

The Richmond Times

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RICHMOND COLLEGE-CITY UNIVERSITY

JANUARY 6, 1972

Moseder Resigns; Prof. Evans Dies In Auto Accident

New Editor To Be Chosen

by Cathy Raleigh

David K. Moseder, Editor-in-chief of The Richmond Times since last February, announced today that he will resign from that position effective January 15, 1972. When asked to give his reasons for making such a move, he replied:

"It's just getting to be too much of a hassle. It's been interfering with my class work and with my personal projects. I will be student teaching next semester. That plus my duties as a member of both Student Council and the Student Life committee will keep me busy enough. Besides, it's time to give someone else a chance to be Editor-in-chief."

Mr. Moseder began his "career" in college journalism three years ago as a feature writer for the Dolphin, the official newspaper of Staten Island Community College. By the end of the spring 1969 semester he was elected to the position of Exchange Editor. In February 1970 he became the Dolphin's Features Editor.

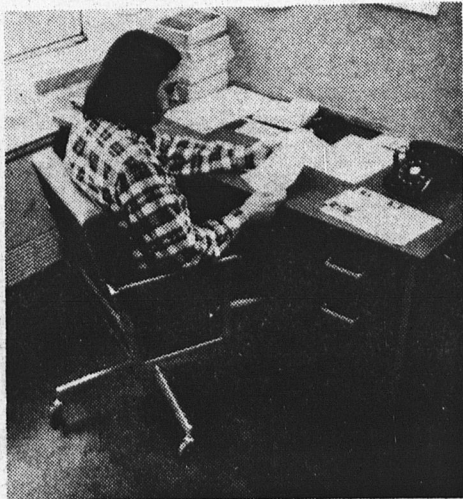
"After leaving Staten Island Community College, I swore I would never involve myself with another college newspaper again," he told us.

In October of 1970, however he joined the staff of the Richmond Times and was named Associate Editor to Jeri and Mark Daugherty (Editor-in-chief and Managing Editor respectively.) He was elected Editor-in-chief in February, 1971.

As Editor-in-chief, Mr. Moseder has put out thirteen issues, totalling one-hundred and forty pages. He maintained a policy of "all the news that fits, we print" or as he put it:

"I figure that since every student in this school is paying for the newspaper, every student has a right to be heard. I never refused to print any article solely on the basis of personal, political or artistic taste. I would say approximately ninety per cent of the material submitted was printed."

The Richmond Times is scheduled to resume publication early in February. As yet, no new Editor-in-chief has been named.



David K. Moseder

Geriant Evans, Professor of History and American Studies at Richmond College, died Wednesday morning, December 29, 1971 in an automobile accident in California.

Professor Evans, a member of Richmond College's original faculty, received Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degrees from Cambridge University (England); a Masters from Lehigh University; and a Masters and a Doctorate from Yale University.

The following is a letter circulated to the members of the Richmond College community last Wednesday concerning Prof. Evans' untimely death:

December 29, 1971

To the Community of Richmond College:

I am saddened to bring you the tragic news that our esteemed colleague, Professor Geriant Evans, died this morning in an automobile accident in California. We are all diminished by his passing.

He is survived by his wife, Ursula, whose present address is 2293 Pacific Boulevard Costa Mesa, California 92627

Herbert Schueler

The editors of The Richmond Times believe we speak for all the students at Richmond College in joining with President Schueler to express our sincerest condolences to Mrs. Evans.



The Late Prof. Geriant Evans

CUNY Committee On Status Of Women to Meet

Chancellor Robert J. Kibbee today announced that the first meeting of the Advisory Committee on the Status of Women at the City University of New York would be held Friday, January 7.

The committee, Dr. Kibbee declared, "is intended to provide the administration of the university with a women's perspective on employment grievances claiming sex discrimination."

He said, "Although City University's record in employment of women on its faculties is much better than virtually any other public university in the country, we still have a long way to go if we are really serious about achieving a fair representation of women in CUNY's instructional and administrative ranks."

A recent survey by the chancellor's office showed that women employees make up slightly more than 30 per cent of the CUNY staff. Two of the university's campuses are headed by women presidents: Dr. Minna Rees of the CUNY Graduate School and President Jacqueline G. Wexler of Hunter College.

The committee members who have agreed to serve represent an impressive array of personal accomplishment and professional expertise. Four are from outside the university and ten are prominent members of CUNY college faculties. The four "public" members are: Shana Alexander, editor-in-chief of McCall's Magazine, whose Life magazine column,

"The Feminine Eye," helped focus national attention on women's grievances. A Vassar graduate, she is a resident of Manhattan.

Constance E. Cook, assemblywoman and attorney, who was the architect of New York State's landmark abortion reform act. A resident of Ithaca, she is chairman of the Assembly's Education Committee. Mrs. Cook attended Hunter College High School, earned her B.A. and LL.B. at Cornell, and did graduate work at Columbia University, the University of Oslo and the Academy of International Law in The Hague.

Zelda Jonas, attorney and chairman of the Employment Committee of the National Organization for Women on Long Island, is an alumna of Brooklyn Law School.

Aileen B. Ryan, councilwoman-at-large from the Bronx and former member of the New York State Assembly where she served from 1959 to 1965. An alumna of Hunter College and former faculty member at both her alma mater and City College, Mrs. Ryan has long been active in the League of Women Voters and Business and Professional Women's Club.

Committee members from CUNY college faculties are: Blanche Blank, professor of political science at Hunter College is the former executive director of the Mayor's Task Force on City Personnel. A former member of the board of the Civil Service Reform Association, she earned her B.A. at Hunter, Sc.M. at Syracuse University and

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Spock For Pres?

Two hundred and fifty representatives of some 30 political groups met in Dallas, Texas over Thanksgiving to create a national political party. Nine state delegations from the Peace and Freedom Party, New Party organizers from five states, activists from Michigan's Human Rights Party, the Independent New Mexican Party, the New World Party of Illinois, La Raza Unida, the D.C. Statehood Party, Gay Liberation, the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, Vietnam Veterans Against the War and other groups chose the name "People's Party" for the new national organization. The largest components are Peace and Freedom and New Party, although several other groups are expected to join.

Dr. Benjamin Spock was selected as the stand-in candidate for President, with Julius Hobson, a Black educator, the stand-in candidate for Vice-President. The People's Party elected to hold another convention after the Democratic convention in July to select final candidates. Several of the more radical Democrats have expressed interest in joining a third party in July, as they expect to be disenchanted with the choices of the Democratic power structure.

It was stressed that state and community organizations have complete local autonomy. Thus, the national party cannot force a local group to take particular stands or run particular candidates, in keeping with the philosophy of allowing each individual maximum control over matters which affect their lives.

The party program includes complete

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From The Dean's Desk**All The Way in Governance**

by Robert E. Chiles

College governance is the center of conversation again. Some concerned spokesmen argue that our existing charter and the new proposal both are woefully deficient in responsible participation and genuine community. They demand far-reaching and revolutionary changes whose implementation would require a profound alteration (read "termination") of the existing relationship between Richmond College and the City University. These changes would require a series of miracles.

The accompanying resolution intends to underscore the magnitude and details of the needed miracles, compared to which walking across Herod's swimming pool is a mere warm-up. The resolution also is offered as a gift. Those who try to pull off these prodigies may be able to use some help with their paper work.

WHEREAS, The Board of Higher Education of the City University in its bylaws gives college presidents essential prerogatives in the areas of budget, appointments, and educational planning; and

WHEREAS, The BHE has established provisions for the approval of each of the academic programs that its constituent units are empowered to offer; and

WHEREAS, The BHE must approve each of the courses that support each academic program, the number of credits given, and the requirements for each degree; and

WHEREAS, The BHE sets requirements for the appointment, reappointment, promotion, and tenuring of the faculty in each of its several colleges; and

WHEREAS, The BHE mandates distinctive roles for the faculty and student body in the local college with regard to academic programs and college governance.

BE IT RESOLVED that Richmond College formally announce its secession from the City University of New York; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that Richmond College assume responsibility for raising its annual operating budget of \$8,000,000; and

BE IT STILL FURTHER RESOLVED that Richmond College mount a campaign to raise \$9,000,000 in capital funds to buy outright the facilities it now occupies; and

BE IT STILL FURTHER RESOLVED that Richmond College annually raise \$1,000,000 for subsidies for students that would be denied access to state and city support, and

BE IT STILL FURTHER RESOLVED that Richmond College negotiate with the Board of Regents of the State of New York for authorization to continue each of its academic programs and existing degrees; and

BE IT FINALLY RESOLVED that Richmond College seek to secure accreditation in its own right from the Middle States Association.

