world domination! Haha! Those fools laughed at me... now it's my turn to laugh! (He laughs malevolently, loud and long.)

JOHN: (Who has been unaware of what has just happened) Is this the "return" button? (He presses the wrong button. The typewriter explodes killing John instantly. Tony is mortally wounded, He gasps, dying...)

TONY: A camera, a camera, my kingdom for a camera...

(RICARDO MONTALBAN appears again, tossing the Richmond Times' long lost Honeywell Pentax camera at Tony. He clutches it to his chest, smiles and dies.) (J. Michael Freud, in the guise of the devil, retrieves the camera and walks away smiling, as we hear Rod Serling's voice over:)

SERLING: Nine young people playing in a tragedy of tragedies, or as some might say, the travesty of travesties. They went looking for America but couldn't see the forest for the smog. It's true "they won't have the Richmond Times to kick around anymore," but then, "they" never really did. For you see, that entity that was once known as The Richmond Times never existed outside of Richmond College. And as everyone knows, Richmond College is the premiere synonym... for the Twilight Zone.

(Fade to black night, twinkling stars and the Goodyear blimp pulling along a banner which reads "G-g-g-g-g-g... that's all folks!") END OF ACT I.)



# EDITORIALS

## Guest Editorial... *their Private Profit*

by Bob Domina

The war in Southeast Asia is not in OUR interest.

It is in the interest of the war profiteers of Wall St. who seek to exploit and enslave US and the people of the world for the sole purpose of increasing THEIR PRIVATE PROFIT.

Their only priority is PROFIT.

This is why Pollution continues.

This is why Two Thirds of the world and 30 Million Americans go to bed hungry each night.

This is why 60 per cent of OUR taxes is used to produce weapons that destroy.

This is why I.T.T. tried to deny the people of Chile the freedom to choose their own type of government.

This is why the ruling class of the United States refused to allow the Vietnamese people to determine their own form of government in 1954, and continues to refuse now.

This is why OUR transportation system is horrendous.

This is why we have an educational crisis.

This is why we have a drug and crime problem.

This is why Our streets are full of potholes.

This is why OUR televisions and radios are used to sell, sell, sell; rather than to teach, inform and enlighten.

This is why we sometimes curse OUR bosses and supervisors.

This is why they treat us not as people but as commodities.

This is why we are beat after a day's work and cannot fully enjoy our friends and families.

The corporate structure does not operate in the interest of the PEOPLE. We serve it as workers and receive little in return. When OUR needs conflict with THEIR need to make profits, OURS are denied and theirs are satisfied. They even decide and tell us what we need. T.V. commercials constantly do this. How demeaning this is to OUR intelligence. We can decide for ourselves. We know that we don't need automobiles that will last only a few years, contaminate OUR air and constantly need repair. OUR technology can produce better.

WE CAN PRODUCE MUCH BETTER.

The corporate structure with the government as its closest ally rules and controls OUR lives. They claim that they will improve our lives. They promise. They don't deliver. OUR sweat is not used to improve the quality of OUR lives. It is used to increase the quantity of THEIR profit.

This is why we are angry.

This is why we should demand that those 10 per cent of the people who control 90 per cent of the wealth STOP misusing it.

This is why we the people should stand united and demand that OUR sweat be used to serve our needs and not the needs of a profit making elite.

This is why we demand a more qualitative life.

A life where we control OUR resources.

A life where we work and produce not for zerox, general motors, or ford—but for OURSELVES.

A life where we cooperate and work together for the benefit of all.

A life where we laugh more—even when we work.

A life where we love more.

A life that is lived to the fullest.

We can do it.

Let us do it ourselves.

Let us be free.

Let all of us begin to prepare for the celebration of life.

## The Richmond Times

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# LETTERS

## To: Dan Golenpaul

RE: CAN WE TRUST POLITICIANS +  
Part IV

This article has some good ideas in connection with its neighboring article "Let's Retreat from Democracy" by Dan Kramer in the April 21, 1972 Richmond Times. However ideas remain in their abstract, intellectual form to be played with by those not suffering by them.

Dan Golenpaul asks for a "blue print" of politicians' proposals and a positive program. I assume that he is talking to people in the college, many of whom come from working families. The "positive program" spells "negative reality" when dealing with the obvious lack of political power; but just as important the lack of economic or money power. How can these political groups you talk about survive without the necessary expenses to pay for any organization to implement programs?

Dan makes reference to Carl Sandburg's analysis of the Civil War. What Sandburg fails to see or say about the Civil War was that it was essentially a war between the members of the ruling classes of both the North and the South, with the West waiting to see who wins. The "vision" of racism abolished with the Emancipation Proclamation proved to be an illusion and not a reality. Martin Luther King Jr. was shot down because his dream was leaving the moral aspect of racism, and began to explore the political-economic aspects of racism. Malcolm X also was too powerful a voice of the black and oppressed people. He came from the depths of the "chaos and the storm." Even the ruling group of the Muslims feared his foresight and strength. He challenged them too. Not to defeat them, but to show them their weakness and failure to deal with those who are actually on the bottom of the wrecked ship.

My most serious question for Dan Golenpaul is "How much has he done to help these groups he talks of get started?" He sounds too much like a football coach on the sidelines. I don't know how much I can trust someone who is part of the intellectual pains of life, yet not the physical, material and earthy pains of the oppressed. I am sick and tired of hearing people who sit comfortably in a high chair with President Lincoln in the "White" House, romanticize on the glory of the oppressed.

Dan Golenpaul assumes that this present political-economic system can be changed to bring the necessary changes. The lack of any significant action by our elected officials is a directed result of the blueprint and \$green print\$ being handed down by I.T.T. and other large monied interests.

The author of this article seems more interested in playing North vs. South game and Dems vs. Rep games. Both of these games are played by the ruling class of this country. We never made any rules nor did we have a chance to pick our own players.

It is a crime to hear someone telling a powerless people that playing someone else's game will give them power. Power, whether political-economic or Monopoly, is derived from what you and those you play with create. Dan speaks of principles. What about a fundamental principle of the wealth of the world belonging to all the people, not any small group or family.

I have no clear cut blueprint or plan. I am only beginning to learn.

P.S. Unfortunately I haven't read the previous three parts to the "Can We Trust Politicians" series.

Anthony Del Plato

## Ooops We Goofed!

In the last issue, we printed a story that was headlined, "Media Services Responds." We were informed that the authors, the Media Conspiracy is in no way connected with the Media Services. Apologies to all those concerned.

—The RICHMOND TIMES

## "Look Into My Eyes..."

Dear Readers:

Which member of the video tape department hypnotizes students on such a regular basis that it was inevitable that a few people suffered strong aversive affects? Inasmuch as these sessions take place during his working hours, perhaps he will be fortunate enough to have his job description changed to "Practicing Amateur Hypnotist." Naturally there would be office hours for all those foolish enough to submit themselves to this incompetent charlatan. Could this same individual be the primary source of the mini-rock festival on April 26th...which succeeded to raise the decibel level so high as to cease all normal academic functioning in four offices and five classrooms...for more than two hours. Is this the staff member who, once again on school time, laughs his way to complete his BA requirements? Moreover, trying to locate him at the decent hour of 11:00 A.M. is like, no it is not like anything, it's just purely absurd. Whose studios always appear as though an Arabian sandstorm is constantly blowing? Could there also be a camel in his office? - and his middle name "El?"

With the crucial economic condition that Richmond College is currently witnessing, is it not time to inquire and examine the competence and employability of individuals as the aforementioned?

Professor Eustace McGargle  
nom de plume

Cuthbert J. Twillie

## Tutorial Program

For the past year and a half, Richmond College has provided individual tutorial services for enrollees in the Neighborhood Youth Corps who have dropped out of high schools on Staten Island. This constitutes one part of the program which is designed to prepare these 16 to 18 year olds to pursue a high school equivalency diploma and/or prepare for a job in a field allied to their interests and abilities. Motivation for Richmond College students has been varied, namely:

- to volunteer as a community service
- to receive course credit
- to partially fulfill certain course requirements

For this endeavor, which is part of the TTT project at Richmond, we need dedicated, empathetic students. If you are interested in participating during the Fall semester, contact Rita Brause or Judy McKoy in room 803 as soon as possible.

## Magner, New Dean

The Board of Higher Education last night (Monday, April 24) designated Marilyn Magner associate university dean for faculty and staff relations at the City University of New York. Miss Magner is the first woman to be appointed to the level of university dean at CUNY.

Under the vice chancellor for faculty and staff relations, Dean Magner will be responsible for coordinating labor relations and personnel policies for the 22,000 instructional and non-instructional employees of the university.

Dean Magner has been with the university since 1953, when she was assistant in the office of the personnel coordinator, and in 1971, labor relations officer.

She received her master's degree in public administration from the Bernard M. Baruch School of Business and Public Administration of City College and has done graduate work in public administration at New York University.



## Abe On The Beame?

Dear Reader:

Now, when many vital services, including those in the field of higher education, are in danger of being eliminated or sharply curtailed, I am hoping that you will gladly give your support to a campaign that may save this City many millions in excessive interest charges.

