

RCA's Last Minute Allocations

Student Council Takes Action

by Robert Millman

With one week left in the semester, the Richmond Student Association has seen fit to allocate \$11,000 in an eleventh hour expenditure of remaining R.C.A. funds.

Among the expenditures are: \$3,100 for the End-of-term Party in the lounge; \$4,120 to send four students to Africa for the summer. While these are only two items being funded the facts remain that \$11,000 was allocated to organizations through R.C.A. with, "little or no discussion," to quote a R.C.A. member.

The R.C.A. meetings (whose schedules are not posted) are for the purpose of allocating \$55,000 of student monies. It is under no pressure to spend these monies until the semester's end as the money can be spent as the Association wishes.

Student Council receives \$55,000 also, and the Council in conjunction with R.C.A. often fund the same organizations, but the two groups have no mechanism for informing each other of expenditures.

The \$4,120 spent by the R.C.A. to send four students to Africa is part of an exchange program worked out by Manhattan Community College. R.C.A. also allocated \$5,000 for some Richmond College students to attend school in Africa last year.

Some of the other organizations funded by the R.C.A. are the Community Workshop and the Committee of Majors. The Community Workshop received \$1,513. The Community Workshop is also known as the "Teahouse" and is located on Victory Blvd. The Committee of Majors (next door to the "Teahouse") is also a storefront. It received \$2,900 through the R.C.A. Both the Com-



munity Workshop and the Committee of Majors are supposedly "community-oriented" organizations. They are rarely heard of on the campus of Richmond College.

Richmond College Association (R.C.A.) consists of: Abraham Cruz, Ricky Veit, William Lewis, Cheryl Sena, Steve Jason, Julia Harrison, Salvatore Siggia, Marjorie Williams, Kenneth Orbes, Michelle Bevkovic, Alynne Brooks, Murray Weitz, Paul Schmidt, Dorothy McCormack and Ed

Merritt. All are students except for the last four who are Richmond College administrators. The Association receives eight dollars from each student's fee paid at the beginning of each semester. With the present college population R.C.A. has a budget of \$55,000.

R.C.A. maintains an emergency student loan fund which to date has loaned \$3,634.40, of which \$1,226.89 was repaid. The next Richmond College Association election will very probably take place next October.

The New Administration

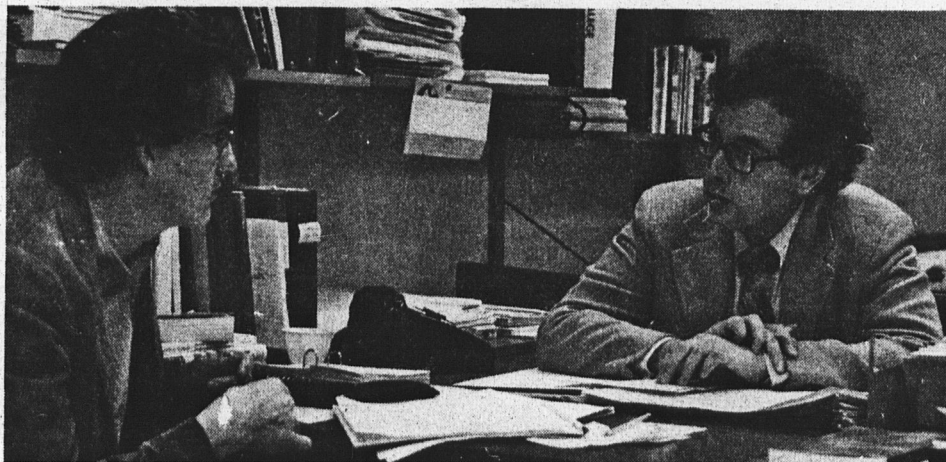
by Robert Millman

Now that Herbert Schueler has resigned (effective August 31), his reasons for leaving become irrelevant with the greater issue of "Who will be the next president?" According to Maria Perez, Assistant to Chancellor Kibbee, a presidential search committee will most likely be formed. The Committee is to consist of one student, one faculty member, one or more members of the Board of Higher Education, the Chancellor's assistant and Chancellor Kibbee himself. The committee (if formed) will advertise for applicants and review the resumes received. When the applicants have been eliminated to a manageable number interviews will be held and reheld until the committee chooses the top administrator.

In between August 31 and the inauguration of the new president an acting president will be appointed. The interim president will most likely be chosen from within the administrative structure of Richmond. As yet no names have been mentioned.

The evaluation printed in the previous issue of *The Richmond Times* pointed out the sore spots in the administration that the BHE will want acted on by the new administrator. "Basically, Richmond College does not seem to know what its objectives and purposes are..." is the evaluation's first comment on college objectives.

Richmond College's goals lie somewhere between a receptacle for junior college graduates and an innovative institution breaking away from stodgy required courses. The problem between this choice is that the first limits the school to accepting students from feeder institutions, and coach them for graduate school. The second tries to develop the individual with a minimum of institutional interference. However, individualism, graduate schools and the job market have less to do with each other as



(L) Ed Murphy (R) Dean Prapas

D. Sheehan

time goes by.

It is important to note that Richmond College was purposefully given a free hand at its inception to find its own purpose. It is the opinion of many at Richmond College that the BHE wants to define Richmond's objectives, to being a functioning second stage to junior colleges. It is also seen by some that the BHE wanted Richmond to develop its goals in the last six years and is disappointed in the non-decision that Richmond has made.

Tom Prapas, who is resigning his Deanship along with Dean Wasser at the end of the semester said of the present administration that Schueler's was "a well intended decentralization" but as it worked out "we have never had a clear administrative team" and that "the administrators are not working together." Mr. Prapas pointed out that no consistent meetings were held between the president and his cabinet (Deans), and that this made decentralization of authority impossible as

the delegated power was never defined. Dean Prapas went on to say that this communications breakdown led to chaotic work conditions. As major decisions were impossible. Administratively Dean Prapas felt that "You can't delegate responsibility without information and definition of power and responsibility" and that what is needed is "clarification of lines of command—an atmosphere of cooperation and honest criticism."

Exactly what the BHE does in to coming shake-up at Richmond remains to be seen. On the possibility that Richmond College will be modelled after Brooklyn College Mr. Ramon Hulsey said, "the fears expressed that the Board wants to force a hard-nosed or dictatorial administration on the College seem to be unjustified." The Board does want an effective, efficient administration, but this should not be equated with Fascism. Democratic governance can also be effective and efficient." Of course the answers lie behind closed doors at 80th Street.

On May 23rd, 1973, student council and the executive members of the Student Government Association met to discuss club budgets and finalize the amount of money allotted to each club. The following motions were made and passed by a majority vote:

—To extend club budgets to June 30th of this fiscal year.

—To pass club budgets as submitted to SGA by ICAC, with percentage cuts.

—That all clubs must submit to the Richmond Times, at least once a month, a calendar of their activities for that month, or have their budgets frozen until such time as they do submit that list.

—That all clubs must submit, to Paula Sullivan in the Finance office, all receipts outstanding for vouchers they have submitted in the past year by June 17th.

Below are the final amounts, as passed by SGA, allotted to clubs:

Les Montage	\$1952
Amistad	\$1954
Gay Mens Collective	\$1502
Lesbian Club	\$1300
Womens Liberation Club	\$1134
Community Center	\$815
I.E.E.E.	\$616
La Association	\$1954
Engineering Society	\$1624
Psychology Club	\$1420
Attica Brigade Club	\$1300
Community Workshop	\$1071
Committee of Majors	\$723

A motion was also made and passed to allot the following clubs \$500 because of their lack of attendance at the ICAC budget finalization meeting and/or lack of submitting a budget to ICAC:

- Political Science Club
- Creative Experience Blue
- Artists Anonymous
- Photography Club
- Newman Club
- Anthropology Club
- Media Club
- Sports Club
- Tennis Club
- International Meditation Society

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SCHUELER ANSWERS BACK

Comments by the President
on the Evaluation Report

The recommendations of the evaluative committee for Richmond College must be read in conjunction with the much more lengthy self-study, entitled significantly *Prolegomena to a Critical Self-Study*, produced by a committee representative of the faculty, students and administration, with input from more than sixty members of the college community.

This committee, in consultation with the president and with his encouragement, resolved from the beginning and throughout its task to view the forthcoming "academic audit" as an opportunity for the college community to embark on a program of self-analysis that would seek to identify problem areas that have emerged in the short existence of the college, solicit suggestions from the evaluation team for the solution of these problems, and hopefully stimulate anew a continuing commitment to self-evaluation and improvement within the college community. Therefore, the evaluation team was deliberately steered toward problems and felt inadequacies.

Unfortunately, the time-table for the production of the self-study during the summer of 1972, and its availability to the faculty just a few weeks before the visit of the evaluation committee, a time that was dominated by the pervading preoccupations of the beginning of a Fall semester, seemingly did not allow sufficient time to insure the thorough acquaintance of a significant majority of the faculty with the self-study and the issues it presented. As a result, the meeting of one evaluator with the members of the Division assigned to him produced a distressingly defensive attitude on the part of faculty who had either not had the time or a sufficient sense of urgency to read the self-study beforehand.

The president does not completely agree with the statement of the evaluation team that "Richmond College does not seem to know what its objectives and purposes are," nor does he find the various statements of purpose presented in the team report as evidence of differing views incompatible with one another. Many of these purposes are complementary rather than self-exclusive and can exist in harmony within a multi-purpose institution. The list of purposes and goals as presented and discussed in the first Master Plan-1967-1972, and in the first section of the Self-Study entitled "Character", both created with wide faculty involvement, seem to the president to offer evidence that there is a far wider agreement in goals and purposes than the evaluation team alleges, and while improvement in achieving these goals is in order, and with some an urgent necessity, there is a wide-spread awareness and commitment. However, the president agrees that a major re-examination and commitment is in order, as it should be with any institution with as short and as rapidly growing history as Richmond College, and with its mandate to enter a field as uncharted and as devoid of precedent and experience as that of the upper division college of which a field as uncharted and as devoid of precedent and experience as that of the upper division college of which at present only eighteen presently are in operation in the United States and of which Richmond College is the second oldest.

The comment that the wide variety of courses offered by the college are the direct result of disagreements on goals and the absence of looseness of criteria growing out of "clear-cut" college objectives is true only in part. In fairness one should add that in a significant number of cases they represent a creative exploration of new subject matter, and new combinations of subject matter, and newer alternatives in the method and organization of curriculum. However, consolidation and the application of stricter academic judgement is in order. This is eloquently stated in that section of the self-study which analyzes the programs of the humanities division, but is true in varying degrees to other divisions as well. As the self-study points out, in too many cases has



D. Sheehan

faculty interest been the predominant motivation rather than student need. The curriculum committee is aware of this problem and is taking appropriate steps in reviewing both new and proposed offerings.

A surprising statement is included in the short section on faculty and instructional resources. "However, the community as a resource has been tapped very little up to the present time." While greater community involvement is necessary and desirable, just the reverse of the statement is true. The team evidently did not consider or appreciate the section of the self-study on "College and Community" which describes with examples the extent to which the community is used as a resource and educationally-significant service. Even greater such commitments are being planned. Notable too is the degree to which many of the faculty and administration are actively involved in community affairs and who have made their homes on Staten Island.

The statement that many members of the faculty spend only two days per week at the College is not quite true. At the very least, the term "many" should be replaced by "some". Such minimal time involvement at the College is the rare exception rather than the rule. A complicating factor are assignments to the Graduate School and to active C.U.N.Y. committees.

In their comments on the student body, the team rightly points out the existence of opinions along a continuum ranging from the extreme of satisfaction to the extremes of dissatisfaction. Disappointing is the failure of the team to report the results of a meeting with a sampling of alumni. This group, including among its members some of the more strident activists and critics of the "establishment" during their undergraduate days at Richmond expressed a surprising degree of satisfaction with their experience at the college. Similarly, an alumni survey has been conducted by the Dean of Students office, part of which included opportunities for the respondents to evaluate critically their college experience. Unfortunately, the returns were not ready in time to be of use to the evaluation team, nor is the summary yet available (it involves the use of punch cards and a computer, which always seems to mean a delay). The collation and first inspection of the returns however, justify two gratifying conclusions, 1. almost half of the alumni responded, and 2. the expressions of satisfaction with Richmond College, seen in retrospect, far outnumber the expressions of dissatisfaction. The summary will be

made available to the Board when it is completed. The statement on the vocational orientation of so many of our students is most welcome, particularly as a stimulus to the development of programs built upon the "career" AAS programs of the community colleges, an endeavor in which Richmond College has already pioneered. (Just another instance of the necessity of our continuing to develop as a multi-purpose institution.)

The statements made on physical facilities are particularly welcome. The college will continue to grow in enrollment for at least another three years. The Spring 1973 enrollment is above that for the Fall of 1972, and both, together, are above that of 1971-72. The search for available temporary space in the St. George area is assuming desperately frustrating proportions. The continuing delay in receiving approval of the Master Plan for the permanent campus from the Governor's office is preventing any further progress in planning and in site preparation. The possibility of erecting temporary buildings on the northern periphery of the campus site is being seriously considered. There are however, serious logistic problems involved because of the distance between the St. George temporary facilities and the Sea View site.