The probability that the total Richmond community will agree to pursue and effectively attain these goals is pretty remote. There is some value, of course, in thinking big and stretching horizons. But generally,

Dr. Spock

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overhaul of national distribution of ownership of the means of production, immediate withdrawal from Southeast Asia and future avoidance of such foreign entanglements, abolition of laws that make crimes out of victimless acts, and health care for all. The program calls for the assertion of women's rights, an end to racism, and the reduction of material consumption, along with a vigorous effort to conserve what is left of the world's ecology.

CONTACT

PEOPLE'S PARTY
1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W.
Suite 232A
Dupont Circle Bldg.
Washington D.C. 20036
(202) 833-1415

our structure of governance will have to be compatible with prevailing CUNY guidelines. Little useful purpose is served by clamoring for rights and privileges now expressly denied to units of the City University by the BHE by-laws, the Board of Regents, or the state legislature.

Book Review**The "Boss" of Chicago**

by James Callahan

When Richard Daley began his political career as a precinct captain in the Democratic Party, at the age of twenty one, Chicago was one of many big American cities that had an old line, tightly-knit political machine running the show.

Mike Royko's book is about a man who, until 1968, was little known to the everyday reader of the morning newspapers or the viewer of evening news. Perhaps one would see his picture at important functions, such as the National Democratic Conventions with his arms around John F. Kennedy or Lyndon Johnson or Adlai Stevenson. To most people, however, who were not familiar with Chicago or Illinois politics, Richard Daley seemed like just another mayor of a big American city.

Since 1968 and the convention disaster, Daley became the antithesis of those who like to consider themselves "progressives", "liberals" or "reformers" within the Democratic Party. Daley is pictured as a despotic, corrupt administrator who must be destroyed if the Democratic Party is going to survive. The mere thought of Daley playing a major role in selecting the next Democratic candidate for President is revolting to them, but they know their "reform" or "Progressive" candidates do not share their idealism and know that in Illinois at least, Daley is still the man to see.

It took Daley thirty years, from 1923 to 1953, to complete his rise from a precinct captain to his election as chairman of the Cook County Democratic Central Committee, a position he still holds. His first term began in 1955 and his election this past April to his fifth term with more than 70 percent of the vote will probably be his last.

Status of Women...

Ph.D. at Columbia University.

Gladys Correa, dean of students at Hostos Community College, is a specialist in bilingual education. She earned her bachelor's and master's degrees at Hunter and is a doctoral candidate at New York University.

Marilyn Gittell, professor of political science at Queens College and director of its Institute for Community Studies, is also editor of *Urban Affairs Quarterly*. She earned her bachelor's degree from Brooklyn College and her Ph.D. from New York University. Dr. Gittell has served as executive seminar leader for the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

Irene Impellizzeri, dean of Brooklyn College's School of Education, is the former secretary of the New York State Psychological Association. An alumna of New York University (B.S.), Columbia (M.A.) and Fordham (Ph.D.), Dean Impellizzeri served on the Mayor's Task Force for Comprehensive Health Planning.

Ann Marcus, director of continuing education and extension services at LaGuardia Community College, was formerly in charge of new program development for CUNY's Office of Community College Affairs. She is an alumna of Brandeis University and the London School of Economics.

Sylvia Martin, chairman of the department of nursing at Kingsborough Community College, was secretary of CUNY's Faculty Senate. She completed her undergraduate and nursing training at Hunter

Uncle Sam Wants You?

The Selective Service System today formally issued most of the regulation changes proposed to the public last month, but withheld several key sections for further review. The new regulations which implement the recent amendments to the draft law were first published in proposed form in the *Federal Register* of November 3, 4, and 5.

Selective Service Director Curtis W. Tarr said that he has decided to reevaluate in their entirety those provisions which deal with the procedures for appearances before local boards, the guidelines governing reopening of classifications, and the procedures for appeals to appeal boards other than the Presidential appeal board (section 1625.2 and parts 1624 and 1626 of the proposed regulations published on November 3).

Public response to the proposed regulations focused on several issues contained in the sections being withheld. "The depth of thought that went into the suggestions we received from the general public and Members of Congress warrants our careful reevaluation of these policies," Tarr said. "Until the regulations on these policies are final," Tarr added, "our local boards will not conduct any personal appearances, nor will the appeal boards, other than the Presidential appeal board, hear appeals. We do not want to deprive registrants of the new procedural rights legislated by Congress. Therefore, we will continue the suspension of these actions until the new regulations governing these processes are formally issued."

Tarr noted, however, that local boards are continuing to register, classify, and examine young men. And when requested by the Department of Defense, they also will issue induction notices to young men who are no longer eligible for personal appearances or appeals.

Tarr said that he plans to publish the provisions under review in the *Federal Register* for further public comment, probably in late December. The provisions cannot be formally issued until 30 days have elapsed since their publishing in the *Federal Register*.

The regulations formally issued today contain many significant changes in draft policies, including the end of undergraduate student deferments for those who were not eligible for deferments during the last quarter or semester of the 1970-71 regular academic year, the establishment of a Uniform National Call system for issuing draft calls so that all men with the same lottery numbers will receive induction notices at approximately the same time, and the establishment of classification I-H as a "holding" category for those registrants not currently subject to active processing for induction.

"Boss" is about what has been happening in Chicago, the neighborhood political clubs, the patronage, the "fix" and the influence enjoyed by the business leaders, the bankers, the insurance people, the contractors and cement companies, and the structure of a machine that starts on the lowly precinct level and works its way up to the "Mayors" office. In a way, it is also about New York, although most of those close to John Lindsay would vehemently deny it.

Reading about how the party workers get out the vote (or else) and how the party raises the money to run its campaign sounds very similar to the political organizations of our Enlightened Mayor, known as the John V. Lindsay Associations. They perform much the same function as Daley's machine, running dances, fund-raising dinners, and selling advertising in the *Journals*, which are put out by the dinner committee. (The advertising is "sold" of course, to those who must do business with the city-real estate men, bankers, contractors, etc.)

Royko tells us how, in Illinois the election laws are stacked against the independent, making a run off between the two major parties nearly impossible. In New York, an Independent needs 7500 signatures on his nominating petitions to get his name on the ballot. Daley's petitions need only about 3900 (based on one-half of one percent of his party's vote) in the previous election. Independents need 5 percent of the previous total case, and only legally defined Independents—those who have not voted in the recent partisan primaries, which usually comes out to about 65,000 names. Royko tells us about the attitude toward

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College, and her graduate work at New York University. Professor Martin is a consultant to the New York State Education Department.

Virginia Sexton, professor of psychology at Lehman College, serves on the executive committee of the University Faculty Senate. A former president of the Academic and Experimental Division of the American Psychological Association, Dr. Sexton is a fellow of the New York Academy of Science. She earned her B.A. from Hunter College, M.A. and Ph.D. from Fordham University.

Patricia Stonewall, lecturer in Black and Hispanic studies at Baruch College, was the first graduate of City University's SEEK program. She earned her B.A. at Baruch College and is a doctoral candidate at CUNY's Graduate School.

Lillian Weber, professor of education at City College, has been a pioneer in adapting British "open classroom" techniques to U.S. schools. Now working with foundation-supported Open Corridor projects in ten New York City Schools, Professor Weber earned her B.S. at the University of Virginia and her M.S. at the Bank Street College of Education.

Elizabeth Wickenden, professor of urban studies at the University Graduate School, served on President Johnson's Advisory Commission on the Status of Women and on President Kennedy's Task Force on Health and Social Security. A graduate of Vassar College, she was for many years the Washington representative of the American Public Welfare Association.

**The Editors
of the
Richmond
Times**

**Wish All
Students
and Faculty
A Merry
Intersession
and a
Happy
New Term**

Announcements from Afro-American Studies

AFRO-AMERICAN INSTITUTE

SUMMER TOUR AND STUDY IN AFRICA: GHANA TOGODAHOMEY
July 3, August 11, 1971
COST: \$340.00 (Includes Airfare, Insurance and Membership)
Membership Fee due before December 25, 1971: \$10.00
Forms Available in Room 837 Afro-American Institute.

