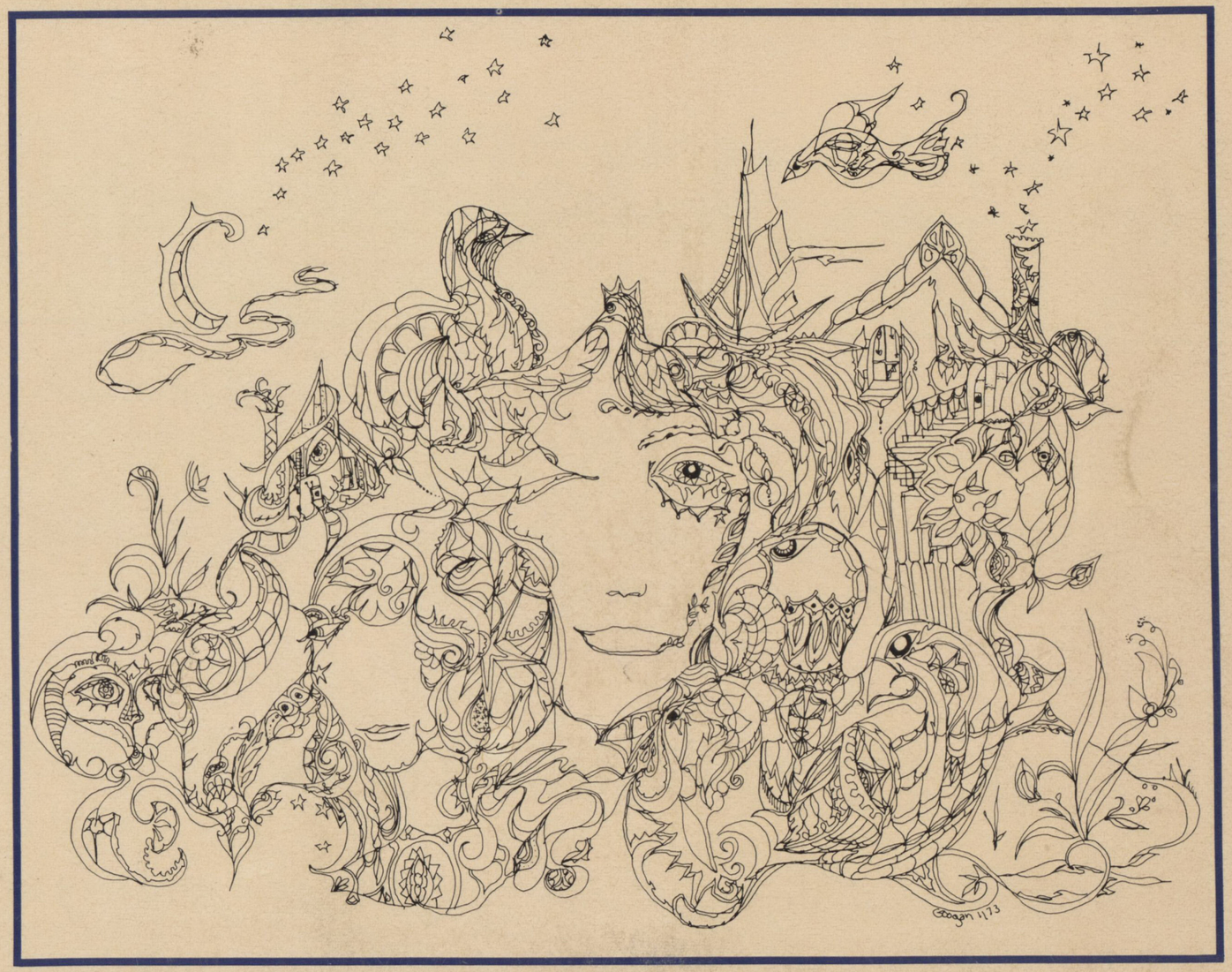
Coogan 1973

THE
RICH
MOND
COLLEGE
YEARBOOK
YAY

3157
school is a
bore.

The following work represents the Richmond College students and friends. The photographs, graphics and poetry depict where we were, where we are, and where we are going at Richmond College.

1973 Richmond College Yearbook

My thanks to all my friends and lovers, both at Richmond College and away, for their help.

Anthony Amatullo II
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Raymond Hulsey—14
Billy Di Biasi—15
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Mary Flahive—20
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William Higgins—22
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Evert Lightcap—26
Bob Lampel—27
Paul Cava—28
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Jules—31
Ira Grodin—32
Hugh Rogers—33
Mary Rozinsky—34
B. Kirby Jr.—35
David Siegel—36
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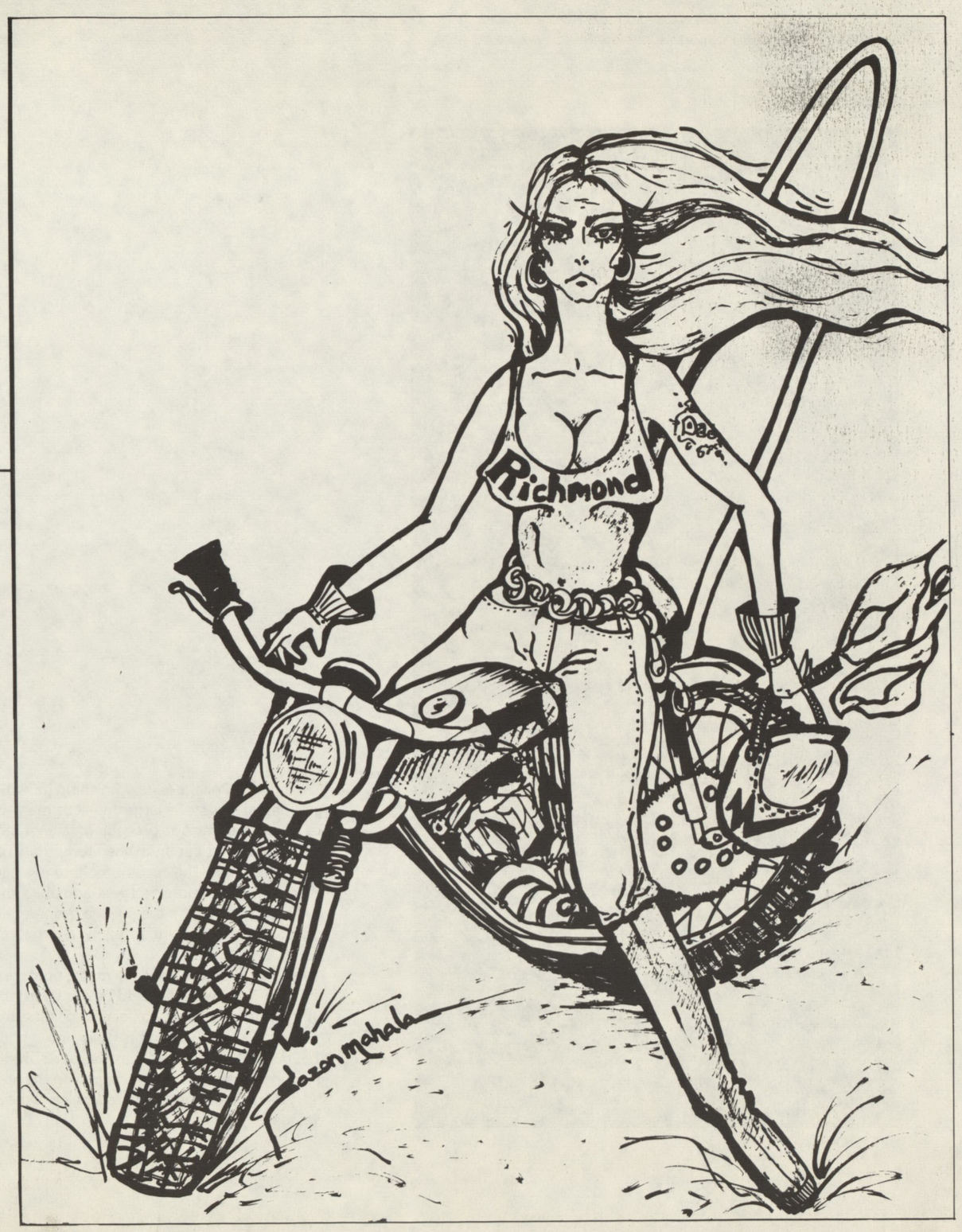
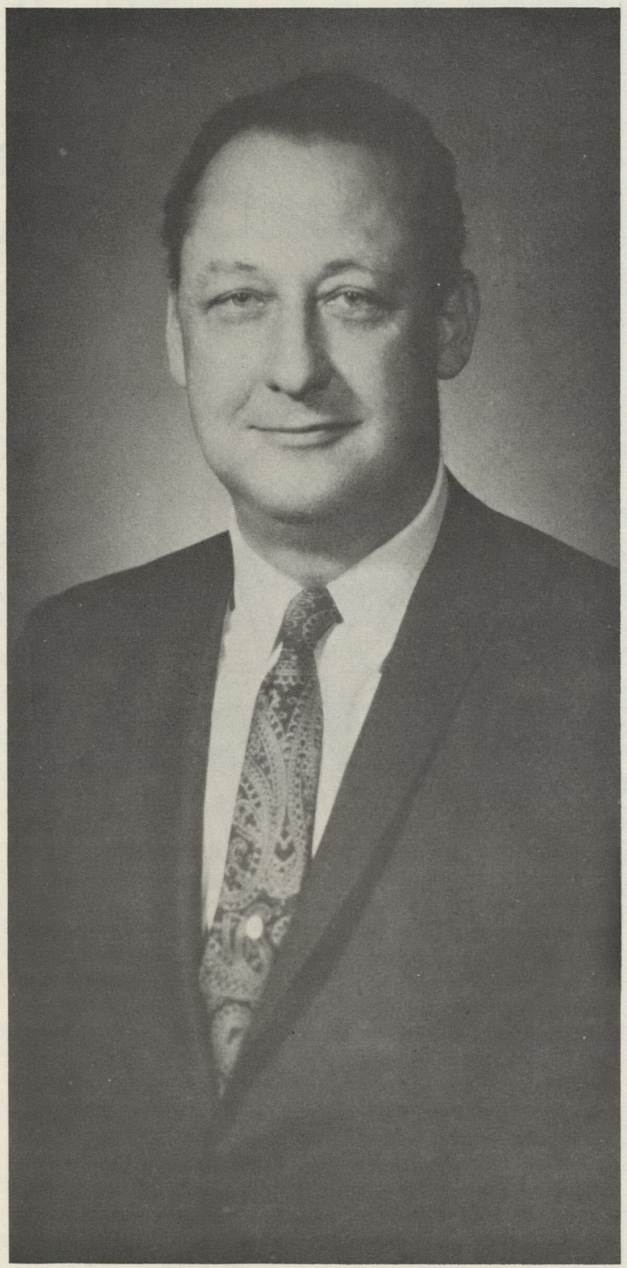
Stephan Biegel alias 'The Weagle'—38
John Paleo—39
Cathy Wall—40
Raymond Hulsey—41
Herbert Schuler—42
Mrs. Sader—43

'Special Thanks Too'



A Charisma Design

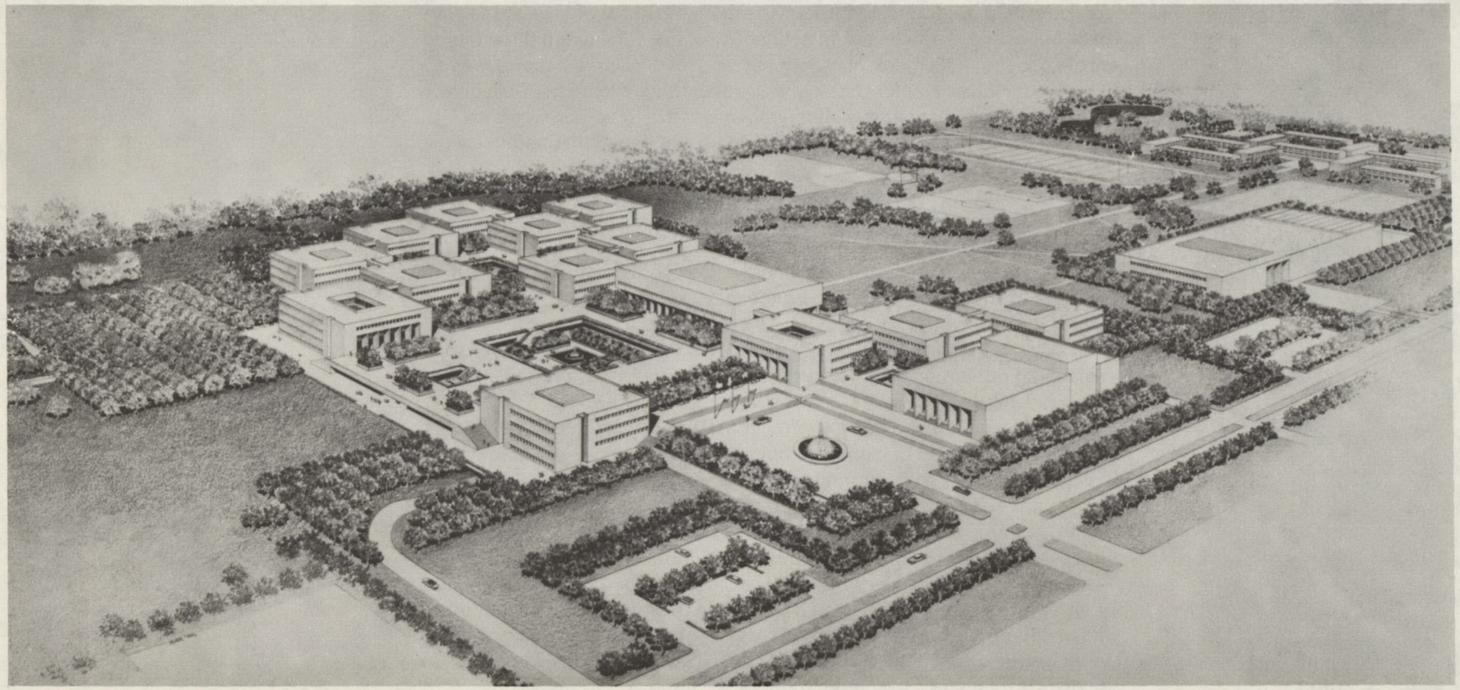


Richmond College is now finishing its sixth year of operation. The current graduating class is its largest, just as many graduating classes to come will be larger than the one preceding. Its first 881 students began, and many graduated, in as yet unfinished temporary quarters, but they did have plenty of space. The current Richmond College community, however, even with much more and well-equipped space, finds itself over-crowded and hemmed in, with the college desperately seeking additional quarters in the St. George area and possibly in temporary buildings on our permanent South Beach site.

