

Richmond Times

Vol. IX - No. 6

Richmond College of the City University of New York 389

Tuesday, January 13, 1970



"Oh, we don't smoke marijuana,
don't take trips on LSDee,
don't burn draft cards
on Main St.
we like livin' right and free."

How many times can a man turn his head
pretending he just doesn't see?

We come in Peace
for Peace

Think of laughing, think of crying
... the people of My Lai will never
laugh again, nor cry. Think of
loving and being loved ... they
will know nothing more of loving
or being loved."

to work for peace and to herald its coming,
to heal and comfort one another, to bring justice and to let the
tender flower of love grow and flourish.

"And I say to my people's masters: Beware,
Beware of the thing that is coming, beware of the risen people,
Who shall take what ye would not give.
Did ye think to conquer the people,
Or that Law is stronger than life and than men's
desire to be free?
We will try it outwith you, ye that have, harried and held,
Ye that have bullied and bribed, tyrants, hypocrites!"



RICHMOND AND THE COMMUNITY

Richmond college has had, since its beginning as an "experimental" institution, a unique commitment to the community. Presently the college is participating in several community oriented programs for adult education, concert and lecture, and junior high school students. The "community" has become a part of our curriculum and a center of our sociological consciousness. Richmond college, situated in the heart of the North Shore where social and political interaction is becoming increasingly apparent, has become a target for community comment. The Richmond Times, as an organ of communication can serve the unique purpose of establishing a community forum for ideas and action. This page is open to Richmond and the community to meet in print.

'The Underground'

Staten Islanders go underground! Having had enough of pollution of every kind, come to the underground coffeehouse, a place for talking with other people who need a place like this. Located temporarily in the basement of Faith Methodist Church in West Brighton on the corner of Elizabeth Street and Delafield Avenue, the coffeehouse is open Thursday and Saturday nights from eight o'clock until midnight. Speakers, films, poetry readings and good company make this another one of those few places on Staten Island to "come and enjoy."

—k d

Community Response

Jan. 4th

Dear Russ, Editor,

Thanks for your last edition of the Richmond Times. You asked for some editorial comments.

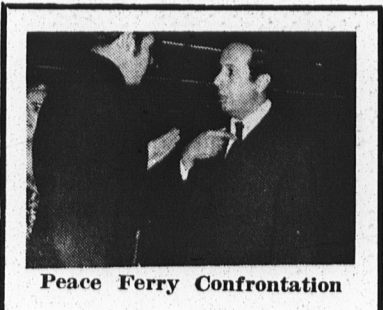
I think that it's format and material are on a high level of journalism. But in the main it's tone is depressive. I would suggest a good sprinkling of satyr. I find it a lethal weapon. What can be more effective than to show up Mr. Nixon's and Agnew's mediocrity.

You rightly oppose the manipulation of your lives and therefore the involvement of young people in politics is desirable and laudable. It should however include the involvement of the older population which is bogged down by a fear of change. Neither can go it alone. You desperately need their support, but I believe it will only come with respect and admiration. I would address myself to them through your paper distributed through the student body.

We can't be free of (dirty) politics, our environment (society), but we can try to be free of our own hang-ups. Anger, (while it has its place) four letter words, (which denote frustration) prejudice, (which limits our vision) only keep us on a level with those whose inadequacies we criticize. I expect you to be critical of my comments and defensive, but those are my observations through honest searching.

With good wishes for you and your paper,

Ada Diamond



Peace Ferry Confrontation

January Moratorium

Open house at "Shalom House," the newly established headquarters for the Staten Island peace movement will be the major January moratorium activity sponsored by the Staten Island Peace Coalition. The Peace Center, located at 702 Bay Street, will be open to the community to come and talk about peace on Tuesday, January 13, from 5-10 P.M. A short memorial service will be held at 8 P.M. for Martin Luther King.

Guests are invited to bring a "peace offering,"—a book or donation for a "peace library" to be located in the Center and open for community use. The library will include literature on the war and on the peace movement in an effort to

make available to the Staten Islanders factual material as a basis for their political judgements.

The Shalom House, in addition to serving as a center for the peace movement, welcomes student and community groups to use its facilities. It is also the headquarters for a draft counseling center on Monday evenings 7:30-9:30 P.M. Volunteers are needed for work at the Shalom House and in organizing and staffing the peace library.

—Kathleen Dee



The Youngest Peace Worker Distributes Brochures

Family Planning

At 51 Stuyvesant Pl., in the Richmond Health Center can be found the Staten Island branch of the Family Planning Service. A valuable and much needed additive to the community, it offers its services to all who take the time and interest to check it out.

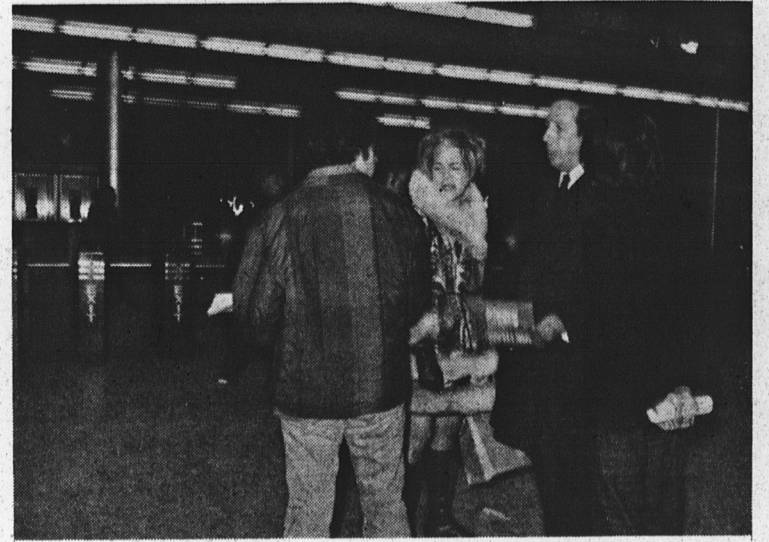
For the woman wishing information on birth control and contraceptives, the clinic is opened Monday mornings and Friday afternoons for consultation. A complete physical examination is the first step, information on the various types of birth control aids available is given and the patient selects the one best suited to her. All contraceptives are supplied at no cost to the patient and physical checkups are given every six months if she takes the pill, yearly otherwise.

The staff is courteous and extremely warm; composed of mature and highly qualified personnel, it conscientiously aims for the physical well being and mental security of its patients. Family planning services are not restricted to the married woman; all women over the age of 18 or else with parental consent may partake of it's programs.

A member of its staff is available to give lectures on birth control and contraceptives to interested groups. Recently at S.I.C.C., such a lecture was conducted for a Women's Liberation group. Woman's liberation in the realm of sexual freedom is possible more so with a knowledge and use of birth control methods.

The POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB and S.D.S. are jointly sponsoring a LECTURE
 by a member of the **YOUNG PATRIOTS PARTY, MEMBERS OF THE RAINBOW COALITION**
ON JANUARY 14, AT 11 A.M. Rooms 803-4
 Refreshments will be served
 Subject: **"Strategy for Revolution"**

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JAN. 23rd & 24th
 2 Shows Nitely
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Students and Commuters Discuss the War

... On The Peace Ferry

Jim McLoughlin

For 20 hrs. on Dec. 24 about 40,000 commuters and Christmas shoppers who traveled on the Staten Island ferries were exposed to members of the vocal minority who actively protest the war. They were handed a brochure with a blue cover entitled "Vietnam, Why We Protest," at the terminals which contained a very strong argument for an immediate withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam. Many became engaged in discussions with the peace people which usually centered

around the implications of the concept of immediate withdrawal. Discussion was impossible during the 6-9 a.m. rush hour in which a seemingly never ending mob of 25,000 commuters made the distribution of the pamphlets a herculean task. The reception of the Staten Islanders was expectedly unfriendly towards what we were doing. Some displayed their animosity by hearing the usual you Fucking hippie communist etc. remarks. Others ripped up or through the pamphlets in our face. The majority, however, received it with some degree of interest and proceeded to read it on the ferry. Not a single individual was hurt or arrested but many heated incidents occurred. The most dramatic involved a drunk on the Manhattan side at about 2:00 p.m. who felt his masculinity in danger when handed an anti-war pamphlet from a long haired student.