"The low credit rating which the private rating agencies have imposed on New York City's bonds is unwarranted and inaccurate. As a result, New Yorkers are unnecessarily bearing extra interest costs on our municipal borrowings. Our taxpayers will be paying \$115 million in extra interest charges on long and short-term bonds made since 1965 when our rating was first reduced. On borrowings in 1971 alone, these extra charges will total \$42 million" says the Honorable Abraham D. Beame.

It is important, therefore, that all who live and work in this City join in a common battle against this inequity and extend the Comptroller our full support in his campaign to upgrade this City's bonds.

Many individuals, including myself, who have already signed a petition, have confidence in this City and are certain that for the foreseeable future New York will continue to be considered and remain the cultural and financial centre of the United States. The mushrooming high-rise office buildings are added evidence that the City's future is not as bleak as reflected in its current "BAA" credit rating. Leberthal & Co. a respectable Municipal Bond House, in its Newsletter of March 9 lists reasons why New York City's bonds are a safe investment and concludes that "New York's streets should be as safe as its bonds."

The Chancellor, Robert J. Kibbee, in his letter to the Comptroller, the Honorable Abraham D. Beame, says "Being associated with an operation which I feel provides a vital service to the community, allow me to echo Mr. Broza's feelings on your campaign to achieve a proper credit rating for this City. In short, you have my support for your current campaign to rectify prior injustices. The creation of a just credit rating would save the City funds which it so desperately needs for its vital services."

I am hoping that you will give your support to this campaign of saving the City many millions in interest charges and inform the Comptroller about your concern and feelings on this subject.

Abraham Broza  
Graduate School and University Center

The Honorable Abraham D. Beame  
Comptroller  
Municipal Building  
New York, New York 10007

Dear Comptroller Beame:

I wish to inform you that your campaign for an equitable rating of the City's bonds has my full support.

I am hoping that you will persist in your endeavours until this situation is corrected. Thus, the City will save substantial funds, urgently needed for many vital services in the fields of health, education and security.

Sincerely yours,

Address:

## CONGRATULATIONS

The Engineering Society wishes to congratulate Professor Ozizmir on his appointment as Chairman of the Division of Pure and Applied Sciences. We feel his leadership might finally lead to needed changes in the division in the areas of student-faculty communication and student representation within the division.

Paul Cataldo  
President, Engineering Society

## An Open Letter To R.C.'s Plastic Freak Society

by Joe R. DiLorenzo

Our hallowed halls have once again been slewn with pseudorevolutionary sloganism. The "liberated" working class Richmond College intellectual has freshly arisen from a grave of elite impotence to shout the people's folk song of revolutionary puritanism.

A cult-oriented parade of self-effacing nihilists disguised as evangelists of the new order, march anew against the hideous tyranny of injustice.

Yet how do these modern folk heroes challenge the injustice of oppression? By denigrating every positive attempt at cultural change to the most base depths of inhuman monstrosity.

Every inspirational advance in radical ideology has been stultified at its very root. A case in point: both gay and women's liberation which offer new vital analysis of social repression and consequently demand a reevaluation of the meaning of human sexuality, have been subsequently seduced and subverted into the historical neurosis of the hysterical people's class struggle.

New values are beginning to surface from beneath the turbulent waters of our schizophrenic culture. As always man will attempt to repress and block any chance at instinctual liberation and existential freedom. Great thinkers such as Marx and Freud hopelessly entangled within their deterministic doctrines culminate in pessimism and ultimately fail to transcend their own death-limited situation and reach onward towards cultural evolution and an affirmation of life.

## Summer Vacation?

by J.M.

As I was saying as the herb jar was being thrown at me, "My how thyme flies." Well, vacation time is coming around again. I recall one recess when I didn't have the strength to do anything. You might say it was a "too weak" vacation. I would have spent the summer playing golf, but I didn't have the drive. And the last time I played, the woman I was playing with couldn't stop making caddy remarks. And right now, I have too many difficulties to "iron" out.

What I ended up doing was taking a plane to Florida. As soon as I got on the plane I had a battle with my chair. You should have seen that seat belt. The pilot was a real dullard, and I was hoping he wouldn't be a crashing bore. At least he wasn't like the Captain on this boat ride I took once. The Captain drank so much Sherry on the boat that he never made it to port. On the plane someone threw a dreadle at me. Is that their idea of top flight entertainment? Is this article my idea of entertainment? Well, on the plane I was still up in the air about it.

## The Box

by Kendrew Lascelles

Once upon a time in the land of hush-a-bye,  
Around about the wonderous days of yore,  
They came across a sort of box  
Bound up with chains and locked with locks  
And labeled 'Kindly do not touch, it's war'

A decree was issued round about -  
All with a flourish and a shout  
And a gaily coloured mascot  
Trippin LIGHTLY ON BEFORE +  
'Don't fiddle with this deadly box  
Or break the chains or pick the locks  
And please don't ever mess about with war.

Well the children happen to be good  
And were just as good around the time of yore.  
They didn't try to pick the locks  
Or break into that deadly box  
And never tried to play about with war.

Mommies didn't either,  
Sisters, Aunts nor Grannies neither  
'Cos they were quiet and sweet and pretty  
In those wonderous days of yore,  
Well very much the same as now  
And not the ones to blame somehow  
For opening up that deadly box of war,

But someone did,

Someone battered in the lid  
And spilled the insides out across the floor,  
A sort of bouncy bumpy ball  
Made up of flags and guns and all  
The tears and horror and the death  
That goes with war.

It bounced right out  
And went bashing all about  
And bumping into everything in store  
And what was sad and most unfair  
Was that it didn't really seem to care  
Much who it bumped, or why,  
Or what, or for.

It bumped the children mainly,  
And I'll tell you this quite plainly,  
It bumps them everyday and more and more  
And leaves them dead and burned and dying.  
Thousands of them sick and crying,  
'Cos when it bumps its very very sore.

There is a way to stop the ball,  
It isn't very hard at all,  
All it takes is wisdom  
And I'm absolutely sure  
We could get it back into the box  
And bind the chains and lock the locks  
But no one seems to want to save the children anymore.

Well that's the way it all appears  
'Cos it's been bouncing round for years and years  
In spite of all the wisdom wizzed  
Since those wonderous days of yore,  
And the time they came across that box  
Bound up with chains and locked with locks  
And labeled, 'Kindly do not touch, it's war'

## An Open Letter To Mayor Lindsay

The Honorable John V. Lindsay, Mayor  
City Hall  
New York, N. Y. 10007

Dear Sir:

The following resolution was passed overwhelmingly (96 in favor, 0 opposed and 2 abstaining) at the April 24, 1972 meeting of the faculty and student body at Richmond College - CUNY. It pertains to the harassment and destruction by arson of a home purchased in the Oakwood section of Staten Island by a black family, Alberto and Dorell Charles.

Dorell Charles works in the Registrar's office of our college and is also a student here, but that in no way should be construed as our only reason for the resolution, which reads:

The Richmond College community is outraged by the racist attack on a member of the Staten Island community. We condemn the apparent criminal negligence of the New York City Police Department in refusing to protect the Charles family.

We call for a complete Grand Jury investigation of the burning of the house at 351 Milton Avenue, Staten Island on April 22, 1972.

We further call for the United States Attorney General's office to investigate the possibility of a conspiracy to abrogate the civil rights of the Charles family.

We further call for an investigation of the New York City Police Department activities in this incident.

We completely support the right of the Charles family to move into the Oakwood area. We will support them with all our resources.

As secretary of the faculty, I am writing to bring this matter to your attention and to convey to you the anger and disgust of the College. Only a speedy inquiry and a total investigation which brings justice to the Charles family can vitiate part of the horror which this ugly action represents.

I have been instructed to inform you that I must publicize your response to this letter and to this resolution upon receipt thereof. Therefore, I urge that you keep us informed of the processes you initiate and the conclusions you draw in this matter.

Yours truly,

Sandi E. Cooper  
Associate Professor of History and Faculty Secretary

## Consumer's...

Continued from page 4

set must have a spoon in each cup before the tea is poured in. He told the butler that the spoon would absorb the heat of the tea and keep the cup from cracking. The butler remarked, that in seventeen years as a butler, he had never served tea in that manner, but that it sounded logical. He thanked Joe and hung up.

The Department also has no jurisdiction over prices. If you buy coffee in one store and then find it is cheaper in another store, the Department will claim there is nothing they can do about it.

Another thing which does come under the jurisdiction of the Department is unit pricing. This plan was released in accordance with a promised date, although it was not well enough planned or thought out to be really effective. It lacks uniformity, among other things. Different brands and if different stores have different sizes labels. Also the various sizes of a product do not always have their own labels.

The entire experience served Monty and Joe well in furnishing them with information for their paper. Unfortunately, it does not

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Announcements...

MUSIC

LETTERS

ARTS "Surf's Up"

The Beach Boys

"A Man's A Man"

THEATRE "Grease"

Oppression

PROGRAM SAVED

Schueler ENGINEERING

TO RON

Can We Trust Politicians

1100 Sea Otters Die As a Result of Amchitka Blast

RIGHTWING

HERE WE GO AGAIN

Apathy

"Blow Your Little Big Horn"

Moseder Resigns;

POLITICAL EDITORIALS

For STAR TREK Fans The Richmond Times

Spock For Pres?