The statement on administration and organization is a challenging one. There did not seem to be sufficient time for a thorough discussion by the evaluation team of the college's history of governance and the views of the president in this regard. The governance system of the college was developed in its first year, and has continued with some modifications until the present. Even though the college had the traditional five-year exemption from the Bylaws of the Board of Higher Education, the plan followed and even extended the traditional City University policy of faculty self-determination in matters of appointment, recommendations for reappointment, tenure and promotion. In its second year, the college pioneered in opening full voting privileges to students elected to standing committees except Personnel and Budget. When some years later, the Board of Higher Education issued its guidelines for new plans of college governance, the Richmond College system was found to be remarkably in conformity with its major recommendations.

In one of its criticisms, the report implies that the administration had the duty to determine the ideals and intentions of the institution and then to transmit them "crystal-clear" to students, faculty, Board

and community. On the contrary, from the beginning, the president, at least, made every possible effort to have the ideals and the intentions of the institution evolve out of the participation of the college community in developing its goals, program and organization. In this process, he consistently made his own views known, and to a gratifying extent found that they were shared and embodied in the major decisions that were communally arrived at. Candor forces one to admit that the first six years of participatory democracy have not been an unqualified success. Several problems are at the root of the difficulties encountered and they are by no means confined to Richmond College.

A nation-wide survey recently disclosed that while an overwhelming majority of faculty surveyed believed strongly in the active participation of faculty in college and university governance, a much smaller minority were unwilling to commit their own time and energy to such participation. Richmond College is not unique in this respect. The number of declinations of candidacy at election time outnumber the acceptances. The situation is even worse in the case of students, much more understandably so than in the case of faculty. As a result, some committees find it difficult to meet, to have a quorum, and to get their work done with some reasonable dispatch. In addition, there is a large number of the faculty who have never really participated, but who of course reserve the right to criticize decisions made without their participation.

Another problem is the growing view that matters which are the president's final responsibility and for which he alone is held accountable, are subject to determination, not advice, by college committees. Two committees were singled out by the evaluation team in this regard—the Search and Evaluation Committee for Administrators, and the Budget Committee. It is clear in the mandate voted by the faculty in establishing these committees that they were advisory to the president. In the view of some, and I am afraid of some of the committee members themselves, these committees should carry determinative powers and that it would be well for the president to accede to their decisions. This is of course an unacceptable view. It makes a figurehead of the president while not reducing his accountability. A case in point is the responsibility of the president for the work of his deans and other top administrators. It is not always understood and appreciated that such members of his cabinet responsible to him serve at his pleasure, and can be retained or removed only by his action. There is therefore agreement with the principles set forth on page 8 of the report.

A serious problem in administration revealed in the report is a matter of deep concern. Unfortunately, only four of the six chief administrators of the college were visited by any member of the team, and therefore, the statement on "deplorable morale" of administrators rests on somewhat incomplete evidence. The real problem is that there has been a significant diminution of teamwork among some of them of late, and in the case of one, a deterioration of relations with the president. It is clearly now the responsibility of the president to make changes in his administration. This process has begun.

The more detailed statement on the division of pure and applied sciences contains observations which cannot possibly be the result of any representative sampling of opinion among the members of the division. The statement alleging lack of administrative support and administrative indifference is simply not true, nor is its claimed isolation, as the evaluation report claims, from the rest of the college consonant with the facts. The division participates on an equal basis in all the key college-wide committees, particularly in the Personnel and Budget Committee; the chairman is a member of the president's advisory council as well as the dean of faculties' academic committee. The concern of the entire college, including that of the administration, has always included the

(Continued on Page 5)

**FREE PARTY MAY 25,
3rd FLOOR LOUNGE
3 BANDS**



FINANCIAL AID

'73-74'

The Congressionally recommended Financial Aid Bill was recently approved by President Nixon sustaining the three existing Financial Aid Programs—National Direct Student Loan, The Educational Opportunity Grant and College Work-Study. The nation-wide funding of these programs is, however, considerably lower than last year's allocation and we, in the CUNY system, will feel those cutbacks come September.

Financial Aid funds are distributed among the CUNY schools based upon the numbers of needy, low income students at each college. Due to a lack of data on the socio-economic breakdown of our students, Richmond was exempt from this procedure last year. As the data is presently available, Richmond, too, will be allocated funds according to this formula. Richmond with far fewer students from low income families than any other unit of CUNY, anticipates upwards to a 40 percent decrease in funding.

Since the most pressing need for financial aid during the academic year, it seems necessary that the decrease in funding be absorbed during the summer months. Given the projected size of the program, it will not be possible for this college to maintain an off-campus summer work-study program. Although a final decision will not be made until we receive final award notification, short of a minor miracle, there will be no off-campus summer work-study this summer.

In order to maintain vital services on-campus during the summer months, a limited number of students will be allowed to work approximately twenty hours per week. As usual, priorities must be set. Those students enrolled in summer session and graduating in August will be first in priority. Additional students will be awarded work-study funds according to income and need, as the allocation allows. The Summer Program will, therefore, be very limited in

order to reserve funds for the academic year.

As in many areas, there always seems to be a better way of doing something and Financial Aid has not been neglected in the area of modernization. CUNY Financial Aid is implementing new procedures for the coming year. In the past, students completed one application form in which budgets were set up, reviewed by counselors, needs determined and funds awarded. All of this took place in the Financial Aid Office. This year, CUNY has signed a contract with The College Scholarship Service in Berkeley, California, who will be processing all applications to determine a student's eligibility and need under the Financial Aid Program. The new form being used is popularly known as the STUDENT'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT (SFS) and is geared to the student. In simpler terms, the SFS has been designed to gather information directly from the student in regard to his expenses and income. Additional information is requested from the student's parents to determine the parental contribution, if any.

To make it easier on students, the Financial Aid Office has set up workshops which have been scheduled to run through the month of June. Because of the complicated nature of the application procedure, attendance at a workshop is essential and is the only way a student can receive an application form. The deadline for applying for Financial Aid for the academic year is July 15th.

THE WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW TO APPLY FOR FINANCIAL AID.

I. HOW

Firstly
A Preliminary Application for Aid

(Student Financial Statement) must be completed and returned to the aid office. These will be processed by the College Scholarship Service in California. The CSS will review the forms, determine need and establish eligibility, using federal guidelines.

Secondly:

When these forms are returned to Richmond, we will set-up a financial aid award package and send you the specific application for each program for which you are eligible.

This Preliminary Application for Aid (SFS) will be distributed at a series of Group workshops, to be held during May and June. A Financial Aid Officer will explain the procedure and assist you in completing the Student Financial Statement. It's a complicated form (a real heavy!) You Must Attend a Workshop To Receive An Application For Financial Aid.

II. WHEN AND WHERE

Because processing of the Preliminary Applications (SFS) is done in California, there is a three-week turnover period. It is therefore ABSOLUTELY IMPERATIVE—that you attend a workshop as scheduled.

Day
Every Monday
Every Wednesday
Every Thursday

Time
2:50 p.m.
6:00 p.m.
1:00 p.m.

Place
Rm. 603, 604: Main Bldg.
Old Bookstore Lecture Hall
Rm. 502 Conference Rm.

The State & The Budget

The State Legislature has cut CUNY's budget \$53 million below the level certified by the Mayor. Despite increased enrollment and increased costs the university's SEEK Program and its community colleges have been cut below this year's budget. Mandatory increases due to inflation and pension "roll-overs" leave CUNY senior colleges with only \$66 for a year's education for each of 13,500 additional new students.

Right now, because of the difference between city and state fiscal years, City University needs \$15.6 million restored to its budget.

Unless the State Legislature restores at least \$15.6 million the the CUNY budget, free tuition and open admissions will be jeopardized.

Restoration of CUNY's 1973-74 budget as certified by the Mayor requires action by the Legislature in Albany before it adjourns in May. Governor Rockefeller must also approve any restoration of funds to CUNY approved by the Legislature.

To secure the necessary funding for the more than 200,000 young people enrolled in CUNY, the Ad Hoc Committee for the City University of New York—a non-partisan coalition of 63 civic, religious, labor, education and community organizations—urges you to write the Governor and your elected representatives today c/o The State Capitol, Albany, New York 12224. Tell them you expect them to restore the \$15.6 million needed to provide a decent minimum level of support for City University.

Here are the details of what must be accomplished in Albany to save CUNY:

An amendment must be passed to the 1973-74 budget to eliminate restrictive language that shifts control of the university's budget from the city (where it has been for 126 years) to the state, and that negates the 50/50 city-state sharing formula that has been in effect since 1966. Enactment of this amendment (Senate Bill No. 6027) would

restore \$5 million in state funds to CUNY's senior colleges and continue the dollar-for-dollar city/state support formula for these colleges.

A supplemental budget restoration of \$1.1 million is required for the university's SEEK program. The state budget, as adopted in March, calls for a \$400,000 cut in SEEK, even though the program will add 1,291 new students next fall, bringing its total enrollment to 9,800. This program of proven effectiveness will face across-the-board cuts in remedial, counseling, tutorial and support services unless the state restores the necessary dollar support.

Enactment of the Goodman/Bloom - Kelly/Hecht Bill (Senate No. 5935, Assembly No. 7493) is required to relieve the hardest hit segment of CUNY — its eight community colleges serving 79,597 students. The bill would restore the flat 40 percent state aid formula and give the university de jure as well as de facto control over its community colleges. Under existing law, the CUNY community colleges are legally under the State University board of trustees, which adopted a funding formula aimed primarily at rural and suburban community colleges. This formula has walloped CUNY community colleges with a 1973-74 budget substantially below this year's allocation.

The present formula takes no account of the enormous rental costs CUNY community colleges must pay out of their operating budgets, fails to provide adequate funds for remedial and support services for underprepared high school graduates, and restricts student enrollment in two-year career programs.

CUNY is asking for a restoration of \$9.5 million in state funds. The Goodman/Bloom - Kelly/Hecht Bill would do it.

Write your elected representatives in Albany today
A LETTER TODAY...
MEANS A TOMORROW FOR CUNY

THE SKY IS THE LIMIT IN THE GAME OF

Financial Aid



<p>FREE 100 PARTICIPATING RCA LOSES RECEIPT</p>	<p>YOU DUMMY UP YOUR 1040 FORMS GO AHEAD 2 SPACES</p>	<p>INTERNAL REVENUE SAYS YOU MAKE 50% MORE THAN WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE LAST YEAR GO BACK TO START</p>	<p>YOU ARE LATE FOR A FINANCIAL AID WORKSHOP LOSE 1 TURN</p>
<p>YOU'RE CAUGHT DUMMYING UP YOUR 1040 FORMS GO BACK 2 SPACES</p>	<p>SCHUELER AVE. BRIDGE RULES THIS IS THE ONLY GAME WHERE THE PLAYERS ARE GUARANTEED TO LOSE!! ROLL THE DICE AND WATCH THE ZANY FUN AS YOU TRY TO OUTWIT THE FEDERAL STATE, AND CITY GOVERNMENT FOR AGES 8 to 80</p>		<p>YOU BUY BASIL COADY LUNCH! PROCEED OVER SCHUELER AVE. BRIDGE</p>
<p>STUDENTS TAKE OVER ADMINISTRATION BUILDING IN FIGHT AGAINST CUTBACKS... MOVE AHEAD 1 SPACE</p>			<p>PHONY RENT RECEIPTS GO BACK TO START</p>
<p>ROCKERFELLER IMPOSES CUTBACKS ON FINANCIAL AID COME BACK INFALL AND START AGAIN</p>	<p>START FINANCIAL AID OFFICE ROOM 501</p>		

EDITORIALS

The City and The State

The omnibus higher education bill, which Governor Rockefeller is trying to steamroller through the Legislature, represents a threat to the future independence and fiscal viability of the City University. The measure is clearly intended to destroy every vestige of home rule in the city's system of higher education. It would weaken the invaluable SEEK program for disadvantaged students. It would cripple those programs of the city's community colleges which are most closely linked to the local employment market.

The governor's budget proposal has already attempted to go back on the past agreement that the state match the Mayor's City University budget. Under the new approach, which wipes out existing legal commitments, it is the governor who instead would determine the amount of the institution's budget. To formalize such a power grab, the omnibus bill would replace the present 21-man Board of Higher Education with an eleven-man body to which the governor and the mayor would appoint five members each, with the president of the Board of Education serving ex officio. Such a body would be only too likely to reflect all the destructive rivalries between the city's and the state's political leaders.

The omnibus bill is a menace to the fiscal soundness, and therefore to the quality, of the city's vital system of higher education. It ought to be defeated.

Reprint from the New York Times

To say the least it is curious that Rockefeller is consistently trying to do damage to the greatest source of revenue New York State has, New York City. How Rockefeller can make the city beg for tax money that came from the city is beyond me. The tax paying middle class is fleeing from the cities with one exception, families that are making use of the City University in New York.

After Rocky has tried to institute tuition at City University by starving CUNY into tuition, he now wants to restructure the BHE, to five state legislators, five city legislators and the head of the Board of Education. I have no doubt that the new BHE would immediately institute tuition at CUNY. The fact that the city funds its own universities becomes irrelevant. This year the state also violated the 50-50 funding arrangement between city and state (state revenues come largely from N.Y.C.) Now that this precedent has been made, state legislators will dole out to CUNY only what they want to give. While on the subject of bad news we have the Keppel Commission Report on Higher Education in New York State. The commission, appointed by Rockefeller, advised (among other things) tuition at CUNY and a massive scholarship program to match the tuition. One of the reasons for such an ambiguous recommendation is that federal aid under Nixon's College Assistance Plan is to be relative to the tuition charged at said school. The Keppel Commission states that all, or none of its recommendations should be used. Rockefeller likes the tuition part but balks on the scholarship half.