FIRST PAYMENT\$100.00 due by March 3rd 1972
SECOND PAYMENT\$100.00 due by April 3rd 1972
THIRD OR BALANCE\$130.00 due by May 3rd 1972

FOR INFORMATION: Professor Charles Thomas
Richmond College
Afro-American Institute
448-8433 Ext. 89 or 121

Arrangements for room and board are being made. Students should plan now for these costs. An estimated fee will soon be given.

STUDY ABROAD SUMMER COURSES IN AFRICA REGISTER NOW! AT RICHMOND COLLEGE THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

DEPARTURE DATE FOR AFRICA—July 3, 1972
PROGRAM RUNS FROM July 4th-August 10th
GROUP LEAVES FOR THE U.S. ON AUGUST 11th

ALL COURSES GIVEN AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GHANA-LEGON

- 56.365 Nation-Building in Africa—8 CreditsDr. F. A. Botchway
- 51.378 African Religious Thought Systems—8 CreditsDr. C. R. Gaba
- 95.320 Ethnomusicology (African Musical Styles)—8 CreditsProfessor C. C. Thomas
- 95.310 Comparative African Literature—8 CreditsProfessor Q. T. Troupe
- 95.400 Independent Study (Undergraduate)
- 95.500 Independent Study (Graduate)

SUMMER ADMINISTRATION IN AFRICA:

Dr. F. A. Botchway, Director
Professor C. C. Thomas, Travel Coordinator
Dr. C. R. Gaba, Student Advisor
Mrs. M. Freeman, Secretary

c/o Chapel Flat
Akuaflo Hall
University of Ghana
Legon, Ghana

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, WRITE OR CALL:
Institute for Afro-American Studies
Richmond College of the City University of New York
130 Stuyvesant Place, Staten Island, New York 10301
Tel: (212) 448-8433, Ext. 21, 89

AFRO-AMERICAN INSTITUTE GENERAL FACULTY-STUDENT SEMINAR SPRING, 1972

FEBRUARY

MONDAY 14—11:00 A.M.
ROOM: 802 Professor Holloway, Jr. and Terry Williams (Student)
"Economic Problems of Black Communities"

TUESDAY 22—11:00 A.M.
ROOM: 802 Professor Gaba
"The Truth in Black Magic"
Comments by Nancy Fairley (Student)

MONDAY 28—2:40 P.M.
ROOM: 802 Professor Edwards
"Black Arts in Perspective"
Comments by Gloria Wiggins (Student)

MARCH

TUESDAY 7—12:50 P.M.
ROOM: 802 Professor Quincy Troupe
"The Harlem Renaissance and Negritude"
Comments by Nina Comissiong (Student)

TUESDAY 14—12:50 P.M.
ROOM: 802 Professor Charles Thomas
"The Roots of the Spirituals"
Comments by Marilyn E'ps and Letitia Turner (Students)

MONDAY 20—11:00 A.M.
ROOM: 802 Marily Epps (Student)
"Women Actors in a Revolution"
Comments by Professor Quincy Troupe and Arrie Wallace (Student)

APRIL

THURSDAY 20—12:50 P.M.
ROOM: 801 Round-Table Discussion
"The Future of the Black World"
Professors: Gaba, Troupe and Terry Williams (Student)
Students: Arrie Wallace, and Nancy Fairley
Moderator: Professor Raymond Holloway, Jr.

MAY

FRIDAY 19
ROOM: 801

FACTULTY STUDENT GET-TOGETHER!

Anyone For Tuna?



**"If you don't like it...Don't eat it. No refunds, no exchanges...
And you can keep your Crummy Pennies!"**

Proposition 1

Hail And Farewell!!!

This will probably be my last column for this paper. I am moving on to bigger and better things. I am also graduating in January. With this in mind I would care to present my farewells.

Farewell to my loyal fans, whoever they are and where ever they are. I greatly appreciate their loyalty.

Farewell to my loyal enemies, many of whom I intentionally made. Without them, my biting wit and satire would have had no focal point.

Farewell to the apathetic students of this screwed-up school. Without them life would've been too easy.

Farewell to the members of the faculty who if they stopped fighting amongst themselves would find that a real world exists outside of this building.

Farewell to the student government and its affiliated groups, who knew nothing about government.

Farewell to all the far right conservatives and their beliefs that border on facism.

Farewell to all the far left radicals and their beliefs that border on stupidity.

Farewell to the dogs in the cafeteria, and their bothersome fleas.

Farewell to the idiots that brought their dogs to school.

Farewell to the idiots that let them do this.

Farewell to Dean Chiles, dean of placing oil upon the troubled waters. Haven't we had enough oil spills?

Farewell to women's lib. You've come a long way baby, maybe too far.

Farewell to the ideals and philosophies that four years of college taught. Idealism won't get you a job.

Farewell to long hair on guys, or are they girls?

Farewell to nuts like Steve Jason and Bob Feldman. Bob never could spell America right.

Farewell to the confusion at registration.

Farewell to many teachers who could not teach, only do their own thing.

Farewell to the pseudo-involved people, yesterday the war, today ecology, tomorrow?

Farewell boycotts and strikes that did nothing but give an excuse to stay out of class.

Farewell to pot palace otherwise known as the lounge.

Farewell to President Schueler, whoever

that is.

Farewell to the plans for the mythical new campus to be built on a swamp with a psychiatric center next door.

Farewell to the bitches from Bell who made the Richmond College experience a nightmare for some.

Farewell to D. A. Braisted, a staunch supporter of law and order and Hoover. Also a loyal reader of this paper.

Farewell to the people who are suing this paper for obscenity. Remember- filth is in the mind of the beholder.

Farewell to the Engineering Society, the only student group that actually cared about this school. They also had a ball just plain screwing around.

Farewell to the girls I, have known at Richmond, life was more pleasant with them around. Farewell Linda, Rosemary, Chris, Pat, Korinne, Mary, Rita, etc...

Farewell to the people on the newspaper staff, Dave Mushy, Francine Wornfingers Zowie Heibowitz, Tony Crusader, and John Middle-of-the-road-leaning-right.

Farewell to the Masked Avenger. Whoever you are.

Farewell to writing articles that were never read. If they were I never noticed.

Farewell to the many freaks in this school. Freaks to the outside world, friends to us here.

The famous Proposition I departs from the pages of this illustrious paper. I have written much about nothing, and nothing about much. I have written much about nothing, and nothing about much. I have outraged many people with my comments, and I have on the other hand pleased many by not being blind to things... Why I have written my view of events and people with such a cynical eye can be seen in my past articles. It all comes down to the fact that "I will not stand by silently when I can express my voice". Many people have started to learn that they have a voice that can be heard. This voice can take many forms, from a vote, to a letter, to a demonstration. I tried my best to let my voice be heard but I am afraid that no one heard.

I would like to thank the editors and the staff of this paper for their help in publishing my column. I might have poked fun at them for being a bit crazy, but to put out a paper in this school you have to be crazy. Much thanks friends.

thinkspeaktalkwordthoughtexpressevokenow

interested in starting a journalism course at Richmond? Contact Howard B. Leibowitz at the Richmond Times office, Room 539. Come in and we'll talk about it.

EDITORIALS

Guest Editorial

Science and Society at Richmond

by Martin Eger
Asst. Prof. of Physics

A couple of weeks ago, I was sitting in Rene Dubos' seminar, *Fulfilling Environments*, when a student spoke up somewhat as follows: "I find scientists and engineers the most destructive people on Earth...Look, what good is all your work on new wheat strains and all that? Don't we destroy crops all the time? Don't we pay farmers not to plant?...It's crazy, I just think it's all crazy." A man on the opposite side of the room—an engineering student—started arguing, "Now just a minute, it's not the engineers, it's the politicians...crops are destroyed or left to rot so as to keep up prices...don't you see?..." To which the first student replied, "All right, maybe, I guess I'm just looking for someone to blame."