THE LATE DUANE ALLMAN

The Attica Atrocity

Governance Proposal

Que Viva Puerto Rico Libre!

Prof. Evans Dies

The Godfather

HITLER had OVENS  
NIXON has NAPALM

ROCK McKee

PROPOSITION 1

Bomb Scare

Sexism

Parolee's Plight

SEXISTENTIALISM?

Here I am, buying a box of ADES from a local druggist.

Robert's Rules of Order

Student Government Elections





## THEATRE

## ARTS

## MUSIC

# The Tony Awards

by Richard Kornberg

Through the efforts of Alexander Cohen and with the facilities of the American Broadcasting Company, the Tony Awards have become a national event. This is indeed surprising when you consider that the awards themselves are giving to a relatively small segment of the nation, the Broadway Theatre. The vast majority of television viewers, because of their lack of physical proximity, have not stepped foot onto Broadway—the street or the theatre.

Because of this, it is up to the creators of the Tony Award show to make it as much as possible into an entertainment package. Through the use of famous award presenters like Ingrid Bergman and such popular hosts as Deborah Kerr, Henry Fonda and Peter Ustinov it is hoped that television audiences will not care that they have never heard of such nominees as Barry Bostwick ("Grease") and Raul Julia ("Two Gentlemen Of Verona").

It is also advantageous to have lively musical numbers and what better way is there than to have a salute to Richard Rodgers. (He was given a special award.) His songs from "Oklahoma", "South Pacific" and the like bridge the gap from Philadelphia to Flushing and many of the contented farmer-viewers can knowledgeably sing "Oh What A Beautiful Morning" along with their big city brothers. It might have been a bit more enjoyable if the salutes included Mary Martin (who led the festivities two weeks earlier in the Broadway Theatre's earlier gesture to Richard Rodgers for a much more select audience) but the voices of Helen Gallagher, Hal Linden and Alfred Drake should not be sneered at.

After such powerful ammunition, the only way to keep the juices flowing is to give a second special award, this time to Ethel Merman, and have her sing some of the songs she helped make famous. This justifiably brought the audience to its feet, with the excerpts from "Annie Get Your Gun" and "Gypsy" being especially stirring.

An amusing sidelight of Miss Merman's salute could not be seen by the television audience. The sight of the overhead TV microphone pulling away from the Merm in the realization that the power of her voice might possibly break the apparatus typified the stage vs. screen quality of the performer.

Of course since the Tony's are the awards to the Broadway Theatre an evening would not be complete without an excerpt or two from currently running musicals. This is good publicity and it is enjoyable too. And what could be better than closing the evening with Ruby Keeler, tap dancing as only she can do, in front of a beautiful chorus bedecked in the sweaters that changed the style of the nation. This rendition of "I Want To Be Happy" was a highlight that is hard to top.

Concerning the awards themselves, one could complain that Francis Sternhagen was overlooked for the best supporting actress award because her show had closed so quickly, and that "Sticks And Bones" was not the best play in a category that included "Vivat! Vivat Regina!" and Harold Pinter's "Old Times". That of course would be like crying over a broken Kleig light and there is always next year.

A listing of all the winners follows.

Best Musical—"Two Gentlemen Of Verona"

Best Score—"Follies"

Best Book—"Two Gentlemen Of Verona"

Best Musical Director—Hal Prince — "Follies"

Best Actress In A Musical—Alexis Smith—"Follies"

Best Actor In A Musical—Phil Silvers—"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum"

Best Play—"Sticks And Bones"

Best Actress In A Play—Sada Thompson—"Twigs"

Best Actor In A Play—Cliff Gorman—"Lenny"

Best Supporting Actress In A Play—Elizabeth Wilson—"Sticks And Bones"

Best Supporting Actor In A Play—Vincent Gardenia—"The Prisoner Of Second Avenue"

Best Director Of A Play—Mike Nichols—"The Prisoner Of Second Ave"

"The Prisoner Of Second Ave"

Best Choreographer—Michael Bennett—"Follies"

Best Supporting Actress In A Musical—Linda Hopkins—"Inner City"

Best Supporting Actor In A Musical—Larry Blyden—"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum"

Best Scenic Designer—Boris Aronson—"Follies"

Best Costume Designer—Florence Klotz—"Follies"

Best Lighting Designer—"Tharon Musser—"Follies"



Ruby Keeler steals the show.

## Movie Of The Week

### The Possession of Joel Delaney



This is a movie that is the tradition of "Rosemary's Baby." Shirley Mac Laine stars as a rich divorcee who fears that her brother is being possessed by the spirit of a deceased Puerto Rican convict. This film is guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your seat.

## New Disc Releases

by Richard Kornberg

Every month numerous albums are released by overly productive record companies. In their zeal to interest the divergent tastes of all the populace some labels have even recorded the soundtracks of porno flicks, "Hot Parts" being a prime example.

In an effort to make its readers aware of some of the assorted goodies, the Richmond Times is printing in total, the May releases of Columbia records. These albums will soon be available at your local record stores.

G30592, \$5.98

THE 50'S GREATEST HITS—VARIOUS

KC31003, \$5.98

PRAIRIE MADNESS—PRAIRIE MADNESS

KG31045, \$6.98

THE GUITAR ALBUM—C. Byrd, J. McLaughlin, C. Wayne, Joe Beck, T. Grimes, B. Pizzarelli and G. Barnes

KC31116, \$5.98

PAMELA POLLAND—PAMELA POLLAND

C2X 31160, —JOPLING IN CONCERT  
JANIS JOPLIN

G31224, \$5.98

SUPER CHIEF—COUNT BASIE

KE31233, —, DAVID BUSKIN

DAVID BUSKIN

KG31234, \$6.98—SONIC SEASONINGS

WALTER CARLOS

KC31278, \$5.98

THE DAY AFTER THE DAWN, ALBERT DAILEY

KZ31290, —

WALKING THE BLUES—OTIS SPANN

ZG31291, —

BAD LUCK AND TROUBLES, MEMPHIS SLIM

KC31304, \$5.98

MOTHNIGHT, MEMPHIS SLIM

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MOTHER NIGHT—MOGHT NIGHT

KC31318, \$5.98

I'M SATISFIED—JOHN PAUL HAMMOND

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I SAW THE LIGHT—EARL SCRUGGS

MG31155, \$6.98

THE AMERICAN ALBUM—LEONARD BERNSTEIN, N.Y. PHILHARMONIC

M31195, \$5.98

TCHAIKOVSKY, SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN C MINOR, OP. 17 "LITTLE RUSSIAN"—LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

M31194, \$5.98

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M31196, \$5.98

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M31197, \$5.98

BARTOK: STRING QUARTETS, VOL. II QUARTETS NOS. 3 and 4—JUILLIARD QUARTET

Continued on page 15



Like It Is

# West, Bruce and Laing



by Howard B. Leibowitz

Carnegie Hall (April 24)- The waves of nostalgia hung as heavy as the cannabish clouds as the newest supergroup, Lesley West, Jack Bruce and Corky Laing made their American debut to an overflowing, exuberant audience.

The trio, which got together in London this past January, have combined the material of their former groups (Mountain and Cream) to produce a sound that is heavily reminiscent of the past.

The concert began promptly as David Rea, a folk singer who has written and played with Mountain attempted to "warm up" the audience. David is usually an excellent performer, but this was what is known in the business as a "bad booking." The people paid outrageous prices to see West, Bruce and Laing and they weren't going to settle for David Rea. Though the audience was justified in their impatience for the main attraction, they should have had the courtesy to let Rea finish his set. They booed and threw bottles until he said, "You're the worst audience I've ever played for, and I refuse to play any more." He threw down his guitar and walked off.

West, resplendent in bright green pants, Bruce, sparkling with bejeweled black velvet jacket and Laing, who was almost hidden from sight behind his sixteen piece drum set, finally made their appearance and launched the set with "Never In My Life," a piece from Mountain's first album. Next was "Politician," and when Jack Bruce stepped to the mike the crowd went berserk.

Jack Bruce is undoubtedly the best bass player in rock today, because he has given the bass a more noticeable place in the music. His handling of the instrument like a lead guitar places him with Hendrix, Baker, Dylan and the Beatles as an innovator in the field of music. In "The Doctor," the first

song written as a group, Bruce did a twelve minute drum solo that was incredibly complex. Then, after Lesley West had taken the spotlight with one of his patented guitar pieces, Jack Bruce stepped to the mike and said, "I've played with a lot of great guitar players (Clapton, McLoughlin, Coreyell), but Lesley West is the best." I can't possibly imagine what prompted Bruce to make that statement, but I think that it is untrue and uncalled for.

Now, to Mr. West, Lesley has been around a long time, having started with the Vagrants back in the sixties, when Felix Pappalardi discovered him and he became part of Mountain. West is an extraordinary guitarist, having mastered the difficult art of "Guitar phonics" as well as the slide guitar, which he plays almost as well as Duane Allman did. He has come a long way, but he is not Eric Clapton, nor is he the top talent in the group. The group should be named Bruce, West and Laing. West's reasons for forming his current group is reportedly that Felix Pappalardi totally dominated West, and sometime after Mountain's last tour, the two had a "super argument" resulting in the "spergroup." Felix Pappalardi will not produce the group, and they will record for Columbia. For the material that West has been doing he is excellent, but he just is not inventive enough for him to be classified with Clapton.