Frustrated in his attempt to hit the student his raging cries reached into the bar located on that side of terminal. Two more pseudo-patriots attacked the peace people and some scuffling ensued. The police saved the day by protecting the drunks and ordering the anti-

war people to leave the terminal immediately. Their organizer, myself, complied with this order, despite the justified feelings of many in the group who wanted to stay and call the bluff of the 20 policemen. If there had been time to discuss the situation among ourselves and if a sizable number of our group wished to take the risk I would have agreed to support those who wanted to stay. I feel the decision to go was the only one possible though under the circumstances.

We went to the less uptight S.I. side (we returned, later to Manhattan) and continued uninterrupted on both sides till the 20 hrs. was completed

It was the first time an event of this scope had been attempted by the Staten Island Peace Coalition. That it came about at all is a tribute to the thousands of Staten Islanders who have begun to carefully examine the actions of their government and have concluded that we are not fighting to preserve democracy in Vietnam but are engaging in imperialism, a practice history has proved to be the most destructive in which a nation can participate.

Nausea

Bill Pizzo

How does one go about summing up two years of college life. Those of us who have been active in student affairs have witnessed many changes here at Richmond. Some of which, I fear, though I am not sure, may prove to be detrimental. It is to this which I have found myself to be preoccupied of late. Nor, am I assured of the validity of my position. Still, I feel I would like to share it with you.

The other day I attended a meeting of the "Student-Life Committee." One of the things being discussed was the method of which "more progressive" courses could be in-

cluded into Richmond's curriculum. It was proposed that such student-clubs as the Yoga Club and the Film Commune which, because of their high budget demands be incorporated—somehow—into now existing course curriculums, or by establishing new divisions. What with the various communes, sensitivity groups etc., etc., etc.—What is going on? Where are we going ???

Too often the phrase "Richmond's Experimental" has been cited. Few other colleges in the City University system can boast of the claims to student power as we can. And still more is sought and demanded—why?

When I applied for admission to

Richmond College nobody informed me of Richmond's "experimental" nature. What indeed will degrees granted by Richmond College be worth five years from now. I wonder how Richmond College will make out when it comes up for accreditation in a few months? Let's take stock of what's really going on here. We have a college newspaper often referred to as a "Left Wing-Daily News" — and that's when they're being polite! Graffiti scribed on the walls; a cafeteria lounge reminiscent of the 8th floor commune; dogs, cats, babies, what is going on? Professors willingly cancelling classes for "Peace" demonstrations—ban the

(Continued on Page 7)

THE EXISTING SYSTEM

We live in the United States of America, and it is time now for Richmond College students to accept this reality.

We hear cries of the inadequacies, inequalities and injustices perpetuated by the "American System," but it is no longer sufficient to point out the negative aspects of the system. It is necessary to set up viable alternatives. One grows tired of hearing the whinning about war, racism and poverty when these whippers come from those seated at cafeteria tables covered with food, satisfying an appetite stimulated by sounds of silence from a juke box. By facing the realities of being a student in this country, we will be in a better position for initiating change.

Richmond College is a political institution, we cannot hide the fact that prominent business men compose the Board of Regents, nor can we conceal the fact investment of monies in various areas by the University feed the existing system. To deny this is to give the system legitimacy. The college is but a microcosm of our society and a basic institution in that society. Aware that institutions are the foundations of a society, the society will resist any attempt to remove the power from the institution. We cannot change a system through apathy and indifference. Nor will it be changed by a small violently oriented group. The answer for change is through political awareness, solidarity and activism.

Accepting the college as being one of the integral institutions in our society, it then follows to change society we must change our institutions. We cannot hope to correct the inadequacies and injustices that plague our society if we do not initiate change in our own college.

I therefore urge all members of the Richmond College community to participate in the meetings of Student Council to be held every Monday at 11:00 a.m. in the Student Lounge. I am hopeful that this type of atmosphere will foster a Student Government more responsive to the feelings of the Richmond College Student Body. For it must be remembered that action without preparation, action without continuing dialogue, has as much potential for evil as good.

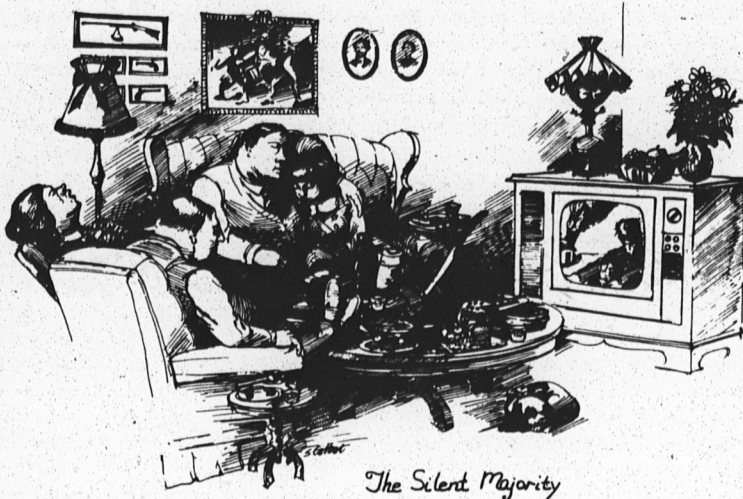
Abe Levy
Chairman, Student Council

Untitled No. 1

Love lust life of thought and that of time till it goes on and brings a breath of you who stream light night and day doors wide glide left and right on flathead screws someone knows now his trip and says this head of time and space who knows the end?

Jay

Richmond College ???



The Silent Majority

NEW OPPORTUNITY FOR KNOWLEDGE

Jay

Learning is not confined to classroom participation and study. The schools do not have a monopoly on knowledge nor are they the greatest source of information. The experiences we have during one day lend themselves to our education. These experiences may bring simple knowledge, valuable to us for their practical use, or take the form of an informal conversation with someone on a mutually interesting subject. These varying experiences we have join to form a learning process which leads to increased awareness and activity. But who is to say which of these experiences are worthwhile, which ones are valuable, or which ones are assets to our store of knowledge? Who can say that this is relevant to your education and that this is not? How can anyone say that your experiences, your conversations, or your observations were not educational?

The traditional role of the school is to teach the student specific facts in certain academic areas. Lessons are taught and learned in a class and classes are held at regular intervals. Does that mean that you click on at 12:50 and off at 2:30? When the class is over do you walk out and forget about sociology until the next class? Or do you take what you have learned and apply it to the life around you? When you forget about material you have just "learned" in a class you really haven't learned it at all. Without applying what you have learned in outside situations you miss the practical demonstration of the theory. Should a perfect example of what a teacher was saying arise and you, because of your knowledge, are able to see it and understand it haven't you learned something else?

The school places the importance on what you learn inside the classroom and so little on what you learn outside. It provides teachers who are most qualified to teach you certain facts and theories in different areas. Inside the classroom is one world and outside is another, I can't really blame anyone for forgetting about a lesson after the class. Why shouldn't he? The school has said to him that it is this which is important and that almost everything else is irrelevant. But it's not. It's important what you learn outside the class and I think the school should stop placing so much worth on classroom learning and give more credit to your activities outside.

Moratorium
Shalom House
702 Bay Street
Tuesday, Jan. 13
5-10 P.M.

New Division Planned; Integrated Studies

1. **Definition:** a student-oriented community of learning, which integrates the Arts and Sciences without regard for the established academic disciplines and vocational training.