Many of you have seen the plans, photographs, and models of our new campus. They were finished by our internationally known architect, James Durrell Stone, about two years ago. Alas, they are still plans, photographs, and models. Such is the painfully slow grinding pace of public bureaucracy that my early hopes to have this year's graduating class participate in the ground-breaking ceremony signaling the start of construction on our new campus have not been realized, nor will they be for several graduating classes to come.

But buildings are but the shells, not the heart of institutions. Richmond College is not 130 Stuyvesant Place, 350 St. Mark's Place, 50 Bay Street, or the crumbling bricks that enclose "The Incident". Rather it is the people who work, study, teach, play, exhort, suffer, moan, create, communicate, agree, disagree, and sometimes listen within them. All Mark Hopkins and his student needed was a long to sit on; Socrates squatted on the bare ground with his students and illustrated his teachings by drawing with a stick in the sand. Richmond College, even in its temporary quarters, has an electronic learning laboratory, a versatile and remarkable effective multi-media center, an excellent library in the collections of books, periodicals, and microfilm materials far more extensive and comprehensive than has been achieved in many far older and larger colleges, modern scientific equipment for the pure and applied sciences and psychology, but still with it all, it is the people that count, the community spirit they display, the learning and growth they achieve.

Are we succeeding? Our graduates seem to think so. In a recent alumni survey of a sampling of the first five hundred classes 86.7% said that if



they had to do it over again they would again choose Richmond College. Why? It may be the wealth of courses offered (some say we have too many), the innovative programs not as readily available elsewhere in City University, like Engineering Science, Environmental Science, Community Psychology, Women Studies, Integrated Studies, or other programs essentially interdisciplinary in nature, like American Studies, Afro-American Studies, Puerto Rican and Latin American Studies, Science, Letters, and Society, programs in the study and making of films, in field-based teacher education. Or it may be the superior quality of our programs in more conventional, but nonetheless vital, programs in the traditional disciplines. Or it may be the opportunity afforded and encouraged for independent study and programs and majors tailor-made to the individual student's needs and interests. Or it may be the quality of the faculty and staff and their ready accessibility to students. Or it may be the freedom from conventional academic restraints—Richmond College is the only one within The City University of New York in which no bells ring (except in an emergency). Or finally it may be that Richmond College is a lively, exciting community in which to learn and live in which dissent, disagreement, differences of outlook, faith, and social convictions are not only tolerated, but encouraged, and studied, as long as they contribute to a continuing learning dialogue benefitting both the individual and the community.

We have problems, too, some arising out of the way innovate features of our community that we are most proud of. Richmond pioneered in granting student voting membership in what heretofore had been exclusively faculty committees—Course and Standing, Curriculum, Admissions, Student Life, to cite a few of many—but experience has shown that the participation of students has not measured up to expectations. Nor have students shown the expected interest in finding candidates and in securing a sufficiently large representative turn-out of student voters. It may be that given the maturity of our students, their family and job responsibilities, and their need not to be diverted from what to many are career-oriented studies, our expectations may have not only been too high, but faulty.

It may be too that in the diversity of our offerings, we may have encouraged too much unplanned, helter-skelter, smorgasbord choice of programs. Perhaps we need less of an *a la carte* and more of a *table d'hote* menu.

But be that as it may, there is a spirit in Richmond that continues to flower. At its core is the student, for after all that is what we exist for, and closely interrelated the faculty and staff, who are dedicated to service and scholarship and surrounding us all is the community, local, national, international, philosophical, scientific, and cultural, that provides us with both the subject matter of our study and the goals of our present and future involvement. Our work with these essential materials of an enlightened civilization is ennobled by the spirit of sharing, ethnics, compassion, and the excitement of discovery. One of the most flattering appraisals of Richmond College was offered by a recent Middle States evaluation: "Richmond College is excitement." I trust that this excitement has continued to enrich and ennoble all of us in our college community.

This is particularly significant when we consider the larger environment in which we live, beset by war, crime, poverty, discrimination, and injustice. Let's face it, our century has made little progress in furthering the ideals of democracy of our founding fathers, the morality that should be at the core of all our religions, the healthful habitability of our planet, and the ability of all of us to find fulfillment, contentment, and love-inspired happiness in our lives for ourselves and for those who are dear to us. Richmond College was born in a century of war; this abomination is still with us as it was with every graduating class since our beginning. I had hoped that before I leave, I might have the joy of speeding a graduating class on its way into a world of peace. Unfortunately, that is not to be, for this is the last class I will salute as your president, and wars, corruption, crime, and all the other abominations that mankind continually, through the centuries, manages to corrupt his own capability of morality and love, continue to face us. But the spirit of Richmond College is not despair, disillusionment, but optimism, determination, and activism toward developing at long last, a better world. In the years to come the young will increasingly become the majority of our population. Will you accept the challenge? I have faith that you, graduates of Richmond College will accept your mission.

As I retire from the presidency of the most alive, exciting, and sometimes frustrating institution of higher learning I have ever been associated with, I leave you students of Richmond, with feelings of gratitude, for a lifetime of daily concern with the young, both in spirit and in age, have kept me young, hopeful, and confident that the best in all of us will prevail.

As one rides up and down the crowded elevators of 130 Stuyvesant Place, one of the most pleasant experiences is to hear the greeting as one of us disembarks—"have a good day!" This is a greeting both beautiful and poignant. It expresses good-will and love, but at the same time, by confining its scope to but the present day, it is poignant as well. It seems to imply uncertainty as to what the morrow will bring. Therefore, as my parting message to the graduating class of 1973 I propose a more permanent greeting—not just "Have a good day", but "Have a good life!"

—Herbert Schuler

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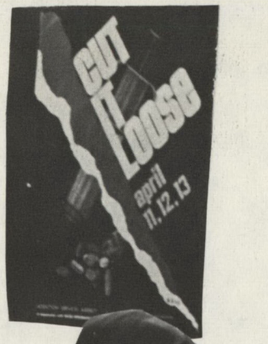
"PROMISES
PROMISES"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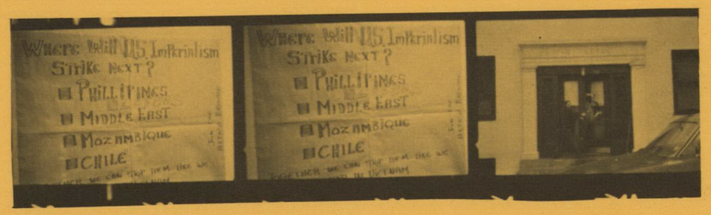

Where Will U.S. Imperialism Strike Next?
Phillipines
Middle East
Mozambique
Chile

DICTIONARY
SAXON

542
Hour of Latwin
HEALTH CENTER
LATWIN

Graduation. Commencement. A summing up. A new beginning, or only a continuing? Yours is the Class of Contradictions. Tigers to lambs in four short years. When you began college, our nation was in dubious battle. Your moral outrage founded on principles of brotherhood which we had taught you (but which we tend to ignore when convenient) led you out of the classrooms and into the streets. You marched; you sang; you shouted; you chanted; you disrupted; you converged on Washington in numbers unprecedented.

When the search for peace spread into Cambodia, you rebelled. The violence of war was visited upon our shores, as students were tear gassed, clubbed, even shot down. American higher education ground to a halt. The results of your protests against the war was largely invisible—-the military horrors you prevented and the crimes you forestalled. The results of your protests against an outmoded and unresponsive educational system were much more visible —-the democratization of college governance, the introduction of the concept of consumerism onto the American campus, the right to be treated as an adult rather than a school kid. These are your legacy to your successors and your class gift to the college. It is precious, and we are all in your debt.

Now the protests have subsided. Was it the lottery and reduced draft calls that pulled the teeth of the student revolt? Was it the increasing scarcity of jobs coupled with the knowledge that employers look askance at student dissent? Or did you sense the futility of pushing against an indifferent pyramid of power. (Our generation would have caved in before any one of these.) Whatever the reasons, you slackened in the traces.

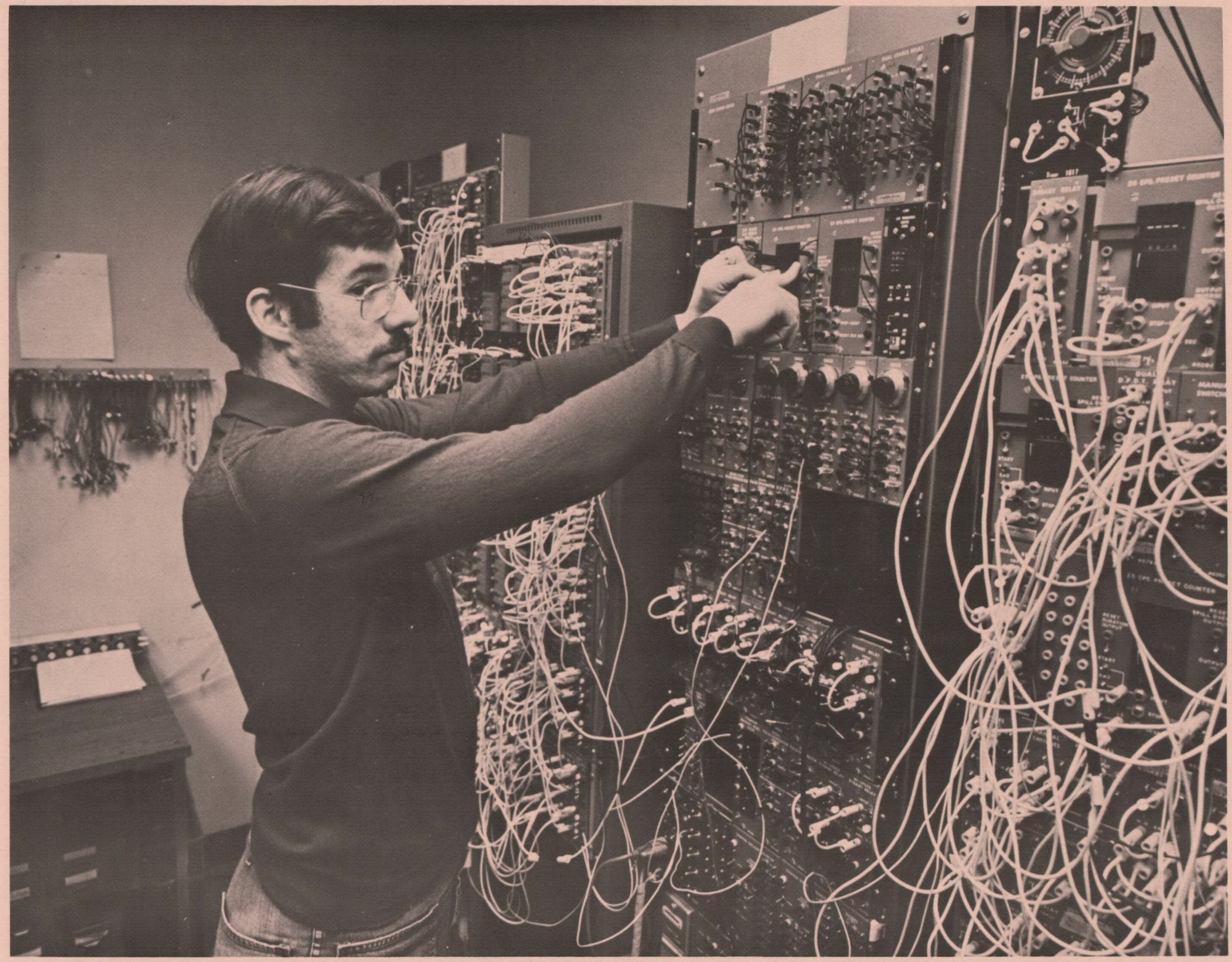
Non-violence has given way to non-involvement and apathy again claims its traditional primacy. Your class did its thing in a blaze of action like a comet lighting the sky a brief moment before falling spent to the ground. Perhaps you are merely resting. Perhaps you will now go into the corrupt world and do for it what you did for American campuses during your brief sojourn there. Perhaps you will put into practice the moral precepts we tried to teach you (and which you tried to teach us during the war) and confound the hypocricies in our society. You did it once. You can do it again. Please try.

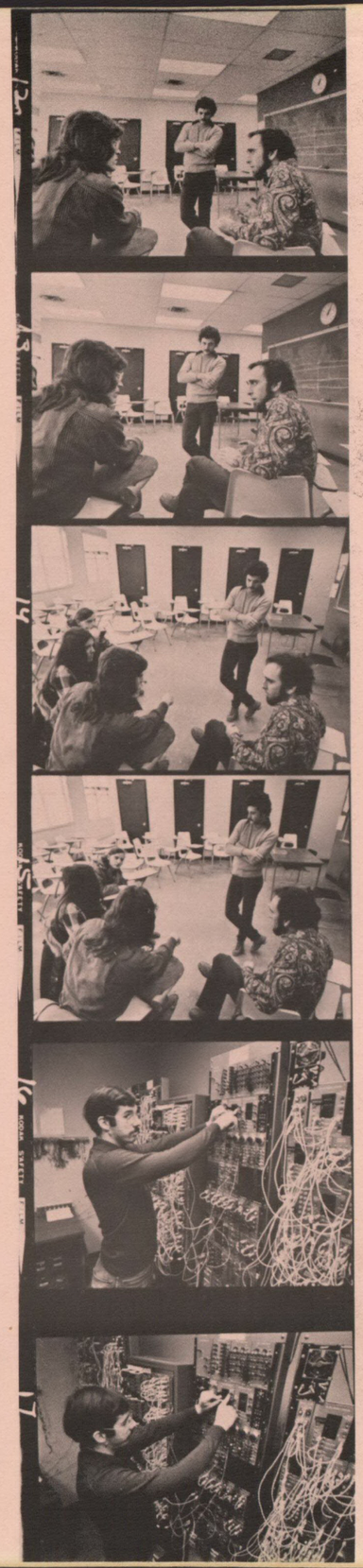
by Ray Hulsey

The lounge on the third floor of the school has to be one of the standoutest places in the school simply because:

It's where the people meet
It's where the people eat
It's where relationships have grown
It's where people get stoned
It's where movies from Laurel & Hardy to air bombing are shown
It's where political people come to talk
It's where people bring their guitars
It's where people deal in cards
It's where people laugh and drink wine
It's where people dance
It's Bruce and his Nixon shirt
It's Moses and his bongos
It's where deals are born
It's where the party is
It's where I met some beautiful people.