Corky Laing is a superb drummer, but he's no Ginger Baker. He is also given to poor taste emotional displays during performances, such as the one he pulled last night. One of his cymbals was placed wrong, and ten minutes into the first number, he picked up the cymbal stand and heaved it onto the stage, forcing West to go into his guitar solo too soon. Corky seems to believe loud is good, but volume doesn't compensate

Continued on page 13

Rock Bottom

# The Beach Boys At Carnegie Hall

By Terence Morgan

"Good Vibrations" was the theme of the Beach Boys' triumphant return to Carnegie Hall on March 20th. The Carnegie appearance marked the successful transformation of the Beach Boys' audience—a significant development in the Boys' metamorphosis. Formerly, the group attracted coke-drinking collegiates and beer-drinking hitter-types, even though it was turning out progressive material. Today the collegiates have been replaced by the counter-culture (whatever that is) while wine-drinking Grateful Dead freaks have replaced the hitters and grass has replaced the real thing as the audience's favorite refreshment. The collegites have disappeared not because they abandoned the Beach Boys, but because they themselves changed. Dead freaks came to Carnegie to hear the group that had been blessed by Jerry Garcia at the Fillmore—a move that made the Beach Boys a viable rock group in the eyes of the rank and file of the rock generation.

Although the band has initiated great changes in rock music, it has never been in the vanguard of cultural evolution but rather has reflected changes in pop culture. The group's role as a transmitter of cultural change was important because it presented new forms of consciousness to its affluent middle class audience. Just as the Beach Boys have grown and changed, so have many of their middle-class fans. This point kills the theory that the Beach Boys are irrelevant.

Public image contributed to the Beach Boys' early success, their nose dive into near oblivion in the late sixties and their current surge of popularity. During the early sixties, the Beach Boys manifested a double image: the physical, California mystique of sun and surf—just take a look at Dennis Wilson on the early albums—versus the soulness, high school sopranos. Originally the physical image won out, but when they left the beach in late 1964 to pursue mainstream pop-rock ("Help M, Rhonda," "Dance, Dance, Dance," etc.) it lost impact and they began to suffer from the wimp-rock criticism. "Good Vibrations" and *Pet Sounds* couldn't even completely erase the negative image in the States, although the California mystique coupled with their new experimental music contributed to their immense popularity in Britain and Western Europe. Meanwhile problems began to crop up with Capitol

Records. The company didn't give the group's new material fair promotion but publicized a series of greatest hits albums and assorted re-issues. As Richard Cromelin suggested: "The Beach Boys as a public figure were suspended in limbo, no longer hip enough for the progressive crowd, hardly commercial enough to be an AM SMASH." In 1970, the group suddenly came back from what appeared to be semi-retirement and they joined the Warner Reprise hip-type complex. After a successful promotional campaign, some name-dropping and the critical acclaim for *Sunflower* the group and its audience found each other. The Boys performed at the Big Sur Folk Festival and several peace demonstrations and began to tour extensively in the States.

The rock revival also helped the Beach Boys obtain a new following. But instead of relying on their oldies, the group used the revival as a platform to showcase their new material. As a result, the Boys have attained a new plateau in their career. The Beach Boys in person no longer seem to be a rock 'n' roll band. They have become the maestros of rock—musical professionals in complete control. The group's apparent success with their Brother label plus their recent acquisition of the rights to their last five Capitol albums (including *Pet Sounds* and *Smiley Smile*) all suggest a new sense of control and confidence.

All of this has been going on without Brian Wilson. The one-time leader of the group seems content to produce his wife's group Spring and managing his health food store. Brian has become a figurehead, like the Queen of England. He is the spirit behind the group. At their Carnegie gig last November, when somebody yelled "Where's Brian?" Dennis Wilson answered "He's in the music." Brother Carl has assumed leadership. The recent addition of Blondie Chaplin, formerly with the now defunct Flame, indicates that the Beach Boys are depending less on Brian. For the first time in six years, the Boys performed "Wild Honey" with Chaplin singing lead. Blondie's voice can hit those high notes that the other guys find difficulty.

Based on audience response, the high spots of the Carnegie show were "Good Vibrations," "Student Demonstration Time," "I Get Around," and an r&b version of "Help Me, Rhonda." Their surfing oldies

Continued on page 13





## 2 Views of 3 Plays

### If At First You Succeed...

by Richard Kornberg

During the weekend of April 28th, Theatre 81 presented at the college an evening of one act plays. This untitled theatregoing experience consisted of Israel Horovitz's "Line", Harold Pinter's "Night School", and an original work, "Ofeelya", by Richmond College student Susan Curino.

While each effort had its assets, the only playlet that totally succeeded was the Horovitz work. Under Mark Nyburg's assured and resourceful direction, the cast beautifully caught the frantic spirit of the piece.

A white line can be seen on stage. Behind it stands Fleming (Harry Dishon), a boor contentedly eating his potato chips and singing "Take Me Out to the Ballgame." Soon he is joined by four other people, all who have come with the idea of being first on line. They each get their chance and we note the ways in which they try to attain their goals. Most successful is Sephen (Mike Rivera) a lover of Mozart, but the others, which include Dolan (Tony Nunziata), Arnall (Jim McGrane) and his wife Molly (Rosemarie Sciarone) who screws her way to first, all get to taste the fruits of victory.

"Line" was first produced off-Broadway and this production succeeds as well as its predecessor. While both versions had the common onus of excessive length, they differ in the additions and deletions of the current director. Bar far Mr. Nyburg's best change was having the sex scenes onstage. This added physical action provides the audience with the additional humor to overlook the slower sections of the script.

Harry Dishon has created a memorable Fleming. He is indeed a caricature but with Mr. Dishon's mixture of believability and humor we see before us a life-sized, almost lovable human being. Mike Rivera was also excellent as the selfish Stephen. His forte is the physical and this element is wonderfully worked into his character. Rosemarie Sciarone with the use of facial expressions conveyed the humor of Molly and Jim McGrane brought out all of the pathos of her husband.

"Line" was a well conceived, successful effort.

Unfortunately, the evening then took a decided turn for the worse and never recovered. Harold Pinter's plays are always difficult for inexperienced directors because much of what is important is conveyed through the words left unsaid. The Pinter pause is almost legendary and therefore Cathy Sievert's conception is inexcusable. Her direction was of the speed the action up and get the damn thing done as soon as possible school, and this robbed the play of all its insights.

The cast also had the additional handicap of having to master English accents. (In this respect they all, with the horrible exception of Lance Luria, succeeded). Special mention is due Cheryl Sena, who was touching in her vulnerability and who deserves added praise for trying to salvage one of two pauses. Ed Hyland and Susan Curino were also fine.

Unfortunately, Miss Curino's acting far surpasses her writing. The third play, which she wrote, seems to be a highly personalized experience, but it fails as a dramatic entity.

This overly poetic closet drama was saved from itself by the acting of Marty Sokoloff and the fluid direction of Paul Costello. At one point a character remarks that a person's name has too many syllables. That is precisely what is wrong with every other word of the dialogue that Susan Curino has provided.

### Ya Gotta Hand It To 'Em

by David K. Moseder

Two weeks ago Theatre 81 produced their first plays in over a year with three (count 'em-three) contemporary one acts: *Night School* by Harold Pinter, *Ofeelya* by Richmond's own Susan Curino, and *Line* by Israel Horovitz. The first two were rather disappointing, while the latter stole the evening.

Pinter's *Night School*, directed by Cathy Sievert, was marred from the very outset by badly affected British accents which were often dropped along with characterizations. For the most part, the actors spoke with little or no inflection and therefore their characters were not as humorous as they could have been. What little humor there was came through almost exclusively by the lines themselves.

Ed Hyland's *Wally* was sporadically convincing as was Sue Curino's *Milly*, though she didn't seem to be acting nearly old enough for her character. Lance Luria handled the minor role of *Tully* well enough, but was bothered by a sloppy accent. In general the rest of the characterizations were flat and lacking in direction. The biggest flaw was perhaps the timing, or lack of it. The lines were often spoken much too fast while the pauses, whether intended or not, were awkward.

The pleasant exception to all of the above was James Hansberry's portrayal of *Solto*, the conniving landlord. In spite of a lack of appropriate makeup, he was a convincing old ager. His accent and characterization was nearly flawless, and the scenes involving him seemed better paced and more full of life.

Perhaps a bit more studying would have netted *Night School* higher grades. As it was, it fell far short of honors.

The difficulty in reviewing Susan Curino's *Ofeelya* is that it is not really a play at all, but a rather a three character poem. Consequently, the three performers (Amy Pollard, Marty Sokoloff and Tony Nunziata) weren't acting so much as they were reciting. Most of the dialogue was too poetic (and often too pretentious) to be realistic.