2. **Goals:** (a) to approach classical and modern knowledge in the critical perspective of the great ideals and problems of our own time; (b) to offer a program of high quality for city university students whose academic background and performance are not necessarily outstanding; (c) to concentrate on communal (participatory and cooperative) forms of learning; (d) to make relevant extra-curricular activities a major part of city university education—from counseling, tutoring, and group therapy to student government, creative and media projects, and community service; (e) in sum, to develop a non elite alternative in city university education, through emphasizing significantly less standardized and less formal content, structure, and style of learning and teaching than prevail now.

3. **Course Structure:** wide use of communes, workshops, joint research, extra-curricular projects and lecture courses which are initiated by students and co-sponsored by the division's faculty.

4. **Curriculum:** all courses organized around central problems in the Arts and Sciences, such as The Problem of Community, The Problem of Environment, Human Evolution, The Self and Society, Complex Society, Popular and Fine Arts, The Problems of knowledge.

5. **Bachelor of Arts:** regular degree requirements of the College, to include 36 course credits in the Division of Integrated Studies. The division's B. A. requirements include (a) Junior Colloquium (systematic overview of the Arts and Sciences); (b) a Senior Seminar each (specialized analysis and research) on two of the central problems stressed by the division.

6. **Combined Degree:** (Three-Year Program for Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts): the College's regular requirements for Bachelor's and Master's degrees, to include the division's B. A. requirements plus 18 graduate-level course credits in the Division of Integrated Studies. The requirements for the division's degree of Master of Arts include a Master's Seminar (advanced analysis and research on a central problem in the Arts and Sciences).

7. **Faculty:** faculty shall serve in the Division of Integrated Studies in the same way as faculty members do in any other division of the College.

8. **First Year:** During the first year of the new program, a student already at Richmond can qualify for the division's B.A. degree if (a) the student completes both the Junior Colloquium and two Senior Seminars, and if (b) the student's senior year, plus past course work accepted by the Division of Integrated Studies, produce the needed course credits.

9. **Establishing the Division:** (a) the proposed new division needs to be accepted from the outset as a regular and full-fledged program—a partial or tentative acceptance could undercut its effectiveness and make its establishment impossible; (b) it should be set up at the earliest possible time, as of Fall 1970; (c) a final decision to set it up must be reached a couple of weeks before the College catalog for 1970-71 is made final, which means within a month or two from now.

10. **Elaboration of the Proposal:** the proposal will be concretized after College-wide discussion. Meanwhile, comments and suggestions are welcome from faculty, students, and administration.

The Editors Wholeheartedly Endorse The Division Of Integrated Studies

From The Hart

A great King adopted me, and I lived as a prince for three years. However, the king's real son was very jealous of the favors granted me, and so he tried to end my life by flushing me down the royal toilet . . .

As soon as the last man set foot on the bridge, the enemy went wild. Bombs dropped all around and amongst us. Airplanes dived down at us—spitting bullets and fire. Waves of men set upon us with bayonets fixed and slivered strips of flesh from my comrades' bodies. Suddenly, behind me there was an explosion and then darkness . . .

Christ: Hi, Master Bates! My name is Jesus Christ and I'm here to tell it like it ain't.

Bates: Drop dead—your mother is a nigger.

Christ: You insolent white cracker. My father in heaven created man from the dust of the earth, and the earth was black, and in heaven Adam worked in the sun which continued to make his skin black and beautiful. When mankind was thrown out of heaven, Adam's good sons continued working the land under the sun. But the bad sons and the lazy sons went into the caves to sin and sleep. Their skin turned pale and eventually white . . .

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

When I close my eyes, I see Richmond as a massive, intellectual, pulsating penis. It reached puberty over a year ago. And, as in the case of most student activities, it has just about managed to get a few raises. Our neglected penis has failed to experience the excitement, the passion and the involvement of an ejaculation . . .

HERE IT COMES—THE DIVISION OF INTEGRATED STUDIES

Father: If you have to live on your own and support yourself, maybe you will get some responsibility and look at life seriously.

Son: Fuck you!

Father: Fuck you double!! Me and your mother are going to do what we feel like for a change. With the rest of the money we had put away for your schooling, we are going to do some traveling and partying by ourselves . . .

A little education, a little experience, a lot of questions . . .

The curly-haired white ape turned his back to the pack of curly-haired black apes and walked away . . .

The black militants have torn the mask of complacency from American society and have smashed liberal lip service in the face . . .

Old Lady: Why do you come here if you're not a homosexual?

Me: Do you know what Sociology is?

Old Lady: Oh, I know all about Sociology.

Me: Well I'm a Sociologist. I came here with the intention of observing and perhaps participating in the interactions that occur in this bar. And maybe writing about them . . .

*My heart, my intellect and my body all long
To join in rhythmic dance with your being,
again and again
forever . . .*

*elaborate, eloquent, educated raps
frequently camouflage bullshit acts . . .*

*So many more of us speak peace
than who live it . . .*

This is my last semester and most probably my last *From The Hart* at Richmond. The assortment of prose and poetry above is an emotional conglomeration, consisting of excerpts from my writings for Richmond publications.

I want to thank you for reading this and any other articles that I have written. It is my hope that you have found some value and meaning in them.

Love,
John

RICHMOND TIMES

130 Stuyvesant Place
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Editor-In-Chief: Russ Rueger, Ed-In-Chief Feb. '69-Jan. '70

Issue Editors: Mark Daugherty, Kathleen Dee,

John Hart, Jan Tetterer



Staff: Valerie Buonantony, Neal Thomasen

Contributors: Dr. Francis Botchway, Maria Corsara, Ada Diamond, Abe Levy, James McGlauglin, Darryl Mondrow, Carol Ann Palmer, Bill Pizzo, Michael Sasso, Niel Smith, Louisa Stellini

Photography: rr, Kid

Notes On Visconti's 'The Damned'

Personal pathology merges with public pathology and an extended, demonic nightmare unfolds. TRANSVESTISM, child molestation, incest and matricide merge with the symbols, artifacts and raw power of Nazi Germany: Blacks

boots, glossy uniforms—Nazi arm-bands—mechanical goose steps—SMOKE STACKS—blast furnaces—guns and steel—orange and red—fire and blood dominate the LANDSCAPE. The film reeks with decay—perversion and the manipulation of souls. An amorality play (Germany) turns into an abstract painting—violent and anarchic but ultimately disciplined and controlled. The Von Essenbeck family—presides over the film—gods of corruption—film image of the Krupps. Germany incarnate. There are no restraints—power must be achieved at all costs—teeth are bared—the mouth is a red gash—and the victims are torn and devoured. Complicity become the reigning principle and war cry. The end for all—chalk white-death masks—having seen into the maw and found only terror and betrayal.

The film is operatic and exaggerated—impersonal and baroque. Mansions—fine art—servant in livery—and mysterious alcoves. Plush decadence—and characters get lost in the decor. You cannot feel for them. They almost all partake in the destructive orgy and humor and tenderness have been purged. No empathy or sympathy is possible. The director overstates his vision, but the murderous images remain. And realism may be false—for the scale of the action transcends balanced. A culture and politics are evoked—one built on sado-masochism and the exploitation of men's most banal and heinous impulses. The char-

acters desire revenge—success—power—conformity. They inhabit a world where the norm is expressed rage and the destruction of others. The profits are ephemeral—for the S.A. (Brownshirts) the earliest supporters of Hitler—a melancholy and pathetic-petty bourgeois outfit is destroyed by more efficient and disciplined promoters of torture and conformity.

The director—Visconti—stylizes damnation and strains for epic effect. He achieves it at the expense of personal connection, and at moments the moralist seems submerged by a man who takes pleasure in the aesthetics of perversity. But the image of universal complicity remains—The Nazis constructed and rationalized a state on this principle. Everybody—aggressors—passive observers and victims participated in this massive annihilation of human integrity and responsibility. There were no innocents—all were implicated—all were guilty. Does Visconti demand us to make analogies to our own situation? I am not sure, for we live in a more accidental—less disciplined society. We can preserve our illusions, (but so did the Germans) for we permit dissent and are democratic and humane. Our public relations are smoother,—but is Vietnam our concentration camp? The first response is a negative one—don't we murder the aggressor not the defenseless innocent? My ironies are ponderous—but can anyone ever accept the fact of his complicity in a mad and venal system?