It can only be said that Rockefeller has a perverse relationship with New York City, and will one day find his whipping boy drained of blood.

RCA and You

The student funding agencies at this school have \$110,000 to allocate to student needs at Richmond College. RCA and Student Council are the two duly elected bodies that cut up this cake among the many hungry student organizations on campus. The members of RCA and Student Council usually appropriate these monies in a responsible fashion, but the fact remains that the meetings are not posted for the general knowledge of the Richmond College community and these organizations are under no pressure to allocate the entire budget at the end of the semester. RCA (to name one instance) has allocated \$11,000 in the last two weeks of the semester. Because of lack of time, a meaningful critique of appropriations is impossible at this date, but it is odd to see the remainder of the budget burning a hole in their pockets. A lack of communication at Richmond was largely the fault of The Richmond Times in the past. Still, that's no excuse not to communicate. The Richmond College

Association and the Student Council fund the same organizations yet the fact is that they have no mechanism for communicating with each other on what each is spending.

In the coming year at Richmond College it seems obvious that there will be a "tightening up" at the wish of the Board of Higher Education. While it may be wrong to prejudge the next administrator, if what power students have is not shown to be responsible, we could easily be up the creek without a budget.

Presently, the situation is too tangled to speak fairly about the appropriations, but \$110,000 is a lot of money. You'll be hearing from us.

Robert Millman
Danny Sheehan
Peter Sanna
Eileen O'Dell
Madeline Paladino
Ira Grodin
Phil Green

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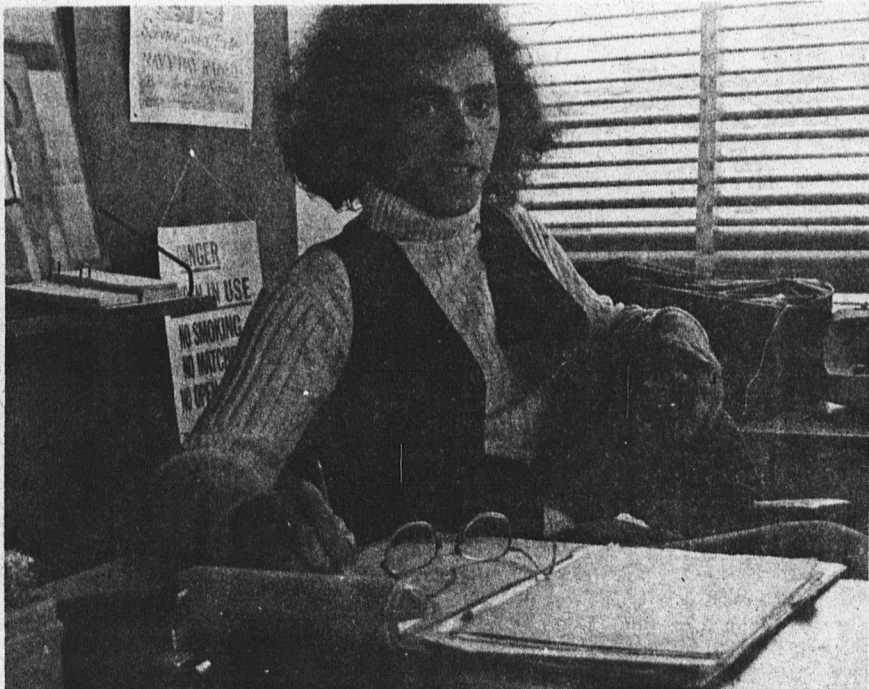
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The RICHMOND TIMES applauds the student council resolution that all clubs must submit articles to the RICHMOND TIMES and urges RCA to follow suit

I Got My Job Through The RICHMOND TIMES



Robert Millman Editor-in-Chief

The new Editorial Staff consists of:

Robert Millman, Danny Sheehan,
Peter Sanna, Eileen O'Dell,
Madeline Paladino, Ira Grodin
and Phil Green.

but we need help

Writers, Typists,
Cartoonists, Photographers,
Spies, Layout Artists, Everything

IF INTERESTED

CONTACT ANY EDITOR

AND SAY SO — WE NEED YOU!

Richmond College Up Space Takes

by Madeline Paladino

What do you do when your houseplant develops a root system that outgrows its container?

A.) transplant it to a bigger pot;
B.) divide the plants into several small pots;

C.) leave the plant alone—and stifle its natural growth.

In the never-ending battled for space in which to function properly, Richmond College has done "all-of-the-above." Having realized that the proposed new campus Go directly to the ninth floor for pictorial evidence—Do not pass South Beach—Do not collect property tax... will have a long, long gestation period, the School has decided to make use of the available buildings in the Saint George area to alleviate its growing pains.

At present we can boast of a college which operates not out of only one building, but out of a community which includes, among other areas: 350 Marks Place (the Psychology Department); 50 Bay Street (Division of Pure and Applied Sciences); 57 Bay Street (Faculty Offices); and classrooms at McKee High School (for that back-to-the-womb feelings.)

And now we can wawait the bon voyage of the Telephone Company (sometime in November???) which will provide us with the first and fourth floors at 320 Stuyvesant Place. No longer will we wonder what lurks behind those yellow walls we see when the elevator door opens for a fleeting moment on floor number 4. For that floor will be ours

at last! No more "keep-outs", no more express stops at rush hour! Instead, when we step out on the fourth floor and turn right, we will either be going to a class, or visiting a faculty office. Should we turn left, we could be seeking out a student government representative finding a ping-pong or poker partner, going to a club meeting, playing Julia Child in the kitchenette, or just plain hangin' out.

As illustrated in the floor plan, this section will be our new student area, complete with a student lounge, reading room, and game room areas (to replace the third floor lounge being converted into more cafeteria space), plus a student government office, newspaper and yearbook offices, clubs rooms, a darkroom, a kitchenette, and a storage area. The space on the fifth floor currently designated to student functions will be converted into a larger Dean of Students area.

So that President Schueler may decide best how to allot all new areas gotten by the College (including possibilities at 25 Hyatt Street and 181 Bay Street), he has appointed a Committee on Space Needs and Utilization to advise him of who-needs-what in each department.

The student representative on this Committee (Madeline Paladino) strongly urges you, the students, to direct any thoughts and/or recommendations regarding the space needs of the students to her by leaving her a note in the Student Government Office, Room 542. In the true spirit of tearing down walls.

Fight For The Budget

This year's budget fight is now at its most critical juncture. Enclosed is a list of senators and assemblymen who have signed pledges to support free tuition and the restoration of CUNY's budget cut. Hopefully we can help persuade those legislators who have not signed pledges to do so. If your legislator's name is not on the list, write or give him or her a call.

ASSEMBLYMEN		
NAME	BORO	DISTRICT
Saul Saul Weprin	QUEENS	24
Leonard Stavsky	QUEENS	26
Arthur Cooperman	QUEENS	27
Alan G. Hevesi	QUEENS	28
Herbert Miller	QUEENS	30
KINGS		
Stanley Steingut	KINGS	41
George A. Cincotta	KINGS	43
Melvin H. Miller	KINGS	44
Howard L. Lasher	KINGS	46
Frank J. Barbaro	KINGS	47
Vincent A. Riccio	KINGS	51
Michael L. Pesce	KINGS	52
Woodrow Lewis	KINGS	53
Calvin Williams	KINGS	56
Joseph R. Lentol	KINGS	58
Peter G. Mirto	KINGS	59

MANHATTAN	
William F. Passannante	64
Andrew J. Stein	65
Antonio G. Olivepieri	66
Richard N. Gottfried	67
Albert Blumenthal	69
Jesse Gray	70
Franz S. Leichter	71
Mark T. Southall	74

BRONX	
Seymour Posner	76
Armando Montano	77
Estella B. Diggs	78
Alan Hochberg	81
Burton G. Hecht	83
G. Oliver Koppell	84
Anthony J. Stella	86

STATEN ISLAND	
Lucio DeSalvio	62

SENATORS		
NAME	BORO	DISTRICT
Jack Bronstein	QUEENS	12
Emanuel Gold	QUEENS	13
Nicholas Ferraro	QUEENS	14
KINGS		
A. Frederick Meyerson	KINGS	16
Chester J. Straub	KINGS	17
Donald Halperin	KINGS	20
Albert B. Lewis	KINGS	22
Carol Bellamy	KINGS	23

MANHATTAN	
Manfred Ohrenstein	27
Robert Garcia	30
BRONX	
Abraham Bernstein	33
John E. Flynn	35

The President Replies

(Continued from Page 2)

division as an equal partner. A larger proportion of students from this division are elected regularly to student government than from any other division.

But the most outrageous allegations of all was the claim that in the case of the battle to retain the engineering program, administrative indifference forced it to go it alone. The record shows that exactly the reverse is true. If it were not for the persistent and aggressive support of the administration, aided in significant measure by the effective efforts and leadership of Professor Arleigh B. Williamson of the Board of Higher Education, and the cooperation of President Marshak, of City College, in helping to fashion an articulation agreement with the School of Engineering at City College, there would now be no engineering science program at Richmond College. In fact, if the faculty had been forced to fight it alone, as evidently some dissident members of the division claim, the battle would have been lost at the outset.

If there is a serious lack of inter-communication with the administration and the rest of the college, it is confined to a few individuals who evidently choose it to be so. Certainly the entire structure of the college encourages such inter-communication, and in fact it does now exist. Any lack is individually self-imposed.

On the other hand, the excellence of the work of the division has been consistently praised by all evaluators who have had the opportunity to consider it, and it is gratifying to learn that the latest report further confirms this view.

The section on the division of humanities is cogent and challenging and should form the basis for more coordinated growth and direction as should the persistent section in the Self-Study.

Unfortunately, the work of the evaluator assigned to the social sciences was handicapped by the political split in the division of social sciences, and quite naturally his report dwells largely on this split, and far less on an evaluation of the many diverse and quite interesting programs in the social sciences. It is difficult not to agree with the recommendations of the evaluator that the division should be reconstituted into one with the appropriate political safeguards for contending factions. The present, hopefully temporary split into three autonomous subdivisions, is a reflection of comparable splits that have developed within the wider

academic community of social scientists. It is most deplorable that educational and philosophical differences, which are the very essence of higher education, should have deteriorated into differences that are essentially political in the academic sense.

It is particularly unfortunate in the case of Richmond College, which has committed itself from the beginning to faculty self-determination and peerjudgement in the matter of appointment, retention, tenure, and promotion, a principle pioneered by the City University, that political considerations—principally problems of achieving tenure and promotion—should intrude themselves into far more vital educational matters. As the evaluator points out, he found a shared commitment of all three groups "to the liberating activity of mind and to the critical uses of academic tradition." The third group, the psychologists, find themselves at variance with the other two sufficiently to organize themselves into another sub-group. But in their case, their decision seems to represent a rejection of academic political issues and a determination to remain an educational entity. The president agrees with the evaluator's opinion that in the long run the interest of Richmond College, C.U.N.Y., and the student, the organization of social sciences into a single division is indicated. How this can be achieved in the present, though somewhat waning, atmosphere of academic political conflict, is probably the most difficult problem that Richmond College faces in the next phase of its development. That temporary, essentially political solutions and compromises, as in the present status, may have to be developed is inescapable, but the goal should inexorably be reunification. The evaluator was most astute in pointing out the damage this split has already done to the inter-disciplinary commitment of the college—for example, a proposal for a program in community psychology without meaningful involvement of sociologists and political scientists and a proposal for a program in human development by the anthropologists without input from the psychologists.

The status of the various institutes—such as, Afro-American Studies, Latin American-Puerto Rican Studies, and the program in Women Studies—are not at the present time properly subject to such a simplistic

solution as that proposed by the evaluator—"to be encompassed by an effective social science program". In fact, these programs are among the most truly inter-disciplinary programs in the College, involving in their scope far more than just the social sciences. Perhaps the solution proposed for integrated studies—the organization into a continuing program of experimentation in which all divisions would contribute—contains the germ of an idea that should be explored further for the organizational status of all these programs. Interestingly enough, the recent evaluation report on Integrated Studies (the Taylor, Sewell, Touster Report) makes a similar recommendation for integrated studies. It is unfortunate that time did not seem to be available for some evaluation of the programs of Afro-American, Latin American-Puerto Rican, Women, and Integrated Studies.

The comments on the programs in the Division of Professional Studies are, in the opinion of the president, the best conceived and most helpful in the entire evaluation report, and he finds himself in agreement with the major appraisals and recommendations. It is heartening to see appreciation for the rapidly developing effort of the undergraduate program to become field-based and centered on the realistic development of practical competencies in the beginning teacher, and for the unique and promising special education program. However, there is agreement also with the recommendation that more imaginative and experimental alternative approaches and programs should be developed. Certainly the faculty is outstanding in its commitment, competence, and dedicated enthusiasm. It should do more to develop creative experimental alternatives to programs dictated by professional certification requirements. These requirements are not the bar to alternatives, as is so commonly and sometimes conveniently supposed, but experimental programs that deviate from certification requirements are not only tolerated but encouraged by New York State certification authorities.

It is heartening to note the commendation for the operations of the student personnel services, including that of the registrar, and of the competence and philosophy of the new dean of students. The president also agrees that the operation is understaffed and the addition of personnel to the dean of students

office will take top priority as additional resources become available.

Unfortunately several bits of misinformation crept into this section of the report. For example, there has never been administrative abjection to mail registration; in fact, the first such registration was successfully undertaken for the Spring semester 1973.