As the first lines were spoken, I was reminded of some minor Shakespearean play, though *Ofeelya* (an allusion to *Hamlet*?) lacked the master's magic and majesty. There were a few interesting moments and some curious bits of business

Continued on page 15

## Women Make It Run



by Richard Kornberg

Town Hall, whose origins can be traced to the suffragette movement is again in the hands of women. Its director of publicity and public relations and its management office are headed by members of the so-called gentler sex. These areas are essential to the life of the institution.

The present building which opened in 1921, didn't become "The Town Hall" until 1937. Now that it is under the supervision of New York University's Dr. Jerrold Ross a new spirit and drive has taken hold of the 43rd Street edifice.

One of its most far reaching plans is its new Interlude series. These can be described as mini concerts that are offered

at the unique time of 5:45. They are perfect for the tired businessman as well as the avid theatregoer who needs a place to go to between matinee and evening performances. With its low admission price (\$1.50), this is a Godsend for the non-affluent student on a cultural foray into Manhattan.

Upcoming attractions are the Liederkrantz Opera Showcase (May 17th), the Dance Theatre of Harlem, highlighting Arthur Mitchell (May 24) and the Harkness Ballet School (May 31). Town Hall's bar opens at 5:00 P.M. The usual part goes on promptly at 5:00 and is over at 6:45.

Is this any way to run a building? You bet it is!!



by John Begignano

Science Fiction is one form of literature that will never die. The great authors of today will be replaced by others who will continue their traditions; that is to entertain, enlighten, provide escape, introspection and food for thought. Sci-Fi is a product of a technological culture that as a

by-product lost many of the dreams of previous cultures. We have new dreams, new hopes and we have the stars at our fingertips.

Sci-Fi is providing us with new dreams and new realities. Isaac Asimov and Arthur Clarke have provided us with these new dreams. Many other authors can be put in this category, but none I feel can compare with these two gentlemen.

These two stand out because their works, through about men of the future, are about real men; not the so called supermen that some see in our future, not the men evolved above our present level, but about men the same as we. They write of a mankind that though changing, has remained the same. The attributes that make us the way we are will not change radically in future generations. For the men of the future will have basically the same problems we now have, but will handle them with whatever their new technology and society allows.

Asimov and Clarke have shown that the future holds no terrors save those that the human mind creates. The future to them is bright and full of promise.

I recommend any story by either of these two authors. Above all I recommend Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy* and Clarke's *Childhood's End*; two works that should be considered classics of science fiction. You will find yourself reading them over and over. The secret of their greatness is quite evident after a few pages. The works are alive, real and vibrant, more so than any other work in Sci-Fi. These two "classics" are as good for the beginning Sci-Fi fan as they are to many-years Sci-Fi enthusiast. Now is the golden age of Science Fiction, and Asimov and Clarke are the greatest writers of this age.

## "GREASE" NOW ON WAX



The hit musical "GREASE" has been recorded by MGM records. "The Hand Jive," (pictured above) and all the other wonderful (reel) songs can now be yours forever.



**Musicolumn****Stills, Hillman Lead N.Y. Debut of Manassas**

by David K Moseder

Look! Down on the stage! It's a Byrd . . . it's a Buffalo . . . no, it's Stephen Stills with his new ensemble, Manassas, (Chris Hillman, Paul Harris, Calvin Samuels, Dallas Taylor, Joe Lala and Al Perkins). They made their New York debut last Thursday (May 4) with a hand-clapping, crowd pleasin' three hour set that knocked Carnegie Hall on it's ears.

They opened with Stills' old Springfield tune "Rock and Roll Woman," moved on to a couple of new numbers, and then . . . do my ears deceive me? no! Steve, and Chris, (former member of the Byrds and Flying Burrito Brothers) are up there doing "So You Want To Be A Rock & Roll Star" better than the Byrds have been doing it! (Sorry McGuinn).

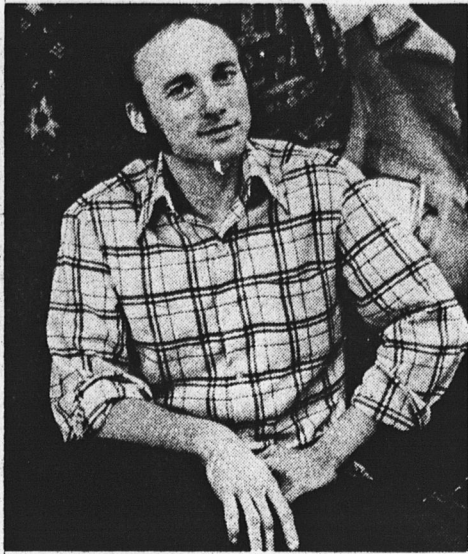
I tried to keep my eyes and ears on Hillman, who can probably sing harmony better than anyone in the business. Of course Chris is also noted as one of rock's finest bassists, but Calvin "Fuzzy" Samuels was taking care of bass and putting on a little floor show of his own, dancing up a storm. Fuzzy's no (intentional) scene stealer though. He was groovin' on the music, not on himself.

I wish I could have said the same for Steve. He's a bit egotistical and given to showing off, though I must say he deserved every decibel of applause the audience put out. He put on one helluva fine show.

The second part of the set featured Steve and his acoustic guitar soloing on the likes of "Change Partners" "Four and Twenty", "Word Game", "Know You've Got To Run," and Robert Johnson's "Crossroads." Then Chris came out with his acoustic and joined Steve for a few duets including "For The Others," "Love The One Your With," and an ancient (ca. 1966) Byrds songs (Updated) "He Was A Friend Of Mine."

After two false starts with this latter number (Steve was acting up—too much beer I guess) the two of them played it through and then Steve announced that it was time to let the audience sing it. He led his half of the crowd on the melody while Chris led his on the harmony. This gave the audience a chance to get into the act legitimately. A large number of them previously tried to be the center of attraction by shouting out requests, whooping, whistling, and clapping during the more subdued songs; and there must have been about fifty different cries of "Where's Neil?!" But try as they might they couldn't spoil the conceit for the rest of us.

When the third segment got under way, Chris came out with his mandolin, and with the first strains from Al Perkins' pedal steel guitar we knew we were in for some fine country music. The topper was another Byrds oldie, "You're Still On My Mind,"



Stephen Stills

with Chris singing lead while Steve provided perfect harmony. Then the group settled back into some of the best hard rock we've heard in a long time.

During this part of the set Steve showed off (in the positive sense) his brilliance as an electric guitarist (in no uncertain terms) and demonstrated amazing skill and dexterity on the piano. His piano playing was especially outstanding on "Sugarbabe" and his "49 Bye-Byes" "For What It's Worth" medly. Then Steve nearly wiped us all out when he said "This is Manassas and we've got a record out and now we'd like to play side one." Wow! An entire side played non-stop! And they kept on going after they finished the "side", finally ending with a brief reprise of "Carry On."

There were four richly deserved encores. The first two featured the entire group and the last two were for Steve alone. For his last encore, Steve did Neil Young's "Ohio" after reminding the audience that it was the second anniversary of the Kent State Massacre. The number lapsed into bad taste, however, when Steve encouraged the crowd to sing along. They sang the refrain "Four Dead in Ohio" like it was "Suite: Judy Blue Eyes" or something.

Steve managed to recover, however and brought the house down with his brief but poignant "Find the Cost of Freedom." He then introduced the members of Manassas one at a time, after which the seven of them did a reprise of " . . . Freedom" a cappella, with some of the finest harmony work this side of the Beach Boys.

Stephen Stills, who had been somewhat of a disappointment following the breakup of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, has redeemed himself with this concert (and



Chris Hillman

with the new Manassas double album.) Between clapping out the rhythms and applauding to show our appreciation, we must have lost at least two layers of skin.

Steve, Chris, and the rest of Manassas have enough charisma, versatility and talent to keep them together as a successful rock entity for a long time coming. No, they're not the Byrds or the Buffalo Springfield, but they are one damned exciting group.

**Beach Boys**

Continued from page 11

sounded as fresh as they did in 1963—"Surfin' USA" is what rock 'n' roll's all about. The Beach Boys' performance of "Heroes and Villains" underscored the choral complexity of the group's unique vocal arrangements. The live version of "Heroes" sounded even better than the record. The BBoys didn't play new material but they did perform an interesting medley composed of "Wonderful" from Smiley Smile and the Flame's "Don't Worry, Bill." There were some minor problems with the vocal-instrumental sound balance and the group's backup band wasn't as tight as it was at the last Carnegie gig, but it was a great night for all involved. If you get 'em dancing in the aisles, you must be doing something right.

**Postscript: The Beach Boys**  
**SCRATCH THE ABOVE LINE**  
**Postscript: The Beach Boys'** new album, entitled *Carl and The Passions* is due any day now. For all you trivia freaks, Carl and the Passions was the Beach Boys' original name. Pet Sounds, the group's classic from 1966 will be packaged with the new release . . .