— Stephen Biegel alias
"The Weagle"





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SAFETY FILM
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KODAK SAFETY
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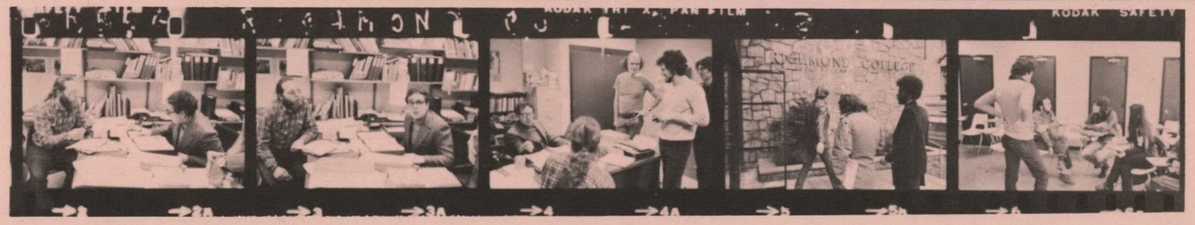
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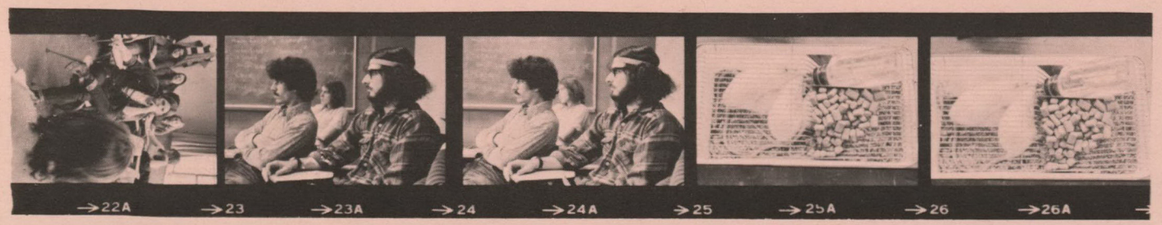
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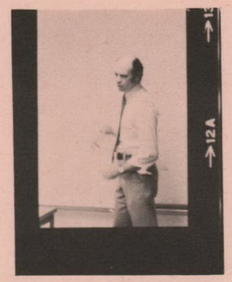
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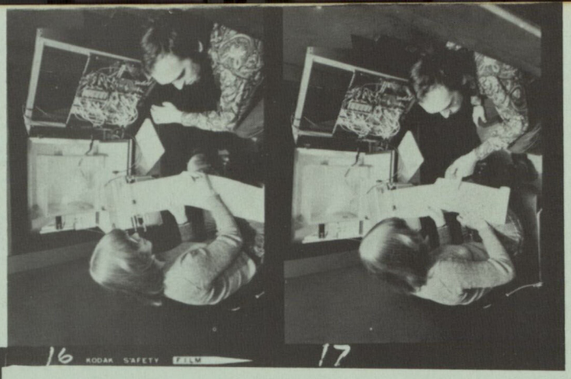

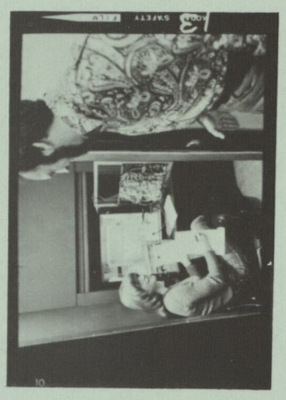

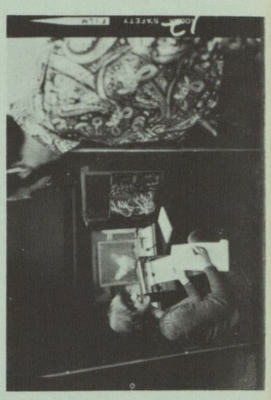

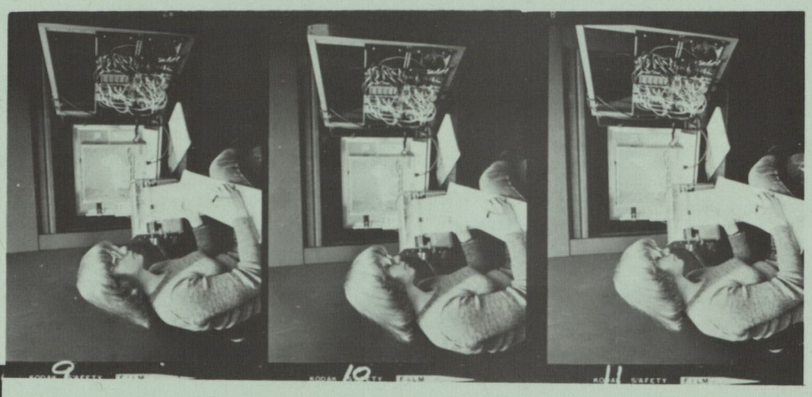

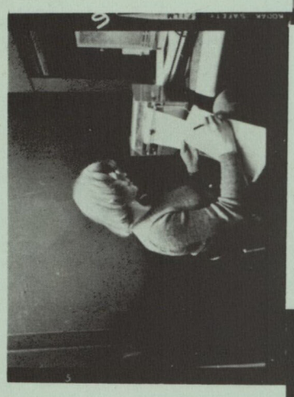

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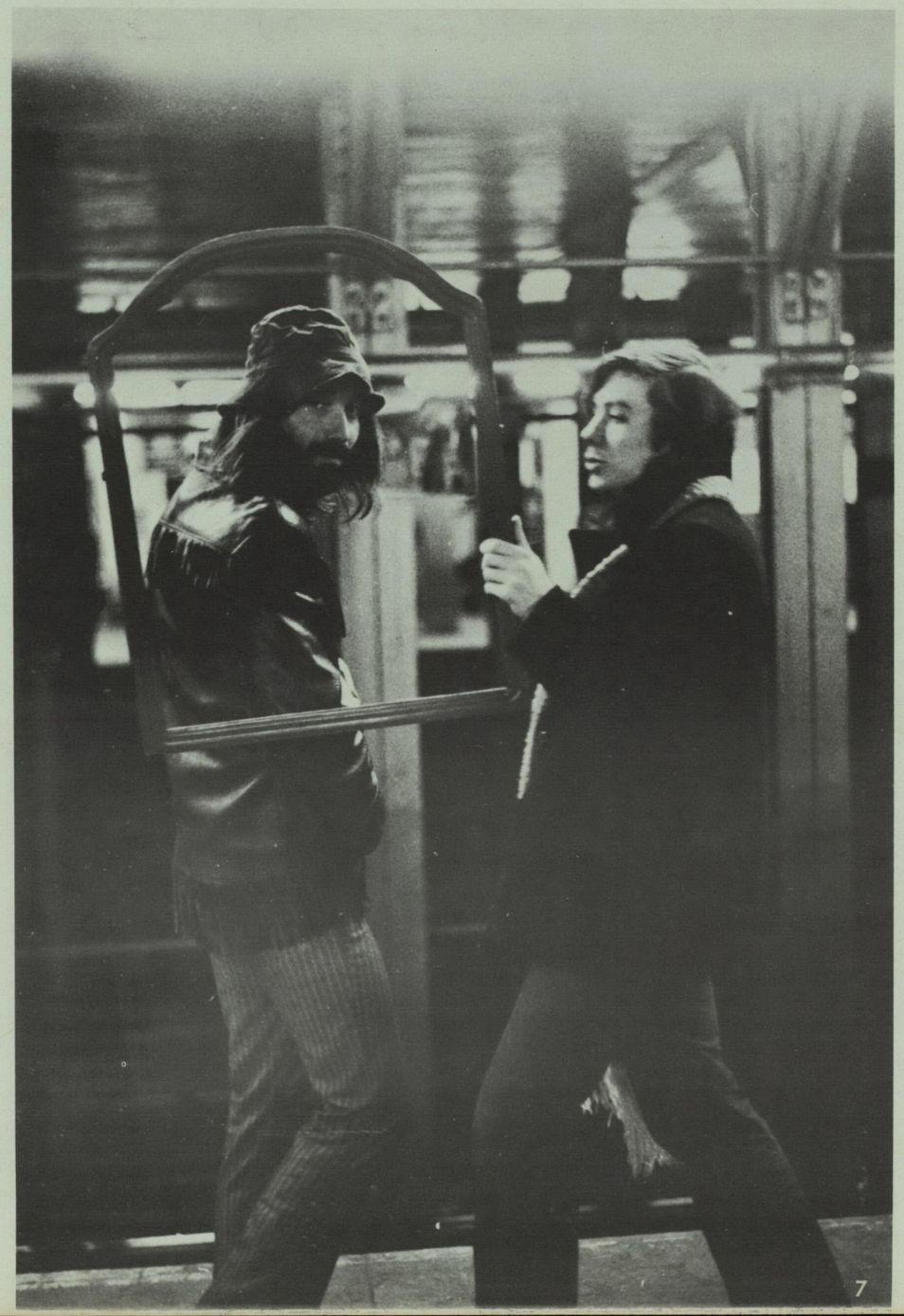
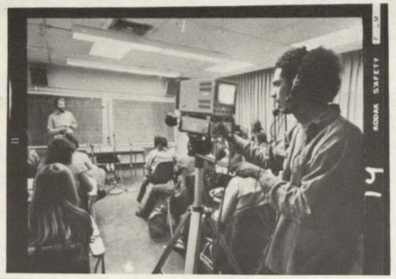
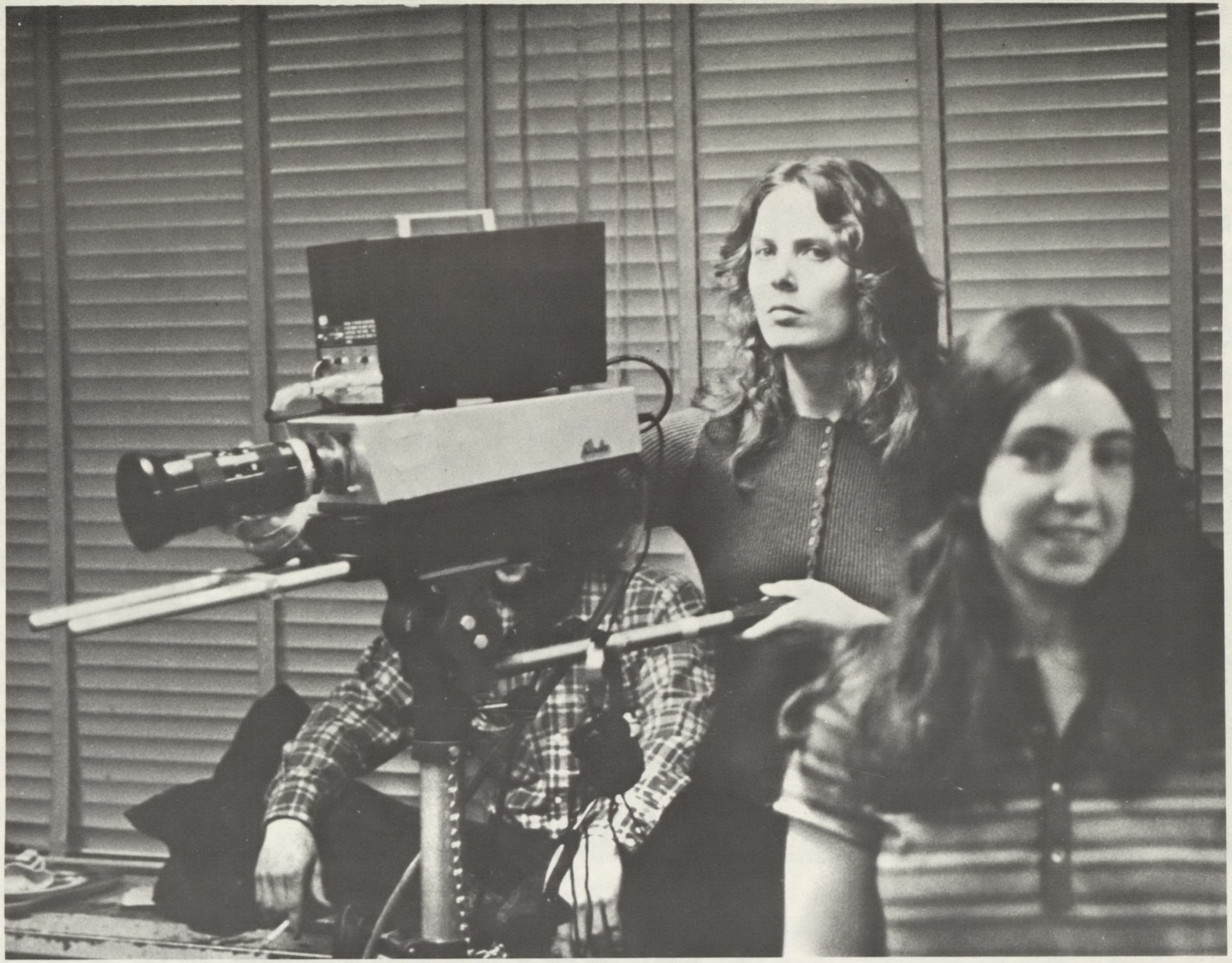
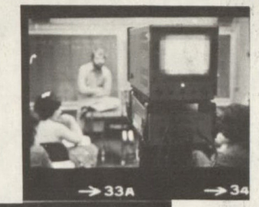
Feb. 7. 1973





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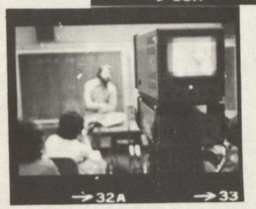
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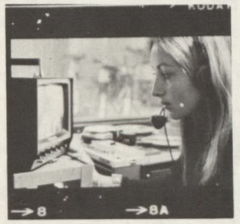
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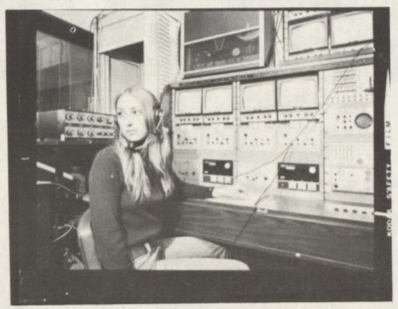
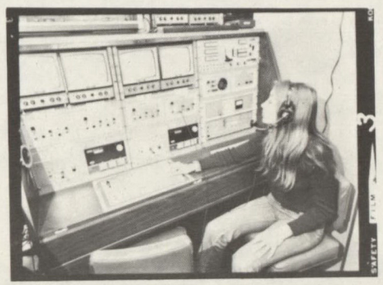
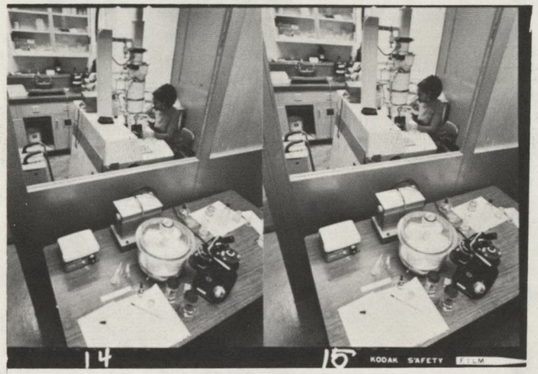