Familiar, isn't it? From Berkeley to the Baltic, in classrooms and teach-ins, in underground magazines and overground newspapers, at innumerable midnight bull-sessions, I must have heard every conceivable variation on this theme. The subject has also become a favorite one for scholars and journalists of every caliber; their recent productions have headed book-club selections and best seller lists. If you strain yourself and try to peer through the dust raised by all these arguments, you might distinguish three major views of what the real relation of science is to the great social problems of our time. First, the latest of these—the pessimistic view represented by the quote at the beginning of this article—says simple that science has led us up the creek, so to speak, and is now clearly exposed as somewhat "crazy," a beast to be corralled and held in check. Second, the opinion which was conventional only a few years ago, and to which some still hold stubbornly, is just the opposite: it claims that the only antidote to the problems raised by science, is more science. Pollution, urban crises, population, even war—all these are technical problems which are being brought more and more within the realm of calculation and control. Indeed, some even say, the control is automatic and proceeds—for good or bad—regardless of what man

may want. In any case, we have arrived at the stage where technology has replaced ideology. Finally, in opposition to both of these, there is the view which we may call the "two-worlds" theory, and which has the greatest number of adherents in almost all strata of society. It states boldly that science is neither God nor the Devil—it is just irrelevant. It is not the disease and not the cure, neither the bugaboo nor the panacea; it is only a tool, an instrument whose product depends entirely on who uses it and for what purpose.

Notice that, surprisingly enough, all these apparently conflicting views lead more or less to the same conclusion, as far as the nonscientific person is concerned: that for him, science has little value, if any, as an object of study. In the pessimists view, because it is science which has brought the problems upon us in the first place—and you don't ask a thief to help you look for missing goods. In the "end of ideology" view, everything is a technical problem and will evolve according to technology's own laws anyway—laymen can have least of all to do with it. And according to the "Two-Worlds" theory, to repeat, science is irrelevant—categorically.

For those who pride themselves on reason or common sense, the last is by far the most appealing attitude, avoiding the obvious exaggerations of the other two, and basing itself on an irrefutable logical proof: namely that the "ought" cannot be derived from the "is." Science describes what is, goes the argument, while the real problems of society are and have always been moral and political questions: what ought one do. And it is well known that there is no way under the sun of deriving an "ought" (norms) from an "is" (science). We live, therefore, in two worlds, the world of "facts" and the world of choices. The first is scientific and deterministic, the second is "human" and therefore shows freedom.

So whichever view you prefer—but especially if it's the last—all the arguments meet on this one point: it is perfectly all right to go on doing one's thing in the world, whatever that may be, without worrying much about what science might have to do

with it. And yet, if we stand back a moment from the theories, and just look at ordinary experience, it becomes obvious that most people constantly reason from "is" to "ought" without batting an eyelash: "if things are such and such, then I ought to do thus and so..." We don't—most of us—derive our direction purely from some rock-bottom moral starting point, nor do we live by the horoscope or the I-Ching. At each step, the "ought" problems cry out for some input about what "is," and that input is always supplied—by the imagination at least, if not by observation or science. What's more, this reasoning from "is" to "ought" is not confined only to tactics and secondary questions: from Buddha to Plato to Marx, those who try to give a fundamental new "ought" to the world nearly always start with the claim that because they have finally discovered how "things really are," it follows that...

Of the three modern views described above, none seem to give a true picture of the relation between the two worlds, that of science and that of social choice. Rather, one is tempted to guess that a complex—and perhaps mysterious—connection exists between them, a connection which each generation has to work out anew in light of what is then known. It was therefore especially interesting for me to listen, one day, as Prof. Dubos—a man with a long, fruitful career in science and writing—admitted that he too was still changing his mind about how much influence the "is" has on the "ought."

As one looks into history, this is seen as one of the major problems that come up again and again, in theory and in all kinds of practical problems. But strangely enough, in our century it had—until very recently—practically disappeared from view, especially in the Western academic world. The "is" people have pursued their "is", and the "ought" people have argued about their "oughts", with the former in the great majority. But the vital question, the connection, is something that neither group was

willing to spend much time on. And yet, if it is not done at the universities, who will do it?

At Richmond, the Science Division has for some time offered to the college community a number of courses in scientific subject designed for the layman. The purpose has been to give nonscience students a chance to delve into various aspects of "what is," not only to find out a few facts about evolution or the expanding universe, but also to get their hands dirty with the sticky problems of how it is possible to find out anything at all about "what is." Recently, however, some faculty and students have come to believe that we should go a step further: in addition to looking at "what is,"—the conventional job of science courses—we should also begin to focus more explicitly on that connection between "is" and "ought" which was here discussed. In line with this interest, two new courses have been introduced this year for science and nonscience students alike: Prof. Dubos' seminar, which will go into the Spring, and a course on *Science and Society* to be taught by another outside professor, Harold Fruchtbaum of the Columbia Institute for the Study of Science in Human Affairs.

Now when I mentioned this news in the Engineering Society office, the other day, one of our more imaginative students exclaimed, "No, no...not still another course."

"How would you do it?," I asked.
"Why not just have people get information together and talk?," he answered.

Well, it certainly is true that the word "course" has all those implications of something programmed, contrived, scheduled, boxed, tested, graded, counted, and forgotten. However, it has also a certain "magic" about it, as many in our midst know—that if you call such a studying, talking group a "course," the man who leads it can get some money for his trouble, the students who participate can get a degree; and it even occurs sometimes—if the talking is good—that everyone forgets the whole thing is "only a course."

Opinion

The Ridiculous Uptightness of Phil Lasky

This article is a reply to Phil Lasky's December 22 tirade against the "paranoia" exhibited by a "grown-up lady" who "insisted that everybody clear the (Student Government) office so that she could speak to the lawyer (Joel Ezra) alone".

Mr. Lasky stated that he is "fuckin' fed up with people who continue to live their lives kissin' the ass of the 'everything has a time and place' society around them." Well, I'm quite fed up with people who don't have the guts to say what they're feeling when something is bothering them, and have to resort to writing poison pen letters to the newspaper to say what they should have said in person. What's the matter, Phil, whoever you are? Are you afraid to speak to "grown-up ladies"?

Perhaps if you had been up-front and talked to me about my request, you would have found out what my motive was in asking to see Joel alone. It happens to be quite different than the reason you projected. When I walked into the Student Government Office at 4:30 P.M., there were eleven people, a dog and a child going in and out of the office, while Joel, fighting against the noise and confusion, and in between numerous phone calls, was trying to discuss a very serious felony case with a student. Having worked for lawyers for eight years myself, I knew that even Perry Mason would have had a hard time giving legal counsel in that atmosphere. The appointments were running behind schedule, and no wonder, because he probably couldn't even hear half the questions students were trying to ask him!

I noted that all the adjoining club offices were empty, and asked a student who looked like he might work there why the people who were waiting to see Joel couldn't wait out there, or why couldn't he use one of the vacant offices, since there was so much activity in the Student Government Office. "Do you want to see him alone?," this

student asked me, in ominous tones. "Sure. I'd like him to be able to hear what I'm saying", I replied.

The next thing I knew it was my turn to see Joel, and the office magically cleared (I guess they thought I was going to confess to first degree murder or something!) and Joel and I were able to lower the volume of our voices and talk quietly about my problem for a few minutes without interruption... thus making it possible for him to see more people in less time later.

I'm sorry, Phil, but everything does have a time and place, not just in this society, but in any society. Would you take a physics exam in a room full of people and dogs? Would you want your doctor or your shrink to hold open house for the neighbors during your appointment? Or if you were discussing whether or not to appeal a criminal case in which you might have to spend ten years of your life behind bars, would you want your lawyer to be able to concentrate on your problem or not? You really missed the point that day, Phil. It was a matter of peace, not paranoia.