**Spring**, a duo that consists of Brian Wilson's wife, Marilyn Wilson and Sister-in-law, Diane Rovell, will have its first album out this month. The record was produced by David Sandler and Brian. The final phase of the Beach Boys' break away from EMI has ended. Warner Bros. reportedly will distribute the group's product world-wide (Brother-Reprise in the U.S. and Canada, and Warner Bros. internationally) . . . The staff of Rock Bottom would like to thank Bob, David, Howard, Andrea, Richard, and

**The "Fookin Incredible" Sandy Bull**

by Earl Scott

"Click, clack, one train goin' and the other comin' back." —D.V.V.

This verse will seem more appropriate at the conclusion of this article. I've not written for several months. The reason for this prolific relapse has been because I began to think about the meaning of being a critic. A critic is a frustrated something who realizes his-her limited talent can be displaced effectively about the circumference of the arts. In so doing, he-she remains an integral perspective. In reality it is his own biased viewpoint. I fancy myself a musician. The self-inflicted definition of critic above rings only too true, therefore utterly rejectable.

This will now become a train story. My train is clearly coming back. So, happily, is Sandy Bull, blonde-haired, bespectacled ex-victim of 233rd St. Forced to flee to more of the same in topless L.A., and then to find final refuge in Mendocino County, the California version of a county-wide Monster Phoenix House.

Well, I first heard Sandy Bull in 1969. He was very, very fooked-up; I mean, this cat made Tim Hardin look like Bojangles. Loping on stage at Bill Graham's (remember him?) Fillmore West, bottom bill, forty-five minutes late, mumbling fluently beneath his breath, armed with an oud, banjo, dilapidated Fender, and two musty Gibsons. Quite alone and thoroughly more perfectionist than performer, he sat down and immediately began twiddling with his amplifier and his bottom control. This lasted approximately another forty-five minutes. He then played "A Day In The Life Of A Fool" as always, instrumentally blending perfectly jazz, Bach, Berry and Deep, rich blues; complimented throughout by the strange mixed fragrance of his Arabic oud. I clearly remember crying unashamedly after this ten minute performance, still quite stoned, he stumbled off the stage and Bill Graham bounced onto it, cursing junkiedom to the sky and vowing Bull would never work again. Then he introduced some schmucks who were about as talented as Black Oak Arkansas.

Forgive me, this is all about trains. Sandy Bull has four releases. His fourth, released two weeks ago, is called "Demolition Derby." It's on the Vanguard label. This truly magnificent disc contains all the romantic power and almost tactile descriptiveness of his "fantasias." The lucid flow clearly still contains the strong intellectual discipline, technique of integrating so many diverse styles, so well and so remarkably personally. Ya, man, but the tempo is pure chuckleberry. The title track, which rings the clearest in my mind, bounces from pure ecstasy in a rock and roll style to the private somberness of Bach, tangled in mad, flowing, flowery, jazz phrasings; all the while subtly tinted with a sharp banjo.

My God, this fookin' album is incredible.

**West, Bruce and Laing**

Continued from page 11

for his inability to do snare work. He has a long way to go before replacing Ginger Baker, if that could ever be done.

As a total electric experience, the group almost works. They generate the energy and excitement, but it's a bit too polished. Their repertoire consists of old Cream and old Mountain, and people went to see them with hopes of seeing Cream reincarnated, which West, Bruce and Laing are not. West, Bruce and Laing are good - but they're not Cream.

This brings to mind another aspect of the event - why was the group formed? If it was to allow artistic freedom, there wasn't any. Otherwise they would have been doing more original material. The only obvious reason for the group to be in existence is purely financial - they're in it for the money, which isn't so terrible, but it should not be the motivating reason for a group to exist.



MANASSAS: (l. to r.) Paul Harris, Chris Hillman, Fuzzy Samuels, Stephen Stills (seated), Al Perkins, Joe Lala and Dallas Taylor.

**HOLLOW**

Life is uncertain  
Every day I reason why  
For the world is hollow  
And I have touched the sky

Death will come one day  
Through the void I will be hurled  
For the sky is hollow  
And I have touched the world

I cannot tell you  
Where or why of who I am  
For all men are hollow  
And I am but a man

David K. Moseder



## The Real Inspector Hound



"The Real Inspector Hound," which is playing at Theatre Four 424 West 55th is a Tom Stoppard spoof of Agatha Christie mystery plays. In fact, "The Real Inspector Hound" is a play within a play and the action revolves around two drama critics who are reviewing a play that is being presented on-stage. In the development of the play the critics are drawn into the action and the result is an engrossing finale. This scene shot which comes right at the end of the play shows the real 'Inspector Hound' in his wheel chair doing the critics in. And you will notice at the far right of the picture that the critics' replacements are already at their task of reviewing the play. IN short the play must go on for critics as well actors.

The lineup of the performers reading from left to right shows Carrie Nye, the femme lead, Boni Enten, Remak Ramsey (in the wheel chair), that's Tom Lacy as Birdfoot the critic on the floor before him, and just ready to join Mr. Lacy in repose is David Rounds, who plays the other critic. Next in the main picture and the only one remaining is Jane Connell who plays Mrs. Drudge, the housekeeper.

## "White Cloud" Brews Up A Storm



'White Cloud', one of the most promising groups to come along in a long while, will appear at Max's Kansas City (777-7870) starting May 24. The group is (left to right): Kenny Kosek, fiddle supreme, Thomas Jefferson Kaye, vocals, guitar and pinpoint producing, Ted Wender, piano, Joanne Vent, vocals extraordinaire, Richard Crooke, dazzling drums and Don Payne, bass. Also in the group (not pictured) is Charlie Brown, incredible guitar. White Cloud records for Good Medicine Records.

# *Yearbook Packages*

**Will be distributed the week of  
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# "La Ronde" — No MASTERpiece

A THEATRE REVIEW  
by Richard Kornberg

Arthur Schnitzler's "La Ronde" is not one of your more modern plays. It can be argued that its theme is pro-women, but I fear that many people in the audience of the Richmond College Theatre were not of that viewpoint.

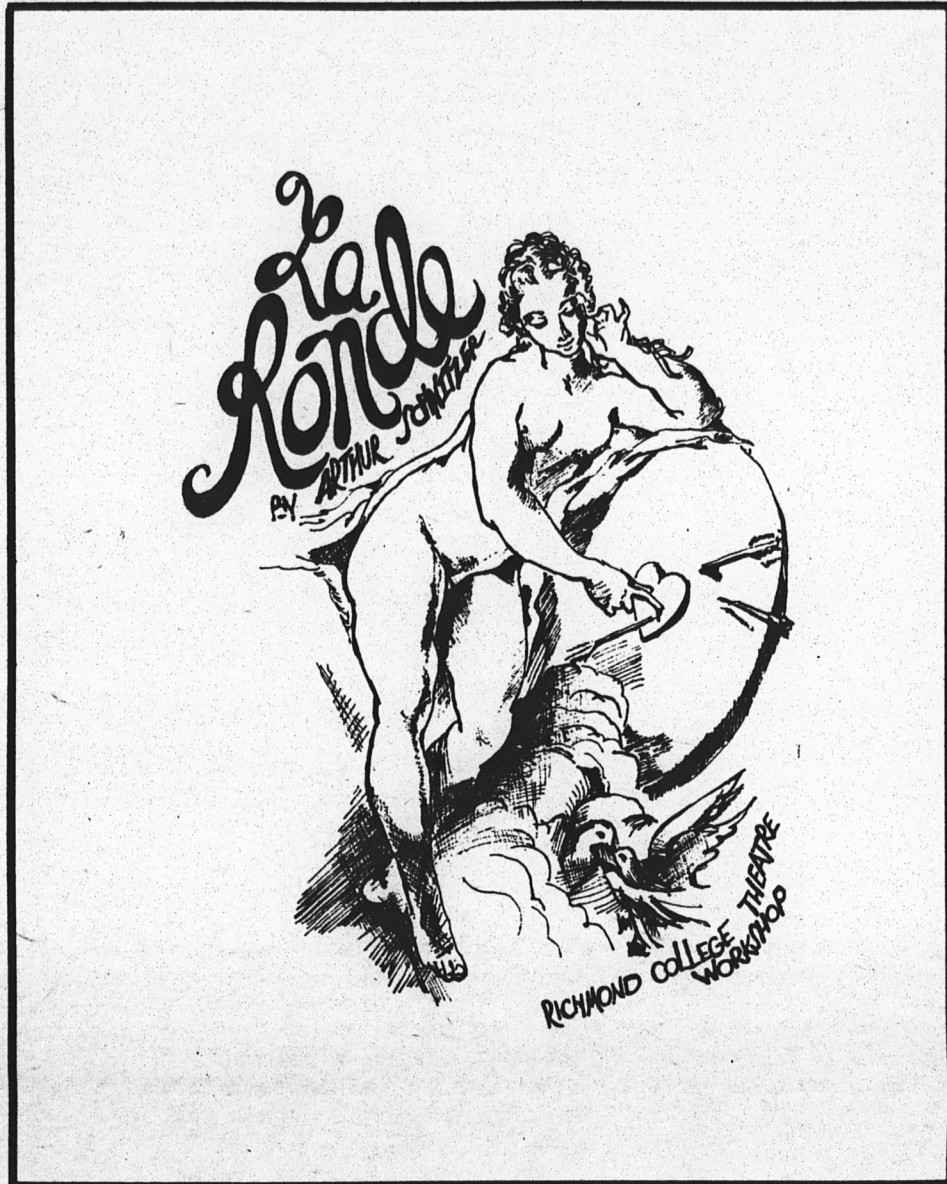
The evening is composed of ten different vignettes. There are also ten characters in the play, five men and five women, and each character is involved in two scenes. Each scene seems to comment on the hypocrisy of its predecessor and the play is additionally structured in that we first meet the lowest rung of society, the whore, and progress to the highest, the count.