EXPOSURE METER
VACUUM GAUGE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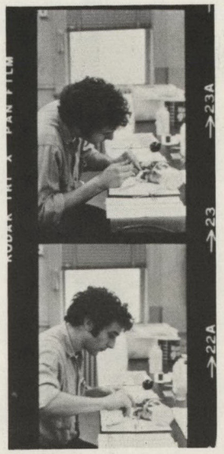
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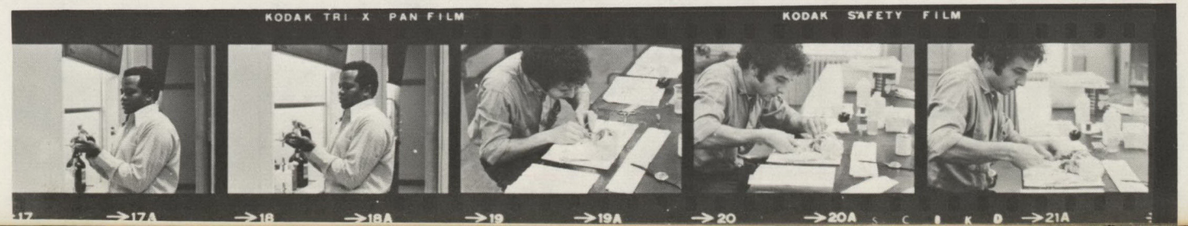
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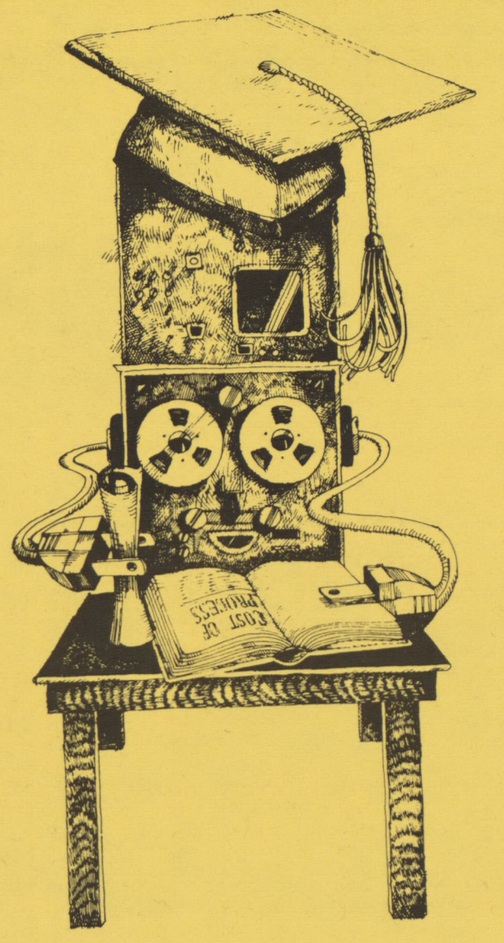


For weeks now I have been clumsily trying to write a sweet nostalgic piece for the college yearbook. Page after yellow page has been crumbled and tossed away. Beef after beer burped and belched in tiresome pursuit of pleasant phrases that might offer solace to the Richmond alumni in later years of muddled middle-age.

I seem to write at a moment in history when not much tribute is paid to the possibilities language represents. Experiences are communicated across wires connected by the banality of shared unquestioned values and perceptions. (It's heavy, it's mellow, it's shitty.)

All along the impulse has been to lash out, to explode, to launch into tirades of anger and critical frenzy. But I have nobly resisted so as not to vulgarize the memories of the beloved reader. I should consider myself fortunate for the privilege of having my words bound at the taxpayers expense. And therefore, should avoid any imposition of my own moral indulgence on the fragile psyche of the Richmond graduate. Afterall, one might ask, with all bourgoise candor, just who I think I am to dare fart in the face of the collegiate experiences by including any distasteful remembrances.

But one thought prepccupies me, agitating like a psychic enzyme eating away at the barnacles of my brain with the intensity of those high-powered laundry detergents; exposing fragments of consciousness that are subsequently ignited by the intake of alcohol.

There is much that can and should be written about the years one spends at Richmond College. I have filled my garbage pail with a few thousand words myself. But for me it has become a question of moral refinement, of a purity of memory, a capturing of essence, an elimination of the petty, the vague, the superficial (let the photographs disperse with such concerns).

I believe my task is primarily to write in the sort of way that my words will preserve an ongoing character of memory down through the rigor of years.

A yearbook, if it is true to its purpose, should encapsulate a sense of where a particular group of people have been during a certain period of their lives. And a writer of the book's pages should write as if for a time capsule that is to be buried in an attic closet, tucked between *The Bible* and *The Coming Crises of Western Sociology*, beneath a layer of dust and cobwebbs. So when the book is thought of during a nostalgic brood or a psychedelic flashback the words will appear fresh, envigorating and most importantly uncompromised by time.

As I write they are widening the air war in Indo-China Pounds of beef have the headlines while human poundage is bled white and carcassed and then left to rot in the moonsoon jungle of Asis. Heaped limbs and hunks of head and ass littering the countryside while diplomats string International accords around the necks of those peasants still alive, as they cling to their frail, frightened children.

Here I sit, silent, guilty, and deoderized as they scream for relief from hot burns gnawing at their tender skin. I am passive before Cronkite and the *New York Times*; sitting stuffed with warped amusement at the barbarity of Nixon's America while human flesh roasts like spare ribs on the weekend grill.

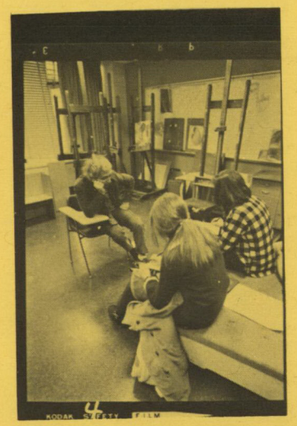
And so I leave for the ambiguities of the future, a single stark scenario before which all other memories should pale.

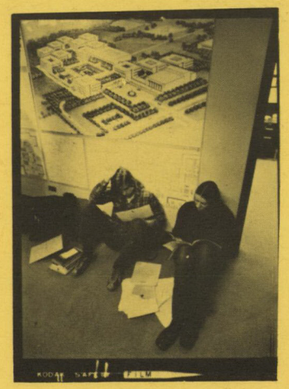
You are sitting on the floor of your one room apartment or the sofa of your ranch house snorting, sipping or smoking as you thumb the faded pages of the forgotten book with friends or the family.

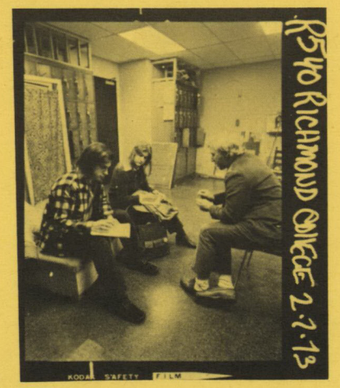
Suddenly your ears, grown soft over the years of your body's all too rapid decay, hear once again the echo of the shrieks, the howels and the moans of the innocent being slaughtered by your once young, passive hand. Let the word dance round the room, past your diploma, like a butterfly with the roar of a bomber.

Vietnam, Vietnam. Oh my god Vietnam!

—*Kevin Foley*



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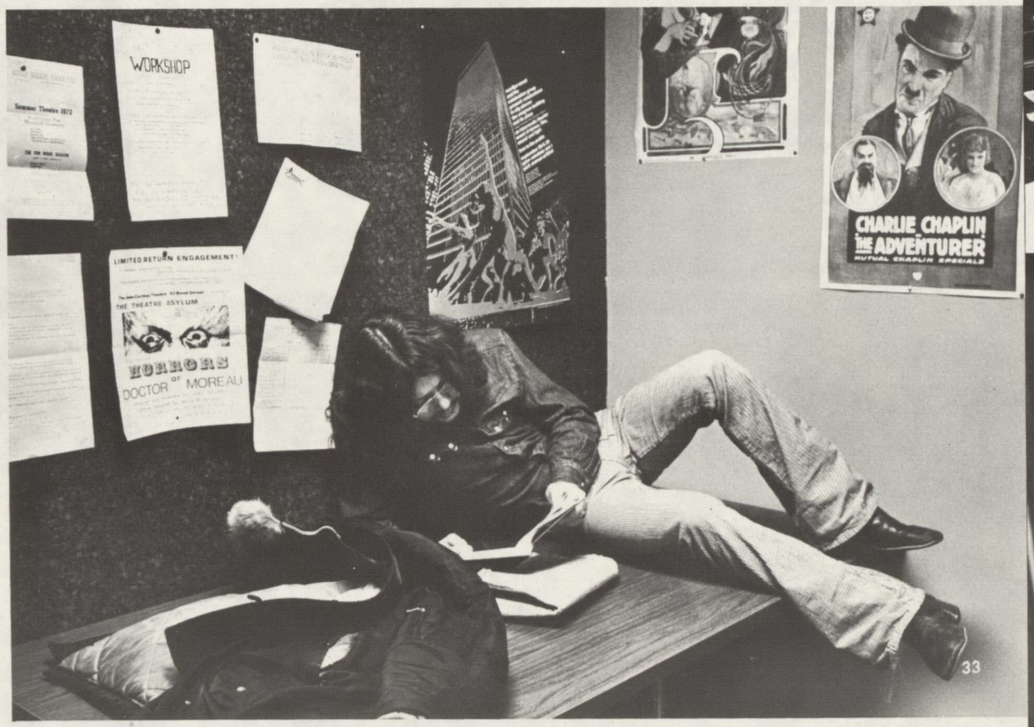
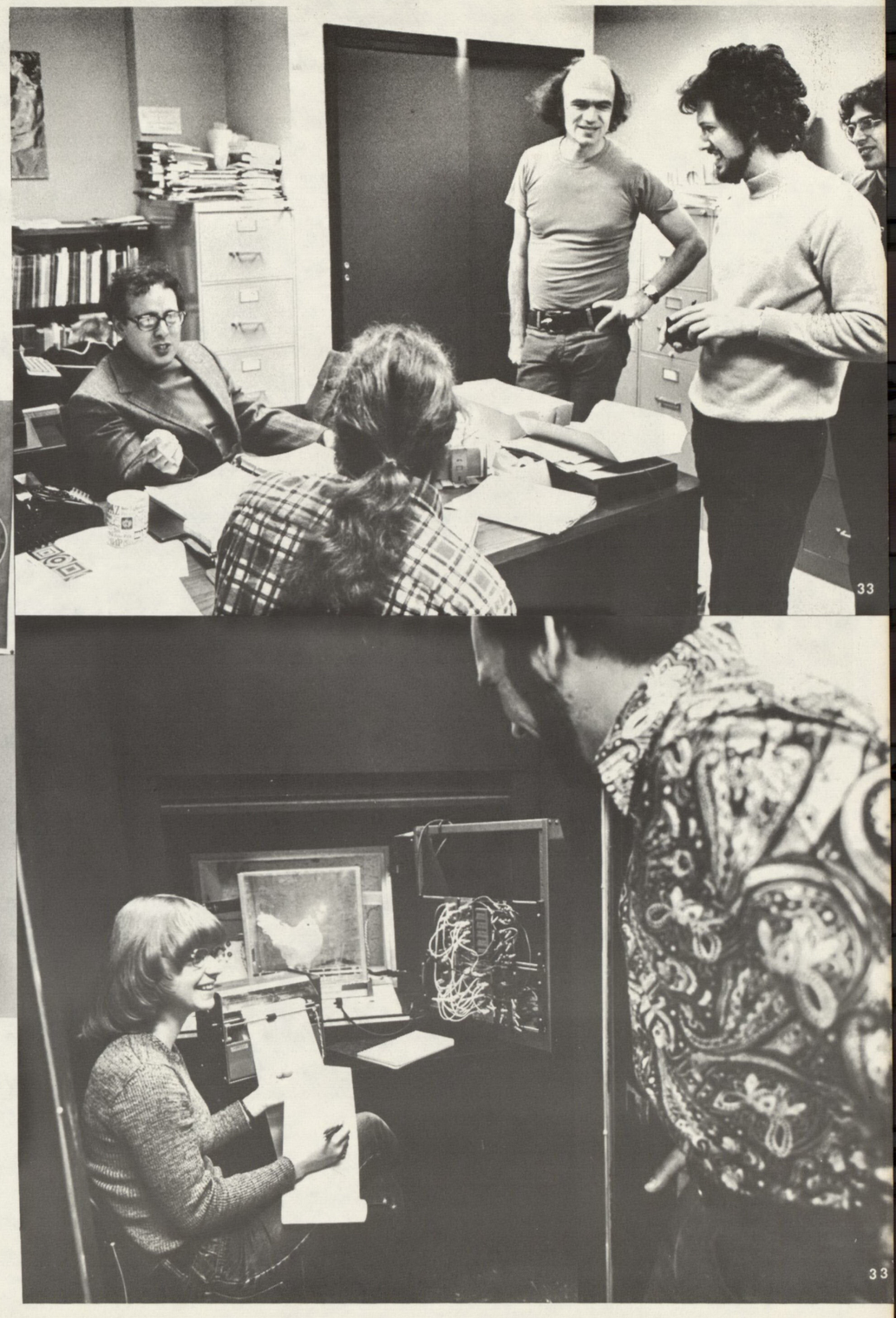