The Grown-Up Lady

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Job Hunting In Plastic America

by Bob Feldman

The plastic people who sit behind the desks at the various employment agencies these days are hip in one respect. They understand clearly what types of college grads will fit most smoothly in America's economic machine. Two of these fee-collecting parasites, Adele Lewis and Edith Bobroff (directors of Career Blazers) wrote a realistic survival guide. The book is entitled *From College to Career*. The rest of this little piece will consist of excerpts. Hopefully, they will help a few of you land a 9 to 5 coffin-opening more rapidly:

"...Being ready for a job means the ability to make realistic compromises..." (p. 17)

"From the information we have culled, it is evident that there will be a disappointment for the average college graduate seeking his or her first job..." (p. 17)

"When a girl or young man is offered nine out of nine choices, he must be offering in turn something very special that the company wants to buy. Rather than the Doestoyevskian dramatic approach of truth to the ideals, the winner is usually more of the Horatio Alger personality..." (p. 38)

"The college graduate who is able to be his natural, but well-behaved and considerate, self with teachers, parents, and other elders, has far less trouble getting a job than the young person who considers everybody over twenty-five as pieces of furniture..." (p. 39)

"The big splash on the campus becomes a drop of water in the business whirlpool..." (p. 41)

"I didn't go to college to type,' is a quotation that we hear as often as we repeat our motto—and usually just shortly before. Of course no liberal arts graduate had such a goal in mind during the four years it took him or her (usually 'her' in this case) to get that sheepskin; otherwise she would have set her sights on a commercial-science diploma. But this is the age of the machine and automation..." (p. 43)

"It is only sensible to give the male job-preference over the female...The young woman who really wants a lifelong job career, come hell or Prince Charming, will do well to accept this reality, along with others, and cheerfully type away until she can make her true talents known, at a salary somewhat less than the one of that upstart male executive who majored in Business English as opposed to her masters degree in American Lit..." (p. 47)

"For the girl who prefers to sit on her hands before she will use them on a typewriter to earn her keep, there is always more school as an alternative. Sadly, though, if her employment coming-out party is delayed by further academic years she may find that knowing more still doesn't solve the problem. A prospective employer may be quite impressed with her scholastic background and feel very sheepish about asking her to do routine typing—so sheepish that she may find herself in that frustrating position of now being 'overqualified and inexperienced.'" (p. 49)

"On Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays during our June and January rush season of college-graduate applicants and jobs, our offices look like railroad terminals full of fleeing vacationists the day before Christmas, but they lack the holiday spirit. Everyone is competing for a 'seat,' as it were, and if it isn't 'dog eat dog' it is an atmosphere generally charged with nervous anticipation, much like the first day of registration at school, only here there are never enough registrars to go around, and the applicants are selling themselves, not buying an education..." (p. 61)

"One of the hints that go out to all job hunters, and especially the young college grads, is do your soapboxing where it is appropriate, not in the employment agent's office, or at the job interview. Beware of far-out anything—beards, sneakers, smart-alecky talk..." (p. 70)

"Clothes are always an important part of the interview..." (p. 71)

"In short, sincere interest and ability enhances any job applicant in personnel eyes—just as a wholesome appearance is their preference to the young would-be

sophisticate. Personnel does not look for someone who 'knows it all' in a beginner..." (p. 75)

"Don't take offense if the interviewer asks you personal questions such as your father's occupation, if you are married, whether you have or intend to have children, something about your home life..." (p. 85)

"When personnel people of tact and compassion find an applicant totally unsuitable, but for no reasons which the interviewer can put his fingers on without wounding the applicant, he often flatteringly announces that the applicant is 'overqualified.' Nine times out of ten, this is an agreeable way of getting around the fact that the person doesn't stand a chance for the job..." (p. 90)

"Those who eschew the 'business world,' 'trade,' 'the rat race,' or whatever are not so much childish idealists as impractical ostriches..." (p. 119)

"From our observations of young people's desires and ambitions during the past fifteen years, we can safely say that a high percentage of liberal arts graduates have at one time or another entertained the idea of a career in 'research' or 'personnel.' Research is often thought of as a continuation of the research involved in putting together a term paper—academic or editorial. The college graduate may visualize the job as spending a major amount of time at libraries poring over magazines, newspapers, or reference material, and perhaps also interviewing fascinating and famous people.

"Needless to say, this sounds like the ideal job for any liberal-arts major, most befitting his or her degree and scholastic attainments, but this kind of 'research' just

does not exist. If it did exist, we would close Career Blazers and apply ourselves..." (p. 154-155)

"Almost any job within limitations can become the right job if the attitude is right...All successful people seem to have certain traits in common. We notice that these are the people who possess enough self-discipline to accept authority and at the same time be able to administrate, people who can tolerate frustration without feeling defeat...Jobs are not categorized as menial, but as work to be done..." (p. 278)

Like fools, working class freaks can continue to individually let themselves get exploited by the plastic employment agencies and psychologically brutalized by the corporate personnel clowns. Like fools, we can continue to compete with each other for that one-in-a-million dream job which in reality doesn't exist. Like fools, we can continue to meekly job hunt according to rules we played no part in making. Like fools we can continue to dress up like we used to do on assembly days in third grade or at church services and bar mitzvahs, and continue to show respect for the personnel clowns. If that's your choice, groovy.

It seems to me, however, there are other options. We can collectively take our diplomas back to the academic prisons this spring and collectively make the following demand upon corporate America's rulers: Either you let us all manage the economy in the interest of all the people on the earth equally—or your academic prisons will be transformed permanently into revolutionary base camps. Either you give working class people control over the economy—or we will permanently take control of your campuses.

Mama Janofsky's

Incredible Shrinking Meatloaf

A GOOD MEATLOAF, BUT NOT A GREAT ONE

For only pennies a day, you can watch this wonder of science. You'll need:

- 1 lb. chopped meat
- 1 egg
- 1/2 Cup-bread crumbs
- 1/4 cup weat germ
- 1 tbs. parsley
- paprika
- garlic in one form or another
- 1 grated onion
- 4 tbs. ketchup
- 350 degree oven

Mix all of the above ingredients together if you can find them. Be sure you mixed well or you'll get meat loaf clots.

Find a metal meat loaf type pan (a glass pan is cool, too) and put the stuff in. Cover with foil (Foiled again!) Cook 45 minuets. Take off foil . . . cook 1/2 hour more.

LATER

You will be amazed and delighted to find that the size of your meatloaf has decreased appreciably.

Mike Royko's "Boss" - A Book Review

Continued from page 2

Independent candidates petitions. In the words of a former Election Board boss, Sidney Holzman: "We throw their petitions up to the ceiling, and those that stick are good."

There is Daley in his quite neighborhood, living in the same house he was born in, and there is Daley as the "king-maker" at Democratic Conventions. There is Daley at the 1968 convention, screaming at Abe Ribicoff, "Fuck you, you JEW son of a Bitch, you lousy motherfucker, go home."

Daley's changing attitudes kept civil rights groups off balance, Royko writes: "One day he'd be statesmanlike, talking of change in progressive terms. Then he'd become vitriolic and resume his attacks on 'outsiders' and 'subversive influences.'" The Rev. Arthur Brazier, a leader of the South Side Woodlawn Organization (organized by Saul Alinsky, who, ironically, organized Daley's Bridgeport Area years before) says about Daley: "He is a difficult man to case, one of the shrewdest men I've ever had contact with. He could be so disarming and so friendly that the unsophisticated would walk out thinking he had promised them the world, and they wouldn't have one solid promise."

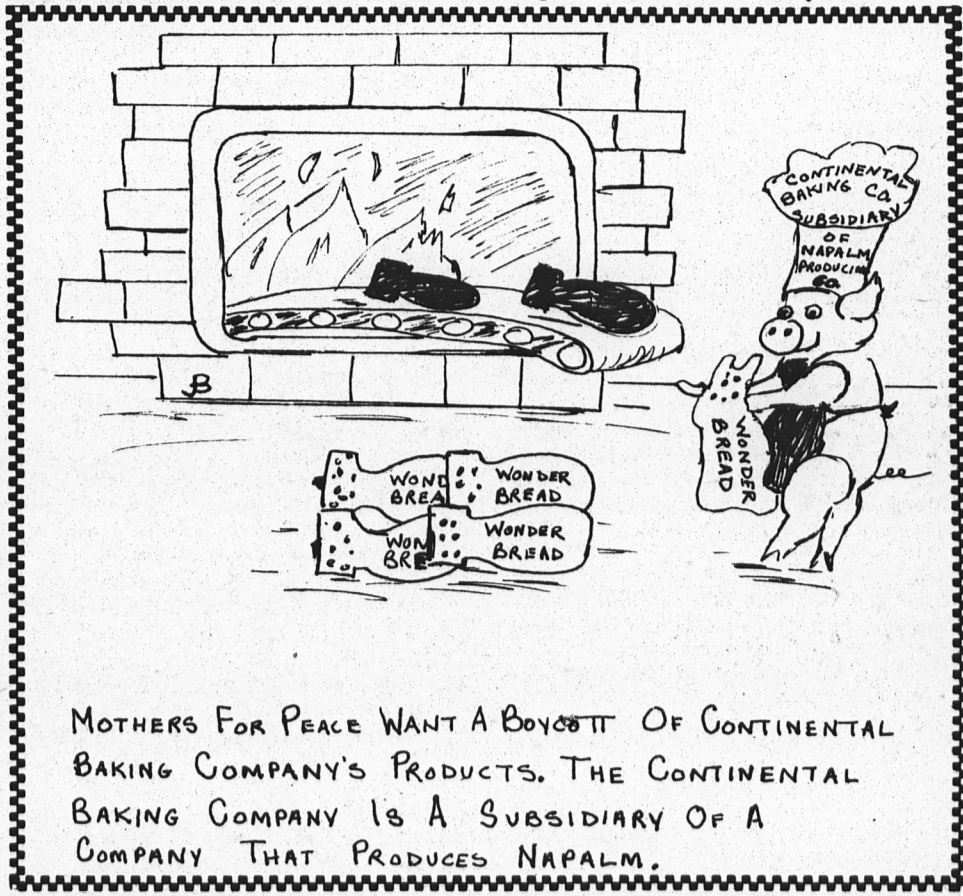
Royko does not draw any conclusions from his book; he does add his opinions to what he has written and his barbs are aimed at nearly everyone who is high up in Daley's club, and those who benefit in one way or another from the municipal treasury. It is a fast-moving, hard-hitting, no holds barred "inside" look at Daley's regime. Royko's style, and muckraking is sorely missed in New York's lethargic press corps. It is Mary Nichols and Jack Newfield in the Village Voice and sometimes Jimmy Breslin in New York magazine and sometimes Pete Hamill.