Readers of the evaluation report will note the absence of any major section on the library. No special evaluator for the library was included in the evaluation team because a special evaluation of the library was done in the Spring of 1972 by Dr. James Tanis of Bryn Mawr College. His report, which is being made available along with this report, generally commends both the staff and the collections. It makes certain suggestions with respect to increasing meaningful participation of faculty in library acquisitions, budget and services, with which the president is in complete accord. Particularly as with the dean of the student staff, there is agreement on the understaffing of the otherwise admirable operation, and on the need to give top priority to the investment in additional staff as funds become available.

Finally, in spite of, and in some ways because of the critical flavor of both the self-study and the evaluation report, it should be emphasized that in the last analysis Richmond College is a viable, exciting and meaningful addition to City University, and has achieved much that is sound and good in its short six years of existence. No one has said this better than the self-study committee, and therefore this response to the evaluation report concludes with the following closing statement from the preface of the self-study:

"Lest the unwary reader be deceived, let it be said that the members of this committee share the belief of many of their colleagues that Richmond is a distinctive college—more challenging, frustrating, and ultimately more satisfying than any other college which they have known or where they might work. This enthusiasm for Richmond comes out in many ways and places and it is not absent from this study. But since a number of things are said here that are not at all flattering, let us state our underlying conviction plainly and clearly. Richmond is a lively, vital, exciting institution, and we are proud to be a part of it."

The president concurs.



ARTS in REVIEW

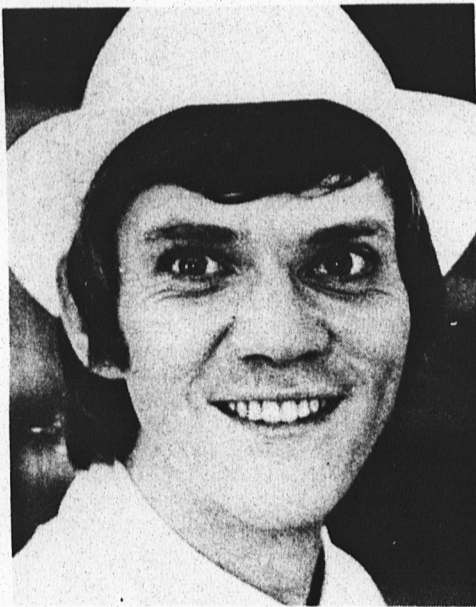


Lucky Man Lucky Audience

Film Reviews
by Richard Kornberg

O Lucky Man, is a unique film and an unusual approach was needed by Warner Bros. in an effort to sell its product to its intended audience—the college student. Since the movie is to open after the close of the college year, early, well-attended screenings were a necessity.

The film was to have its world premiere at



Malcolm McDowell as he
appears in Oh Lucky Man

the new American Film Institute which is part of the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. When the institute denied exhibition to Costa-Gavras' State of Siege many filmmakers, including O Lucky Man director Lindsay Anderson, pulled their films in protest.

After the Yale Film Society heard of Mr. Anderson's action, they invited him to have the world premiere at Yale. Warner Bros., feeling that this would be the perfect setting for nationwide college film critics to view their product, invited approximately one hundred scribes to be their guest for a weekend in New Haven.

Our bus with its population of forty left the Warner Bros. headquarters at 666 Fifth Ave. on schedule on a sunny Friday afternoon. Journalists from as far west as California and as close as Philadelphia were coming by plane and we would all meet at our

THE MUSIC MEN

Theatre Reviews by Richard Kornberg

"Smith" is both the name of the lead character and the title of the new musical at the Eden Theatre on Second Avenue. While this fact is no great phenomenon, it does point up the existence of a double image which helps undermine the success of the venture.

Walter Smith (Don Murray) is a botanist. He has just fired his assistant of five years, Miss Hazelton (Virginia Sandifur), because of her supposed lack of dedication to science. With that done, he opens his mail, and to his surprise he finds a script for a musical, with his name on the title page.

As Walter Smith begins reading the musical "Smith," the walls of his laboratory disappear and he is suddenly "lost in the world of musical comedy." His former lab assistant becomes his present co-star and together they travel to Balinasia in search of a magical plant which guarantees weight loss but has a more sexual side effect. It's like one of those 30's Hollywood musicals with a touch of Pirandello. Again a duality.

As is the tradition with this type of enterprise, the young hero and heroine eventually walk into the sunset together, with their fantasy producing lasting changes on their real life existence.

If the story line of this tuner was the extent of the evenings pleasures, this new show could easily be dismissed. But creators Matt Dubey, Dean Fuller and Tony Hendra and especially director Neal Kenyon were smarter than that.

They have torn down part of the fourth wall which separates this enterprise from its paying customers. When Walter Smith is being taught by stagehand Ralph (perfectly played by Louis Criscuolo) how to navigate between moving scenery and the best way to belt out a song, these lessons are enjoyable learning experiences for the audience. For these and other such devices help make the first act of "Smith" both unusual and enjoyable.

The intended cracks in its veneer comment on the magic which goes into a stage contrivance. It is as if the audience is being allowed to have a backstage view and become part of the production. We are shown that make believe is just make believe and we become privy to the secrets. This aspect of "Smith" is its greatest asset.

Unfortunately its second act goes from the world of musical comedy to the musical comedy itself. We are forced back to Walter Smith's relationship with Melody Hazelton and only an eleventh hour song—so named because it comes near the end of the evening, doesn't really have anything to do with the story line, but is good enough to stop the show—helps this stanza. By this time its too late.

Don Murray makes an appealing Walter Smith, even when lost he's never forgotten,

and he has a charm that many traditional Broadway performers lack. Carol Morley is very funny in a number of small roles and Guy Spaul is hilarious as an island chieftan who cannot recite his lines, even with cue cards at his disposal.

"Smith" is a sporadically effective musical, better than one might expect but not as good as I had hoped. Neal Kenyon, you certainly tried your damndest.

Another lightweight entry is the new musical revue, "Nash At Nine," currently at the Helen Hayes Theatre.

As the title ably conveys, this is an evening composed of Ogden Nash writings, which begins nightly at 9:00 P.M. There are also two matinees but this is the type entertainment that sits better after drinks and a full dinner.

While successful revues have been compiled from works of other writers, the current "Oh, Coward!" and the past "Hollow Crown" being but two, these parts becoming wholes have had their roots in the theatre.

Ogden Nash, on the other hand, has been firmly enshrined as a poet. The printed page is from where his success emanated and while the printing on his pages differed greatly from those of his contemporaries, their effect were a result of concise humor and not breadth.

To call Nash's work insubstantial would be doing a great disservice to be poet-humorist yet on stage this is quite the feeling one gets. Though this wordsical runs a mere ninety minutes without intermission, it has trouble picking up all of its little pieces especially during the first thirty minutes. This reaction is heightened by the uncomfortable performance of E.G. Marshall during this section.

Indeed Mr. Marshall and the entertainment settle down and do produce laughter, especially with the "coffee with the meal" routine. However, the only performer who consistently scores is Bill Gerber. Mr. Gerber's rhythm, agility and personality seem to fit right into the Nash meter.

Milton Rosenstock has composed tinkly, bouncy and winsome music which complements the Nash style and Martin Charin's direction attempts to add a cohesion to the proceedings. But the only completely successful facet is David Chapman's sets. Comprised of oversized dictionaries, this brilliant creation reminds playgoers of the wonders books can offer.

"Nash At Nine" is also sporadically effective, but is always an intelligent evening of theatre.

Saving the best for last, we now come to "Cyrano," the new musical at the Palace Theatre. Yes new, for Anthony Burgess (of "Clockwork Orange" fame) has provided a fresh interpretation, somewhat idiomatic, yet retaining the feeling of the original and

Michael Lewis has composed an evocative and beautiful score. It all adds up to making "Cyrano" the best dramatic musical to reach Broadway since "Man of La Mancha."

Edmond Rostand's "Cyrano De Bergerac" is a heart rendering classic. The situation it poses, of true love lost never to be regained, has been the basis for daytime television and Mr. Rostand's own play has been produced by theatres the world over.

Because of the renown of the original, the musicalization must have been a difficult task for the adapters. Parts of the well structured "De Bergerac" had to be excised in order to make room for the music. At times the original seems to reject the transplant but Mr. Lewis's film background must have been helpful. He has not only opted to put songs in the mouths of the characters but in addition he has composed some lilting music which is played quietly during many of the speeches. While this cinematic device helps in the transition of forms, it might have been more successful if the Abe Jacob's sound system was better. Many times during the evening the cast is either inaudible or else sounding as if they are speaking from within a fishbowl.

Another remembrance of the different mediums of music and drama is in the choice of performers. Many of the roles demand good actors to be dramatically effective yet excellent singing voices are also necessary for the difficult Michael Lewis tempos.

A sort of compromise was reached with Leigh Berry's Roxana providing the best musical moments and the Cyrano of Christopher Plummer taking the dramatic honors.

Cyrano, though a showoff, has little regard for himself. He is in love with his beautiful cousin Roxana, but because of his ungainly nose he does not believe a relationship is possible. When Roxana professes a deep regard for the good looking but foolish Christian, Cyrano decides to help the dumb boy win his cousin. He composes all of his speeches and love letters and Roxana falls deeply in love and marries her new suitor. Even though her first attraction was physical, her love is for his words and not his body. Only at Cyrano's death is this fact appreciated by he and Roxana.

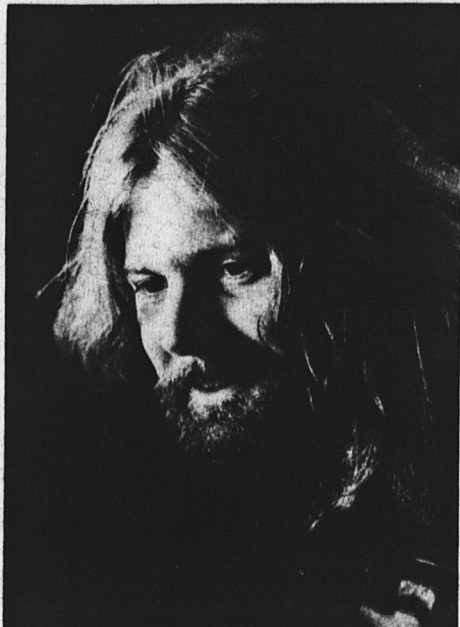
Christopher Plummer is a magnificent Cyrano. I have seen four different actors in this role but none could approach Mr. Plummer's force or pathos. His is definitely the best male performance, in a musical or a drama, this year. Leigh Berry's Roxana is both vocally gorgeous and dramatically sound.

You must go to the Palace Theatre and see "Cyrano." Bring a box of Kleenex. You'll need it to wipe away the tears while you are giving the show a standing ovation.

The Artful Roger

"In The McGuinning..."

by David K. Moseder



Roger McGuinn

The Roger McGuinn Band made their debut last Friday night before a sparse but enthusiastic crowd at New York's Academy of Music. McGuinn, long time mentor of the now defunct Byrds, put on a solid fifty-minute set, though anyone expecting the old Byrd magic may have been disappointed.

Vocally, Roger was more impressive than usual, but there was a disturbing absence of harmonics. This lack of supporting vocals, as well as the repetitiveness of many of the arrangements, may be attributed to the fact that the band, as a unit, had been together for only two weeks prior to this concert and therefore hadn't time to work all these things out.

The new band does not have a strong "Byrds" sound and probably wasn't meant to. McGuinn, the group's lone guitarist, went more often with a "travelling" guitar effect over his usual Rickenbacker chiming, and the inclusion of an organist (doubling on piano) put even greater distance between the two groups. (The organ was rarely heard in Byrds' music.) Like The Byrds, however, The Roger McGuinn Band stood (sat) relatively still throughout the proceedings, substituting musical brilliance for showmanship.

Roger's guitar work was more than excellent and his mixture of old and new material worked well. His new songs included a rocked-up version of the folk classic "The Water Is Wide," and two tunes which grew naturally out of McGuinn's fascination with flying. One was a ballad of a skyjacker (co-authored by Jacques Levy) and the other about two 747 jets "drag racing" from New York to Los Angeles. The more familiar numbers included "Tiffany Queen," "Get to You," "Chestnut Mare," "5D," "Mr. Spaceman," a haunting, touching version of "Sweet Mary," and, for encores, "So You Want to Be a Rock 'n Roll Star," and "Roll Over Beethoven."

Roger's new band cooked exceptionally well with him. It is unfortunate that he failed to introduce them individually. McGuinn

Woody Allen Festival At The Elgin



Woody Allen

This Sunday (May 27) the Elgin Cinema will begin a seventeen day Woody Allen film festival. The Elgin, located on 8th Avenue near 19th Street, will run a series of three double features as follows:

May 27-31 (Sun-Thurs.) "Take the Money and Run," and "What's New, Pussycat?"

June 1-6 (Fri-Wed.) "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,—But Were Afraid to Ask" and "Bananas."

June 7-12 (Thurs.-Tues.) "Play It Again, Sam" and "What's New, Tiger Lily?"

Admission is \$1.50 til 6 p.m.; \$2 after 6 p.m., Sundays and holidays; Students \$1 til 6 p.m. Mon-Sat. For more information call 675-0935.

of rehearsal time and honest, though glaring, oversights on McGuinn's part.

With the addition of harmonies and greater instrumental interplay, The Roger McGuinn Band should make quite a dent in the concert scene. We're also very much looking forward to their upcoming Columbia album. A Byrd in the band is worth—well, certainly it's worth listening to!