While the overall scenes can be described as loose, it is the similarity of the intrascene development that eventually hurts the evening. Whether it is performed by a maid or an actress, a soldier or a poet, each scene begins with conversation and progresses to the sexual act. After about four or five such vignettes, an audience tires of the predicability no matter how clever the exposition.

The evening's chief asset is the first class production of the Richmond College Theatre Dept. Director Gerald Mast has done everything possible and then some, in his desire to convey the humor and the milieu of the play. The between scenes dancing is especially helpful and his choice of music, which includes the "1812 Overture" and the "Unfinished Symphony" both comments on and adds humor to the actions.

The beautifully functional set of Jeffrey Moss is a wonder. Through changes of position, the assorted chairs, grillwork and settee become everything from the shores of the Danube to a private dining room of a restaurant. Mr. Moss's costumes and lighting are pluses.

While the evening does grow repetitious, it is the superior acting, especially in the second half, which saves the play and ultimately the playgoer. Harry Dishon, Isabel Smodlaka, James Hansberry and Terence McGiver stand out in an unusually fine cast. A play which is entirely composed



of two characters scenes can be especially difficult for actors but this cast for the most part succeeds.

One can argue with the choice of play's but no one can criticize the stylish production.

## New Releases

Continued from page 10

M31198, \$5.98  
BARTOK: STRING QUARTETS, VOL. II. QUARTETS NOS. 5 and 6—JULLIARD QUARTET

MG 31202, \$6.98  
THE STRAVINSKY ALBUM—STRAVINSKY CONDUCTS LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS, THE FIREBIRD-SUITE (1945) PETRUSHKA-SUITE

M31239, \$5.98  
BEETHOVAN SONATAS—RUDOLF SERKIN, SONATA No. 28 IN A MAJOR, OP. 101, SONATA NO. 31 IN A FLAT MAJOR, OP. 110

M31230, \$5.98  
MUSIC FOR TWO HARPISCHORDS—IGOR KIPNIS, THURSTON DART

M31241, \$5.98  
BACH-WALTON: THE WISE VIRGINS SCARLATTI-ROMMASINI: THE GOOD HUMOURED LADIES—LOUIS LANE, THE CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

Y331241, --  
MOZART: THE SIX QUARTETS DEDICATED TO HAYDN—QUARTET NOS. 14-19

Y31246, \$\$  
THE GREAT COLUMBIA STEREO RECORDINGS, RACHMININOFF; SYMPHINIC DANCES, OP. 45/ CASELLA: PAGANINIMA EUGENE ORMANDY, THE PHILADELPHIA ORCH.

MG31261, \$6.98  
THE GREATEST HITS ALBUM-BACH VARIOUS

MG31264, \$6.98  
THE GREATEST HITS ALBUM-TCHAIKOVSKY LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK, PHILHARMONIC—EUGENE ORMANDY, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

MG31267, \$6.98  
THE GREATEST HITS ALBUM-MOZART VARIOUS

MG31270, \$6.98  
THE GREATEST HIGHTS ALBUM-BEETHOVEN, LEONARD BERNSTEIN, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Y31274, --  
THE GREAT COLUMBIA STEREO RECORDINGS D'INDY: SYMPHONY ON A FRENCH MOUNTAIN AIR FOR PIANO AND ORCH. FRANCK: SYMPHONIC VARIATIONS FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA—EUGENE ORMANDY, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

MQ31289, --  
A QUADRAPHONIC SOUND SPECTACULAR ANTEPHONAL MUSCIF FOR FOUR BRASS CHOIRS—COLUMBIA BRASS ENSEMBLE ANDREW KAZDIN

S31344, --  
YEVTUSHENKO—READINGS FROM HIS NEW YORK AND SAN FRANCISCO POETRY CONCERTS

M31349, \$5.98  
JOY, THE GREAT COMPOSERS' HITS FOR THE 70's—EUGENE ORMANDY, PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA, GEORGE SZELL, CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA, BRUNO WALTER, COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCH.

## Line, Ofeelya And Night School

Continued from page 12

going on in the play, but to paraphrase Mr. Sokoloff (Garth), we lost Ofeelya to metaphor.

The highlight of the evening was Horovitz's Line. While the play itself is overlong and suffers from too many climaxes, it's five actors managed to sustain the audience's interest to the bitter end.

Harry Dishon, par usual, gave a marvelously amusing portrayal of Fleming, a quasi-spastic, middle-aged jock; and once again proved himself a master of pseudo-sexuality.

After a slow and somewhat awkward

start, Michael Rivera reached an Everest-like peak. He was simply outstanding as Stephen, going from absurd comedy to brooding madness to genuine pathos, with incredible credibility.

Rosemarie Sciarrone was convincing as Molly, a domineering, promiscuous, opportunist. I'm sure that Rosemarie's performance satisfied the audience as much as Molly satisfied her four male combatants.

Tony Nunziata, in the role of Dolan, demonstrated again his great ability of underplaying a part without underacting. (Tony also gets a purple heart for performing with a fever and walking pneumonia and never missing a beat.)

Jim McGrane as Molly's prissy, milquetoast husband Arnall had several brilliant comic moments, though his moments of tragedy were rather forced and his angry ones were a bit 'overdone. His temporary metamorphosis from milquetoast to monster, however, was most interesting.

In addition to being unnecessarily lengthy, Line was also too violent (though the violence was terribly convincing), too loud (especially Mr. McGrane) and decidedly over-sexed. This latter point noticeably distressed several of the women in the audience.

My only complaint with Mark Nyburg's direction was his use of special lighting. It worked well in the opening and closing scenes, but the "surrealistic" scenes in the body of the play (featuring wierd lights and slow motion were very weak).

For all it's imperfections though, Line was a thoroughly enjoyable, witty and moving piece of theatre. It was worth sitting through Night School and Ofeelya to get to.

Open Audition for newly forming Staten Island dance company sponsored by Staten Island Council on the Arts May 12, 3 pm, Wagner College Dance Studio in the gym.  
Maria Simpson  
Ext. 14

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## CAFE—BLANKA

by Andrea Jay

Tony Cyclops is my name. Private eye. Nuthin special - divorces, poisonings, bum checks. It was a Tuesday afternoon and my office was deserted. My secretary had left for the weekend and my partner, Sam Speed, had been knocked off in the last story. I was busy filling out some OTB forms when I saw the legs. They were a knockout! Then I realized that I was standing up. I looked up and saw this dame - she had to be 8 feet tall...a blond...and built like a Studebaker.

"What can I do for you?" I asked her, offering a cigarette.

"No thanks, I don't smoke." She opened her purse and took out a shiny 45 slug. "This is a bullet," she said, "with your name on it."

I looked at the bullet, and sure enough, there was my name.

"What's it to you?" I asked.

"I found it in my grilled-cheese sandwich," she answered. "If you want to find out more, meet me tomorrow at 10 in the Richmond College Cafeteria. I can't pay you yet, though, Big Boy, I'm spent."

It wasn't hard to find the Richmond College cafeteria. I followed the trail of dead rats up the alleyway. I took the elevator to the third floor. I didn't see Blondie anywhere so I decided to buy a cup of coffee.

"Hey, Mistah," the cashier yelled, "Hey, you're taking two cups. THOSE CUPS COST MONEY, MISTAH. IT'S TEN CENTS A CUP IF YOU WANT AN EMPTY ONE." I put the cup back and gave the woman 16 cents. She had a grip like a sumo wrestler, but didn't look half as friendly. I drank the coffee and spit on the floor.

When I got back to my table, Blondie was waitin' for me.

"Hiya, Baby," I said, "What's Yaws?"

"Yaws is a contagious skin disease characterised by red spots that develop into tumors from which tubercles develop," she said.

"You mean...like THIS?????" I looked at my arm. Already it had started. One lousey cup of coffee. My arm felt like Babe Ruth's bat after a double header. "Is this it," I asked her. "Is this Yaws?????" But why me, I wondered. I didn't know anything about this set up. And even if I did...how would they know that I did?

"Yaws is not to question why," she whispered, "But I know a good doctor who can fix you up. No questions asked."

The doc fixed me up, all right, two tetnus shots.

"I see 'em all," said the doctor. "God knows what they do in that cafeteria. Had a kid come in here just last week after eating a tuna-fish sandwich. Had to melt him down into a thermometer. It's criminal, criminal," he sobbed.

"Listen, Doc, I intend to get to the bottom of this if it means I have to blow that cafeteria wide open."

"That wouldn't be such a bad idea, believe me," the Doc said, "But they found the last Board of Health Inspector that went there at the bottom of the Arthur Kill with a donut tied to each foot!!!!"