If any conclusions are to be drawn from learning more about Daley, one is that the machine does work—for those it is designed to serve and for those who work for the party and contribute to the party, and make the vote tally come out the way that pleases the boss.

When I said it was also about New York, well, it is. In Chicago, the machine hates blacks and Puerto Ricans, and the machine

lies and distorts and issues empty, hollow press releases which say nothing; it runs roughsod over neighborhoods with no political contacts. The machine favors those who are politically connected, and those who contribute to the party coffers and cooperate with the fund raisers. The machine says one thing and does another, makes secret deals on judgeships, and hides the real cost of projects from the people who are paying for them. The "Boss" doesn't tolerate dissent, and undermines his administrators when they step out of line. (Last week Mayor Lindsay called Robert Ricketts, his top environmental expert, a "damn fool" and "a nut" for opposing him on the bond issue.) and the "coalition"

administration of John V. Lindsay with its Liberal party hacks in the municipal loan program and its ties to Anthony Scotto and his hoods, and the 75 million dollars in secret consultant contracts (how much of that went to political contributors?) and now the OTB computer scandal, and the elitism of the Lindsay crowd, and the highway contracts for roads which aren't needed, and the patronage jobs to Alex Rose's cadre of party workers, and money to buy Yankee Stadium (to bail out CBS) but no money for neighborhood programs. The machine that stifles black dissent in Chicago is the same one that doesn't know and doesn't care what the people in Boro Park, Williamsburg or Bay Ridge or Staten Island really want.



THEATRE

ARTS

MUSIC

Kubrick's "Orange" Smooth As Clockwork

A Movie Review by Keith Lawrence

The accolades have been recorded. Best Picture of the Year. Best Director of the Year. Best. Yet, "best" is a relative word. Only such other fine films as *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW* and *SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY* save the heaping of honors from becoming dubious. *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* is not merely the best of 1971, it is an excellent film in itself! Why? (So glad you asked!)

First, an intelligent script with content was adapted from Anthony Burgess' avant novel of the same name. (In short, it is a tale filled with ultra-violence and ultra-people, not another *LOVE STORY*. Please note.) The book's language difficulty is quickly surmounted in the movie.

Secondly, the performers are excellent. Malcolm McDowell provides total credibility for a character you and I have never actually met. Patrick Magee's portrayal as the demented writer is so superb that recalling it still brings shudders to my spine! Yet beyond excellence and believability, there dominates a further constant—preciseness.

Mr. Stanley Kubrick, architect, director and final arbiter of the film, allowed not a wasted motion, not a wasted frame. His camera makes you want to attend solely to the screen. The sets, in color and design, reward you for that undivided attention. And the music—Mr. Kubrick made common Strauss into the revelation of mankind in "2001". In *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*, again many rather well-known pieces of classical music (including "William Tell's Overture") are successfully transformed into excitement and new clarities.

The film is not incredibly subtle. The viewer (who remains a viewer throughout this film due to the alienness of its world) is clearly aware that the film is on, at least, two different levels. Such clarity of presentation, however, facilitates the



Alex (Malcolm McDowell) and his droogs get stoned on Moloko Plus at the Moloko (Milk) Bar.

viewing of both levels—presentation and meaning—simultaneously throughout the movie. Rather than watching and then going outside and asking, "Okay, what was it all about?", one's understanding grows with the picture. The two levels expand, intertwine and continually enhance each other.

This is a great film because it is truly a film. *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* cannot be recounted in print and understood. Mr. Kubrick has made the personal encountering of this film an absolute necessity for understanding what it is all about. He has, once again, not made the fatal error of trying to bring another bestselling novel to

the screen. Rather, he has taken the formal cues of the book, combined them with his own understanding of what is and is not endemic to filmdom and created a new whole—consistent within and of itself. *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* is a successful work of art! Thank you, Mr. Kubrick!

MURDEROUS ANGELS

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg

Conor Cruise O'Brien has written an interesting, multi-faceted play. Entitled *MURDEROUS ANGELS*, this drama is both a fictional history and a vivid confrontation of man—his ideals, his life, and his soul.

In June of 1960 the Congo was given its independence by Belgium. Almost immediately, one of its provinces, Katanga, seceded from the union and declared its own independence. This began a bloody civil war which was eventually settled through the efforts of the United Nations.

At the time of the conflict the playwright, Mr. O'Brien, was the Irish representative to the United Nations and also the Secretary-General's special envoy in Katanga. While his play is possibly his view of the situation, its complete partiality negates the idea that it is fact, it's also the confrontation between two men and their ideas.

Patrice Lumumba was a vibrant leader who loved living; Dag Hammarskjold was a tireless God-like saver of life. The Murderous Angels' lives are as intertwined as were their separate deaths. So says Mr. O'Brien.

Part of the evening's curiosity is caused by the ambiguity of the playwright's purpose. Is he writing his account of the Congo tragedy or is he going one level above that and writing a play of conflicting ideas or is he doing both?

The playgoer begins to have the first notion upon entering the theatre. He is given

a program which is printed on a reprint of *The New York Times*. When the play begins he is assaulted by newsreel footage and while it isn't till midway in the first act that both protagonists appear, you still have the feeling that you are watching history being made.

Suddenly this factual viewpoint begins to crack. The American, British, Russian and Belgian spokesmen are complete caricatures spouting dialogue both poorly written and unbelievably naive. Then a sort of Brechtian quality is achieved replete with a life-sized puppet and singing natives. The confrontation of men and ideas has begun and it is not until Mr. Hammarskjold's death, at the end of the play, that this assault abates.

While Louis Gossett's Lumumba and Barbara Colby's Madame Rose are exciting, it is Jean-Pierre Aumont who steals the show. You actually believe that he is Dag Hammarskjold which is the greatest compliment an actor can be paid.

MURDEROUS ANGELS is a big, sprawling, exciting drama. It is beautifully directed by Gordon Davidson (director of last season's life-like drama, *THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE*) and it is

guaranteed to grip you both intellectually and at the gut level. This is a view of history, that while not always factual, is almost always entralling. Now what is that expression about truth being stranger than....?

A Man's A Man:

Hancock's Production at Richmond

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg

A week before Christmas break, the Richmond College Theatre Department presented its production of Brecht's *A MAN'S A MAN*. This solid production turned out to be an early Yuletide gift for the audience.

In past productions at Richmond, the shows' concept and direction were always the strongest points. At times directors have been lucky enough to be able to find actors who succeeded in their given tasks and this was the case with *A MAN'S A MAN*.

Denise Judson was a strong Widow Begbick and Marty Sokoloff was especially good as Wang. Also Harry Dishon was a commanding, commanding officer. Mike Rivera, while initially a bit too moronic, grew as the evening progressed and ultimately showed a depth in his characterization.