—L. Quart

Romantic Love . . .

(Continued from Page 5)

(Broom and Seiznick, *Sociology*, p. 368).

An analysis of the constituent parts of Western romantic love would probably result in the location of basic needs. Romantic love provides a means for satisfaction of the needs for companionship and sexuality.

Often it turns out that a person with whom one is in love with falls short in the satisfaction of one of these needs. He/She may be a good companion but poor sex partner, or vice versa. This often results in a "falling out of love"—the lover fails to fulfill one of these basic needs, the fulfillment of which is the true reason people "love" in the first place.

Therefore, I come to the conclusion that "romantic love" is a vague, amorphous concept which more than anything else prescribes the way people should behave. I

realize that it is not likely that anything I say about this subject will be given a fair chance. For if you have been socially conditioned to "feel" romantic love, anything that is inconsistent with this feeling will be rationalized away. The culture has ways of protecting its sacred cows:

The culture surrounds a sentiment with devices which ward off disbelief. Thus the conviction that true love once kindled can never die is preserved by the culturally defined notion of "infatuation." An individual who "falls out of love" concludes he was never really in love, but merely infatuated. The individual who never finds within himself an experience which he can define as love may preserve for years his belief that everyone naturally falls in love by borrowing from the culture the notion that he has just not met the right person. (Ibid)

The members of the editorial board of the Richmond Times wish to extend to their editor-in-chief, Russ Rueger, their deepest feelings of respect and gratitude. Russ has not only given Richmond College a newspaper to be proud of, but has given us an example of excellent journalism and dedication. In his editorial policy, in his own news and feature articles, in his concept of the newspaper as a whole, he has been creative, and original. We regret that he feels it necessary to relinquish his editorship at this time and ask him to accept our most sincere vote of confidence in his leadership and well proven abilities.

Kicks from Football

Football and football heroes have never turned me on to the slightest glow; and that they or anyone else could be impressed with their benail talents staggers the imagination. I must admit though, their lifestyle is intriguing. Big Jim Brown drops petit women from third story windows in the fall of night as a gag . . . and one has to also gag watching those rateless films Hollywood stars him in. Jim Brown, and Frank Gifford, proved football players should remain upon the gridiron, breaking their asses, as their minds are already busted . . .

I've said all that to recount an incident which took place last night, December 16, 1969, at Wagner College, which involved a number of its football lords, who neither turn me on to a glow. Pastor Stead Wright Rodgers III, while waiting, killing time in the Horrman Memorial Library, sporting on the back of his army jacket, appropriately an upside-down, American flag, which expresses simply, without words, all of our nation's tragedies, and at the same time pictures the sad dream of what America could become. In wearing the flag upside-down, he does not discount its rule over him; he does not mutilate it, nor insult it; instead he washes it clean, wears it, and offers us a hope . . . He is not foolish in wearing it upside-down he bitterly recognizes the reality of our dilemma. But jackals who should have remained on the gridiron with Jim Brown, in doing a favor for "their misunderstood country" and Lutheran god—who so obviously needs it—tore the flag from the pastor's coat, turning hope into the type horror experienced by Vietnamese in the Village of Sangmy. I doubt seriously Pastor Rogers will feel such hope again . . .

Maybe football and football players have never impressed me because it is hard to get away from the fact that their manhood is stripped away by the field; that it is based upon a perversion of kicking and catching their penis at the roar of a crowd . . . that following game time everything remains behind, and in the midst of crisis they are rendered incompetent. Maybe, just maybe I could understand one mans rage at seeing an American flag being worn upside-down, and using temporary insanity as the excuse for being hostile and ripping it off another man's coat . . . but here, it goes deeper than that. It is the law that killed Black Panther leader Fred Hampton, it springs to life from the lips of those who become presidents by associating themselves with terms as 'fat Jap,' and it is the impassioned attitude that struck the match over Vietnam; and burned Babylon to assunder . . . But to our football stars, little of this matters, just as long as the silver sun rises above the gridiron of Mount Wagner and continue to descent burning red. You think your manhood will not be questioned? Well it has Mother . . . it has.

Nell J. Smith
16 Carlyle St.
SI, NY 10301

the ugly american revisited

by Russ Rueger

Blamm . . . the shotgun sounds as the reactionary Southerner blasts the young, hip motorcycle driver . . . a scene from the film Easy Rider.

This scene is an intense crystallization of the fate of non-conforming persons throughout the U.S. For there exists a certain breed of American animal that suffers from a strange form of narcissism—he cannot live with any others of his species who do not look and behave exactly as he does. When he comes across a long-haired variety or a type with a different color pigmentation, his immediate reaction is to kill or maim.

This creature is the Ugly American. His main characteristics are hate and intolerance. You can spot him immediately; you will note the loathsome gaze which emanates from his beady, flashing eyes when a hippie or black man passes by. He can be recognized by two of his favorite utterances, "Commie Bastards" and "Dirty Niggers." If you would like to do an in-depth study of his behavior, visit one of his favorite habitats, the local bar, wearing a peace button—he will be more than happy to give you graphic proof of his inclinations.

The Ugly American serves an important function in the maintenance of the inequities of our social system. He has become the lackey of the ruling class: he defends in the street against American dissenters what the military defends abroad—U.S. imperialism.

The Ugly American smugly supports or condemns concepts which he doesn't have more than the vaguest notion of—like capitalism or socialism. He hates the poor and destitute—refusing to realize that he has much more in common with them than with the super-

rich capitalists whose existence he ensures.

The disease he suffers from is infectious. His touch will turn love into hate—witness the death of the non-violent Civil Rights Marches. After being greeted with whips, dogs and guns, "We Shall Overcome" has changed to "Black Power" and justly so. The hippies are no longer so committed to "love and peace"—they will now fight for peace. They also know that it is much safer to face the world with a knife than a flower.

Last year I received a letter signed "An Irish Catholic." The writer had obviously never met me, but had read about me in the papers. Among the passages in his note were:

"All I would do to you is put one of my hands on that dumb throat of yours and strangle you to death" And:

" . . . your 'morphadite (sic) sissy looking' and 'fake bearded' friends are not wanted on Staten Island. We don't want any college on Staten Island. The American public is fed up with you half wits. Get the Hell Out."

This type of note makes my blood boil. When I read it, it makes me fervently wish that I and my "morphadite sissy looking, and fake bearded" friends had the power to stamp out people of this sort. It makes me hate, hate, hate and reduces me to the mentality of the one who wrote it.

A fascist stimulus fosters an equally fascist response.

memoirs of an ex-editor

By Russ Rueger

I have served as an editor of a Richmond College publication for one year and eight months. Almost a year of this has been spent as Editor-In-Chief of the Richmond Times and now I have decided to call it quits. Journalism at Richmond has grown up alongside of the budding college; it has experienced many of the pains and trials of youth with its parent institution. Therefore, in my last article as Editor of this newspaper, I am taking the opportunity to re-cap some of the dynamics behind the development of journalism at Richmond:

I was elected copy editor of the newly-formed Richmond Times in May, 1968, while still a student at Staten Island Community College. The Times was a descendent of Satori, a short mimeographed paper, which had seen its first and last issues during Richmond's early existence. I performed the functions of an editor for the second issue of the Times, dated Oct. 4, 1968.

After the publication of this issue, general elections for editorship positions were held. I lost the Ed-In-Chief position to one Charlotte Finkenthal, who I did not think was qualified for this important job. As a result, I left the Times staff and teamed up with John Hart (former Ed-In-Chief of S.I.C.C.'s Dolphin) to form an alternative to the Times. We came up with the idea to create an underground newspaper, Staten Island's first. We went about gathering up a staff and in a few weeks our brain child was born.