WORKSHOP
LIMITED RETURN ENGAGEMENT
THE THEATRE ASYLUM
HORRORS
DOCTOR OF MOREAU
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
THE ADVENTURER
MUTUAL CHAPLIN SPECIALS
33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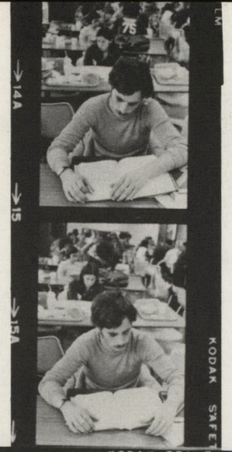
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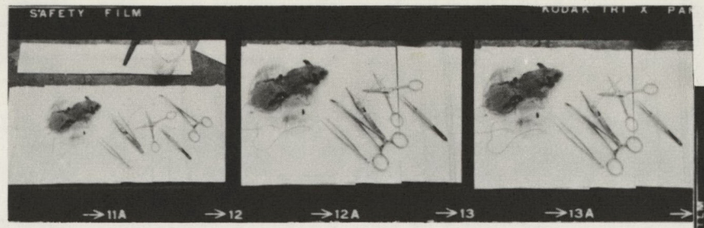
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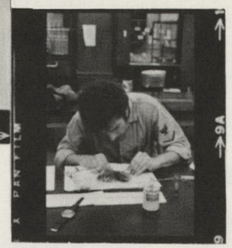
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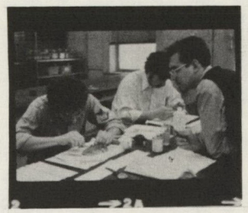
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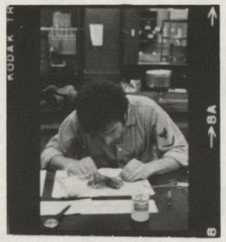
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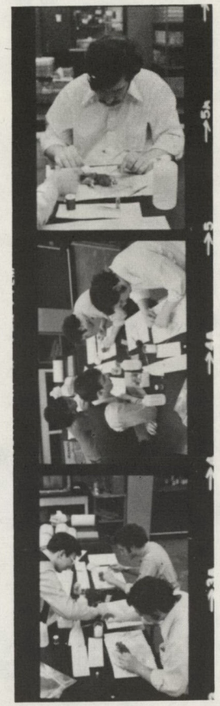
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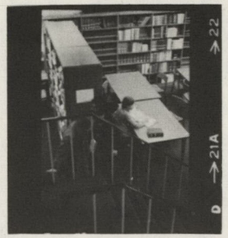
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Roll 544
RICHMOND Col.
Feb 7, 1973
KODAK SAFETY FILM
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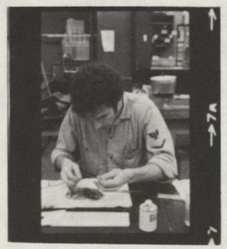
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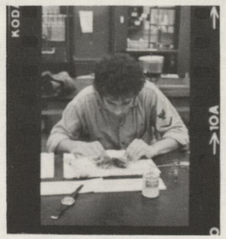
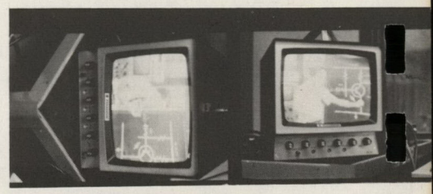
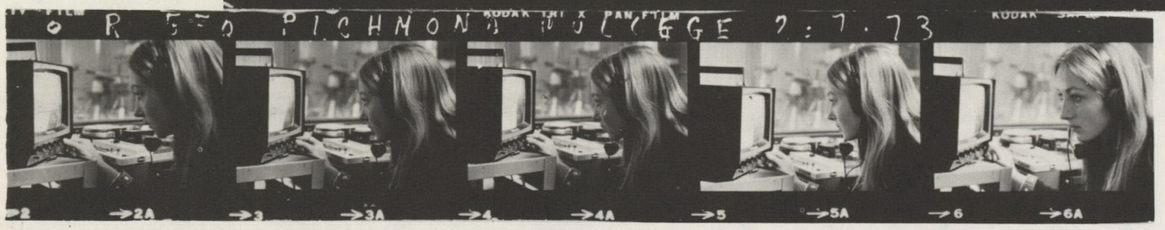

KODAK




PICHMOND COLLEGE 2.7.73
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KODAK SAFETY FILM
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KODAK TRI X PAN FILM
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SAFETY FILM
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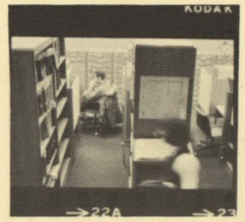
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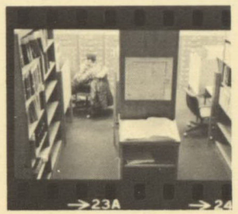
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Love
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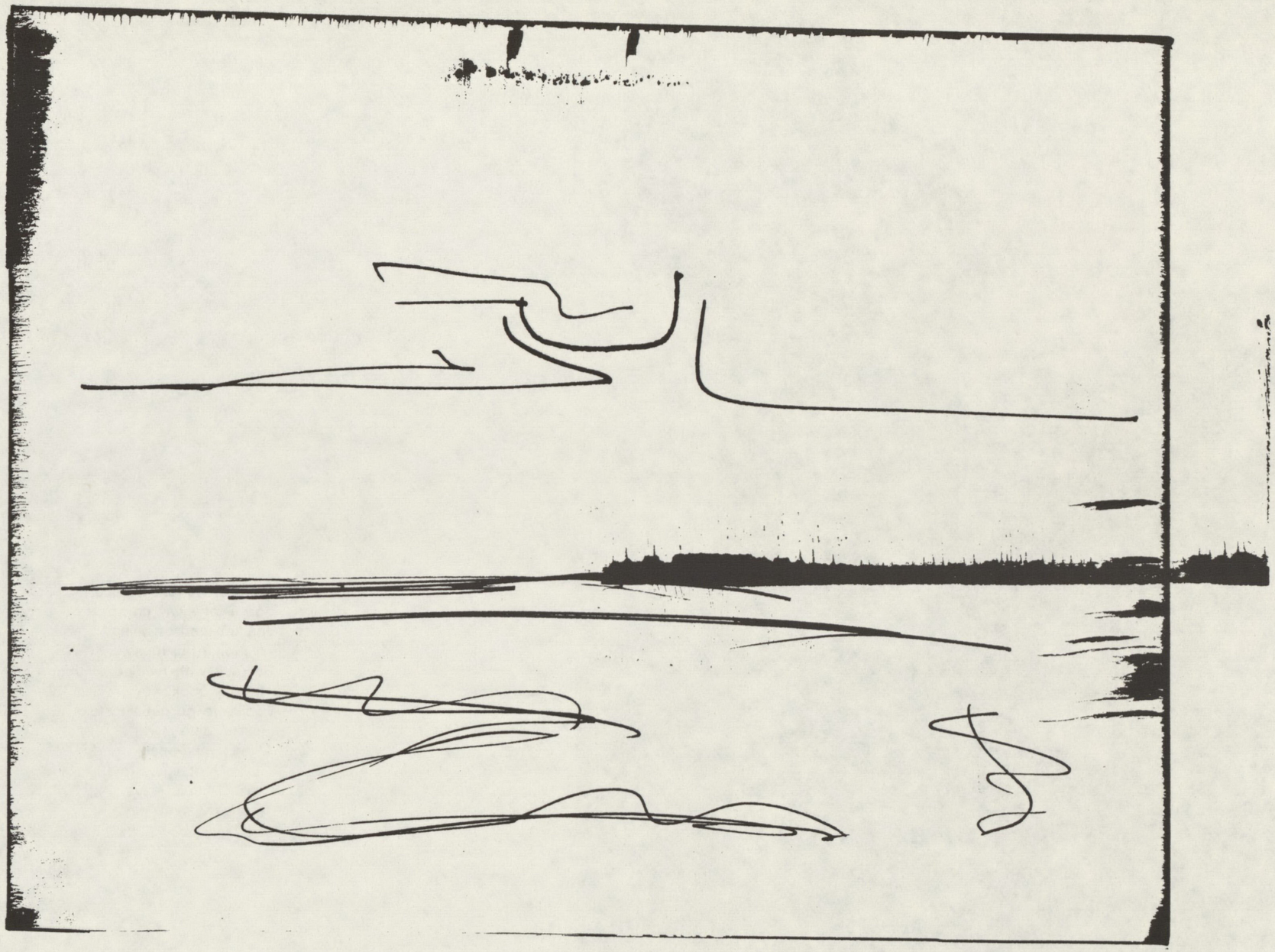


Cova

My heart longs to travel
on a far away cruise,
For I'm tired of being
a thoughtful muse.
Boarded with reading of things
from a book.
I'd like to go out and take
just a look!
At this wide-open world
...this fantastic array!!!
I wish I could leave
this very same day.

John Palao

OPPORTUNITY PROGRAM

The Immigration and Naturalization Service of the Department of Justice has ordered us out of the country. The reason offered is that in the autumn of 1968, my husband, John Lennon, was arrested, pleaded guilty, and fined for possession of cannabis resin in London. We had been informed by friends in the press, two weeks before the event, that there would be a search. Since we were on a macrobiotic diet at the time, it was impossible for us to smoke anything at all, not even cigarettes, to maintain purity of body. We had only just moved into our house but we had the placed cleaned anyway, to make sure. Still, marijuana was 'discovered' and our lawyer advised John to plead guilty, and pay the fine, rather than to prolong the case. At the time, I was three months pregnant, with a record of two miscarriages before that. Therefore, John finally agreed with the lawyer. It would be detrimental to my health if the case were prolonged. The shock of the case resulted in my miscarrying anyway. We are now investigating the possibility of reopening the case in England.

Since then, U.S. Immigration has followed our case very closely, and actually advised us, at the time of application for the visa to the States, that we should consider their permission given, if given at all, as a special favor to us. But we have discovered since then that others who have similar records to that of John have been given multiple visas. This fact suggests that the Immigration has not been difficult to us only on the grounds of John's pot record.

We are not asking to be treated in any special way, but at the same time we feel that we have been extremely careful with the Immigration people, and that we have been treated unfairly. It is especially hard to understand their rejection of my residency application on the grounds that they would not like to split up a family, while they do not consider the fact that by rejecting my application they are splitting up a mother and child. I have received temporary custody of my daughter, Kyoko, (8 years old), in Texas court on the grounds that she, an American citizen, would be brought up 'within the United States region,' though we still have been unable to locate her. A testimony was given by a Texas school teacher to the effect that, though Kyoko was unusually intelligent for her age, she was three years behind in her schooling due to her family life, simply moving from one town to another all over the world. A mutual friend has told me that my ex-husband mentioned that since he is a U.S. citizen, all he has to do is stay in hiding until my visa expires here. ∴As people, we love this country and its people. As artists, we enjoy working in the stimulating atmosphere of New York City. As parents, we would like to live in a place where we could best have access to our daughter, Kyoko. ∴My husband and I would appreciate your kind understanding of the matter and your support to bring justice to our case.

Peace and love,
Yoko Ono Lennon

Oh Yoko! (That's what he said.)
I think of the clouds
I feel the peace
I know of surrender
I smell the calm
I don't subscribe to the "Elite"
I'll help you look
Tusk, tusk. (you know)
I work under a seamen
We're all water
I'm more popular than John Lennon!

by Constabile Di Biasi

Immigration & Naturalization
Department of Justice
New York City, N.Y. 10020

It would be an outrage and a tragedy for this country if John Lennon and Yoko Ono are deported.
Their strong anti-drug stand and their clear eloquent commitment to non-violence, and to participation in action for constructive social change are messages badly needed in America today...particularly for our youth.
In addition this deportation action, depriving them of their legal right to bring up their daughter would be cruel and inhuman, bringing personal tragedy to their family, forcing Mrs. Lennon to choose between her husband and her child.
I join thousands of other concerned Americans in asking you to take favorable action enabling John Lennon and Yoko Ono to remain in this country.

signed

Leonard Woodcock
President
United Auto Workers Union

Female liberation has now become the talk of the world. Talk is welcome as long as it does not lead to dead-end cynicism. Public fuss over the issue is all right as long as it does not divert one's attention from the real effort to gain freedom.

The feminist movement faces this danger now. The majority of men greeted the movement with a condescending and receiving smile, while the newspapers picked up the issue as an ideal space filler. Unless women become more strongly aware of what is really happening and start to transform the issue into a serious revolution, the movement will fade away as another happening of the decade.

We must not let it die. We have to keep on going until the whole of the female race is freed.

The major change in the contemporary women's revolution is the issue of lesbianism. Lesbianism, initially, had a positive influence on female liberation. It helped women realize that they didn't necessarily have to rely on men for relationships. They had an alternative to spending 90 percent of their lives waiting for, finding and living for men. But the alternative of building her life around another female or females wasn't very liberating. Some sisters learned to love women more deeply through lesbianism, but others simply went after their sisters in the same manner that male chauvinists did.

The ultimate goal of female liberation is not just an escape from male oppression. How about liberating ourselves from our various mind trips such as ignorance, greed, masochism, fear of God and social conventions? Lesbianism, to many, was a means to express rebellion toward the existing society through sexual freedom. In that sense, it worked. But we find our minds unfocused from lesbianism when we face the problem of procreation and child care. It's hard to dismiss the importance of paternal influence so easily. And since we face the reality that in this global village, there is not very much choice but to coexist with men, we might as well find a way to do it and do it well.

We definitely need more positive participation of men on child care. But how are we going to do this? We have to demand it by force.

James Baldwin has said of this problem, "I can't give a performance all day in the office and come back and give a performance at home." He's right. How could we make men share the responsibility of child care in the present social conditions where his job in the office is, to him, a mere "performance" and where he cannot relate to the role of child care except as again, a "performance"? Contemporary men must go through a major change in their thinking before they volunteer to look after children, before they even start to want to care. Their jobs must cease to be a "performance" before they can stop to think of taking care of children as a "performance."