I got back to the College around 2 o'clock. It was lunch hour in the Cafeteria as I took a seat. I carefully placed myself at a table behind the silverware and tray dispenser so no one would notice me. Blondie walked off the elevator and sat down beside me. She was like a cold wind out of a hot stove.

"Who owns this joint?" I asked her.

"It's a concession," she said, "P&U Vending leases this space from the College, but there's more to it than that." She flanced furtively around. "I think the business office is involved."

"Hmmm," I speculated, "Who runs the

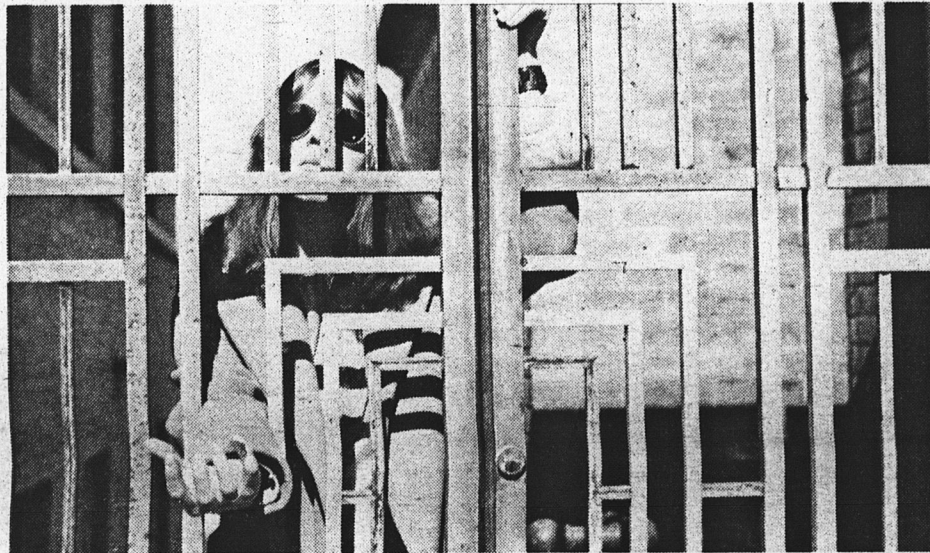
business office?"

"There he is. That's the man. It's Izzy Wise, the Business Manager. He runs that office with an iron hand."

"What's that bulge in his coat? Does he pack a rod?"

"Naw," she answered, "That's his check-book."

I watched that Wise guy as he slipped past the cashier. I knew there was something fishy when she smiled at him. There was something rancid in this cafeteria and it wasn't only the food. The cafeteria manager greeted him. He was a large, grey-haired old guy who had the face of an angel - but I knew all about those baby-faced killers.



"But I didn't know the shrimp roll was loaded," Blondie pleaded to the warden.

Inside he had the heart of a donut.

"Why don't the students do something about the food here?" I asked Blondie.

Her face lit up like a pin ball machine. "That's why I hired you, Big Boy," she replied.

I stayed in the cafeteria until 5 o'clock. The clean-up people had already come and cleared away the bodies of the ptomaine victims. A few last survivors stumbled to the elevators. I was all set to sneak into the kitchens for evidence when I felt an iron hand on my throat. I knew without looking who it was...it had to be Minnie, the cashier. That grip was like a signature...only not as legible. I felt myself passing out, but before I did, I could tell that someone was forcing a hamburger down my throat.

I woke up two hours later with a lousey pain in my stomach. The kitchens were all closed up and there was a padlock on the door leading to the manager's office. I could hear the soft lull of voices coming from the room. It sounded like the cafeteria manager.

"Listen, Izzy, even though you're my brother-in-law, you gotta realize that this outfit isn't big enough for both of us. I think that private eye is on to something. What if he finds out that you're using our Jello moulds to counterfeit money? Huh? Huh? What if he finds out that we raised our prices during the wage-price freeze?"

"But I'll never talk, Ace, Honest."

"Sorry, Izzy, we know that you could talk at any time. You could have talked already. What if you talk in your sleep. You know what we do to stool pigeons?"

Yeah, I thought, that'll be tomorrow's special.

"Okay, Izzy...say your prayers."

I could hear Minnie advancing towards him.

"No, no, Ace. Not with a corn muffin. Please, Ace. Not with a corn muffin..."

It was a terrible sound like a brick hitting a steel wall.

I had the evidence I needed. Now I could spill the beans to the D.A. I tried to turn around, but my head ran into a pair of legs.

"Wait a minute, Big Boy. Where do you think you're going?"

It was Blondie and she was carrying a cold shrimp roll.

"I knew you'd be here, doll," I told her, "You're in this as thick as Organic Peanut Butter. I knew you were involved in this. I could see the family resemblance between you and the Business Manager. I figured that you were his wife. You were black-mailing him when you found out the information about the jello moulds when he talked in his sleep. He needed to make the money just to keep you quiet. Too bad he

can't testify in court - they just knocked him off with a corn muffin."

"Good work, Cyclops...but it's too late for you. After you eat this shrimp roll you'll never talk again. The Board of Health will never suspect..." She came at me with the shrimp roll.

"Not so fast, baby," I yelled. "Look behind you. I took the liberty of calling the Wage-Price Freeze Control Dept. of the I.R.S."

She let out a little shriek and started running towards the elevator. I took a jelly donut which I had bought that afternoon out of my pocket and threw it across the room at her. It hit her on the head. She fell down in a large lump.

The I.R.S. had rounded up the whole group except for Izzy Wise. They had cut him up for sandwiches already, poor slob. As they were taking them away, Blondie looked at me like a swallow heading for Capestrano. "How'd'ja know I was involved in this?" she asked.

"It was easy, doll," I told her, putting a bagel around my hand - I needed a new set of brass knuckles. "You said you found a bullet with my name on it in your grilled cheese sandwich. That's impossible. The cashier would have opened your sandwich when you paid for it to see if you had any tomatoes in it. She never would have let you get away with a bullet without making you pay for it, and you said you were broke."

That Monday, I was back in my office again. I figured I'd go to the library to take out a couple of books on fly casting. I could use a vacation. Suddenly I looked up and there was a beautiful brunette in front of my desk.

"Mr. Cyclops?" she asked. "This is a bookmark with your name on it."

"Where did you find it?" I asked, eyeing her checkbook.

"The Richmond College Bookstore," she replied.

It took me a minute to throw her out and lock the door, but it was worth it.

## A Day In The Life Of The Richmond Times

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE RICHMOND TIMES

by David K. Moseder as told to David K. Moseder

(The following is a pilot script for an impossible television series. The characters herein are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons living, dead or otherwise is purely a coincidence...in a pig's eye!)

(As the first scene opens, we see Cathy McRaleigh, Co-editor-insane sitting by the window. Her Irish eyes are smiling at Steve Raunchy, poor but honest copy editor, who is seated next to her. Nerve Jason, functionless non-member of The Richmond Times is on the phone as he has been for the last hour and a half. Seated behind the typewriter is John Bigbignono, anonymous Creature Features editor. As the light comes up, John speaks:)

JOHN+ Boy, wait-- they read my latest editorial on apathy at Richmond! Hey, Steve, how many u's are there in "school?"

STEVE: Ummm... three I think. (Enter Richard Kornball, resented critic and bladder half the Editor-insaneship. As he comes through the doorway he is counting the kickback money he has just received from the producers of "GREASE.")

RICHARD+ Hi everybody. Does anyone know what's wrong with our ex-editor-insane? I just passed him in the hallway and he was mumbling something about "My baby, what have they done to my poor baby!"

CATHY+ He must have just seen our latest issue. Oh, by the way, Linda Bovine called before. Your \$600.00 reimbursement for reviewing that ballet is ready for you.

JOHN+ \$600.00 for reviewing a ballet??

RICHARD: Well, it was the Bolshoi Ballet... in Moscow.

(Enter Howie B. Like-It-Itz, R.T.'s corpulent mismanaging editor.)

RICHARD: Hi Howie.

HOWIE: Burp!

JOHN: Hiya Zowie.

HOWIE: Burp! How long are you gonna be at that typewriter?

JOHN: Not too long. As soon as I finish my article on our decadent, sexist society, me an my chick are going out to the Playboy club. By the way... which one of these keys is the e?

(Nerve Jason hangs up the phone)

NERVE: Thanks for letting me use the phone, Howie. Man, that Kosygin is a weird dude. (He exits. Cathy reaches for the phone.)

HOWIE: Wait a minute. How long are you gonna be on the phone?

CATHY: I don't know. I have to call my aunt. She's in the hospital.

HOWIE: Why do you have to use the phone for personal phone calls. I promised Robert Christ-God, our resident big shot rock critic that he could use the phone to try to get me a job with a third rate rock magazine.

(Enter David K. Lastima, aforementioned former editor-insane, mumbling.)

DAVID: Rosebud... Rpsbid...

CATHY: What did you think of this latest issue?

DAVID: (Wimpering) My baby... what have they done to my baby!

RICHARD: I want you to know that the nude centerfold of Christopher Retch was Howie's idea.

JOHN: Yeah? Well, that's an advertisement, and you'd better pay for it. Howie!

HOWIE: Burp!!

DAVID: Howie, how do you justify giving

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