The Id

The Id, as we called it (with the subtitle Journal of Opinion), was released on October 28. We exchanged the 11 page mimeographed paper to interested students for a small donation. The Id featured a drawing by myself of a "psychedelic ejaculating penis" to complement a story of John's entitled "Richmond Penis."

The Id rocked the Richmond boat quite a bit. Pres. Schueler released an open letter to the occupants of the main college building apologizing for this "exercise in juvenile obscenity," as he put it. He claimed that the Id had been received with "shock and revulsion" by all those who had read it and categorically stated that it had been distributed without "prior knowledge of college authorities."

The second underground issue, dated Nov. 12, was called Pravda (Russian for truth). It was an expanded version (16 pages) and was printed on a better press. The issue featured a reprint of Pres. Schueler's letter along with editorial rebuttals by John and myself. No attempt was made by college authorities to prevent distribution.

The third issue, 19 pages, was published in December. We called it Richmond Time, a spoof on Charlotte Finkenthal's Richmond Times. In fact, we took the masthead of the latter and reproduced it on our cover without the final "s."

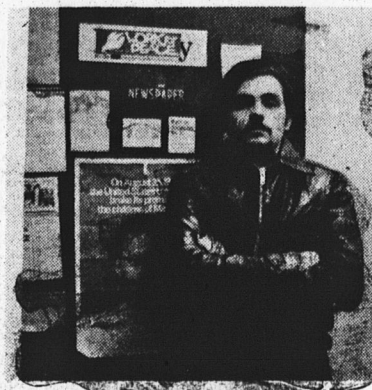
In January, 1969, John Hart quit as Co-Editor of the underground, so I became Ed-In-Chief. By that time the mimeographed paper had considerable support from the student body. In contrast, Finkenthal's Times was being threatened with loss of franchise—they had published a few scanty four page issues which were generally agreed upon as being dry, boring and hardly ever read. Many of their staff members had quit the Times to join the underground because of Finkenthal's policies—my suspicions about her incompetence had been confirmed.

The Student Government decided to allocate to the underground office space and funds to secure a professional printer for our next issue. On February 10, the Richmond News-Journal of Opinion was published, 20 pages long and replete with photos that we had never before had the means to print. It was a rather impressive issue and received quite a bit of praise. It was fated to be the last underground issue.

Underground Surfaces

Shortly after publication, I learned that Finkenthal had resigned as Editor of the Times and that new general elections were to be held. I ran for Ed-In-Chief again and this time succeeded. The staffs of the underground and the old Times merged and on March 13, a new Richmond Times came into being. The first issue was 12 pages, triple the size of Finkenthal's predecessor. It was generally accepted as greatly improved.

I learned how to work the Times' camera and began to make sure each issue had photos to accompany the major stories. John Hart made a journalistic comeback for this, new, expanded Richmond Times—he became technical editor for the second issue and eventually rose to Co-Editor. The publication of one of his "From the Hart" columns resulted in a court case. A Conservative student group, Students for Richmond, took offense at his use of the name "Jesus Christ" in his essay; they won a decision to prevent the Times from publishing



To make a long story short, I was carted off to jail where I was charged with all kinds of awful crimes, like Grand Larceny by Extortion and Narcotics Possession. I was infuriated and when released from custody the following day, I published a one-page Special Edition exposing the whole fiasco. Many students became irate at this type of thing being allowed to occur and the occupied the President's office for awhile.

Eventually, the guy who busted me (who has since departed from Richmond) came to his senses and dropped the insane charges.

Current Events

This brings us to the present semester. Among the innovations that we have put into effect was the inclusion of press services. Liberation News Service (LNS) and College Press Service (CPS) have enabled us to bring to the Richmond Community national, in-

ROMANTIC LOVE - MYTH OR REALITY?

by Russ Rueger

Romantic Love—Stop and think for awhile about what this concept means to you. Most likely your thoughts will include the image of two individuals of the opposite sex (or of the same sex also, if you are libertarian) who freely

choose to be together and engage in all types of activities, intimate or otherwise, including sexuality.

You will probably add that these individuals should mutually desire to be with each other as often as possible; they should be open and willing to share their experiences with one another.

If you are conventional, you may wish to include that this love should have as its goal marriage and the procreation of children. If you are a free thinker, you may feel that two individuals can enjoy romantic love without ever taking into account conventional marriage. Whatever your bent of mind, you will probably agree that people do engage in the process of romantic love; it is natural and a fundamental endowment of humanity.

I should like to propose that there exists no tangible reality in the concept "romantic love." People do not fall in love, they think they fall in love.

To begin with, the Western notion of love involves the free choice of a love partner. If one pursues anthropological data, one finds that in a considerable number of cultures, sexual affairs and marriage are arranged by kin. A Westerner might feel that these people are obviously oppressed in this respect. However, they usual-

ly have no qualms about the arrangements—for them it is just as natural to have their love partner selected by others as it is for us to choose ours.

What I attempting to illustrate is that romantic love as we know it is a culturally-defined and learned phenomenon. One of the widely respected textbooks on Sociology states:

As the individual develops within American society, the culture pattern of romantic love is held constantly before him as a natural and inevitable development, so that by the time he reaches the appropriate age, and often well before, he expects to fall in love and to behave as lovers do. When he finds himself attracted to a member of the opposite sex who conforms to the cultural criteria of a suitable love object, he seeks the signs that will show he is in love. As he discovers these signs and decides he may be in love, he will unwittingly—or if internalization is incomplete, even deliberately—act as a person in love is supposed to act.

(Continued on Page 4)

what, then, is a man but a contemplative creature a sensitive creature, perceiving and beholding the surrounding world.



A lot of issues — The long, hard haul is over — rr

articles critical of religion. This decision is currently not in effect because it is being appealed.

The Bust

The third issue we published that spring featured a photo of a student with a report that he was a narcotics informer. This photo had been delivered to my office and after careful checking to confirm the report, we published it. Shortly afterwards, the narcotics informer contacted me and offered to pay for the printing of an issue in exchange for the 200 or so file copies with his photo that remained in my office. Christen me Dupe of the Decade; I fell for his ruse. He visited my apartment in the middle of April and handed me marked bills for the extra copies; he returned a short time later with a half dozen detectives.

ternational and political news that they would not find in the mass media. We also published two double-sectioned 20 page issues for the first time. We managed to release two issues, dated Dec. 10 and 18, only 8 days apart, the shortest period that has ever lapsed between publications at Richmond.

The End

There comes a time when one must move to new realms and leave behind the old. Although I am not graduating until June, I am resigning as Editor now because I feel there is nothing left in me to give. I have been creatively exhausted.

The Editorship of a college newspaper is a trying, yet highly rewarding experience . . . but there are other worlds waiting to be conquered . . .



KATY WINDPIPE TELLS HOW TO STAY COOL CALM AND PERVERTED WITH NEW SECRETE

KATY: WHAT'S WRONG Betsy? YOU LOOK OUT OF IT.

Betsy: OH, KATY, I WANT JOE TO ASK ME OUT BUT I'M AFRAID...

KATY: OF WHAT?

Betsy: OF MEN!

KATY: I USED TO BE AFRAID OF MEN, TOO, BUT THEN I GOT MY HANDS ON NEW SECRETE. SECRETE KISS MEN ON CONTACT SO YOU'LL NEVER NEED WORRY AGAIN.

KATY: GIVE UP MEN, Betsy AND COME AWAY WITH ME.

Betsy: SOUNDS GROOVY, KATY I THINK I WILL.

-A FEW DAYS LATER-

Betsy: TAKE THAT, YOU PIG! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MOTHER-FUCKING RING.

JOE: WHAT THE... AARGHHH..