Also on the Bill

Preceding The Roger McGuinn Band were J.F. Murphy and Salt, and Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. Murphy and his group featured passable vocals and intriguing instrumental work with most members of this septet doubling (and tripling) on various musical hardware. From hard rock to "Irish" rock (including bagpipes); from progressive jazz to a swinging version of "America" (from West Side Story), J.F. Murphy and Salt demonstrated amazing variety and skill.

In way of contrast, Commander Cody and Co. settled for stale variations on tired themes. Their regressive brand of pseudo-fifties rockabilly was only occasionally interesting. Cody's piano playing, a style somewhere between Jerry Lee Lewis and Chico Marx, was more fascinating to watch than to listen to (Salt's pianist was magnificent) and his two vocals were less than exciting. All in all a tedious set by this overrated octet.

Manassas Down The (Rocky) Road

by DAVID K. MOSEDER

Last May, Stephen Stills and Manassas released one of '72's top ten albums, a two-record set chock full of musical expertise. Most double albums are loaded with extraneous material. "Manassas" was one of the rare exceptions; all meat and no filler. It is ironic, therefore, that after a whole year Stills and Co. couldn't come up with enough top-knotch material to fill their abbreviated second album, *Down the Road*.

"Isn't It About Time," the group's new single, gets the album off to a fast start, but like most of the songs in this set it lacks both melodic and lyrical depth. "Lies," which follows, along with "So Many Times" are Chris Hillman's contributions as composer (the latter being co-authored by Stills).

While these are two of the best cuts on the album (Hillman has never written a bad song) they're not as enjoyable as the two numbers he wrote with Joe Lala and Dallas Taylor for the recent Byrds outing. Indeed, one of the major weaknesses of *Down the Road* is that outside of "Lies" and "...Times," Hillman's presence is not as strongly felt as it was on the first Manassas album. His contributions to that first effort, some of them intangible, were as much responsible for the group's success as

Stephen Stills himself.

Joe Lala, meanwhile, seems to be exerting a greater influence, as the two Latin-flavored cuts, "Pensamiento" and "Guaguanlo De Vero" will attest to. Though these two songs are nothing spectacular, they would have come across much more smoothly if the Cuban-born Lala had done the vocals instead of Stills.

Then again, Manassas is essentially Stephen's vehicle and he does redeem himself to a degree with the opening tracks on side two. "Do You Remember the Americans?" has a powerful, well constructed lyrical message to go with its pleasant (if somewhat familiar) country sound, while "Down the Road" certainly has enough musical strength to merit the status of title track.

The album as an entity is thoroughly listenable though it rises very little above the ordinary, especially in contrast with the first Manassas effort. There are no songs here that can compare to "It Doesn't Matter," "So Begins the Task," "Move Around," "Fallen Eagle," "Colorado," et al. The adjective which best describes this album is "disappointing." From a super two-record set to a soupy half-a-record, Manassas has taken us along with them for a rather bumpy ride *Down the Road*.



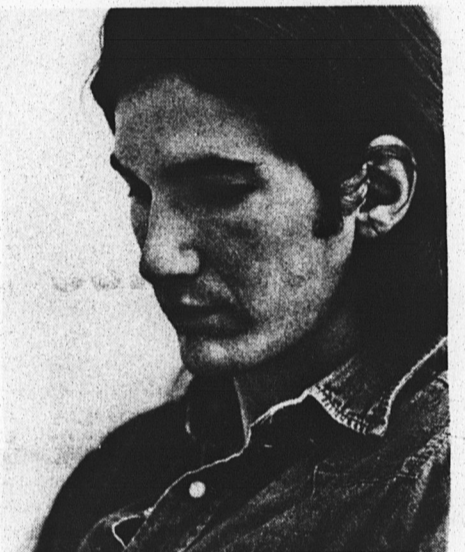
MANASSAS: (l. to r.) Paul Harris, Joe Lala, Chris Hillman, Dallas Taylor, Fuzzy Samuels, Stephen Stills and Al Perkins

The Latest (Greatest) From Townes Van Zandt

by David K. Moseder

Townes Van Zandt must be among the ten most underrated and underheard singer/songwriters in the world of country and folk music. His songs are unpretentious, uncomplicated and distinctively original, like Townes himself. His latest release, *The Late, Great Townes Van Zandt*, is his fifth and certainly one of his best.

Townes is something of a loner, a wandering minstrel specializing in sad songs. His lyrics often reach the zenith of bitterness while never touching the depths of self-pity. Though strictly a soloist in personal appearances, he always has outstanding vocal and instrumental support on his recordings. These embellishments, however, (to the credit of producer Jack Clement) are kept far in the background, allowing the listener to fully savor the crispness and power of his 'raw-silk' voice.



Townes Van Zandt

The only track which fails to stand up by itself is "German Mustard," an improvised, talk-sung number with slide guitar accompaniment. It's rather hokey and overdone, but it does give the first side greater variety and contrast, fitting in neatly between Townes' mellow "Sad Sinnerella" and Guy Clark's rollicking "Don't Let the Sunshine Fool Ya."

There are six other Van Zandt originals, including the haunting "Silver Ships of Andilar," the tongue-in-cheek "Heavenly Houseboat Blues," the ballad-like "Poncho and Lefty," and the sad and powerful "Snow Don't Fall," "If I Needed You," and "No Lonesome Tune." Townes also does faithful, fresh renditions of two country classics, "Fraulein" and "Honky Tonkin'."

It is unfortunate that a performer of his magnitude records for such an ill-promoted label, Poppy Records. (Poppy's new distributor, United Artists, has done considerable promotion for this particular record and has made it more readily available to consumers, but I'm still trying to track down his first three albums.)

When Townes Van Zandt returns to New York (he appeared at Kenny's Castaways last year) try to catch his act. A more honest, unspoiled performer you may never see. Pick up a copy of *The Late Great Townes Van Zandt* and play it through a few times. Then come and join me on my TVZ record hunt.

New Hackman Film

Zandy's Bride is the new title for the forthcoming Warner Bros. film that was formerly called *Taylor's Bride*.

Gene Hackman and Liv ULLMAN WILL STAR IN *Zandy's Bride*, a western love story to be produced by Harvey Matofsky and directed by Jan Troell, of *The Emigrants* fame.

College Theatre - Best and Worst

Theatre Reviews by Richard Kornberg

It's beginning to look as if the Richmond College Theatre has a permanent set. The Jeffrey Moss designed living area has its cornerstone in last term's Ionesco double bill and it has gloriously survived the short life expectancy of theatrical creations. Of course, like any other fashionable room, it has been redecorated by the new inhabitants, with a rose motif supplanting the original green. With its tasteful wallpaper, and coordinated walls and molding, this apartment is quite a bargain in today's era of vacancy de-control.

Within the last few weeks two different evenings of one act plays have tenanted these wonderfully functional environs. As is often the case with renters, the quality is uneven; but in each case some of the parts made up for the whole.

In the beginning of this month, the Richmond College Division of Humanities presented three one act plays by George Bernard Shaw. A note in the program explains that the three are "of Shaw's purer theater pieces, being both for and of the theater."

Shavian works and especially plays of the specified nature are difficult for untrained actors and actresses. While a director may relish the opportunities it affords—to create a style or patina for the production—it is demanding on the performers. For Shaw was a man of words and much of his humor is dependent on vocal virtuosity. The limited pool of casting resources "of the college" is an undue restriction on a play whose boundaries are in the greater realm "of the theater," without the academic clarification presently imposed.

The first of the evening's supposed pleasures, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets" suffered the most from the old college try. Shaw has engendered a mystical meeting between the two geniuses of an era—Shakespeare and Elizabeth. Each protagonist is provided with an additional representative, lower in station but of the same order as the two greats. On the royal side we have a Beefeater, one of the classical guards of the palace, and for the Bard we are given a Dark Lady, presently a girlfriend, later an inspiration.

Their interactions are multi-purposed. Shaw is poking fun at the queen's vanity, class consciousness and virgin status while painting Shakespeare as both a climber and a poet ever looking for a poem, one who is not adverse to quoting other peoples quotables.

Susan Adams has the correct spirit and delivery and she is a regal Elizabeth while Don Crotty's Beefeater gives able assistance to his queen. The best that could be said for the rest of the cast is that they had enthusiasm and knew their lines but their harangues would be better suited to the stage of a debating society, not a theatre.

Not a funny, nor a good way to start an evening.

Things picked up some with the second offering, "How He Lied to Her Husband." Here we have Henry, a young innocent who is deeply in love with "the smartest woman in South Kensington" who also happens to be married. Aurora, the woman in the picture, is distressed since she believes her husband has read some of her lover's love poetry. It is the old trick of honor or off her and this playlet has a neat twist in the form of the husband, who believes that Henry has not touched his delectable wife and who is insulted by that.

Terry McGiver, who has fashioned a career at Richmond out of naivete is again charming and properly winning as Henry and Isobel Smodlaka captures much of the spirit of Aurora. Nate Glattstein's husband was too ethnic for my taste, verging on an Alan Arkin sound alike at times. This complaint was also true of some of the performers in the curtain raiser.

This exercise was competently acted and it had more style yet I was surprised that the humor was not that humorous.

Humor and style were abundantly evident in "Passion, Poison and Petrification or The Fatal Gazogene," a play whose title ably conveys the wacky, wonderfulness of this third and most successful effort.

Director Gerald Mast has chosen a heavily stylized, a little short of a hiss the



villain type approach and the results are nothing short of marvelous. This is Shaw at his most unexpected, and most physical.

Magnesia Fitztollemach (Rosemarie Sciarone) is convinced of her impending death. She has heard the angels sing "Won't You Come Home Bill Bailey" and she has decided to bedeck herself in all her finery for her last night's sleep and her trip to the beyond. As soon as the lights go out in comes husband George (Anthony Cipolla), black caped and mustachioed, in essence, the comic villain. His victim is to be Adolphus, a silver lame fop and his wife's lover.

The action becomes fast and furious with everyone's tongue remaining firmly in cheek. Anthony Cipolla is perfect as the lovable villain with a face full of expressions and Rosemarie Sciarone makes his wife both vibrant and funny. Completing the triangle is Richard Delloff, an essay in affectation and posturing and wonderfully in tune with the production.

This is the funniest playlet, within recent memory, to grace the stage of the Richmond College Theatre. My thanks to Gerald Mast and his cast and of course to George Bernard Shaw for the perfect ending to an erratic evening.

Last weekend the plays were different but the results were the same. At one point, however, it seemed that if at first you don't succeed, just give up.

The program began miserably. "Death Knocks," a play whose title also conveys its tone, possibly could have been funny. It was written by Woody Allen and his scripts do play better when Mr. Allen plays it. Unfortunately, this student directed production lacked more than Woody. What was missing was the vocal inflections which make a line funny and a show bearable.

The story concerns the devil being beaten at his own game, in this case, gin rummy. But the less said the better.

The program proclaimed the second event as "Surprise" with Terry McGiver. He did not show up. Surprise!!

Like a phoenix, the evening rose from the dead with its final production, "Home Free," by Lanford Wilson. Mr. Wilson is currently represently off-Broadway by the critically acclaimed HOT L BALTIMORE. This Richmond College production make "Home Free" equally compelling.

This mysterious work revolves around an incestuous brother and sister. They have

transformed their apartment into a combination bedroom and school replete with blackboard and chairs for their imaginary pupils.

Lawrence (Anthony Cipolla) will not leave the room. When Joanna (Rosemarie Sciarone) departs to do the shopping, Lawrence stays behind with the students and teaches class. For the classmates are reflections of his and his sister's personalities and traits and the four walls contain what makes up his world.

Since Joanna is like mother, sister and wife to Lawrence, it is not surprising that the lattermost relationship brings a bit of reality into their existence. For Joanna is pregnant and their landlady does not want children in the building. As Joanna puts it—"The minute it comes out, we get out." But it is not easy for Lawrence to get out and this produces a harrowing finale for the two young people.

Richard Delloff's sensitive and meticulous direction has elicited phenomenal performances from his two young stars. Theirs is a beautiful relationship both childlike and personal and both performers have to be congratulated. The Tony Amatullo lighting and the Delloff-Cipolla sound are added assets.

This is a production that makes one proud of the Richmond College Theatre Dept. The Richard Delloff production of "Home Free" should be entered into the next regional college theatre competition. We could win.

When a college presentation is better than its Broadway counterpart, mention should be made of it. This is precisely the case with Temple University's (in Philadelphia) production of "The Grass Harp."

Much of the credit should be heaped upon director Joseph Leonardo. Because of his faith in the work, he has lavished a huge budget (some reports mention \$75,000) and an equal amount of taste on this effort. With a bit of rewriting and improved staging Mr. Leonardo has shown that "The Grass Harp" is indeed an enjoyable musical.

Its story is of different outlook toward the world we live in. Verena Talbo's view is of money, stability, and loneliness; her sister Dolly's is of nature, goodness and life.

The twenty-seven piece orchestra does justice to the lilting Claibe Richardson-Kenward Elmslie score and Neil Bierbower's scenic design shows the Talbo money, not their cheapness (unlike the

misguided Broadway flop).

Another improvement is Jamae-Marie Myers' Verena. Miss Myers proved that this was not a thankless assignment and her ability provided a more powerful character, one whose changes really mean something which adds greater credibility and substance to the book.

College theatre does produce some memorable results.