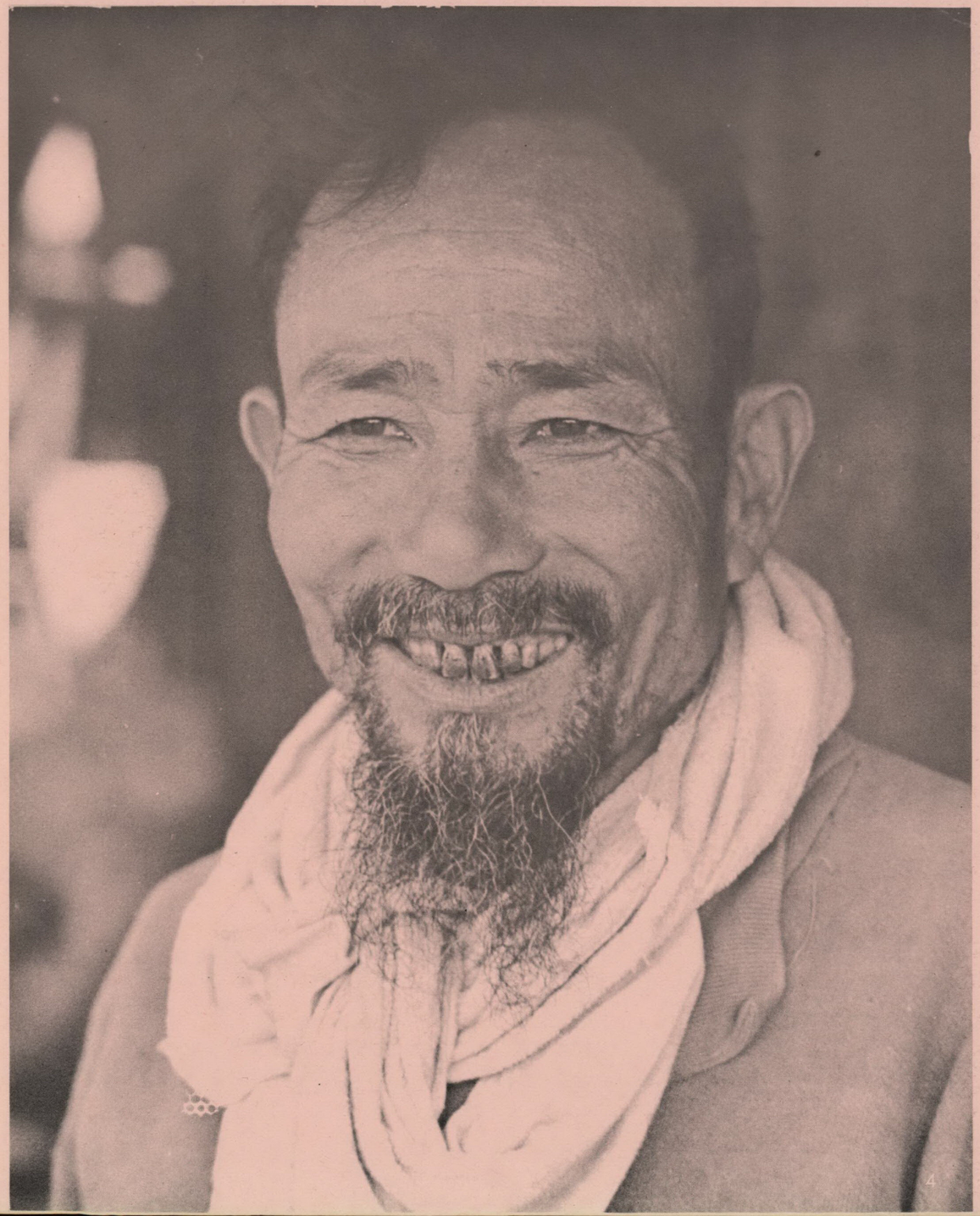
by YOKO ONO

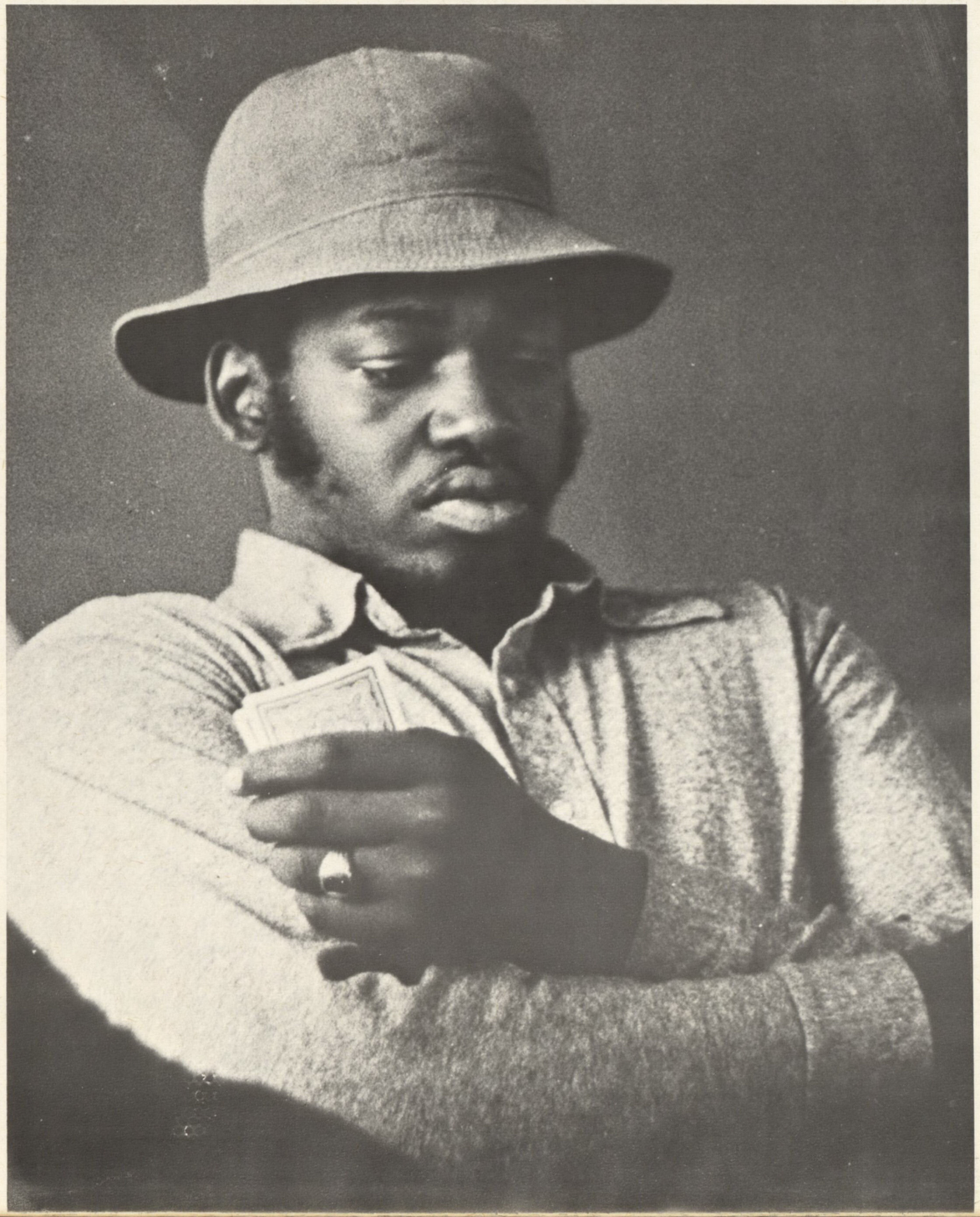
I had a thought today
About a game
Yes! A game to play
I'd call it:"Peace"
And everyone could play
To win is simple
All you have to do
Is end war
And that's what
The game is for

After you finish
You put it away
And live by the rules
Day by day

by Constabile Di Biasi

March 23rd, 1973
Having just celebrated our 4th anniversary
we're not prepared to sleep in seperate beds;
and anyway, how could anyone be deported from
an approximately infinite universe?
Peace and love
from
John and Yoko





We are only human sculptors in that we get up every day, walking sometimes, reading rarely, eating often, thinking always, smoking moderately, enjoying enjoyment, looking, relaxing to see, loving nightly, finding amusement, encouraging life, fighting boredom, being natural, day dreaming, travelling along, drawing occasionally, talking lightly, tea drinking, feeling tired, dancing sometimes, philosophising a lot, criticising never, whistling tunefully, dying very slowly, laughing nervously, greeting politely, and waiting till the day breaks.

What's all this?

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort that man is a gaming animal. He must always be trying to get the better in something or other:—that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards; that cards are a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; for we do but play *at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we* are *as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting; much ado; great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious* games *of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such.*

Though it may say much or little, the metaphor of the game is always negotiable and commands universal attention. It is an elusive figure, for it means all things to all men, yet it is immensely popular and enjoys wide circulation. In common parlance, however, the metaphor of the game is usually uttered in the pejorative. There is something suspect about the "game" idea, something disingenuous, tricky, as in "the diplomatic game," "the game of politics," "the game of high finance," "legal games." On a larger scale, the metaphor refers to the notion that life itself is a game everyone must play. Lately, much has been made of the mean little games people play to annoy one another, in which the object is to maneuver the opposition into a condition of psychological (or social) inferiority, as in "the marriage game," "the society game," the game of "one-upmanship." On the other hand, an entire work of literary art may also be built on an extended game-metaphor,

Indeed, whole cultures may be viewed as games, the players versed in the rules, ideological rituals, various strategies, possibilities of success and failure—some of the people clever at the game, some not.

But let us for a moment keep our eye on the game and let life take care of itself. When we say that life is a game, we are probably referring to the following components of the game-idea: challenge, competition, rules, struggle, chance, fair play, foul play, loss and gain.

When we say, Play the game!* we are probably referring to the means: deception, concealment, maneuver, skill, luck, loyalty, and sportsmanship. As a strategy, "deception" is a major means of play in almost any game. It is an ancient device, from the feint in boxing and fencing to the curved pitch in baseball, to hidden traps with which the hunter snares his prey, to diversionary maneuvers in war and the pretense of table games. Deception in games is a formidable weapon and is not only sanctioned but admired, especially if it is cunningly devised and, of course, successful. In the intramural daily life of any group or society, from the primitive to the most complex, the use of the outright lie to achieve one's ends is considered heinous and punishable. But like animals, for purposes of protection and aggression, the human race appears to be instinct with the art of deception, and therefore more or less harmless frauds among more or less friends are only human, to be expected and intelligently guarded against. The metaphor of the game of life draws much of its meaning and aptness from this element of deception.

Concealment, too, is a valuable means of progress toward the prize. It comes in many forms. For instance, a player may conceal his person, that is, hide out of sight as a way of escaping from the enemy or as

a way of surprising the enemy in ambush. A player may conceal his real power, not show his true colors (a naval metaphor), pretending, perhaps, to be weak while withholding his strength until the moment when it can be employed most forcefully; or a player may conceal his weakness by pretending to be strong, frowning or barking with intent to affright—usually an ineffective strategy. Concealment of personal feelings is a common means of play, as it puts the opposition at a substantial disadvantage in not understanding the psychology of the adversary. Concealment of intentions and resources for implementing them is a common ruse in bridge, for example, as in war. Withholding information is a popular stratagem in big and little games.

Like deception, concealment calls detection into play, a necessary measure in obstructing an antagonist's plans. There are various devices of detection, such as spying, decoding behavior, laying traps, studying the opponent's characteristic techniques in anticipation of blocking them, making logical and psychological inferences on the basis of such information is a as is available.

Skillful in the use of deception and detection, an enterprising player will attempt to plot his course so that eventually he is in control of all possibilities of maneuver, knowing when to strike, when to retreat [unless. that is, his schemes are interrupted by wholly unsuspected chance events]. The player must also be reasonably confident that his opponent will abide by the rules of the game, for without rules no goal can be attained. Like space and time, rules are another dimension by which we live; and it is in rules that the game idea most closely imitates life.

Sportsmanship is to games what good manners are to behavior in a civilized society. Sportsmanship is essential to games, lest savage slaughter be the only order of the day. A game is not a game if the opponent does not at least start with a sporting chance. Even the hunter knows that the stag has the right to use his means of protection; and a civilized people do not by any means believe that all is fair in love and war.

But in the end no gambit is possible, deception and detection are worthless, and sportsmanship is a meaningless abstraction if there is not loyalty among the partners nor support of the group. If the members of a team are unfaithful or traitorous, the game falls apart, whether in life or games, in love or war, or in football.

The ideal of loyalty leads us to the principle of classification, an all-encompassing feature of both life and games. In any organized group—ethnic, religious, linguistic, national, political, social—it is expected that the members will be loyal to their order. That is to say, in life as in games, classification is a condition of participation. In games there are two sides, and each side has a name. The players are denominated according to the sides they are on and the various roles they play, so that it may be known who they are, what may be expected of them, to what standards they conform, what their aims. This is also true of life. If a person is a member of the Democratic Party, he is not also a Republican, and characteristic conduct may be anticipated. If a person is a "surgeon," there are certain things he may do that no one except a surgeon is permitted to do.

It may be instructive at this point to analyze a game of the playing field. Baseball is a life-imitating game, indeed so apt an abstract of life that it is the most popular of all spectator sports, at least in the United States where it came into being

RANGER GOAL
NEW YORK
KNICKS
MADFIELD
11
NEW YORK
RANGERS

IT'S A WHOLE NEW BALL GAME→

around the middle of the nineteenth century in the industrial northeast. It is quite possible that baseball is symbolic of democratic, competitive middle-class life as lived in highly populated cities, where individual enterprise, skill, shrewdness, and clearly outlined patterns of behavior are admired and encouraged over physical force and where the only penalty is failure. The fantasy that follows is intended to illustrate the game as an analog of life.

In baseball there are friends and there are enemies. If one is an able player and detects the deception intended in the pitch so successfully that he hits a hot liner into right field, he is allowed, even encouraged to set forth into the world by himself, and he speedily negotiates the distance from "home" to first base.

The player, whom we may call our hero, is not yet, however, wholly on his own. A friend of the family is there by his side watching the opposition and coaching the enterprising young man in the sneaky ways of the world. Neither are others at home idle. An experienced uncle, one who can afford a few losses, makes a small sacrifice that enables our hero to move up in the world, that is, progress to the second base.

The opposition is not asleep, however, and is determined that our player shall not succeed. In fact, now is an admirable time to lure him into a trap, for he is alone in enemy territory with only such help as may come from home. By a neat maneuver, another member of the family, one practiced in the business at hand, makes it possible for our hero to get to third base. This is the dizzy corner. Victory is nearby, but there's always the chance, through bad luck, mismanagement, or poor support, that the whole game will fall apart at the last moment. If success has gone to his head, our player may think he can get away with anything. Impulsive and fame hungry, he may try a foolish dash to victory. But as it happens, another friendly supporter is present to prevent any such rashness and, an old hand at the game, to be on the alert for tricky business from the opposition and if possible to introduce a little of his own.

Let us suppose that our hero is prudent and plays the game cool until the moment comes when he can make it home safe. He has completed the circuit, leaving home to seek his fortune, returning home in triumph. The game is never over, however, and he must try again—wiser, more experienced, but subject to chance and the skill of the enemy.

As we noted earlier, it is sometimes difficult to say what is and is not a game. Indeed, we may seem only to be playing one ourselves, with words. Our purpose, however, is simply stated, to talk about life in society, to be instructed. perhaps, by seeing it (as people who use the metaphor appear to do) from the perspective of games.

Figuratively speaking, some people are born to the game of life—the leaders of the moment; some achieve proficiency in it—the winners, the successful; many have it thrust upon them—the vase masses with scarce a word to say about how it shall be played; some dislike the game but play at it—the defeated, living "lives of quiet desperation"; many are innocent victims, "to Fortune and to Fame unknown," caught in the wheels of the game, which, like the mills of the gods, grind exceedingly fine; some are determined non-conformists who will not play the game as written; and some are rebels in arms, often ironically the heroes of the future.

Though world history is a long story of revolutionaries and the ideals they stood for of religious leaders and their persecuted followers, of saints and martyrs, of conquest, of social, political, and religious upheaval in which a new way of life replaces the old, in which, according to our thesis, a new and different "game" is substituted for one that had become insupportable to enough of the players—though as we say, rebels in arms can change the nature of the game overnight—it is the nonviolent nonconformist who defines most tellingly the meaning of the metaphor of the game of life.