Betsy: WHAT A GAS!

KATY: HOW DID IT GO?

Betsy: COOL, OF COURSE. I'VE GOT A SECRETE WEAPON!

NEW SECRETE - HELPS KEEP YOU COOL, CALM AND PURE

Where Is Richmond's Athletic Program?

An open letter to Dean Chiles, Dean Wasser and President Schueler
By MICHAEL SASSO

As the football season draws to a close at Richmond College and the basketball season begins one wonders why Messrs. Chiles, Wasser and Schueler haven't made any attempts to help organize a sports program at Richmond College. For the last two years, the students have taken it upon themselves, with little administration aid, to organize extra and intramural sports at the college.

As you can see we have had little administration support in the area of athletics. I personally spoke to Dean Chiles when the football season began to explain my activities and inquire as to why there isn't a comprehensive athletic program at Richmond.

He gave me several answers which I feel cannot justify the administration's lack of interest. First, he told me that since Richmond had no facilities or no required physical education program, the faculty could or would not hire an athletic director, just to supervise intermurals. Secondly, the budget cuts restricted what new programs the school could support and lastly, there is no student support for the founding of teams.

I think I can refute all these points and show that basically Messrs. Chiles, Dasser and Schueler have not been receptive to the student needs in the area of athletics.

First of all, facilities can be obtained while we are in the St. George Campus, when S.I.C.C. was at 50 Bay Street, they used Walker Park when the weather was good, and Cromwell Center when the weather was bad, to hold various athletic games. We can use Walker Park during the warm weather and, as the students are doing presently, use the S.I.C.C. gym when the weather is bad. Admittedly the absence of a physical education program hampers the supervisions of an athletic program, but why can't the faculty hire one or two full or part time athletic directors to help organize and supervise a sports program at Richmond? The administration can

hire a new faculty member for athletics, and to refute the second point, the budget cuts could not interfere with the spending of \$10,000 - \$20,000 by our administration. President Schueler has chosen to expand the black studies program, a progressive and wise decision. New faculty are being hired in various departments and others phased out. If the President magically obtained money for the black studies department and the hiring of additional faculty in other departments, I see no reason why one athletic director cannot be hired by the administration.

Thirdly, the last point is easiest to refute. When students take it upon themselves to organize sports at a college that has none, and a great number of students participate, then it should be an indication of what the students want, and need!

Richmond College for the past two and one-half years has been a progressive, forward looking school, that has been receptive enough to work with the students to provide more meaningful education for us all. However, the administration, has chosen to ignore the student's need for an athletic program. Sports are a unifying force. With today's polarization of students to the right and left, politics are all but forgotten on the playing field and new friendships are the keynote to competitive play. School spirit is enhanced tremendously when a team plays for the school. All write in supporting it and cheering it on to victory or crying in the hour of defeat. We are all One.

Messrs. Chiles, Wasser and Schueler, why can't the students have something that will unite the school? Why can't we have a basketball or a baseball team, why can't we have an athletic director for intra-mural sports? Why!

Experimental Theater: "Stomp"

by Louisa Stellini

Twenty-three students from the University of Texas, fed up with a system which provides them with the freedom to conform, banded together into a "Combine." The result of this kibbutz-type group was an on-campus musical happening—

"Stomp," which went on the road to Houston and then Atlanta, where it was discovered by Joseph Papp and brought to New York's Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre.

"Stomp" can hardly be considered a play—there is no traditional plot, no stage as such, no distinct audience. The action is not in continuous story form but is a series of productions showing different facets of the struggle to mature and be oneself despite parents, the draft, the educational system and society. The audience sits in the center of the floor and on bleachers positioned in a circular fashion. This arrangement is only temporary as most of the audience becomes involved in the action... either dancing, singing, or being led from the theatre to the streets in a mock revolution. Members of the Combine sit among, crawl between, and dance with the people. At times the show is stopped and one of the group recounts an experience which happened to him

or walks over to someone in the audience, hands him a mike and asks, "what would you do if you were Richard Nixon?"

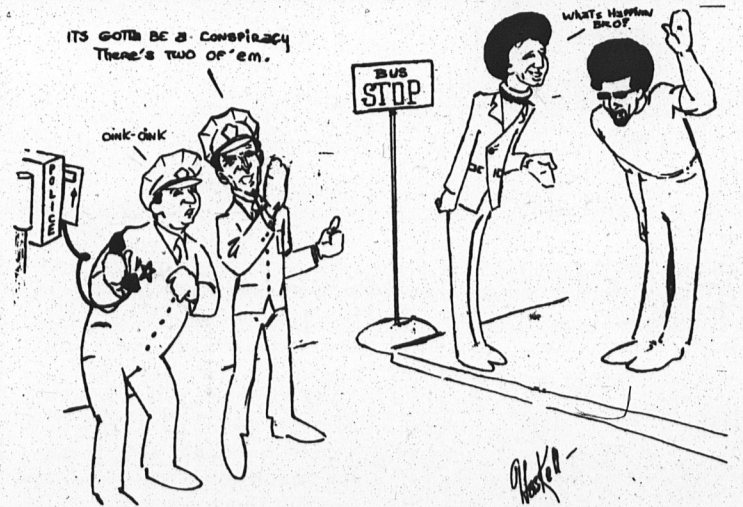
The special effects are handled well and the songs are appropriate to the action although the music lacks the appeal of Broadway's rock musical, "Hair." This multimedia production employs the usual electric guitar sounds, the strobe lights, and well-worn protests against Vietnam, —nonetheless "Stomp" is effective. This is due in large part to the sincerity of the Combine which is currently living together in the theatre, and their ability to immerse the audience in a kind of total theatre.

"Stomp" was, and is an experiment for these dropouts from the University of Texas. Within their Combine they are exploring their own personalities and in so doing these former "all-American" college students have become radicals and hippies. This excellent protest musical communicates their searching, a struggle which closely parallels that of many young people today.

FOOTBALL
Student Government
vs.
Faculty
Sunday, January 18

Poem

What are we, my brother,
but acrobats walking
on two parallel tightropes.
Inching across, we balance
for dear life
Take my hand, my brother;
let us help each other
not to slip and fall,
to make this walk together
or we shall not walk at all.
The crowd below gazes intensely
at our feats.
They are the eyes of the earth,
And we are their stars,
for we symbolize valiance and
freedom.
We cannot fail their hopes
nor ourselves, for it is we
who shall die in the plunge
to the ground below us.
So take my hand, my brother;
let us grip warmly and earnestly
and walk to a new world.
Darryl Mondrow



EDUCATIONAL COMMUNE

Students interested in an educational commune (elementary or secondary)—an intensive experience in student teaching for the fall of 1970—are invited to room 734 Monday Feb. 9 at 1 p.m.

Prof. Al Schwartz
Room 731

Nausea . . .

(Continued from Page 2)

bomb movements; bigoted prejudiced "captive audience" class lectures.

What indeed will Richmond be like five years hence?

Consider this faceless—leaderless change taking place about us—who, why????

What indeed is the purpose of not only our education—but more important—education itself? And, is this the way meaningful change can occur? Are the Nachmans of Richmond College the most capable of precipitating this change? What indeed is the responsibility of the scholar to his student?

Editors Note—

Omission Last Issue

"NAUSEA"

By Wm. R. Pizzo

Incidentally, Richmond Times, —or, should I more appropriately address myself to Mr. Russ Rieger —if this "Free Press" makes my attempt at "Restricting" my articles without having ascertained the propriety of such an intended course of action—I will hold you fully accountable. You dare speak of me of "hypocrisy," and to accuse me of publishing "Out-Right Lies . . ." Well you had better be prepared to substantiate those accusations.

Black Theater . . .