This production was unusual in that some of the usually weaker Richmond actors showed their merit. Ed Hyland had some fine comic moments as Jeraiah Jip and Glenn Tepper played a mean guitar. The musical elements of the production were by far its strongest especially with Ellen Rosenberg's faultless piano accompaniment leading the way. The Bertold Brecht-

Michael Dress score is especially difficult for solo singers and it is therefore understandable that at times the only flat about Marsha Muraskin was her voice.

It was unfortunate that at the Friday performance a lighting failure occurred. On

two separate occasions the lights suddenly dimmed, leaving the actors in almost total darkness. In the first instance the actors neatly covered up the mishap and the majority of the audience was unaware of anything unusual happening. On the second occasion however, Sam Agar was onstage and instead of cleverly working in the situation, he unprofessionally screamed at the girl working lights, Miki Rubinfeld. Even though Brecht does employ ways to counteract an audience's involvement, the Sam Agar method of making the theatre of cruelty a reality at Richmond did not seem Brechtian in its response to the working man, or woman, as the case may be.

John Hancock should be congratulated for his direction as should Jeffrey Moss for his production design. Brecht's *A MAN'S A MAN* is not an easy play to produce. The good production of this tale of man's woes is a hopeful sign for the Theatre Department of Richmond.

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Come Charleston With Ken Russell And The Boy Friend

A Movie Review by Richard Kornberg

THE BOY FRIEND is a curious effort. While some of its parts are far superior to its source, the Sandy Wilson musical, it is none the less a fact that at times during this new Ken Russell film, the viewer craves for the simplicity of the original.

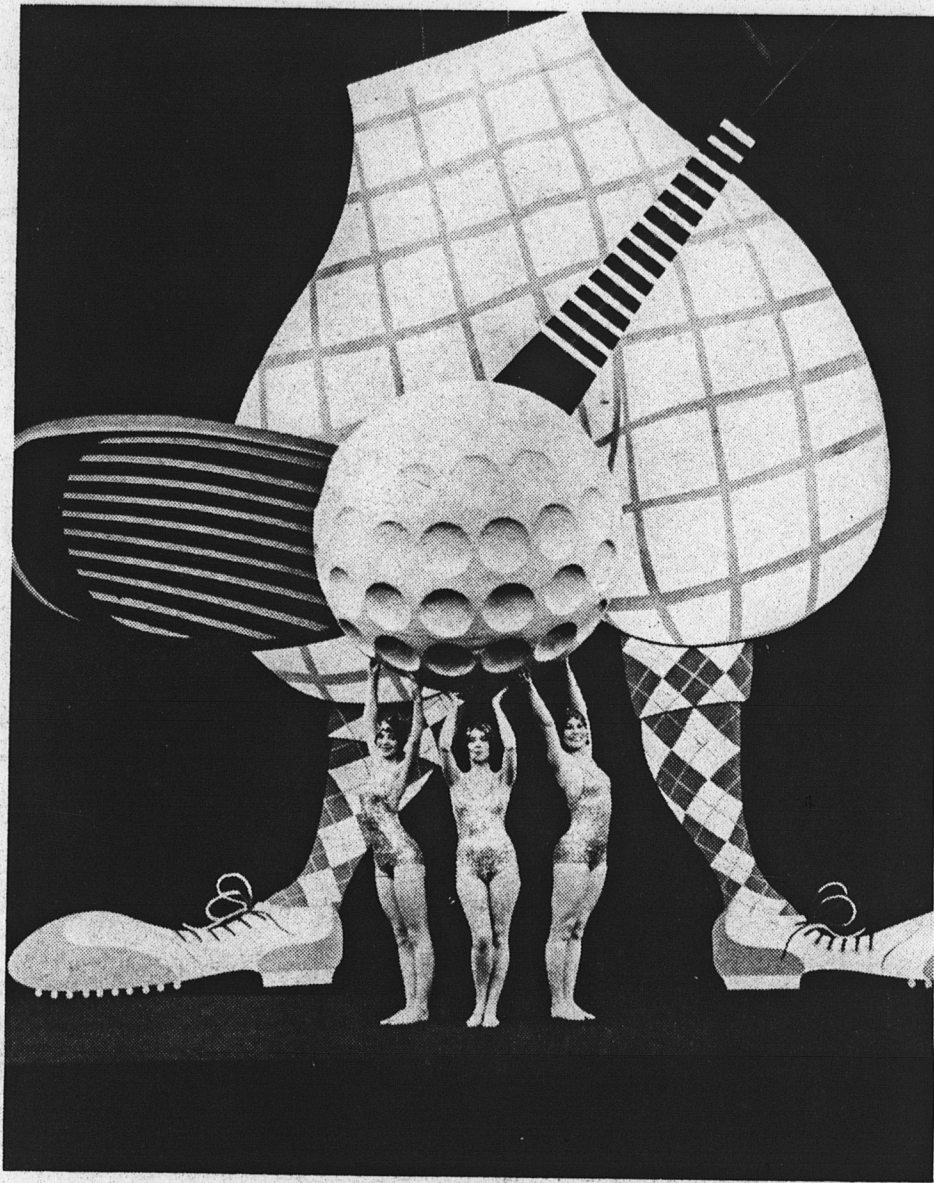
Mr. Russell has found an interesting way to bring **THE BOY FRIEND** to the screen. We are at a second-rate theatre in Portsmouth watching a production of the musical. On this day the star is ill and her understudy, Twiggy, replaces her. It just so happens that a big French Hollywood producer is in the audience and in an effort to be seen, the majority of the cast overacts.

The cast, the producer and the Hollywood bigwig also fantasize what the show would be like away from its tacky surroundings and this is a cue for the old Busy Berkley type girls with over-elaborate costumes and sets.

While the idea is novel, the results grow a bit tiresome. Mr. Russell's fantasies are a rather heavy burden for the Sandy Wilson framework to bear. Even though the film starts out wonderfully, its novelty does begin to wear thin.

Twiggy though is surprisingly good. She invokes a simple innocence and charm that perfectly compliment her leading man, Christopher Gable. Her voice is also fine and it seems that MGM has found a modern-day equivalent to Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy.

While some people might condemn Ken Russell for his conception, it is to his credit that he never flinches. Even when some individual scenes begin to pale, Mr. Russell sticks with his definite ideas, always remaining true to his beliefs. Another consistent quality of the movie is the unbilled performance of Glenda Jackson. She plays the girl who Twiggy replaces and from the moment she enters the film, midway in the proceedings, she steals every scene in which she appears. Miss Jackson is a comic delight in her belated recognition and eventual jealous reactions to her understudy's performance. Glenda Jackson has created a character that is a perfect spoof of the period and it is a shame that her director wasn't always that successful.



One of the many fantasy sequences

THE BOY FRIEND can be best described as the G-rated musical equivalent of **THE DEVILS**. For those who loved Sandy

Wilson's original, this version will infuriate you; others with less knowledge of the source will probably enjoy the end results.

The Film That Couldn't Shoot Straight

A Movie Review by Richard Kornberg

There is a germ of an idea here, but the final results do nothing to justify either its source, Jimmy Breslin's book, or the presence of an audience.

God only knows where the Italian Civil Rights League was when this movie was filmed. One could surmise that their aim was focused too intently on **THE GOD-FATHER**, for **THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT** is definitely an insult to Italians in particular and at times to all humanity.

This clumsy farcical parody of the mafia (you would never know that the word doesn't exist since it is used on numerous occasions in this film) does have a few assets. Jo Van Fleet has some comic moments in the thankless role of Big Mamma and the Dave Grusin music is melodious and subtle, a virtue that the film itself lacks. MGM should be congratulated for its excellent ad campaign and whoever did the movie's credits should also take a bow.

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT has succeeded totally in one respect. The crew that made this film have marvelously proven its title for they have missed by a mile.

The Grass Harp Is Now A Record

"The Grass Harp", the Broadway musical which closed recently after a short run at the Martin Beck Theatre, has been recorded on Ben Bagieu's Painted Smiles Records, and will be issued as an original cast album shortly. The show, which features music by Claibe Richardson and lyrics by Kenward Elmsie, stars Barbara Cooke, Carol Brice, Karen Morrow, Max Showalter, Ruth Ford and Russ Thacker. The original cast album will be conducted by Jonathan Tunick, who orchestrated Stephen Sondheim's musicals "Company" and "Follies".