SHAVINGS

The problem with Shaw is that he is a reviewers playwright; even my title comes from him. And no one, not even Shaw, is really at home with the idea that journalism is the acme of anything, at any rate anything positive; we shall not recite the stereotypes, but like all such, they reap bitter fruits. Of course in his plays, though, this harvest is rich, indeed...That Shakespeare and romance is what is beyond our drudge, is common opinion, common enough; so GBS observes titles such as *As You Like It* or *Much Ado About Nothing*, observes a playwright's encounter with the theatre and his sources, observes romance and cynicism, with no capitals, and Chaucer's warts; and the result is diverting, but one feels that somehow, something in this parody-proof melange, really IS missing. But perhaps this irritant, like a fly in a concert, makes for intimacy, and a kind of truth.

Gerald Mast's production is, for him, more of the same. In *Macbeth* and *Ubu Roi* he gave us a process he repeats here, progressively freer interpretations of the same material; one wishes he would now be a little more daring. It would have been fun, for instance, to see his *Shakes v. Shav*, the other Shaw play in which Shakespeare appears, this time battling a character called Shaw, and both are marionettes; or Maurice Barings *The Rehearsal* (available in *The Modern Library's Parodies*, edited by Dwight MacDonald, which no English major should be without); or maybe all he has to do is change the order. Otherwise, there seems to be a Richmond College School of Diction, particularly evident in the first play; I didn't mind the sotto voce, after all we are eavesdropping, but he effect is surely strange enough without this monotone? Alright, any lucid Shakespearean will send "the music! oh Shakespeare's MUSIC!" back to opium dens, and the dig at *Art in How He Lied* is well taken, but alienation in a play presuming, even strutting a literacy its audience clearly lacked, surely would not relieve them of their own lack, is perhaps, already, strong enough? Maybe he's striving for more revolts.

Dan Crotty, also the Butler in last seasons *The Bald Soprano*, continues to raise oddity to a fine art...Joel Cartiglia a properly sober Mr. Shakespeare of Arden...Susan Adams a suitably pert Elizabeth, with finely erotic coquetry (how thin Will's "National Theatre" speech seems with her listening, albeit the occasion of the play! and what a final smile!)...Chris Arcaro plays the title role (of *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*) with little ethnic overtones, suggesting as she should that the third world is a state of mind, now that it is so much more...In *How He Lied*, it is hard, as the filmers of *Dorian Gray* have discovered, to find a really beautiful male, which Shaw required, but Terry McGiver is appropriately out of it (and a actor parody) as the romantic Apjohn...Nate Glattstein's Teddy does the rest competently, his one really difficult thing really superbly in the play he berates Apjohn for not lusting after his, Teddy's, wife, and when Apjohn relents to his adulterous dreams, Nate must smile and his smile must suggest, pride, scorn, appreciation; Nate's does...Isobel Smodlaka's Aurora is marvellous; her spanish tongue would warm the Statue's heart; flighty also, merrily gathering every possible *Candida* with the play...Rosemarie Sciarone superbly made up, *Caligari*—expressionistic; otherwise the cast rolls well.

—Theodore H. Merwin

A Peek At Porno

by Richard Kornberg

Deep Throat has been declared obscene in cosmopolitan New York City while a court in rural Binghamton has come up with the opposite verdict. This baffling turn of events takes on an even wierder tint when one considers that presently films of an even raunchier nature continue to be unspooled at various locations in and around the Manhattan midtown area.

Of course the deck was stacked against the movie in the NYC game of chance. Mayor Lindsay chose the film for its now famous court case as a means to begin a clean-up of our no longer Great White Way.

On the surface it would seem that the distributors of the film had everything to gain. The publicity alone assured a

The poor soul looks perturbed but he soon recovers and informs Linda that he might be able to do something about it. He then calls his doctor and asks if he could cut off two inches. A gleam comes to Linda's eyes, she rips off his clothing, and bends to her task. The music swells and so does his member.

The End

Since there are just so many positions for sexual intercourse and even fewer places for the camera to linger, there is a distinct similarity to most porno footage. Even the supposed distinction between straight and gay porno is only a change of players—for the actions captured on the screen are the same.

In all hardcore films the male climax is the do all and

soul, then on to the next.

A couple of movies have sections that do stand out. In *The Devil in Miss Jones* the pretext for its sex is leading lady Georgina Spelvin's impending arrival in hell. The film begins with Miss Spelvin slitting her wrists in a bathtub full of water. Life has been difficult for the poor miss but she did not expect death to be equally arduous. She has been a good woman all her life, good and depressed. She is being sent to hell for taking her own life but before couldn't she also be taken? Yes the poor girl is a virgin and she convinces the man of hell-fire and damnation to send her back to the real world so that she can experience her just desserts. Then at least she could be damned for the sin of lust.

The first section of this movie is expertly filmed and



Hot Channels

huge box office response. Also how could a big city court find a film obscene when the respected citizens of upstate Binghamton did not?

But the prosecution was too smart. Reasoning that a jury would find worth in this cinematic wonder, a trial before a judge was ordered. This maneuver worked because the city was trying the case for a licensing infringement and this type of proceeding is heard before a jury.

With Lindsay's reputation on the line, the odds had to be cut down even more. Hence the choice of the aged Joel Tyler, a former Commissioner of Licenses, as the presiding judge. His strict views on sex made him more purist than jurist.

To the unknowing person who followed the court proceedings closely, a not guilty verdict would seem in order. The weight of the evidence was on the side of the defense with noted film critic, Arthur Knight, of *Saturday Review* being just one of its star witnesses. Also the testimony of a chief prosecution witness, a geriatric psychiatrist, had to be totally discounted. He had gone to see *Deep Throat* but he mistakenly left the theatre after only seeing the shorts, falsely believing he had viewed the real thing.

For virgin filmgoers, those people who have not yet discovered hardcore pornography, a description of *Deep Throat* is in order.

Linda Lovelace plays a woman with a problem. She is unable to achieve orgasm. After a visit to her local gynecologist, it is discovered that our less than blameless heroine is in deep trouble. She is missing one of nature's gifts, a clitoris.

This loss is eventually found by our adventurous G.P., but in the wrong spot. For lovely Linda's organ is located in the furthest reaches of her throat, hence the film's title.

Our heroine is not at all happy with this chain of events and when the doctor questions her consternation the repartee goes something like this:

Doc: You shouldn't be unhappy. At least you got one.

Distressed Damsel: How would you like it if your balls were in your ears?

Being a modern woman, Ms Lovelace learns rather quickly to live with her problem. She finds that to reach her climax, and for that matter, her clitoris, it takes a man with a rather large organ. The rest of the picture recounts Linda's striving for the American dream—bigger and better.

At the end she meets her Romeo. Before proceeding she tells him the sad news that he has to have a ten inch penis.

the end all and it is always treated in the same manner. It is as if the Catholic church and birth control were on the minds of the participants for the withdrawal method is indeed en vogue. A split second before climax the dutiful male derails his organ from its piston-like course and the audience is treated to the showering rewards. In "Loveland", the next attraction at the Orleans Theatre, the sight takes on unintentionally laughable results. Picture twelve couples going at it during a group orgy. Since they all began at about the same time, their individual finales just about coincide. Because we, the audience, have to experience each coming together, the poor cameraman is in constant motion; settling on one throbbing phallus just long enough for it to pour out its



It Happened In Hollywood

quite harrowing in its realism. But of course viewers are not flocking to the Lincoln Art Theatre just to see graphic suicides. Sex is the name and sex is the game and *The Devil in Miss Jones* has its abundance. At one point Georgina goes as far as sodomizing a snake. Linda Lovelace never thought of that one.

Behind the Green Door has two big things going for it. As a publicity angle nothing can top its star Marilyn Chambers. Her fresh, winsome face is familiar to millions of Americans because she is the mother with child on the Ivory Snow box. Now porno filmgoers can see snow turned to slush and Proctor and Gamble is not at all happy about that.

Its second asset, and this is definitely more important in the overall sex-film genre, is the intelligence with which its creators handle the male climax. Only once does the penis leave its appointed route, and this excursion has to be seen to be believed. Time and color are distorted producing an effect akin to the trip sequence in *Space Odyssey*, making *Behind the Green Door* the 2001 of skin flicks.

Porno palaces, once the province of dirty old men, are now frequented by a more normal looking lot. Since many features have a sixty or seventy minute running time, it is far from unusual for a businessman to spend his lunch hour in these former "houses of ill repute". Indeed the usual \$5.00 admission price acts like a screening device, keeping the seedy elements on the streets.

Gay oriented theatres in many cases do not simply function as cinematic showcases. A sizeable segment of their audience is less interested in what's going on on the screen and more prone to an awareness of their immediate seatmates.

Indeed, the subject matter of the current attraction at the 55th St. Playhouse—once a showcase for Japanese features but now the class male-male theatre—*The Back Row*, is precisely this type of extracurricular picture house shenanigans. This film is redeemed by the style of the classic homosexual choice it poses at its conclusion—whether a person should be content with what he has or opt for the allure of a new furtive glancer.

The Back Row as well as the *Gone With The Wind* of gay porno, *Boys in the Sand*, starred Casey Donovan. Mr. Donovan, who resembles that fraternity boy your sister always had a craving for, is one of a few porno performers who have reached star status. Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers, Georgina Spelvin, and Cindy West also have their names on theatre marquees, above the titles of their

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A Not Quite Heavenly "Children's Mass"

A Theatre Review
by Richard Kornberg

The *Children's Mass* is the unfortunate title of the new play at the Theatre de Lys. This misnomer pinpoints the mistake of the enterprise, since the drama's focus is built upon a second act action whose reality is questionable at best.

Everything begins well enough. We are introduced to three roommates, two gay and one straight. Their SoHo loft includes bare pipes and through the talents of playwright Frederick Combs, the lives of the participants become as exposed as the surroundings.

Mr. Combs' work is not a typical homosexual play. Even though it concerns a subculture of a subculture—most particularly a transvestite and a hustler—its message, at least in the first act, is universal in appeal and feeling.

Geoffrey (Gary Sandy), the boy who sells his body to the highest bidder is the

breadwinner of the group. A former art student, he has learned to realize his greatest commodity and use it to support his friends.

Jimmy (Kipp Osbourne) is the straight member of the triangle, a writer who just cannot write. He also has the additional handicap of being crippled and though he chastises Geoffrey, it is also evident that he is somewhat envious of, and a bit fascinated by, his friend. "I wish I was good looking enough to have that choice, that choice of selling it or not. To be a really good looking guy."

Dutchie (Courtney Burr) completes the trio. He has all the conventional female beauty, unfortunately without the "she" to go with it. While one might say he wears his problem well, the transvestism is complimented by an intense need and an even greater dependence on drugs.

This unlikely group is surrogate mother to two neighboring children. Their real mother is sequestered in her apartment, either racked with pain or sleeping off the effects

of the remedy.

This is a play about cripples. In Jimmy's case it is obvious; he wears it for all to see. The mother, a status glorified by society, is completely unable to satisfy her duties while her substitutes are condemned for their less than normal behavior. Only the children have the untainted eyes to appreciate people as human beings, simply for their goodness, disregarding their supposed shortcomings.

Under Richard Altman's deft direction, the first act concludes with a frightening confrontation between Dutchie and her friends. She is off to a society ball and she has taken a little something to get into the mood. The little something happens to be administered by needle and the roommates are appalled that the former junkie is up to her old tricks.

Oh yes, a love altar was also built and in the second stanza drugs and mysticism come to the fore. It is this disregard for prior relationships and realities that upends the vehicle into its own artificial haze. While we are spending most of this latter act with

Dutchie and her new pick-up (well acted by Donald Warfield), we miss the relationships initially established. While good structure does not make a play, it would have made this one the evening it deserved to be.

The Peter Harvey set, a combination of urban decay and renewal, was an asset but it is the performances of two of the leads which adds truth and believability to the proceedings.

Courtney Burr is simply brilliant as Dutchie. Using both his hands and his mouth to speak and letting his body do the rest, Mr. Burr made a character out of what could easily have been a caricature. And Gary Sandy was his equal in the less showy role of Geoffrey. When Geoffrey says that "he didn't plan to grow up and be a hustler" you nod your head in agreement because Mr. Sandy is combining his soul with the body he's portraying. Elizabeth Farley also stands out in her small role.

Even with its flaws, *The Children's Mass* is a well acted, often compelling drama that should be seen.

Porno...

(Continued from Page 9)

respective, but not respected, vehicles.

In many cases because of the stigma attached to their in-the-buff actions, porno performers are forced into a double identity, using one name for their skin flicks and quite another in the other aspects of their careers. Mr. Donovan is an example of an actor who has appeared in countless advertisements, two as yet unreleased above-ground features, and on the Broadway stage. But of course using his real name, not as Casey Donovan.

The only possible exception so far to this rule is Linda Lovelace. She must have shocked TV viewers earlier this year when she appeared in a Gleem toothpaste commercial. It went something like this:

Hi—I'm Linda Lovelace and I need a strong toothpaste. I use Gleem. If Gleem works for me it's sure to be good for your everyday needs.

Linda Lovelace's appearance on television is quite possibly a signal for upcoming change. Even the most conventional of people might choose to view hard core

flicks. If you have never experienced porno but want to go to one film before you die, to see what all the commotion is about, your best bet would be *It Happened in Hollywood*.

This film has about as much sex as any other, but it is a bit more erotic and a lot better filmed. Replete with a catchy musical score and good color photography *It Happened in Hollywood* concerns the rise to fame of one Felicity Split, unemployed switchboard operator. Most porno films are unintentionally funny, with audiences laughing at the poorness of the dialogue. Not so in *Hollywood*. The creators have updated some basic vaudeville gags and the result is a frequently funny sex film.