(Continued from Page 8)

of blacks having a different, distinct culture and ancestral background; and thus cannot understand something that he knows nothing about and refuses to acknowledge. Mr. Baily felt that black theatrical groups should be backed by black financing and the black community. And that it should aim primarily for the black masses with the secondary aim of educating whites. To reach the black community, he felt that the black playwright should, above all eliminate profane language, which insults the black man by saying that he communicates in this manner. And also because it keeps these men from bringing their families to see the plays.

To attract these people, Mr. Baily proposed that the black play should include music which he considers a vital key in sustaining black unity and the major aspect of black culture. And that the black playwright must start to write plays that would interest the black community and above all give them something to identify with. Hopefully, at least one black writer somewhere will try these suggestions and start the ball rolling toward a true and inspiring Black Theater.

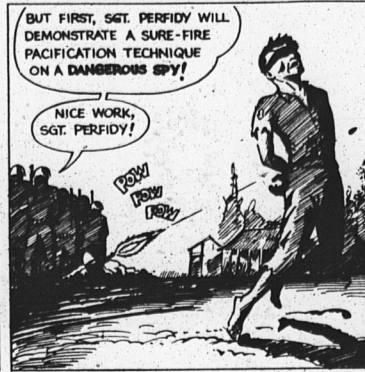
ATROCITY COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

THE PACIFIERS!

THE STORY OF AMERICA'S SEARCH FOR PEACE IN TROUBLED VIETNAM



LT. RAMROD'S ADVANCED COUNTERINSURGENCY INTELLIGENCE TRAINING ENABLES HIM TO QUICKLY IDENTIFY THE V.C. COMBATS, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS OLD MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN.



LT. RAMROD HIMSELF LEADS THE ATTACK!



LT. RAMROD AND HIS MEN QUICKLY BRING PEACE TO THE TROUBLED VILLAGE. AND AS THEY RETURN TO THEIR BASE, TIRED BUT HAPPY, THEY ARE ALREADY LOOKING FORWARD TO... THE CHALLENGE OF TOMORROW!

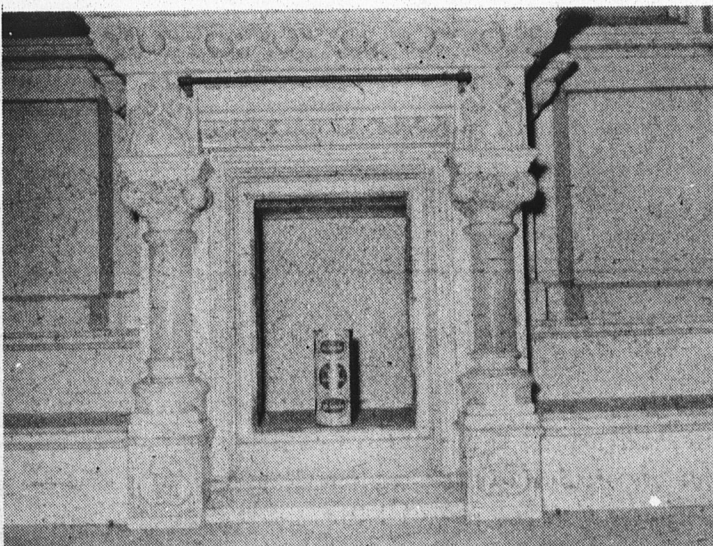


CAMERAMAN: STEVE GILBERT. REPORTER: BILL THOMAS.

Jesus Lives



Jesus Christ had a grand New Year
He dined on porridge and drank plenty of beer
He wolfed his food like a hungry jackel
And left his beer in the tabernacle
But alas, poor Jesus drank too much brew
And on New Year's Day he felt rather blue
The moral, I'm sure, is very clear
For those of you who care to hear
On New Year's Eve, like it or not
You'd be better off to stick with POT! —russ rieger



News and Notes

VITAL STATISTICS

NEW YORK (LNS) — In 1927, 21.2% of all taxes went to education. By 1967-68, the percentage dropped to 18.5. In the meantime, spending for "defense" rose from 5.8% to 37.5%.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS)—An Army officer who sent out Christmas cards last year decorated with photos of stacks of "Viet Cong" killed by his regiment has been promoted, according to columnist Jack Anderson.

George Patton 3rd has received a Brigadier General's star. Last Christmas, he sent his greetings out with a picture of him waving another war trophy—a polished "Viet Cong" skull, with a bullet hole above the left eye. The skull was a present from men in Patton's 11th Armored Cavalry.

Underground Editor Indicted

CHAMPAIGN, Ill. (LNS)—Ronald Lucas, the editor of the underground newspaper, the Walrus, was recently indicted by a East St. Louis, Ill. grand jury for destroying his Selective Service classification notice.

Lucas publically destroyed his draft papers along with four other men in a Resistance anti-draft action in December, 1967. The court chose not to indict the other participants. The feeling here is that the court chose to single out Lucas at this late date because of his editorship of the Walrus and in an attempt to silence the paper.

Year of the People: Movement Calendar

ATLANTA (LNS)—The Year of the People is the title of an illustrated movement calendar for 1970 published by the Great Speckled Bird, Atlanta's underground weekly. The calendar, with almanac-type information about struggles in the United States and abroad, costs \$2. Bulk rates on request. Write to Calendar, P.O. Box 54495, Atlanta, Ga. 30308.

On January 16 and January 17, John Jay College of Criminal Justice will stage its "Festival '70—A Search for Black Identity". Directed throughout by students, the "Festival" includes two one-act plays written by a student and two scenes from the standard dramatic repertoire (Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones" and Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot").
Curtain time is 8:30 PM both evenings, at the second floor auditorium of the Police Academy, 235 East 20th Street. Admission is free.

New Left Notes; the weekly organ of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), has been replaced with a new publication, bi-weekly, called FIRE. The address is the same: 1608 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. 60612. (The other SDS, oriented toward the Worker-Student Alliance caucus and the Progressive Labor Party, still publishes its organ, New Left Notes, in Boston.)

Grape Strikers Offer Posters, Buttons, Calendars

DELANO, Calif. (LNS) — The striking California grape workers have posters, calendars and buttons for sale. For a complete price list, write to El Malcriado, P.O. Box 130, Delano, CA 9-3215.

A rock-folk festival featuring The Enchanted Forest and the Stony Brook People will be given at Queensborough Community College on Saturday, January 17, at 8:15 p.m. in Robert F. Kennedy Hall.

Tickets for the Queensborough rock festival priced at \$3.00 may be obtained from the QCC Box Office, Bayside, N.Y. 11364, telephone 428-0200, extension 321.

ATTENTION PHOTOGRAPHERS

LNS has contracted with the Macmillan Co. to produce a book of photographs taken by radical media photographers. The photos will be arranged with quotes, lines from rock songs, and poetry to show the daily oppression of American life and the way that different kinds of people are moving against that oppression—be they GIs or high school kids, blacks, or just people trying to learn how to live together—in short, photos of the movement over the past few years and of the society that it was formed to change. This covers a very wide range of things.

All photographers who have worked with local papers and organizations are invited to submit pictures for this effort. Prints should be 8x10 and of finished quality (carefully mailed.) Unused pictures will be returned upon request if the sender encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope with them. We would like to keep as many of the prints as possible, to keep our over-used and understocked picture file in shape. All ideas concerning the nature of the book are welcome.

Profits from the book will be used to help meet LNS's financial needs. In cases of need, some small payment can be made for pictures. All photos will be fully credited.

Address all prints (or further inquiries) to LNS PHOTO-BOOK, 160 Claremont Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10027. Include a brief description of all pictures, plus a short note about yourself, and don't forget your name and address.

The new office of the American Deserters Committee of Montreal is located at 102 Villeneuve East, Montreal 151, Quebec, phone 514-845-6542; the mailing address, unchanged, is P.O. Box 611, Station H, Montreal 25, Quebec, Canada.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

From the Afro-American Institute
From the desk of the Director
Dr. Francis A. Botchway

To honour our beloved and departed brother, Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., I send out these poems as an expression of the ardent desire of African and peoples of African descent to be fully liberated, not only politically, but intellectually, literarily and culturally.