The show marked the return to Broadway of Barbara Cooke, who starred in the Schwartz-Deitz musical "The Gay Life", co-starred with Robert Preston in "The Music Man", and headlined Leonard Bernstein's "Candide" in its original Broadway run. Carol Brice, the protegee of symphonic conductor Fritz Reiner, is well-known in the world of opera, and is presently part of the musical faculty at University of Oklahoma. Karen Morrow, besides appearing in such Broadway musicals as "I Had A Ball" and "I'm Solomon", recently completed several successful seasons on the Jim Nabors Show on TV.

Although the Broadway production of "The Grass Harp" had a short run, it garnered critical acclaim from Rex Reed, Newsweek Magazine, and Kevin Sanders of ABC Eyewitness News. The musical was staged by Ellis Rabb, and based on the novella by Truman Capote. Mr. Rabb and Mr. Richardson are now at work on the Lincoln Center production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night", for which Mr. Richardson is providing an original score.

Recorded in stereo, the cast album features all the popular songs in the score, including "I've Always Been In Love", "Reach Out", "If There's Love Enough", and the hit song "Yellow Drum".

Stock rights for the musical have already been sold to Samuel French, Ltd., and a London production is in the works.

Pinter's "Old Times" A Joy To Behold

A Theatre Review by Richard Kornberg

Harold Pinter's **OLD TIMES**, a hit in London has come to our shores. It stars Robert Shaw, his wife Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris and it is bound to be the year's most controversial evening of theatre.

Its story, on the surface, is a simple one. A husband and wife, who live in a desolate section of England, are visited by an old acquaintance of the wife's. The women haven't seen each other in twenty years and the evening is spent reminiscing about their past. That's all you hear on stage.

Of course the play contains a good deal of the usual Pinter tension and his beautiful, yet sparse use of the English language. He is a master of verbal cadences—through pauses and intonations a word's meaning is embellished and possibly ultimately changed. This is important since **OLD TIMES** is a drama that poses numerous questions, which all remain unanswered.

It is left to the playgoer to fill in the blank spaces. At the conclusion of the performance caught, the vast majority of the audience were left in a quandary. While the words spoken were all intelligible, their inner meanings were illusive. This is a play whose illumination begins after its final curtain falls. It is only then that the viewer can put together all of the pieces, discuss his reactions with his date and with others and hopefully come up with a few answers.

My own reaction revolved around the sexual activities of the protagonists. Of



Rosemary Harris, Robert Shaw & Mary Ure, the marvelous cast of Harold Pinter's *Old Times*

course since the play is set in the past and because you glean more from what is left unsaid, there is no proof that my conclusions are accurate.

While much of the vocal can be in-

terpreted on many different levels, the visual can also be explained in various ways. Does the mere fact that three actors appear on stage insure the fact that they are on stage. Isn't it possible that the actor just symbolizes his presence and not his actual physical being.

The reactions to **OLD TIMES** can be compared with many people's initial reactions to the movie, **BLOW-UP**. A good deal of the joy was in revisiting it with the greater understanding gained from post-viewing thought.

OLD TIMES is indigenous to the individual. Its rewards heavily depend on the amount each theatregoer gives to the play. For me it was at times deeply personal, and an ultimately brilliant evening of theatre. Its initial confusion adds to your ultimate rewards. This is an intellectual play, one that involves all of the senses and one that should be visited and revisited.

Women interested in forming a media workshop dealing with Videotape, film, sound mixing, etc. (for credit this spring?) sign up on the notice posted on the door of Room 818.

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JANUARY 6, 1972

BEST MOVIES OF THE YEAR



A Clockwork Orange



The Last Picture Show

by Richard Kornberg

This time of year, everyone is compiling lists of their ten best movies. It is a ridiculous assumption that in any given year ten films will be of extraordinary merit. Therefore I have listed fifteen superior films in my approximate order of preference. The first nine are the films that I believe should be considered "the ten best".

1. A CLOCKWORK ORANGE
2. THE LAST PICTURE SHOW
3. SUNDAY, BLOODY SUNDAY
4. THE FRENCH CONNECTION
5. THE DEVILS
6. FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
7. \$ (DOLLARS)
8. THE GO-BETWEEN
9. TAKING OFF
10. MADE FOR EACH OTHER
11. SUMMER OF '42
12. CARNAL KNOWLEDGE
13. SUCH GOOD FRIENDS
14. A GUNFIGHT
15. DESPERATE CHARACTERS

Also

THE STAR SPANGLED GIRL—while not in the above category should be mentioned as the most underrated film of the year.

"dit - dit - dom - shoo - bob - diddy - dom"



Vivian Stanshall of Bonzo Dog Band, and Friend

Go To Negro Ensemble Company



Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar star in **The Sty of the Blind Pig**. This is one of the N.E.C.'s best productions. This drama, which is set in pre-Civil Rights days, is powerfully moving and Miss Taylor is appropriately both hilariously funny and terribly sad. It's engagement has been extended through January 9th.

by Earl Scott

It gives me great pleasure to, tastefully, I pledge, inform the auspices and political psycho-sexual folk-lore of both sexes of the return of Vivian Stanshall.

Once upon a time, there were four women and five men. They were all artists of one quirk or another. They were all from lower middle class origins and were talented and fortunate enough to meet while attending a British art school. The institution's structure and theology were a lot like Richmond College.

Besides a rather large creative "art vocabulary" these people were extremely aware of each other as human beings, hetero and homo.

They all played some musical instrument or other. All totaled, their musical horizons were varied and extraordinary; jazz, classical and rock forms were all represented.

Well, one day they were all doffing about when Vivian says to someone, we shall call Legs Larry "Say leave that, that and play that again." Adding: "Oh, you know, the one-a-two-a-three-doe-dit-dit-doe-boom." And so, well, before this, their first musical encounter they had a word or so or live living. Most artists in one media or other are able to carve a clod or three and so let me tell you theirs.

And it went like this:

Rodney, a soon-to-be member of the tribe whom shared quarters with Vivian, whom shared quarters with Larry, whom shared quarters with Grendel, whom shared quarters with Roger, whom shared quarters with Neil, whom shared quarters with Myra, whom shared quarters with Robin and Neil, whom shared quarters with Bryce and Grendel and Jill et al, et al, whom shared quarters with Roger whom shared quarters with Rodney etc. well, anyway the living arrangements were basic, intrinsic, natural and thoroughly creative. Oddly enough.

Well, one day Vivian was out in the garden. Spying a neighbor he says "Howdy Neighbor!" The neighbor replies "!!\$??!! \$\$\$&!!??\$\$" with an English accent. Well- Mr. Stanshall replied "You who speak to me of common sense, your tomato plant will win a prize, and by the way how's your wife."

The neighbor, luke-warming up answered:

"Scuse. Have you seen me bull fight poster on the wall. Do you know the 'appy memory it recalls. (Taking out his wallet) 'ere's a photo of my son Ted. That's me cousin with a 'anky on his head. We all went to Spain. We went by Train. We'll go again. (Fondly) We checked in our motel after three and met a family from Bradford that we knew."

At this point up comes Grendel and Robin who were also in the yard sight-seeing. The conversation continues:

"I've a sister in Toronto who's a nurse," (looking at the girl) "I've 'ad a bit of bother laying turf," (looking at the ground)" and it's life, not books that taught me all I know," (looking at Grendel's soft blue eyes) "but, hey! in the oven me rice pudding's getting burnt," (looking from her to Vivian) "ave you seen the new edition on me drill. I must 'ave the cat down 'cause she's ill," (turning on his hobnail heels, straight off and heading into the house.)

So Vivian looked at hers and his and wrote thus:

"My pink half of the drain pipe.
I may paint it blue.
My pink half of the drain pipe
Keeps me safe from you."

And Grendel and Robin wrote:

"My pink half of the drain pipe
White springs right down on me.
My pink half of the drain pipe,
Oh, mama, belongs to me."

And they all wrote:

"I'm a wobbly jelly
Yours, a pink blanc mange.
I'm a sherry tuffle
You're a chocolate sponge
My old man wears a paper hat
Mine refills balloons
Whoops, dod-e-dod, flip-flop hee
Here comes the spoon."

Well, folks the tempo is off-time rock-jazz. On bass is Roger as well as clarinet, vibes, alto and tenor; Vivian plays trumpet and assorted tuffles; the women are the vocal chorus; drums, Legs Larry; Neil plays guitar, violin and flute. They are universally The Bonzo Dog Band. Their sixth album will be released in late February. Olay!