Consider now a quite different literary model of the nonconformist as a player in the game of life. First we should say that it is always good for the circulation of society's blood to have a few nonconformists around. They challenge the standards of the majority, which is healthy for the majority if the majority is sensible enough to see itself as others see it. In comedy, for instance, the nonconformists are the extremists who need to be brought a little closer to the center. In conflict with them are the established self-satisfied who need, perhaps not so gently, to be brought a little closer to the extremes.

Of all the innumerable real-life nonconformists, there was one among the long list of Yankee dissidents who will serve well our purpose of illustration. Joseph Palmer wore a beard when it was not only unfashionable to do so but was the mark of a Jew and an infidel. This was in Massachusetts, circa 1840.

After serving in the war of 1812, Joseph Palmer returned to Massachusetts to settle on the land that had before been granted his grandfather, Captain Noah Wiswell, for bravery and resourcefulness in the wars against the Indians. Since the tract belonged to no township and could not therefore be taxed, it was called No Town. Palmer lived in No Town for many years, farming his land successfully, minding his own business, and living his days as he was convinced it pleased God he should live them. Like Thoreau, he heartily accepted the motto, "That government is best which governs not at all." Let a man govern himself himself—sternly, consistently, following the dictates of his own conscience—and he would have no need of organized government, whether of church or state.

Among other eccentricities and nonconformist rites, Joseph Palmer grew and wore a beard, not just an ordinary beard but a majestic one of Olympian dimensions. At the time, the church in Massachusetts frowned upon the wearing of beards, majestic or not, and more than once the church admonished Palmer to get rid of his; but it made little difference to him that respectable people said it was unChristian to wear a beard. Eventually, however, old Jew Palmer, as he came to be known, was warned that if he did not shave his beard, it would be shaved for him. Accordingly, one day in Fitchburg, Palmer was attacked by four men who had equipped themselves with shears, lather, and a razor. They threw him down on the steps of the Fitchburg Hotel and proceeded to their purpose. However, the sinewy farmer, so the story goes, had no intention of giving up his beard, and when he managed to open and flourish his jacknife, his persecutors read the action as no idle threat and abandoned their project, not having severed a hair. (Of course, it may not have been the beard alone that irritated; it may also have been the untaxability of No Town.) Anyway, Palmer himself was arrested. He had provoked an assault, said Justice Brigham, and was ordered to pay a fine of ten dollars, which he promptly refused to do. In consequence, he was sent to Worcester to spend a month in jail there.

Palmer outstayed his sentence and remained in jail for almost a year. He had been put there unjustly, he said, and would not walk out by himself. The jailors begged him to leave, and his mother wrote him "not to be so set in his ways." Finally, he was carried out in his chair and left on the sidewalk. His beard was snowy white, the "most famous beard in America."

If, as we say, the game is an imitation of life, then it is possible to see ourselves as the game sees us. If, therefore, the rituals of life are like the rules and strategies of game-play, then to many people some changes ought to be made in the ceremony of life itself. Once more, let us look at the games people play, but this time we shall try to see them as the nonconformist of the second half of the twentieth century sees them.

If the main features of game-play are deception, concealment, detection, maneuver, immutable limits, and rigid rules, of loyalty classifications, and the element of the gamble or chance, then this must also be true of life. Consider deception. Deception in games reflects the inveterate habit of lying that is found among human beings. Practically everyone will acknowledge the necessity for deception in real-life experience. The lie, then, becomes not a lie but simply a way of life. That is to say, deception leads to deception until there is no end of untruths, and life becomes an exercise in detecting false leads and unscrambling false messages. Though he may be a hypocrite in some ways too, the nonconformist despises

above all the notion that success depends upon people deceiving one another.

Maneuver in games is the working out of the strategy selected to overcome the opponent. Though enlightened contestants say that pure play is the object of the game (a philosophy not likely of ready acceptance in professional sports), the real purpose of game-play is victory. If we select the right strategy for the kind of game we ae are playing, we shall win, and that is a great and honorable good. The nonconformist, however, wants to know *what* has been achieved and how it was achieved. He is not convinced that "to win" is the greatest good in life; and maneuver, for him, has the connotation of artifice at best and guile at worst. He prefers to decide for himself the values he will live by, and to set his own standards of win or lose.

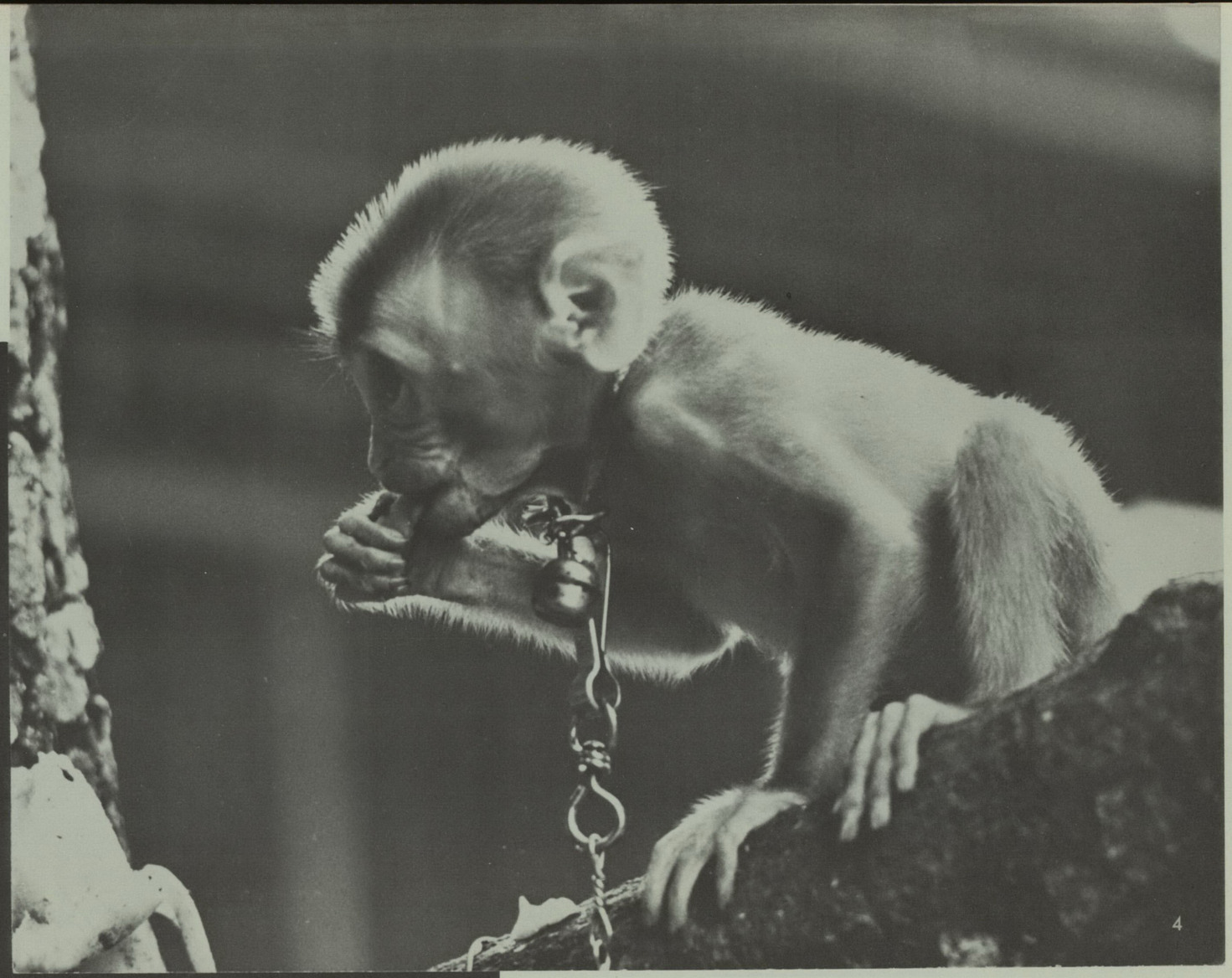
To be sure, as long as people play (live) together, there must be rules; but unlike those of games, social rules ought to be extensible and pliant. Like those of games, however (at least so notes our nonconformist), cultural rules not within the purview of the law are often strictest of all. They are binding, or are intended to be, in every branch of life and are as exacting as the rules of bridge. "Thou shalt not" in some societies proscribes all conduct that does not conform to custom. There is no legal prohibition against the male's wearing his hair down to his shoulders, anymore than there is a law against his having his head shaved. But a community may easily become agitated when a number of "freaks" decide to depart the common mold and exercise their differences in the public eye. The majority will exert all the pressure of the law will allow to change the insulting ways of the offenders. All this the nonconformist spontaneously protests, largely by continuing in his irregular ways, until who knows, when it is no longer a mark of depravity, long hair may become as fashionable as wigs in the eighteenth century.

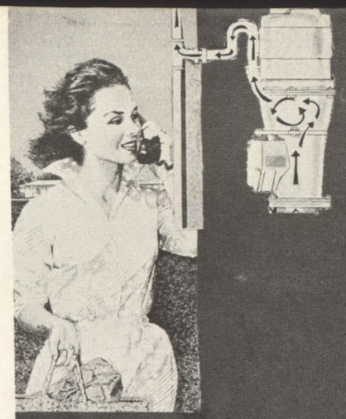
The categorical necessity for classification (for loyalty and role) is perfectly obvious to everyone except the nonconformist. He will not quarrel with society's right to be reassured that the surgeon knows how to play his role or that a Supreme Court judge should not also be a politician; but he disagrees about role-playing and loyalties in general. After study, and consistent with his own standards, he wishes to choose for himself on which side he will play or on no side. Being nonpartisan for him is better than belonging, even though he can't hope to gain much in the way of material plenty by remaining an outsider. What stand, if any, he will take on any subject, how he will play, what rules of custom he will follow in playing, and when he will alter or reverse any position he may have taken — on these matters he will make his own decisions. The youth rebellion of the 1960s was a revolt against being classified.

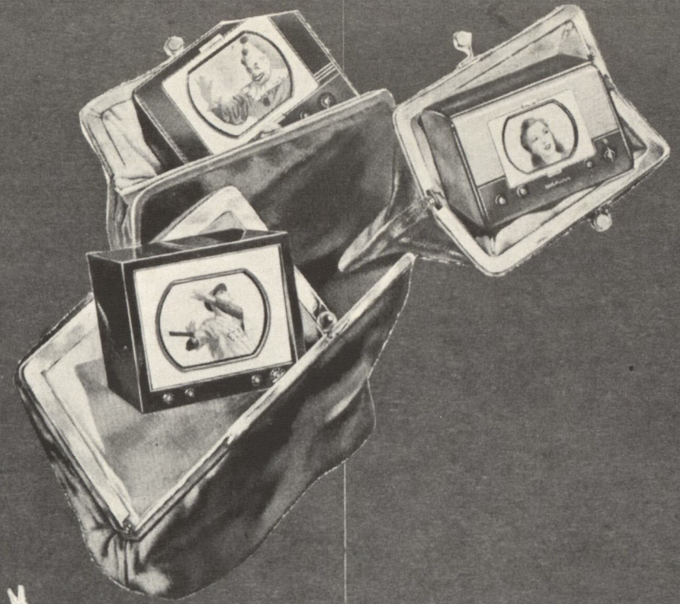
The nonconformist takes a rather cavalier attitude toward chance, the last among the features we shall examine that are common to both :games and life. Just as one can never be sure what horse will hold the stretch ahead of the others, or what numbers will turn up on the dice, so too life is a gamble. But chance, like fate, need not be viewed superstitiously. (We remember Freud to have said that as far as people and their behavior are concerned, there is no such thing as accident.) Bad luck is not fate snapping at one's heels; nor is good luck always a kind lady. Chance, like death and suffering and struggle, is an existential fact of life. Though he may not subscribe to the hallowed traditions of his social order, the nonconformist accepts the universe as is.

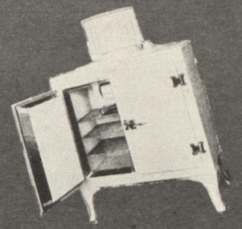
We speak of human experience in the world as finite, and the game is a model of this finitude. We say that law is a category of the universe and the very grain of the social order, and law, too, is imitated in the game. Cynically, we are well aware of the sly maneuvers of which the human being is capable, and this characteristic is also reflected in the game. Lastly, everyone is born with the knowledge that he cannot know all there is to know, and therefore chance, an irrefutable fact of existence, is also simulated in the game.

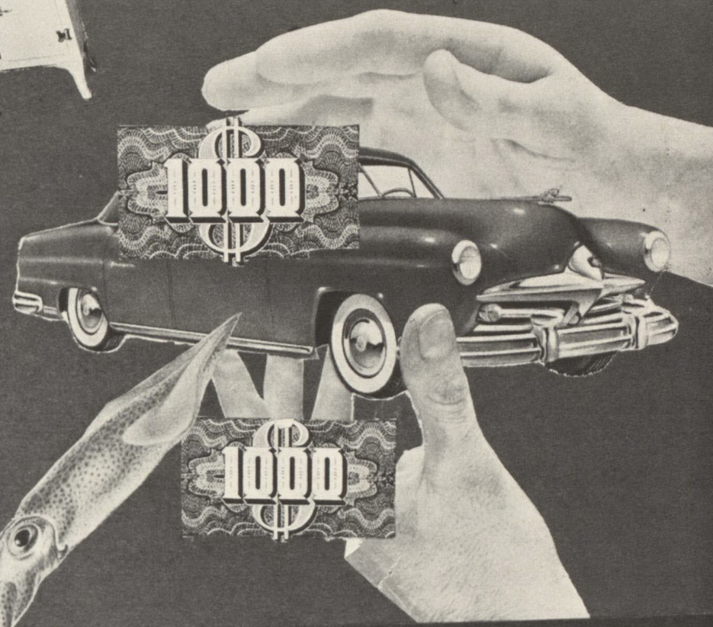
Implicit in the game-metaphor is the nagging inference that life is just a game everyone must play — alone or with a team -- a narrow and restricting pattern of competition, struggle, chance, fair play, foul play, win lose — a perpetual and endless experience of vain endeavor. Little wonder that the metaphor of the game of life is rejected out of hand as a disillusioning comment on the human condition. Considering its widespread use today, the metaphor suggests that it is especially pertinent as a way of talking about human life in the twentieth century. The closer life comes to being *the same as* a game, the less of freedom there is in it.