Whether we the Black race came from Legendary Lemuria, said to have sunken between African and the Oceanian Archipelagues as did the hypothetical Atlantis between Europe and the Americas, or whether our origin in Oceania or the East, Our destiny today is more certain than our origin.

Brothers and Sisters, from now on let the motto be: Freedom and Liberty with Speed to Servitude in Tranquility.

Dedicated to All Black Freedom Fighters

O Africa, it's time to strike the anvil hard
and break to bits the chains that once your goal debarred—
You who for years have been the scorn of men,
The target, the aim of unkindest pen,
The inhuman scourge, contempt, the vitiating foe,
That did their best to kill your will and bring you low.
From you men have taken what God Himself did yield
From the vast expanse of this full insatiate field;
They stemmed your will, your heels they inhumanly bruised;
They seized your wealth and homeward set sail and cruised.
Divided, bartered and held like pawns in life's deep dross,
You have done well to stand, to bear your inhuman cross.
Human you are you've been held far less than human beings.
and bore heroic the trials, tribulations and such things,
That no other race in time and age yet has borne.
Except you, once despised, condemned, ignored, forlorn.
O Africa, your time has come to free your all:
Your mind, your self, from the penury, and the gall
You have been forced to take by mouthfuls and to drink—
Intended to make you cry and at last to sink
Beneath the depths only for bestial creatures made,
and there to sit and pine, to dream without an aid.
Ah, what has happened to all that once was song for fame,
When you reigned and ruled empires that made a hit, a name,
That spanned the world for Kings and Queens to see and note,
And on your cavalrymen, writers fairly wrote,
Ghana, Senegal, the Sudern, Egypt, all high arose
To what was then the heights that few could oppose
You who once showed light to a darkened world, whose fame
Went far and near and in a flash took like a flame,
Wake up, wake up now, your time has come to teach,
The art of love and peace, with sense and reason each.
But where are your arts that led the world of old?
Your works in clay, in wood, leather, copper, and gold?
Your pottery superbly glazed, ornamented inside out,
Your brazen staffs of command; your stools of gold, without doubt,
Stole the show, baffled the minds of other lands—
Those under you and those outside your commands.
Go back to history's ancient page and see where benin stood
In the arts that all men admired, and singularly wooed
Wake up, dear Africa, wake up, your day has dawned!
Redeem the glories, the treasures you ere had pawned!
A new day comes to bring back the glories you have lost;
No matter how dear how hard and what e'er the cost.
Your empires, your languages, your arts and medicine,
Your ancient schools like that Timbuctu reared serene
Must show that you are you, and not one of other land!
Create a new way, a name that will your fame expand!
Let others seek our secrets too, your science and your arts;
Let your juju and jettish in our life play their parts;
Wake up here, oh, wake up there, and wake up all around
In things in which you are behind and seemed fettered, bound—
In rule, in thought and deeds that once must change the tide
To make us draw men and attention to our side.
Your music with skill in word and song and beat of drum
The zylophone, flute, or gangba have power to sum.
Your genius in the field have given jazz to the west—
A syncopation both west and east consider best
Here, too, for God's sake, sit not idle in dream or play,
And like monkey to work while baboon draws the pay.
In every wild, jungle, city, country one and each,
Cease aping like beasts without sense of speech.
Wake up, O Mother Africa, wake, your time
Has trailed the murky clouds, removed the former clime.
Ah, Africa Renascent, Africa reborn—
Africa, that once was despised, condemned, forlorn.

Dedicated to
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

Take the world away
with its glories and its honours;
Take what ends today
with the horrors of its stories;
But give me that Freedom
That is more than kingdom
Take all pomp from me
With its emptiness and vaunt;
Drive out empty glee
and all such that do not count;
But give me what I need:
FREEDOM with all the speed.

Take vain show away,
With all the ills it bears;
Take falsehood today
That dims the sight of seers
give me that which the true man
has need:
'Tis FREEDOM on which his need
must feed.

Give me that FREEDOM,
That is free from serfdom,
That will make me freer
To move, to speak and then to will-
and never hold my FREEDOM still.
Take away your kingdom:
Suppress not my FREEDOM-
Deltile never my manhood
Which belongs to my godhood-
'Tis not mine to fling at will
So to others' urge fulfil

The birthday of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. was designated last night by the Board of Higher Education as an official holiday of the City University of New York.

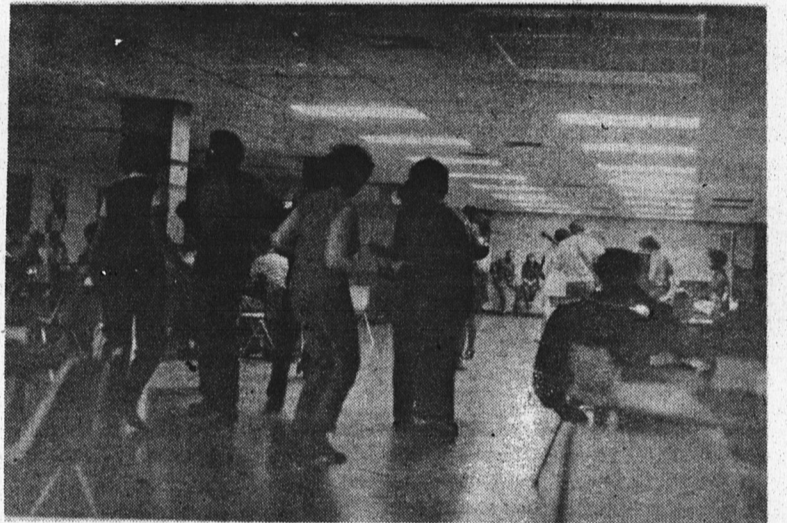
Beginning next year, January 15, has been designated by the CUNY trustees as Human Rights Day, to be marked by the closing of all university campuses.

Tribute to Martin Luther King
January 15 at 4 P.M.
151 BAY STREET
6 P.M. March on Local Draft Bd.
Sponsored by YOUNG LIBERALS YOUTH COUNCIL NAACP
Additional information: Call Emanuel Freshley 447-9483

Amistad Dance



Soul Brothers Only



The Black Theater

Carol Ann Palmer (Amistad)

On Dec. 9th members of the Afro-American Cultural Revolution class and guests spent a highly enjoyable, as well as educational, afternoon with the noted black critic Peter Baily. During the session, Mr. Baily expounded on the role of the black critic, as well as the growing importance of black theater.

Mr. Baily felt that the black critic was highly needed to scrutinize and inspect plays about and to more or less, steer the black playwright

in the right direction of depicting his people. He had found that black playwrights, as well as whites were using negative images in depicting black culture. As an example he used the role of the black woman. In practically every play, except for "A Raisin' in the Sun," she is seen as a prostitute, an addict, poor, exotic, etc., Mr. Baily stated that it was the duty of the black playwright to show that all black women are not as these characterizations suggest; and also that they should explain and show that a percentage are in this category and what should be done to get out of such a situation.

Mr. Baily went on to say that the black critic is vitally needed to review black plays. To show

this he gave the example of the new play "Slave Ships" by Lerol Jones, that just opened recently at the Brooklyn Academy. The famous N.Y. Times critic Kerr reviewed the play and found it uncomprehensible, vague and badly done. His main gripe was that he couldn't understand it; while a black critic, Reilly did a review of the play also, (in the same paper) and gave a good review concerning the play; and he was also able to explain and understand it mainly because it was about himself and his people.

Mr. Baily saw this as the major flaw of the white critic in regard to black plays. He feels that the white critic tends to reject the idea (Continued on Page 7)



Interfaith Service December 24 Temple Israel Social Hall

THE EDITORS OF THE RICHMOND TIMES WHICH TO EXPRESS FULL SUPPORT FOR THE JANUARY 15th TRIBUTE TO DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.