If Franco Zeffirelli chose to make a porno movie, the result might be *Hot Channels*. But the expertise of the color photography is about all that can be recommended here. For some strange reason, the creators have seen fit to equate sex with dirt. The hapless couple Davy Jones and Melanie Daniels, are forced to grovel in their own filth. In the last few minutes, after the two stars have freshly bathed and dressed, the film finally fulfills its promise of erotic pleasure. But it is a bit too late and up until that point *Hot Channels* is much too repetitious.

In today's changing world the New York Daily News has set itself up as the bastion of morality. *VARIETY*, the show business weekly, states that the News consistently

finds sexpo titles to be unacceptable when the originals run unchanged in the Times and the Post. Thanks to *VARIETY* listed below are some of the more notable title changes attributed to the News: *Deep Throat—*

"Throat"
Meatball—"Hamburger"
Meat Rack—"Street Rack"
Teenage Slaves—"Teenage Serfs"
Cherry Blossoms—"Berry Blossoms"
Sons and Mothers—"Sons and Others"
Seduction of Inga—"Temptation of Inga"
Pornography in New York—"Permissiveness in New York"
Hot Parts—"Ultra Violet's Guide to 40 Years of X Films"
Massage Parlor—"Menage Parlor"
Mary Jane—"Mary J"

Incidentally, the News runs more pornopic advertising than any other local daily.

Deep Throat has brought about a whole new change in community viewing habits. It's now no longer unusual to see young couples entering hard core porno houses. The sight of a sexpox marquee proclaiming "All Sound, All Color", which reminds this writer of the early days of Hollywood, will soon be a thing of the past. We are coming to an age of class pornography.

'Lucky Man' Glows; Paper Moon Shines

(Continued from Page 6)

destination, the Sheraton Park Plaza Hotel. We arrive. I am given a huge publicity kit, a room key, the itinerary, and a name tag which I am to wear but which misspells my already cumbersome handle.

I have a private room. Quite nice. Its on the 16th floor and it has a color television, air conditioning, and a super view of New Haven. But there is no time to appreciate it for I am already late for dinner.

What a choice! Ham, roast beef, lobster, salads—you name it and most likely it is on one of the large buffet tables. It was like this at every meal.

Next, a screening of a past Lindsay Anderson film, *If...* It was felt that seeing other works of the director would help us to greater appreciate *O Lucky Man*. Its fine with me. I hadn't seen *If* in three years and it was like being reacquainted with an old friend.

More food, more films, interviews with Lindsay Anderson and star Malcolm McDowell, and finally *O Lucky Man*. Then back to the hotel and a midnight party in the Grand Ballroom.

Phew! It was wonderful.

O LUCKY MAN

Lindsay Anderson's *O Lucky Man* is a phenomenon. Its use of the filmatic medium is unsurpassed yet it is not adverse to also borrowing techniques usually reserved for literature and theatre. It is a monumental achievement.

The film begins with a prologue in which Malcolm McDowell appears as a Mexican peasant coffee picker who gets his hands chopped off for stealing a few beans.

After the credits—which are seen over a Lindsay Anderson directed recording session and which cue the audience to the

style of the movie to come—we again meet McDowell. Now it is present day England and the star is on a higher rung of society's ladder. He has proven himself in coffee salesman's school and as his first assignment he is being dispatched to the northeast. "You take over jobs when the other people die or abscond"—he is told by an older and wiser man, but our Candide like hero believes this to be only his first step.

Things don't go as smoothly as he had expected because he is forced to continue the shady deals made to the customers by his predecessor.

After innocently (the film is a chronicle of innocence both lost and rekindled) crossing into a restricted defense plant, in an effort to sell his wares, he's mistaken for a spy and narrowly escapes after an explosion at the installation.

His car just a burnt out shell, his clothing ruined, McDowell next sells his only remaining possession—his body—to science. Discovering that the week long experiments might become a lifetime regret—the rearranging of DNA in another guinea pig has made the individual assume the literal meaning of the term (which is not the subject of scientific research)—he proceeds to extricate himself from the situation.

Still believing money to be the ultimate goal, our hero becomes the private secretary to one of the world's wealthiest men. This endeavor also has a sad conclusion and McDowell finds himself behind bars.

Prison has a profound effect on our now no longer smiling man. All that glitters is not gold (except when worn as a suit earlier in the film) and a desire to help his fellow man replaces his previous preoccupation for material gains.

It's not the world that's changed but his outlook toward it; yet humanity is just not ready to be saved. Our lucky man is, however, and he stumbles upon a director who is casting for his new movie. He gets the starring role.

The film is *If*, which for McDowell was the turning point in his career. These autobiographical references for director Anderson and his star are not mere coincidence. Indeed our hero in *O Lucky Man*, Mick Travis, was also the lead character in *If*.

These similarities and extensions might tend to overshadow any less successful film. But director Anderson has gloriously succeeded in conveying the universality of theme in this epic work.

O Lucky Man has a circular narrative and audience understanding grows as the film progresses. While this will not cause initial confusion, it is in retrospect that one appreciates the brilliance of the creation. This feeling is quite similar to the one engendered by his stage work, *Home*.

The director has also used the theatrical convention of casting the same actors in many small roles. We come upon Mona Washbourne, Dandy Nichols, Ralph Richardson, Arthur Lowe, Rachel Roberts and the other excellent British performers in various garbs and situations. This repertory company has worked with the director on other efforts and their presence helps make *O Lucky Man* Anderson's ultimate achievement.

For Malcolm McDowell the film must have been a unique challenge. The actor is put into the difficult position of reactor—never initiating situations, simply reacting to their existence, in this world with its radios always announcing catastrophe.

O Lucky Man demands to be seen several

times—first to experience, then to appreciate and finally to revere.

Paramount Pictures, the company which has spiraled to financial success within recent years on the tails of *Love Story* and *The Godfather* has another film which will swell its already bulging coffers. It's Peter Bogdanovich's *Paper Moon*, both a beautifully sensitive examination of a relationship and a testament to our simpler, less chaotic past.

It is Kansas in the 1930s, Roosevelt is president and people are picking themselves up from the depression and looking for new ways to make a buck. Moses Pray (Ryan O'Neal) has found a gimmick. This con man goes from town to town, first picking up the local newspaper and noting its obituaries, then appearing at the house of the bereaved spouse, selling a bible that is already personally engraved with the name of the surviving family member (he has a miniature printing press in the backseat of his car) which always seem to be the last request of the dear departed.

In his life comes Addie Loggins (Tatum O'Neal) who may or may not be his daughter, but who is definitely his forced companion on his journey between Kansas and Missouri. Their excursion will bring a tear to your eye and laughter to your lips while you are riveted to your seat, captured by the charm of the whole enterprise.

While *Paper Moon* shows Mr. O'Neal at his best, it is Ryan's daughter, Tatum, who will be remembered. Not since the days of little Shirley Temple has a child performer so captured the hearts of an audience.

Paper Moon is a beautiful evocation of a time and an advocacy of its joys.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A CHESS MASTER

Checking Out A Mate

by Ira D. Grodin

Richmond College has no formal athletic department, but we do have one of the finest chess players and teachers in New York, Mr. Edmar Mednis. It was my pleasure to interview Mr. Mednis and find out about him and the chess program at Richmond College.

So far how has your experience at Richmond College been?

GOOD AND ENJOYABLE EXPERIENCE. THE STUDENTS ARE INTELLIGENT AND HAVE SERIOUS INTEREST IN UNDERSTANDING CHESS.

Has there been any major problems?

NO, THE BIGGEST PROBLEM IS THE TIME IT TAKES ME TO GET TO RICHMOND COLLEGE FROM QUEENS.

Have you ever taught chess in a college before?

I'VE TAUGHT ADULT EDUCATION COURSES BEFORE, BUT NOT FOR COLLEGE CREDIT. THE WHOLE CONCEPT OF MAKING CHESS A VALID CREDIT COURSE IS NEW. A YEAR AGO NO COLLEGE OFFERED CHESS AS A CREDITED COURSE. NOW ABOUT 12 COLLEGES ARE OFFERING CHESS.

What was your reaction to the Spassky-Fisher match?

I'M GLAD FISHER WON. HE PLAYED VERY WELL AND CAME UP WITH THE RESULTS, MEANING WINNING, WHICH ALL OF US KNEW HE WAS CAPABLE OF. IT'S DONE WONDERS FOR GENERAL INTEREST IN CHESS. THERE IS NOTHING IN THE COMPETITIVE ENVIRONMENT LIKE UNITED STATES THAT SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS. FISHER WAS SUCCESSFUL IN CHESS, NOW THE NUMBER OF PEOPLE INTERESTED IN CHESS ESPECIALLY YOUNGER PEOPLE, IS FANTASTIC. HAVING PLAYED TOURNAMENT CHESS FOR OVER 20 YEARS, SINCE EARLY JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL DAYS THIS IS A WHOLE NEW EXPERIENCE. I'VE BEEN QUITE USED TO THE TYPE OF REACTION I HAD AT THAT AGE WHICH WAS TO BE A BASKETBALL PLAYER. NOW INSTEAD OF SEEING YOUNGER PEOPLE SAY THEY WANT TO PLAY BASKETBALL OR BASEBALL THEY SAY THEY WANT TO BE A CHESS MASTER. ALL BECAUSE FISHER WON.

Where did you first get interested in chess?

I WAS ABOUT 11, MY FATHER TAUGHT ME. IT WAS A TIME WHEN I LOST INTEREST IN OTHER SPORTS. I'M JUST AS INTERESTED IN BASEBALL BUT THERE I'M ONE IN FIFTY MILLION. IN CHESS YOU FIND YOURSELF UNIQUE.

Did you expect the boom in chess popularity?

NO, CHESS CONTINUED PUBLIC INTEREST HAS BEEN MUCH ABOVE MY EXPECTATIONS. I THOUGHT THAT IT WOULD DIE DOWN BUT IT HASN'T. THE NUMBER OF FORMALLY INTERESTED CHESS PLAYERS THAT ARE TAKEN CHESS SERIOUSLY AND THE NUMBER OF YOUNG PEOPLE TAKING CHESS IS MUCH BEYOND WHAT I THOUGHT.

You're a member of the Marshall Chess Club. What is it? How do you qualify to play chess there?

I'VE BEEN INVOLVED WITH THE MARSHALL CHESS CLUB SINCE I WAS 13. TO DATE ME THAT GOES BACK 23 YEARS. THE MARSHALL CHESS CLUB HAS BEEN ONE OF THE TWO PRIMARY CHESS CLUBS IN THE UNITED STATES. FOR THE LAST YEAR, THE MEMBERSHIP HAS DOUBLED TO 600. MOST OF THE NEW MEMBERS ARE STUDENT MEMBERS (ABOUT 150) WHO JOIN AT A REDUCED MEMBERSHIP RATE. IT'S A CHESS CLUB IN THE BEST SENSE OF THE WORD, OFFERING OPPORTUNITY TO PLAY CHESS AT A HIGH LEVEL, MEDIUM LEVEL, OR BEGINNING LEVEL. THE CLUB IS OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FROM NOON UNTIL ELEVEN P.M. AT NIGHT.



How do you gain status in the chess world? TO PROGRESS IN CHESS YOU MUST PLAY IN CHESS TOURNAMENTS SANCTIONED BY THE U.S. CHESS FEDERATION. THE FEDERATION MAKES A RATING OF THE RESULTS. THEY USED THE RATING SYSTEM SIMILAR TO PRINCIPLES OF BASEBALL BATTING AVERAGES. IF YOU WIN YOU GAIN POINTS; IF YOU LOSE, YOU LOSE POINTS. UNLIKE A LOT OF OTHER FIELDS SUCH AS BRIDGE, WHERE THE RATING SYSTEM OPERATES THAT YOU NEVER LOSE POINTS, ONLY GAIN. THAT SYSTEM TENDS TO MAKE OLDER PLAYERS HAVE HIGHER RATINGS. IN CHESS THIS IS NOT NECESSARILY TRUE. IN THE LAST TEN YEARS THERE HAVE BEEN ONLY 15-20 SENIOR MASTERS.

What advice would you give to beginners in chess?

TO HOPE TO MAKE ANY PROGRESS BEGINNERS SHOULD ENROLL IN A COURSE WHERE BASIC FUNDAMENTALS ARE TAUGHT OR INVEST IN A POCKET CHESS BOOK. THE BEGINNER SHOULD TRY TO THINK WHETHER HE'S DOING IS ACCORDING TO BASIC PRINCIPLES OF PLAY OR NOT. IF ONE JUST PLAYS WITHOUT THINKING HE WILL NOT PROGRESS. THE EXAMPLE I GIVE IS THAT I'VE BEEN SWIMMING AND DIVING SINCE I WAS 6. I, HOWEVER, NEVER TOOK LESSONS OR STUDIED HOW TO SWIM OR DIVE. MY LEVEL OF EXPERTISE HASN'T GROWN IN 30 YEARS. THE SAME IS TRUE IN CHESS. SOME PEOPLE HAVE BEEN PLAYING CHESS FOR 30 YEARS, YET THEIR LEVEL OF CHESS HASN'T INCREASED.

In the near future do you think that the United States will produce players equal to Russia?

IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO SAY, BUT THE WHOLE AREA OF YOUTH DEVELOPMENT IN CHESS HAS GROWN GREATLY. THE U.S. CHESS FEDERATION, AS THE RESULT OF MORE MEMBERS AND MORE SPONSORS, HAVE OPENED UP MORE OPPORTUNITIES FOR A YOUNG CHESS PLAYER. LOOKING FROM A STANDPOINT OF THERE FINALLY COMING TO BE SOME COMMERCIAL INTERESTIVE, I WOULD THINK OUR OPPORTUNITIES FOR PRODUCING NOT ONLY THE QUALITY OF FISHER BUT

THE QUANTITY ARE PRETTY GOOD.

Mr. Mednis now teaches an introductory course on chess. There are plans to add on a more advanced course but this still has to be worked out between Mr. Mednis and the Department of Pure and Applied Sciences. I want to thank Mr. Mednis for taking time to do this most enjoyable interview.

GRODIN'S GEMS...The Knicks and Montreal reign over basketball and hockey...Summer vacation is here, hope everyone has a good one... Two more for quiz which I overlooked. Steven Uslaner and Stuart Finkelstein who got 9 correct...See you all next semester.

The Island of Dr. Scholls

(Continued from Page 12)

When I reached the sea, I noted that Dr. Scholl was standing amidst the beast people. "What is the Law?" he shouted.

"The Law is that any person who in any place wilfully exposes his private parts in the presence of two or more persons of the opposite sex whose private parts are similarly exposed, or who aids or abets any such act, or who procures another so as to expose his private parts or who as owner, manager, lessee, director, promoter or agent, or in any other capacity, hires, leases, or permits the land, building or premises of which he is the owner, lessee, or tenant, or over which he has control, to be used for any such purposes, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

"That's pretty tricky, Scholls," I yelled. "But it won't stand up in a court of law."

I made a mad dash for the shore with Scholls in hot pursuit. I waited until an abandoned life boat floated by and climbed in. As the island got smaller and smaller, I noticed a sail coming over the horizon. Suddenly, the volcano on the island exploded into a burst of fire, and the island slipped into the sea. The boat approached me and I climbed aboard.

They didn't believe my story, of course, but I hadn't expected them to. They did deliver me back to England, however, where I am now proprietor of a small shoe store. I tell you, though, that if I had to do it over again, I'd have joined the Army.

The Return of Bob & Ray

Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, better known as Bob and Ray, have returned to radio on a regular basis after an eight year absence. They may now be heard as the hosts of "Radio New York" over WOR (710 AM), Monday through Friday from 3:15 to 7:00 P.M.

The comedy team, which had appeared as guest hosts on Radio New York in recent weeks, inspired such a deluge of enthusiastic phone calls and letters from listeners that their permanence on the station became inevitable.

One of the most dearly loved comedy teams in America, Bob and Ray have established through their character creations, their own very unique brand of satiric humor. The persons of Wally Ballou, Biff Burns, Webby Wester, Mary Backstage, Professor Groggins, Linda Lovely, One Feller's Family, and Charles the Poet, all invented by Bob and Ray, are probably as famous as their inventors.

Bob and Ray first came to national attention when they appeared on network radio in New York in 1951 after appearing on Boston radio for five years. "Bob and Ray" did an eight year stint on "Monitor" and for a number of years, they appeared on the Mutual network.

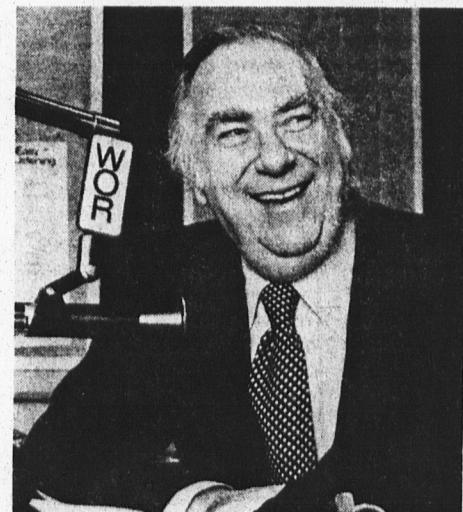
Though their strongest fame has been achieved on radio, they have had starring roles on the CBS Television series "Happy Days" and in the film "Cold Turkey," and have also appeared as guests on the late night talk shows.

Two years ago they created a two man show for Broadway, "Bob and Ray—The Two and Only," which ran for six months and played to packed houses.

Their delightful wit has also been used in several advertising campaigns. Most famous, of course, was their characterization of the brothers Bert and Harry for Piels Beer. The characters became the company's logo for over eight years.



Bob Elliot as Wally Ballou



Ray Goulding alias Artie Schermerhorn

The Island of Dr. Scholls

By ANDREA JAY

It was in the late 1800s that I decided to take a sea-cruise for my health. So I joined the Navy. Many exciting things happened as I set out on my first tour of duty. First, the good news—I was put aboard the most luxurious ship in the Navy—there was plenty of wine on board and we were required to do little work. The ship was sent to the South Seas. Now, the bad news—it sank. Fortunately, everybody jumped off in time before it went down. Unfortunately, everybody drowned but me. It was surely lucky that I swam up to the only article of wood left on the whole horizon which happened to be a lifeboat. How fate doth smile on those who smile.

Cast adrift for several days, I began to wonder what would become of me. How could I make a living? What would I do for fun? The conditions were terrible. There wasn't even any toilet paper. When I had given up all hope, and my skin was shrivelled like a prune, I saw a sail coming my way. I had to catch their attention. A sail like this happens once, maybe twice a year, and I knew, like with any sail, if I didn't take advantage of it, there would be no return. Had they not seen me at that particular moment, I would have lost my mind, for already I was raving:

"Look at this view... isn't it terrific? Smell that salt air... fantastic!!!"

"Captain," shouted the first mate, "This man is raving."

"Well, haul him aboard," the Captain implored, who, I noticed, had a rather large hook appendage, "I could use another hand."

For several days I stayed in my room, applying sunburn lotion. It didn't take me long to realize, however, that the crew seemed a trifle strange. On my first day outside, I was standing against the helm when a crewmember of unknown origin ran about the deck shouting "Is there a doctor on board, is there a doctor on board?"

"I'm a doctor," stated a man, suddenly appearing from below the deck wearing a white jacket and holding a set of teeth.

"How do you like the voyage, Doc?" the man asked, and, with that laughed maniacally.

I limped up to the doctor and looked wearily into his eyes.

"If you would be so kind as to tell me what to do about my Sciatica, Doctor, I would be forever indebted."

"Sorry, my good man, but I don't make housecalls." He pressed two white discs into my sweating palm. "Take two of these and call me in the morning." And with that he disappeared down the hatch.

Because the days dragged on, one after the other, I began to meet more of the crew, and the others. There were several sailors of small stature who sulked about on the sailropes. The doctor, I found out, had lost his license in London several years ago. I felt hard-pressed to find out the entire story, since I was saving all my experiences up to write this novel when I reached land. It was a dark, foggy night when we were standing against the mizzenmast, the doctor picking his fingernails with his scalpel.

"I attended the finest Podiatry school in all of London," he started. "And I married the richest of rich women. Her father owned half of Brattboro Street, and her mother the other half. Shortly upon setting up my first office, I found that many people were coming in with unusual foot ailments. At first, I prescribed the usual remedies—hot baths, mustard plasters, corrective shoes. But I knew there had to be a better way. I was thought to be an excellent doctor and had a wide following. But then I met Dr. Scholls. Ah, that man was the finest podiatrist in the country. He had a ped-side manner second to none. He had a wife more rich and beautiful than mine. He wanted what I had. I wanted what he had. You could see that the shoe was on the other foot. I tried to kill him once...left thumbtacks in his spats...but it didn't work. I couldn't tear

myself away from him. I took to drinking. I took to taking. Finally, Dr. Scholls and I left London together, but, my God, I've told you too much already and I must remember to keep the suspense up to the very last." And with that, he cried loud and long.

But whilst the good doctor was relating the story to me, I noticed that one of his men, a servant, was hiding around the corner, taking it all in. He was a nice enough chap, but of very strange appearance. He was about 3 feet tall and had hoofs for hands. Where his nose should have been, there was a short snout. Also, he had a small tail which he tried unsuccessfully to conceal by wearing a Union Suit.

"You there," I shouted, "don't be afraid. I'm not going to sell you anything. You're under no obligation...please...there's nothing to sign..." But he ran off and scurried up to the top of the sail.

Approximately two weeks later, we noticed a large bird sitting on the bow of the ship—holding an olive branch in his beak. The sailors hardly noticed it, though, except that one shouted "Ahoy...ahoy."

"What? Did you see something?" I asked.

"Land, did you see land?"

"No, I just spotted a 'hoy,' which is a small bird indigenous to this area."

But, awhile later, an island was sighted and we set our sails. On the way towards it, I asked the doctor, "Why are all those sailors so misshapen, so short? Why are they hunched over like that?"

"It's the stature of Liberty," he shouted, and with that began to sing "God Save the Queen."

The Captain, a man of few words, approached me shortly. He pointed to the land straight ahead and mumbled: "Last stop. Last stop. Everyone off."

"What?" I shouted. "I'm not getting off here. This isn't my stop."

I ran to the doctor. "What can I do, old man? He's throwing me off at the next

island. I have to get off here with the rest of you."

"Please stand clear of the moving platform," the Captain cried, "As the train enters and leaves this station." And with that, he threw me overboard.

I floundered about in the sea for awhile until I found an abandoned lifeboat floating by. The doctor and his men were unloading their strange cargo: Four large dogs, a cage of chickens, medical equipment, animal food, a case of motzah, and some Dr. Peppers. I wondered what they were going to use the motzah for.

When the doctor's party reached shore, they waved furiously at me, and cast off their flower-necklaces into the ocean. "There is an old island tradition," they shouted to me. "If the necklaces float out to sea, you'll return to the island again." Their voices became softer as my boat drifted down the coastline. When it was clear they weren't going to save me, I swore at them heartily. About a half hour later, though, a raft approached me and took me to the island.

"Of course you realize," said the doctor, "that we can put you up, but it will cost \$4 a day, plus meals."

They supplied me with a small room in an enclosed fort. A servant brought me dinner which was tea with motzah and some animal crackers. As the man put down the tray, I noticed that he had furry ears.

"You there, with the furry ears," I called to him.

"Listen, buddy," he drawled, leave my ears out of this. Do you realize that people have been making fun of me about my ears for years? Didn't your mother ever tell you not to make fun of people's deformities, huh? Ain't you got no manners?" And with that he exited in a huff.

The next morning, I was awakened by an enormous racket from outside my hallway. It sounded like an animal in some sort of trouble. When I thought I could stand it no

more, I ran out of my room but could find nothing. "It's only a dog in heat," said a deep voice from behind me. And with that, he opened the door. Sitting in a chair was a dog with a bandana around its head. "Open the windows. Would somebody turn on the air conditioner? It's awfully hot in here..."

"You see," said the man. "No cause for alarm."

"Who are you," I asked him.

"I'm Dr. Scholls."

The name sounded familiar. I had once read an article in the London Times about a man with that name. He had invented the exercise sandle and then went beserk and tried to graft animal feet to the feet of humans. Then he disappeared from England. I asked him about the servant with the fur ears.

"Glad you asked that," he intoned. "That was a beast-person. When I was practising in England I became acutely aware of people's foot problems. It occurred to me that through surgery I could graft animals' feet onto the feet of humans and they would be able to walk again. But they laughed at me in the University. They said I was crazy. So I had to come here to do my experiments. But someday I'll make them toe the line. When I came here, I started doing more grafting. I grafted the head of a junkie onto a llama and got a High Llama. I also connected a goat to an aged woman and got a nanny goat. The most difficult experiment came, however, when I grafted the head of a lion onto 9 rats."

"Oh really, and what did you create?"

"A Cat-0-9 tails."

That night, whilst I went out walking, I noticed some more beast people wandering around the compound.

"You're probably wondering about them," said Dr. Scholls. "I'd tell you, but you know too much already. Quick, Igor, the cement overshoes."

I started running through the underbrush. I came to a clearing where I noticed a beast-person drinking a bottle of 7-Up. I ran in the opposite direction. About an hour later, it occurred to me that I was lost. I stopped a weasle-man.

"Excuse me," I said, "can you tell me how to get to Carnegie Hall?"

"Practice, man, practice," he replied.

I walked away in dismay but soon found a conclave of beast people. The leader, a Stallion-man, was standing up in front of the gathering. There were candles lit and a fire gong. At last the Stallion-man began:

"What is the Law?" he shouted.

"The Law is that all employees must wash their hands before leaving," they said.

"What is the Law?" he shouted again.

"The Law is not to remove this tag under penalty of law," they replied.

"What is the Law?"

"The Law is that occupancy of more than 30 people in this dwelling is subject to fine by the Fire Department."

"What is the Law?"

"The Law is that there is no smoking in this theatre."

I could scarcely believe what I had heard. "Did I hear that?" I asked the Stallion-man.

"Yes," he said. "It's usually louder, but I'm a little horse."

"Don't you know those laws aren't applicable on this Island?"

"No, but if you'll hum a few bars, I'll try to fake it."

It was quite clear that I had to escape the island. But how? I excused myself from them and wound my way to the sea. What kind of man would impose laws like that on animals? What did it all mean? I ran head-on into a camel-woman. "Where do you think you're going?" I yelled.

"I'm looking for an open candy store. My husband sent me out to buy cigarettes."

"You must love him very much," I said.

"Yes," she sighed. "I'd walk a mile for a camel-man."



"O.K.," said the Doctor "Suture Self."