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Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK
Delicious and Refreshing

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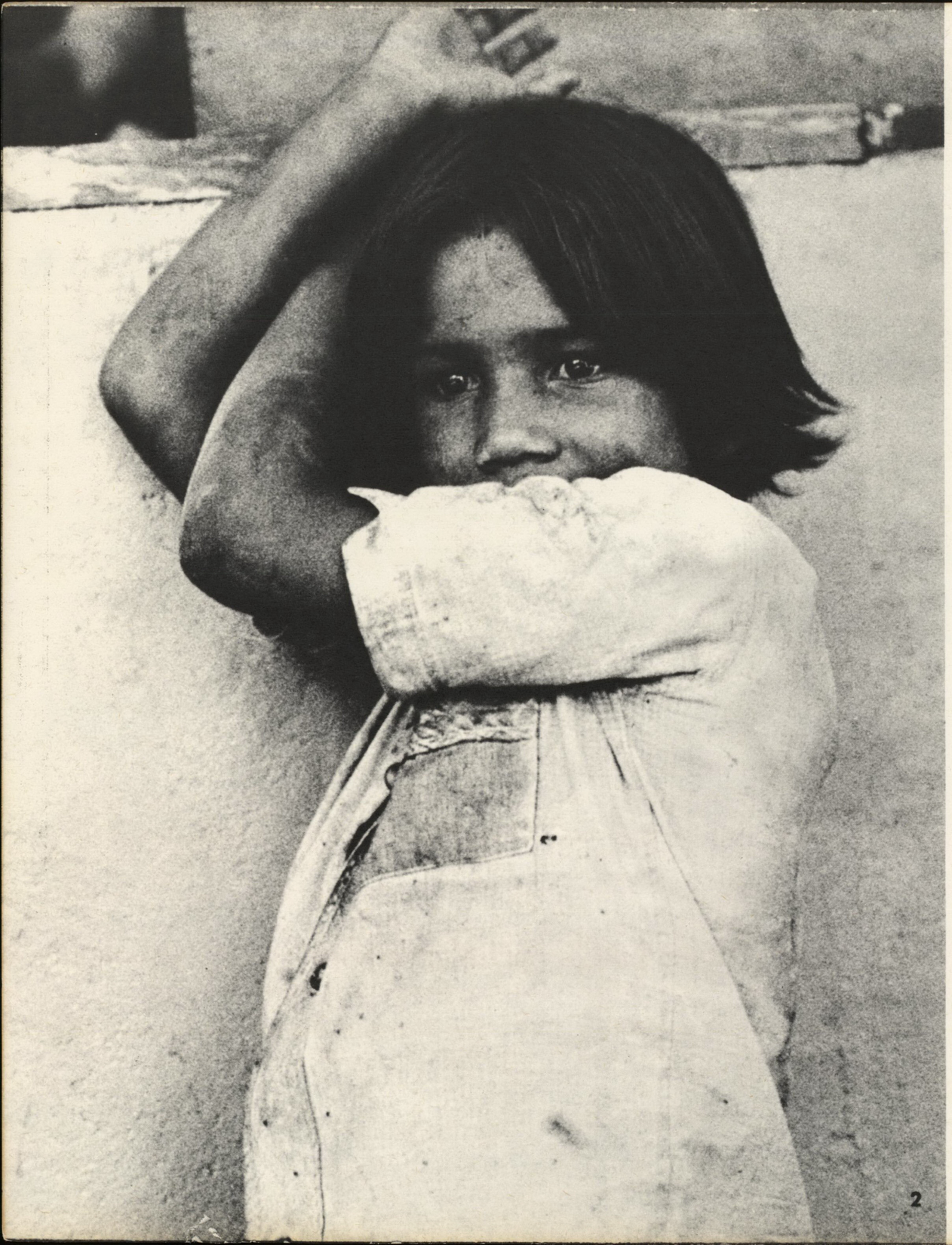

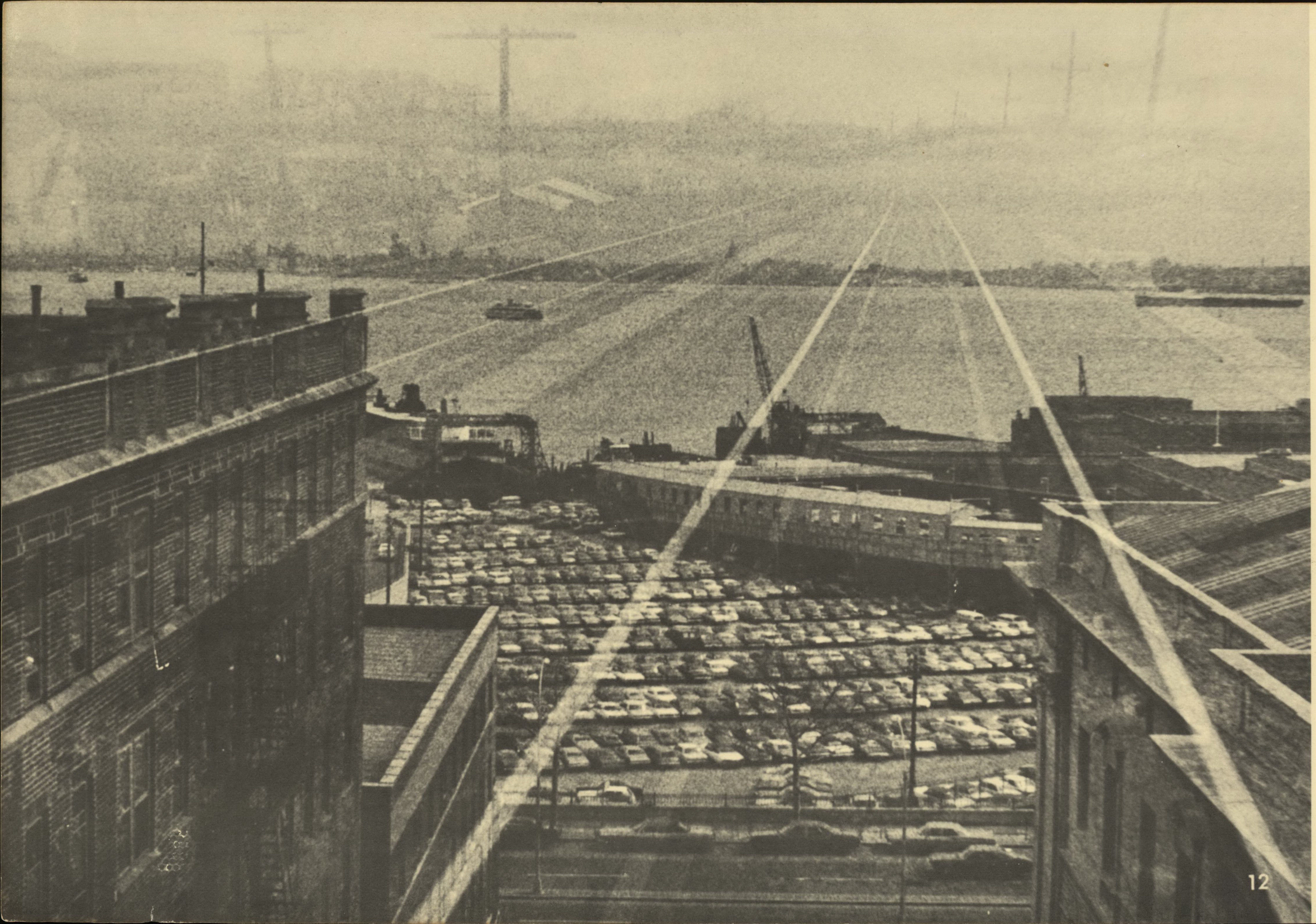
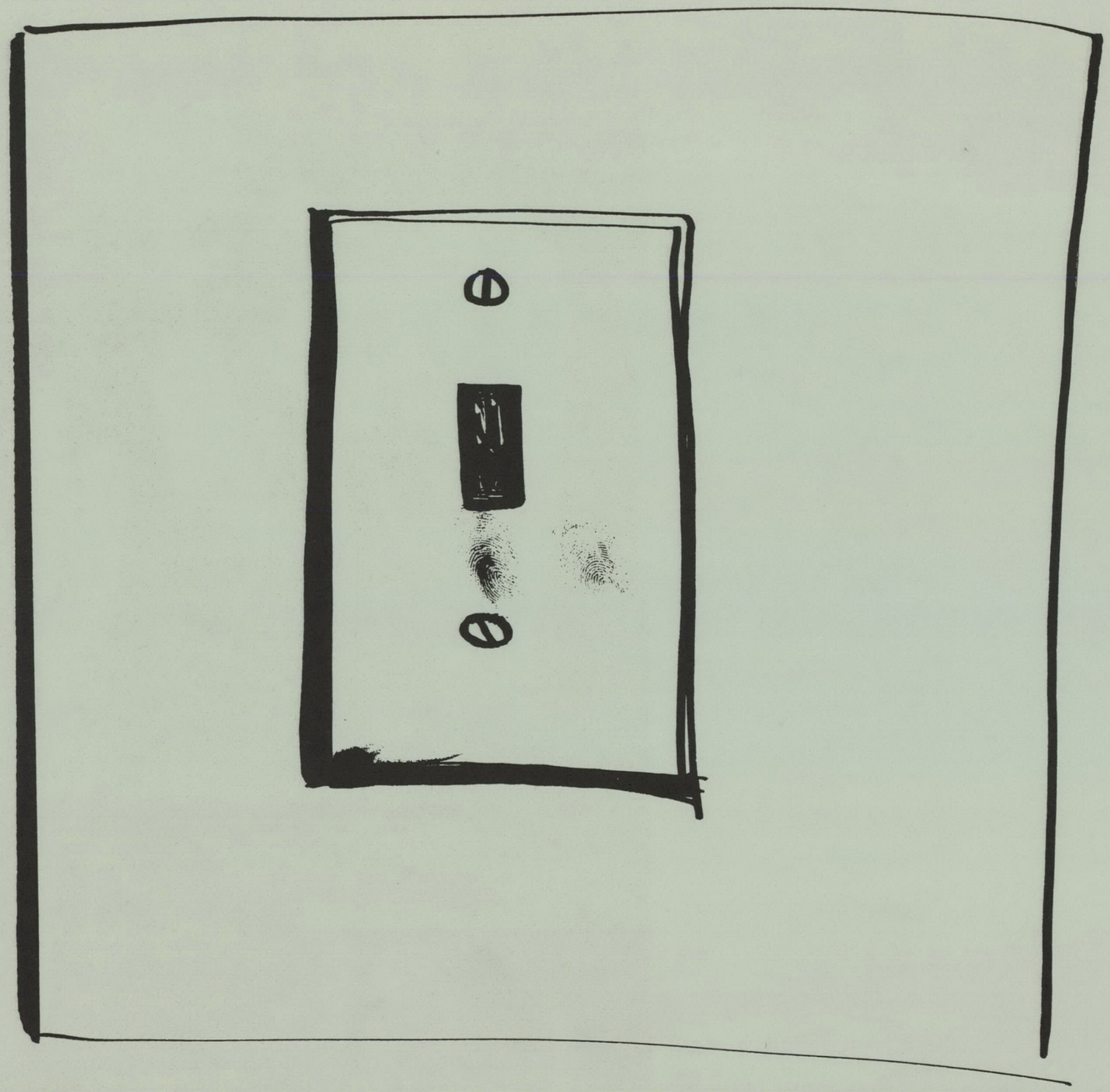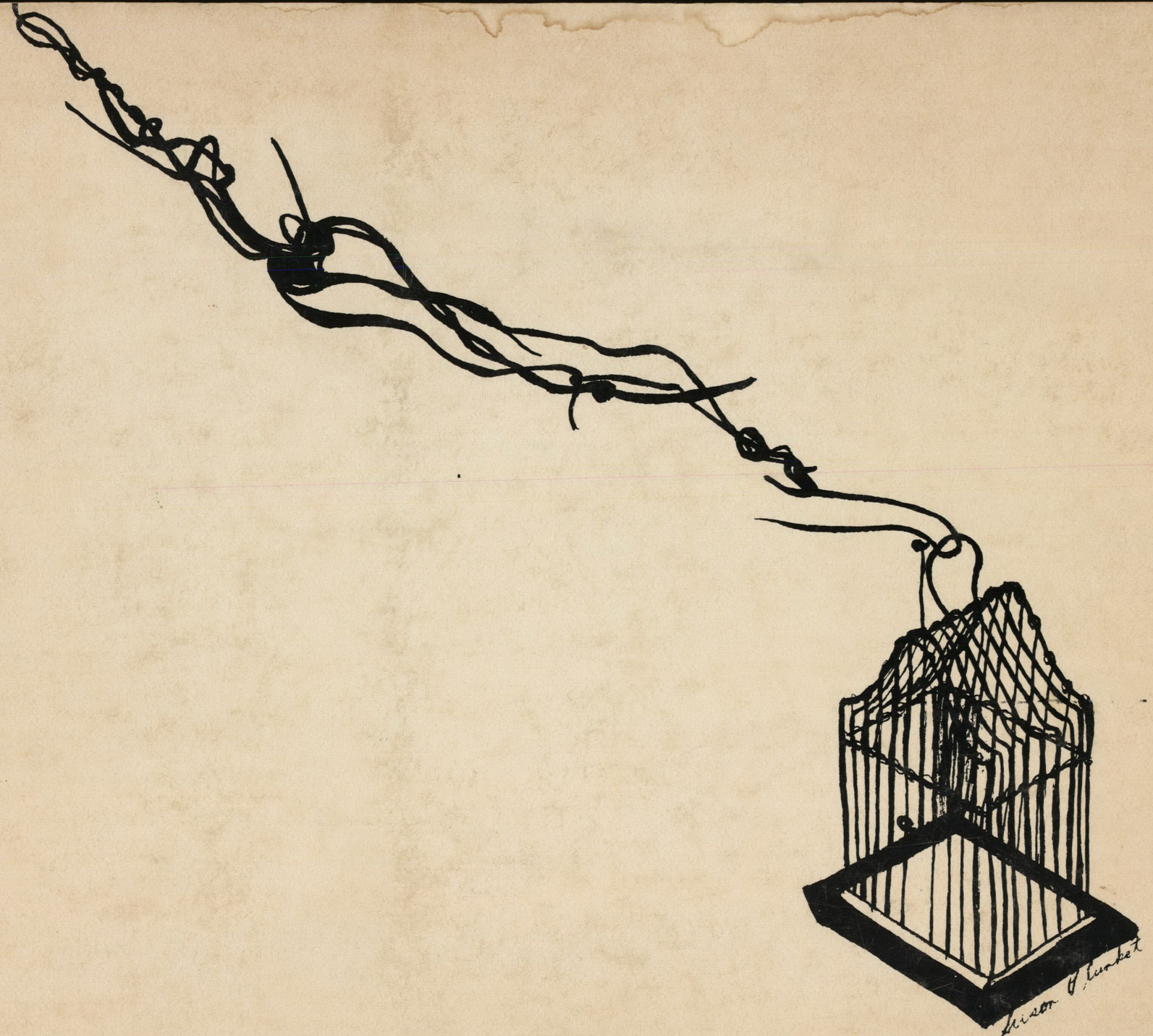
Good morning,
Good morning.
How would you like to bite my ass?